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## THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER; OR, EGYPT IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

BY T. D. F.

And thou did'st walk about, (how strange a story.)  
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory—  
And Time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

"NAY, daughter of Theon, thy reasoning holds not good; I ask thee to tell me why thou wilt not receive the words of Christ, and thou canst plead nothing, but that they do not *seem* the truth. Is this philosophical? Is this worthy of the wisest female now living?"

"My reasoning, Synesius, would be lost upon you; you have blindly, credulously received as your God, a man who died upon the cross. Tell me not the immortal gods would subject themselves to such an indignity; or even were this Christ merely a messenger from Zeus, think you the Thunderer would have permitted such a foul wrong to be done to his appointed herald?"

"Hypatia, hast thou ever read the life of this Christ? If not, thou can'st not judge of him or of his mission."

"Never, good Synesius, I heed not for such delusions; let me live out the principles of the Apollo-descended Plato, and I care not for other doctrines. Know I not that my soul is derived from the immortal Father of the world? Know I not also, that that soul will live hereafter, will dwell in happiness, in the world beyond the dark rolling Styx—and what want I more?"

"Fair reasoner, you say, you *know* these things, how do you *know* them? I know them, because Christ has revealed them; He has in his own person taught me the blessed truth, of the resurrection of the soul; He has shown me my

Father and his Father; and it is true, true to my heart; but you, Hypatia how can you *know* it? It is not a truth you can bring home to your heart; it is only by a cold, philosophical reasoning, you can arrive at this belief."

"No, good Synesius, it is a heaven-implanted intuition,—the soul that God has made, knows its Author, its Father. My soul, your soul, has existed before, in its other state; it has learned the great truths of its being, and they unfold themselves to us, gradually. It was never intended that one person should teach us what it is better for each individual soul to evolve for itself."

"Ah! Hypatia, would I could open your eyes to the blessed truth. Come hither," and taking her by the hand, he led her to the window, and drawing aside the heavy curtain of Tyrian dyed linen, they looked forth upon the most magnificent scene eye ever witnessed. The beautiful city of Alexandria, with its superb palaces, its stately temples, and noble public buildings, lay stretched around them. On the right was the calm, placid lake of Mareotis, and directly in front the curving harbour filled with the picturesque shipping of the time; it was sheltered by the pretty island of Pharos, from which rose the lovely tower of white marble, glittering and sparkling in the rays of the sun, and contrasting exquisitely with the deep blue of both the water and the sky.

"Look yonder, Hypatia," said Synesius, pointing to the beautiful structure; "see that fair tower; it stands there now in the broad daylight, lovely to look upon, but of no use; but at night, when its watch-light gleams from its summit, then its influence is felt for good; far and wide, the mariner blesses it, as he seeks his haven of rest; it becomes a beacon of hope and joy; and like that tower art thou. Hypatia the Platonist, is the Pharos of the day, cold, glittering, stately, beautiful to look upon, but shedding no blessed influence around her. Hypatia, the Christian, would be like that same tower at night, warning, directing, cheering, bending down as it were, from the ambient air of heaven, to bless, and save the tempest-tossed wanderers of this life."

"Thank you, Synesius, for the compliment you give me, for as such I take it. To resemble your tower, either by day or night, would be my highest ambition, for see you not, friend, it pierces the pure ether, and raised above the fogs and vapors of this lower earth, it is ever surrounded by the pure atmosphere of a higher world. So would I have it with myself; all to which my soul adheres, should be incorruptible, immortal, and I would drink in only the influences of the harmonious philosophy of Plato."

"Ah! my daughter, the magic of that man's style has seduced you—but if you will but read this scroll;" and he took from his bosom a roll of papyrus, upon which was written in Coptic characters, "The Gospel of Matthew." Unrolling it, he pointed to the words: "'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' This was written by no philosopher, Hypatia; it can boast no graces of eloquence, no poetical fancies; it was penned by an humble Jewish publican; but he was heaven inspired, and think you, your Plato, your Pythagoras, or your Aristotle, can give you a diviner truth than that?"

"No, holy Synesius, not a diviner truth, but the same, only expressed in different words; but we waste time in useless argument, you would be better employed in tending your flock, and I in my studies; but though we cannot agree in our ethics, we will be none the less friends."

"Pardon me, Hypatia, if my desire to see you all you are capable of being, leads me to trespass upon you. When I listen to your eloquence before the academy, I feel what would be your power, were you pleading the cause of our Saviour, and unfolding his divine truth;—but I must not weary you. Go you to the lecture room to-day?"

"Yes, an hour before sunset, I am to address the governor and magistrates, with what people

choose to listen, in the Hall of Minerva, at the Academy. Will you aid me with your presence, good father?"

"I know thou art ever found preaching the cause of morality and virtue, therefore I go; and yet it is not without a sigh I listen to thee, wanting as thou dost the divine light. But thou must have somewhat to prepare for thy lecture, so farewell. The good God bless thee!"

"May Zeus love thee, and Minerva spread her shield around thee!" said Hypatia; and with this pagan blessing, Synesius, the Christian priest, departed.

Hypatia sat musing quietly, as if meditating upon the subject which had been discussed between her and her late visitor; after some time she roused herself, and clapping her hands, an Ethiopian slave appeared; she made a few signals, which he obeyed by placing before the window a tripod of porphyry, supporting a black marble slab, on which he laid several sheets of prepared papyrus, and a stylus, also a vase of purple glass, (a rare elegance in those times,) in which was one of those lovely lilies of the Nile, pure and queen-like, its snowy petals contrasting beautifully with the rich amethystine hue of the glass; for the Egyptians (as has been proved by the remains found in the pyramids, and the ornaments preserved with the mummies,) possessed the rare art which has lately been revived in Bohemia, of giving their glass the richest and most glowing colors, imitating the sunset glories of the eastern clime, in its brilliant eyes.

The slave retired, and then Hypatia, rising, walked across the room to an alcove, over which hung heavy crimson drapery, looped with golden cords. She drew aside the curtain, and there were ranged massive rolls of parchment and papyrus; each one was closed with a silver clasp, on which was marked the name of the volume, and most of them were the writings of Plato and his school. Hypatia opened one of the rolls; it was the Phædras, and then seating herself at the table near the window, she took up the stylus, and was soon engaged in writing.

To understand why this fair Egyptian maiden was engaged in such a different manner from others of her sex in those far distant times, we must glance at her history, and the influences which had been around her, and which had formed her mind and character. She was the daughter of Theon, one of the most celebrated mathematicians in Alexandria; he had for a long time been at the head of the mathematical school, and had been distinguished for his Commentaries upon Euclid, and other writings of the same character. He

had early in life married a Greek lady of the most refined and exquisite taste, imbued with the love of the beautiful, and worshipping nature with an almost religious spirit. Their only child, Hypatia, combined, in a singular manner, the rare excellencies of both; from her father she received a decided mathematical bias, which would have been almost unfeminine, had it not been tempered with all that was poetical in the Greek character. Educated under her father's immediate care, she had soon mastered all that was known of the abstruse sciences. In the intervals of her severer studies, she was allowed to read the works of Plato, which, from their sublime and glowing conceptions, expressed in the poetic and flowing style so peculiar to the great philosopher, completely fascinated her; she became imbued with his spirit, and an earnest desire arose in her mind to become like him.

When she had attained the age to choose for herself, she determined, like her great prototype, to travel through the cities of the world, to learn their manners, and test the principles of Plato. Accordingly, with suitable attendants, she left Alexandria and went to Athens, where she remained a year or two, attending all the lectures of the best instructors. From thence she proceeded to Italy, and following in Plato's footsteps, associated herself with the Pythagorean sect and became familiar with the doctrines of Pythagoras, which now were better understood. After the lapse of a few years, with a mind matured by study, and a taste perfected by her sojourn among all that was beautiful in the known world, Hypatia returned to Alexandria. Her reputation had preceded her, and she was warmly welcomed by her fellow citizens. Many honors were paid her, and she was finally solicited by the magistrates of the city, to take the philosophical chair in the Academy; she accepted the invitation, and thus Alexandria beheld the singular spectacle of a woman occupying the chair of science which had been filled by a long line of illustrious teachers, who had made it the most celebrated academy in the world. Of a pure and lofty character, she commanded respect, and the halls of the Academy were crowded with attentive audiences.

Hypatia gave both night and day to her studies, the true enthusiasm for self improvement filled her mind, and she shrank from no mental exertion which she thought would tend to open to her the heavenly arena. Psychology, the connexion of the soul with the Father, and with its earthly basket, was what chiefly interested her. But she did not dream away her reason in empty metaphysics; hers was a living, active mind, doing good to all around her; but in vain were all the efforts

of her friends to induce her to become a Christian. She was so thoroughly imbued with the graceful mythology of the Greeks, tempered by the higher aspirations of Plato, that she shrank with dislike from every form that seemed to her less ethereal. She mourned over the degeneracy of her native city, that so many were ready to give up the time-honored worship of Jupiter, and the host of nature's Gods, for what she believed the new superstition which was now extensively prevailing.

After a day of anxious study and preparation for her lecture, just as the setting sun was shedding its crimson glories over the earth, bathing city and champaign country, river, islands and Parian domes, with its glorious effulgence, Hypatia mounted her chariot to drive to the Academy or Museum, where she was to deliver her lecture. The streets were filled with people, all pressing towards the same place, and as the graceful equipage was driven along, it seemed more like a festive procession than the simple passing of a teacher to her hall of instruction. Flowers were thrown from the windows into the chariot, garlands were hung over the necks of the splendid Arabian steeds, which, guided only by a silken rein, pranced and caroled as if proud of her they bore.

"Long live the daughter of Theon!"—"Hail to the Alexandrian Minerva!"—rang through the air. Hypatia seemed gratified by these demonstrations of kindness; she bowed her head in acknowledgment, but her face could not be seen, for she was enveloped in an azure silk veil, which fell from her head to her feet, concealing the whole person.

The Academy was situated in the finest part of the city, called the Bruchion, and overlooked the harbour; it was built in what was deemed the most magnificent style of Egyptian architecture, heavy and sombre, but grand; the massive slabs of dark grey stone, which formed the front, were covered with hieroglyphics, the columns were wreathed with serpents, carved into the very stone. A sphynx of black marble, with its unearthly human face, was placed on each side of the portico of entrance. Here Hypatia found awaiting her arrival, the magistrates of the city, who conducted her through the long, lofty hall, into the lecture room.

This had been painted by some Grecian artist, who had blended singularly together, the Egyptian and Greek mythology. On the rounded ceiling was represented Olympus, during an assembly of the gods, and the heavenly colours, azure, pink, and amber, were mingled in dazzling profusion; but around the walls of the room, the

artist had represented the superstitions of the Egyptians. On one side was the procession in honor of Apis. The stately bull, larger than life, stalked along, while thousands of worshippers followed him. On the other side was the marriage of Isis and Osiris, and all the vacant spaces were covered with the sacred golden beetle, which glittered in the light, the lotus, the laurel, the heliotrope, the precious onion; and in each corner of the hall, on golden and silver tripods, were a bronze ibis, crocodile, cat, and hawk, all sacred to Osiris, and beloved, nay worshipped by the Egyptians. There was scarcely any light from without admitted; like most of the Egyptian buildings, it was of almost cave-like darkness, but there were hanging lamps, pending from the ceiling, filled with perfumed oil, which shed a soft and solemn light over the whole room, dimly revealing every thing, and investing it with a shadowy greatness. In the centre of the hall, was a raised platform, on which was a couch of purple velvet, a grotesque bronze table, upon which was a small silver statue of the Grecian Minerva, placed there in compliment to Hypatia, who was supposed to be her protégée. There was also a small goblet of Egyptian clay, filled with the water of the Nile.

To this platform, Hypatia was led by the magistrates; on her appearance, a wild, but musical rhythm in honor of the gods, was chanted by all present, mingled with the sound of wind instruments, which, strange as it appears, exceeded in variety, and beauty of shape, those of a more modern day.

When the song was ended, Hypatia threw aside her veil, and appeared before the audience, not as an intellectual Amazon, but a delicate, noble-minded woman. She was dressed with exceeding simplicity; a robe of white, fastened around the throat with a band of pearls, confined at the waist with a girdle of the same pure gems, and with no other ornament, but around her head a laurel wreath, which had been decreed her at Athens. In her hand she held a roll of parchment.

When she began to address the audience, a stillness like death prevailed, and at first her voice sounded tremulous and low, but she soon regained her power over it, and it swelled full and harmonious; there was no harshness or roughness in it, but clear, full, melodious, and feminine. She spoke in Greek, which was now quite as well understood in Egypt, as the Coptic, and never was that rich language more beautifully spoken. She commenced with a sketch of Plato, announced herself as a disciple of his school; she pictured him listening humbly to the teachings of Socra-

tes, and drinking in the elements of his immortal mind. She detailed the death scene of the Father of Philosophers; his conversation with his pupils,—for it had stirred within them all, and more particularly in Plato, thoughts of immortality, and led him to study the nature of the soul. She opened the Phædras, and read from it what related to these divine doctrines. She gave an earnest appeal to all present, that they would receive that faith which could alone give a depth and meaning to this life, and closed, with describing his works, as a vast and consecrated fabric—vistas, and aisles of thought, opening on every side, high thoughts, that raise the mind to heaven; pillars, and niches, cells within cells, mixing in seeming confusion, and a veil of tracery and foliage, of grotesque imagery, thrown over all, but all rich with a light streaming through dim apertures, all leading up to God, and blessed with an influence from him.

A listener would almost have believed her a Christian, so much of the true spiritual influence was in her words—but the *Holy Name* was wanting.

When she closed her remarks, and seated herself, a murmur of approbation rose in the hall, and the walls echoed with the shouts and praises of the excited people. Hypatia, unmoved by the enthusiasm she had excited, remained quiet, till the throng had passed out. Then, Orestes, the governor of the city, approached where she stood; thanked her for the pleasure she had bestowed, and led her through the halls to her chariot, which he mounted beside her, and escorted by his guard, so attended her home. Orestes was a firm and true friend of Hypatia, he trusted in her clear mind, he thought her free from prejudice, she was a worshipper of the Grecian gods, but yet she tolerated all religions; her mind was eminently enlarged, and he often sought advice from her, and was guided by her counsels, when those of the priesthood, who formed his state cabinet, seemed injudicious and unreasonable. Hypatia never took advantage of this; her whole aim was to purify and improve her native city.

A few days after her lecture, as Hypatia was walking in her gardens, meditating upon the beautiful world which surrounded her, a Coptic slave approached, and kneeling before her, presented, on an exquisitely formed bronze salver, a small roll of papyrus; it was bound with a golden serpent, the tail in its mouth, and the small and delicate scales were formed of wrought gold.

"Whence comes this, Seroc?" asked Hypatia as she hesitated to take it.

"A Nubian brought it hither, with a prayer that I would instantly present it to Hypatia of Alexandria."

"Comes he from a distance then?"

"I know not, he waits in the palace hall; shall I summon him to your presence?"

"Nay, not so, give me the letter; now withdraw, I will call you when I want you,—see that the stranger is amply cared for."

She took the scroll, and pressing a spring near the serpent's mouth, the clasp flew open, and the manuscript spread itself out before her. She glanced at it, and the colour mounted to her pale cheek, and she muttered a gesture of impatience, but she compelled herself to read it through, and having done so, she re-entered her palace, and calling her slave, signed for parchment and a stylus, and seated herself to reply to the missive, that had so deeply moved her usually placid spirit. She opened it before her, and ere she commenced her reply she again read the scroll, which contained these words:—

To Hypatia of Alexandria.

Greeting: This from Cyril, Bishop of Antioch.—I know not whether I ought to rejoice or regret the cause which induces me to address thee, the wisest of women—I know thou hast most admirable qualities of mind and heart; thou art graceful as the lotus, and fair and chaste as the silver moon; but wanting the one thing in my eyes, thou wantest everything—wert thou a Christian, I, even I, Hypatia, could lay my bishop's mitre at thy feet. As it is, thou art darkness, not light, to me; but Ernestos, my well beloved nephew, has seen thee, and his heart yearns for thy love. He is a Christian, a bright light in the church, and he feels as if he could kindle the true light within thee, and he has craved of me to write thee forthwith, to ask if thou wilt bless him with thy love; if thou wilt be baptized with our holy faith, abjure the false philosophy, which has dazzled thy pure mind, sit reverently at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him rather than thy atheistic philosophy?

Thou knowest Ernestos, and methinks thou wilt gladly take him for thy protector and friend; but know, Hypatia, unless thou consentest to receive his religion, the church cannot bless thee, and even Ernestos will tear thy loved image from his heart, sooner than press to it one soiled by the worship of the cursed multitude of gods, which the mingled religion of the Greek and Egyptian mythology presents. Think well, Hypatia; my Nubian will wait thy leisure for a reply. Thine, with God's best blessing upon thee.

CYRIL, Bishop of Antioch.

With hurried and impatient hand Hypatia wrote the following reply to this somewhat arrogant letter:

Hypatia of Alexandria, to Cyril,

Greeting: Thy letter is before me, and only that I deemed its somewhat rude expressions were dictated by a kind heart, I should fain commit it to the flames, and give it no further heed, but I think not the wound was intentional. Thou didst not imagine Hypatia's gods were as dear to her, as thy one immovable Divinity is to thee; but learn, Cyril of Antioch, that the devotion of Hypatia to the gods of her fathers is deeper and stronger than the life current in her veins, and that she would sooner plunge into the sacred waters of the Nile, than abjure one iota of her faith. As for the bribe held out of the hand of Ernestos the Christian, it weighs nought with me; I esteem the youth because he is good and true, but no living mortal shall ever call Hypatia wife; she is wedded to divine philosophy; married to the study of the soul, and shall she form ties which will interfere with the glorious pursuits to which she has devoted herself? No, she spurns the thought. Do not think, holy father, that I spurn thy nephew Ernestos. No, I thank him for his preference. I thank him for his desire to lead me to what he considers the higher light, but he seemeth to me to be walking in darkness, whilst the pure effulgence of heaven's light shineth on my revered master.

Pardon me if I seem obstinate, and I pray thee trouble me no more on this subject. Orestes encourages thy sect; it is fast gaining ground in this our beautiful city. The christian temples are rising around me, and I daily see worshippers added to thy "unknown God," and I think with the Roman martyr, though with a different application, "Ye worship ye know not what;" but I, I have the true light. But though distrusting the new faith, I can yet honor the professors of it. May the gods enlighten thee. This from

HYPATIA OF ALEXANDRIA.

The letter was rolled up, a delicate band of silk wound around it; it was then placed in the hands of the slave, with orders to give it to the Nubian in waiting, and bid him carry it with all speed to his master.

The anxiety of the Christians to convert Hypatia was very great; they saw the influence her lovely pure life was having upon all around her; they, many of them, listened to the lectures she gave at the Academy, not only before the wise ones of Alexandria, but of Rosetta, Thebes and Memphis, gathered together by her fame, and thus her power was widely extending. The Platonic philosophy, as explained by her,

was mingling itself with the Christian faith almost imperceptibly, and she was becoming a dangerous though quiet opponent of Christianity. She was the prop and pillar of paganism, for from her lips it lost all that rendered it gross and repulsive. Cyril, bishop of Antioch, had been particularly distressed by Hypatia's obstinate adherence to her faith; he had tried again and again to engage her in polemical discussions, but her subtle wit her keen perceptions, always gave her the advantage over him; she would evade his strongest arguments, and he gained no ground with her.

He was an ardent, enthusiastic man; his feelings ran away with his judgment, and when he found himself repulsed in every way, when no appeal he made to her could produce any change, when she rejected his nephew, who was to him as his own son, his passion found vent, and he burst forth into the most passionate expressions of indignation against her; both in public and in private, he inveighed against her as the one stumbling block in the way of truth. He was most beloved by the Christians, and his words had great effect upon them. He persuaded them not to go to the Academy to hear her lectures, and by degrees, he excited a deep and rancorous feeling against her. She, absorbed in her studies, heeded it not. She did not miss the warm greeting that formerly welcomed her wherever she went. She heard not the taunting words that were uttered as she passed through the streets: "Hypatia the heathen! Hypatia the Atheist!" troubled not her, for her mind introverted, was working out the great soul problem, as she had found it presented in the works of her master.

One day as she was preparing to attend her school, where she was to deliver a lecture on immortality, one of the young priests of the Serapian hastily entered her presence, and reverently bowing before her, prayed her not to go forth that day, for if she did danger awaited her.

"What danger," she calmly replied, "can come to Hypatia, which she should shrink from? She can fear nought; Minerva's shield is ever over her."

"Nay, Hypatia, trust not, I pray thee, to the protection of the gods, or anything else,—protect thyself. The people, stirred up by the wild, half crazy, frantic Peter, are infuriate against thee. They say the restrictions Orestes has lately put upon the people are thy suggestion, and they threaten thee with loud and bitter imprecations; groups are talking in the streets, and thy name mingles with curses loud and deep. Oh! go not forth, Hypatia, or the people will have the ain of thy blood to answer for. Thou knowest not what fiendish power lies in a mob, led on by such a man as Peter the wild."

"I cannot fear, Myron. The daughter of Theon can have nought to dread in the city of her fathers. I thank thee for thy kindness; thy motive is good, but I must not yield to thy persuasions. It is my duty to go to the school, and why should I fear the people? It is scarcely three moons since, as I passed along the streets, my chariot was filled with garlands, and my name was uttered with blessings and prayers; and surely I have done nought to lose the respect of the people. No, I must go forth, trusting in my innocence, and the generosity of my fellow citizens."

"Since you are determined so to do," replied Myron, I will to Orestes, and pray him for his guard to attend and protect thee."

"Nay, Myron, I cannot consent to that; my trust is not in the spear of the strong arm, but in the favor of the gods, and the kindness of man; I go alone, and if it is my fate to perish by the hands of my own people, they but do me a kindness, in sending me sooner to listen, in the gardens of Elysium, to the teachings of my great master."

Saying this, Hypatia threw over her the long thick veil worn by the Egyptian ladies, and which shrouded her whole head and form, and making a gesture of silence to Myron, whom she saw about to expostulate still further with her, she passed out, and entered the chariot which stood waiting for her at the door. Her cheek was deadly pale, but not from fear; she was pained that her efforts for the improvement of her own people should be so little appreciated—she regretted that so little of the true spirit animated them; but she was calm; the storm had no power to shake her, she clung with the deeper attachment to the opinions which she believed rendered her obnoxious.

Around her palace, almost ominous silence reigned; no person was seen; no word fell upon her ear; no greeting met her eye. On she rode, undisturbed, and deeming all she had heard from Myron, a fiction of his excited fancy, till she entered the street, where were some of the Christian churches, "where men most did love to congregate. Here were groups of men, with sullen looks, and the deep toned words of discontent on their lips; on passed Hypatia, and all who saw her followed the chariot. Before the church of St. Simon was a crowd so dense, her slave was obliged to rein up his horses, finding it impossible to drive through, without crushing some of them. They were listening to a harangue from a tall, gaunt-looking person, robed in a dress of goat skin, with long shaggy hair, falling to his waist, his wild eye gleaming with unearthly fire; and the shrill, sharp voice of insanity, fell upon the ear with startling power.



It was Peter the wild, a fierce partisan, a man of wholly ungoverned passions, who had in early life committed some crime, for which he had tried to atone by penance and prayer; he dwelt in one of the caves, near Memphis, and only sallied out when his mind was under great excitement. He had become quite insane, particularly on religious subjects, and in the wild fury which sometimes animated him, he was terrible. But the people loved him; they looked upon him as one consecrated to God, and the ravings which fell from his lips were treasured as oracles. When Hypatia approached, he was holding high in the air, a cross, on which was rudely carved the bleeding form of the Saviour, and with outstretched arms, he was declaiming. As his eye glanced upon the chariot of Hypatia, his whole appearance changed. The white foam covered his lips, his eyes flashed, and a thousand demons seemed to possess him.

"There she comes! the woman of hell—the heathen, the contemner of our God—the pagan, and pestilent adviser of Orestes. Out upon her!" he shouted. "We will make her abjure her opinions, or she shall die. She shall kiss the cross, or I will sacrifice her an offering to the God she insults."

He sprang directly before the chariot, and the multitude closed around. For a moment there was a dead, an awful silence; the fearful calm, before the destroying hurricane. Then Peter, holding the cross before Hypatia, said:

"Woman! I charge thee to confess the name of Jesus of Nazareth, or thou diest. Thou shalt no longer pollute this earth with thy false philosophy, setting up Plato and Zeus, in the place of the true God. Say, wilt thou humbly kiss the cross, or shall we save thee from further sin, by taking thy life? be a Christian, or die!" With one hand he held the cross before her, and with the other he drew from his girdle, a small Damascus knife, which gleamed in the air, as he whirled it with frightful rapidity around his head.

"Be a Christian, or die!" was echoed by the crowd, first only by one or two, then swelling, till it sounded like a voice of thundek, and a hundred knives flashed forth.

Hypatia rose from her seat, and throwing aside her veil, she looked calmly upon the crowd. Her noble form seemed towering almost to the heavens, and her reposeful, soul-lit face, spoke a mind lifted above the turmoil that surrounded her. She bent her eyes upon Peter, and his demoniac spirit was for an instant quelled by the look—he shrank back. She looked upon the crowd, with that sad, but loving expression, and the knives were quickly buried in their sheaths,

the murmuring voices were hushed, and the crowd, by a spontaneous movement, pressed back.

"Men and brethren, what would you with me? What have I done, thus to incur your displeasure? I have ever sought your good, I have wished only to improve my native city, I have never interfered with your religion, I have only asked to be permitted to believe, as my conscience thought was right. Why then do you seek my life?"

While she had been speaking, the crowd had rallied, and one bold spirit shouted out:

"You lead others to worship false gods. You excite Orestes to wrong us."

"As the gods in Olympus hear me, it is not so. I have advised only for your good. Philosophy I have taught at the Academy, at the command of your wise men, and you, yourselves have heard me. Did I teach aught opposed to divine morality—aught that even your religion would condemn? That religion, so Synesius has told me, is peaceful and mild, it wars not against others, if so, it would not sanction this attack on one who interferes not with it?"

Peter had been at first quelled by her beauty and dignity, but the demon again rose within him; he saw the influence she was having upon the people, and cried out:

"Her words are a reproach to our blessed religion, she shall not live to utter such." And springing upon the chariot, he once more held the cross before her. "Once more I give thee a chance for life and salvation. Wilt thou abjure thy false gods, and worship Christ, in the place of all others. Do so, and thou livest; refuse, and thy last breath is numbered."

"I can never be false to myself," replied Hypatia, calmly putting aside the cross, which he had pressed almost to her lips. "My heart leads me not to thy God, and I will die sooner than perjure my conscience. But beware what you do. This deed will be registered. I am a woman—alone, defenceless—you are men. On your death-bed will not the form of her you have sacrificed to a blind bigotry come accusingly before you?"

"Shame! let her go—hinder her no farther," was uttered by some among the crowd. But the very fiends had possession of the enraged Peter.

"She shall die!" he muttered between his clenched teeth. And throwing his arms around Hypatia, he plucked her up as if she had been only a delicate flower.

"Into the church with the evil spirit," he shouted. The crowd opened, he passed through, ascended the steps, entered the church, strode on through the long dark aisles; when he reached the altar, he laid her before it.

"Now speak, woman of sin! wilt thou be a Christian, or die?"

"I will die," replied Hypatia, in the same tone in which she had before spoken.

"Then die! I offer thee a sacrifice and burnt offering!" and with rapid hand he dealt her two or three blows of the knife. She uttered no groan, but clasping her hands, she said, "Plato, I see thee now." And her eyes closed in death.

"Let all who hope for heaven, do as I have done," said the maniac, and in a few moments, animated by the horrible spirit of bigotry, the fine form of the noblest female philosopher the world had ever seen was pierced with a hundred stabs.

"We will let Alexandria see how we have treated the Pagan, and let all know that her gods came not to her rescue," said Peter; and he again caught, up the body, all mangled and bleeding, threw it into the chariot, mounted it, and guiding the horses—for the slave of Hypatia had escaped in fear—he drove through the city chaunting a song of triumph.

So closed, in the month of March, A.D. 415, the life of one of the purest and best women whose names have been chronicled in history. With all the wit and brilliancy of Aspasia, she possessed none of the lightness which dimmed her loveliness. With the beauty of a Cleopatra she united the dignity of a Cornelia. The depth of her mind was only excelled by its purity.—Her taste was severe and critical, but imbued with the beautiful and softening love of nature. Had she but been a Christian, she would have wanted no element of character, and her influence would have been felt throughout every age of the church; for such a mind impresses itself upon others; and all the philosophical works of that day pay their homage to her varied genius, and acknowledge how deeply true philosophy was indebted to her.

Her writings shared a similar fate with herself; they had been deposited in the grand library of the Serapian, which was destroyed by a mob of frantic Christians, headed by the Archbishop Theodosius. And thus the magnificent volumes which embraced all the gorgeous literature of the East, with the classic works of Greece, and the wisdom of Egypt, were lost to the world.

Ah! how little was the pure spirit of the blessed Saviour understood then! The religion of peace was converted by the mad passions of men into a scourge, and in its rash and misguided followers scarce a trace of resemblance with the meek and holy "Son of Man" could be found.

It is painful thus to read the wrongs that have been done in His name, yet it is well to turn back the page of history, and thus learn the

improvements which have taken place. Were Hypatia living now, the whole world would seek to do her homage. The scientific societies of London would decree her a gold medal, France would hasten to place her name with that of Cuvier, Cousens, La Place; Germany would create her Baroness, quote her words of wisdom, and pay her the homage of all their great minds, while to America her name would have been a watchword of science from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the waters of Mexico. But Hypatia of the fifth Century, was the victim of persecution, the martyr of her own sense of right—and is now known only when some one, in love with the mingled gentleness and strength of her character, holds her up in some brief pages to the admiration of the readers of a Magazine, or some lecturer quotes her in his "Poetry of Mathematics."

"So passes the glory of this world!"

## LIFE OR DEATH.

"Say—to which state would'st thou incline,  
If choice of life or death were thine?"

If bright eyes beam, and beam for me,  
Like sun-gleams dancing in the sea,  
And friendship lends its sober light,  
Colder, yet quite as pure and bright,  
To guide me, with unerring ray,  
O'er the dull earth's uneven way—  
Though worldly cares may cling around me,  
Bitter malice strive to wound me,

I laugh at strife:

Whilst those I love shall faithful prove,  
All hail to LIFE!

But if those eyes on others turn,  
And friendship's lamp shall cease to burn,  
My beacon gone—my solace lost,  
Like some poor wand'rer tempest tost;  
Without a sail, a helm, or oar—  
Existence holds a lure no more!  
To say that pride, or fame, or gold,  
Can fill the place of hearts grown cold,

Were waste of breath:

When love has flown, and friendship gone,  
Then welcome DEATH!

## THE TIME TO DIE.

Oh! there is a sadness of feeling beyond the power of tongue to express, when memory reverts to happier days gone by, and brings them to a comparison with the present of bitterest woe.

When love declines, and beauty fades away,  
When all of life is but a winter's day;  
When hope no longer cheers the sinking heart,  
No matter then how soon we hence depart,  
Nor longer wish to tread the paths of life—  
A few short struggles end the weary strife.

In ceaseless glory we may meet again,  
Released from sorrow, and secure from pain,  
Where no vain pomp and pride enthrall the soul,  
Where, bliss endureth free from all control,  
Oh! grant me this, Almighty powers above,  
To share thy blessing and eternal love.

THE  
INFLUENCE OF MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATIONS,  
IN ELEVATING THE MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE MERCANTILE  
CLASSES.

THE PRIZE ESSAY OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF MONTREAL.

"Knowledge is Power."

BACON.

THE power of voluntary association is immense. This fact is fully recognized at the present day; and its power seems likely to be tested to its utmost. Associations of all kinds and characters abound; political, social, religious, moral and immoral; associations for lawful and for unlawful purposes—those for the reforming of society, and those for its destruction; associations, literary, scientific, commercial, are multiplied, till all individual energy bids fair to be merged in associated effort. Combination is the order of the day. It becomes every one to consider deeply what will be the influence of all these associations; what dangers are to be apprehended from them; what benefits reaped; and whether the evil may not counterbalance the good. All these are considerations for every thoughtful mind.

With regard to the majority of the political and social organizations of our times, there can, perhaps, be little doubt that their influence is on the whole corrupt; possibly the same might be predicated of many of the religious associations. Love of power is natural; and the possession of power almost invariably leads to its abuse. The unprincipled possessors of it do not hesitate to use their weapon upon whatever stands in their way. The honest many may fall victims to the intriguing few; and the influence of the whole association be rendered pernicious. There are many other dangers to which voluntary associations are exposed, besides the tendency to the abuse of power, which might be mentioned, but will doubtless occur to every reflecting mind. The dangers we have glanced at, however, do not threaten literary and scientific associations. Their object is to promote sound learning, the influence of which is generally on the side of good order, peace and moderation. To the ambitious and designing the same inducements are not proffered, to lead them to sacrifice the public good to their own personal advancement. The

field is not wide enough, the purpose of the association is not sufficiently indefinite or complex to afford much chance for chicanery.

Mercantile Library Associations are among the most useful literary institutions. Formed, as they are, for the intellectual, moral and social melioration of an important class in the community; affording, as they do, such a variety of advantages and opportunities for improvement, their influence upon the moral and social condition of the Mercantile classes cannot be small. They form a bond of union between them; and union is strength. Unity of interest and of sentiment is cherished; fraternity springs up between the members, and diffuses its kindly influence, warming and invigorating. A generous emulation is excited, leading ever to excellence; while the malignant spirit that is too often engendered where there is a clashing of interests, is kept far away.

The antiquity of associations for similar purposes, although a point on which we would not lay much stress, affords at least some reasons for inferring the importance of those in question. The Academy of Plato had an object not very dissimilar to that of these associations. The great philosopher and his pupils assembled

"Midst academic groves to search for truth."

Many other instances of like societies in ancient times might be cited were it necessary. In more modern days such literary and scientific institutions have become numerous. Kings have thought them not unworthy of their patronage, and governments have freely granted them liberal aid. In our own country, there is not wanting a distinguished instance of favor from the Representative of Royalty towards one of these societies. All these, together with the universal belief in their importance, are certainly strong circumstances in their favor.

The moral and social natures of man are so intimately connected, any influence affecting the one generally having a corresponding effect upon the other, that, in this Essay, we have thought that it would lead to too great refinement, to an analysis that might be uninteresting, were we always to endeavour to separate and define these influences. We have, therefore, in considering the influence of Mercantile Library Associations in elevating the moral and social condition of the mercantile classes, generally spoken of their influence upon both taken together; though in some instances separation has been deemed advisable. We have, likewise, in order to render our ideas more definite and concise, and to avoid vague generalities, considered separately and at length some of the peculiar and distinctive features of these associations and their influence upon the mercantile classes.

Our subject is, in some sense, a subdivision of a more extensive one, namely: "The influence of knowledge in elevating the moral and social condition of man;" a subject of so great extent, to trace the details of which such deep thought, such extended observation and patient study, would be required, that the lapse of years will doubtless leave much yet to be investigated and explored. In this world, where mind is trammelled by matter, the influence of the most common and apparently trivial things upon man's social and moral condition can scarcely be duly weighed. Who, then, shall be able justly to estimate the myriad influences of learning in its infinite ramifications? We have said that our subject was in some sense a subdivision of another; this will be evident if we consider the object of Mercantile Library Associations, which is to disseminate knowledge, and to improve the moral and social state of its members. We think, therefore, that the influence of that knowledge which it is the peculiar object of these institutions to impart, may be fairly reckoned in the consideration of our subject, as the influence of the associations themselves, that it may be as justly placed to their credit as the advantages of their regulations and discipline.

Before considering at length the various features of Mercantile Library Associations, and their influence, let us estimate that of the mere *intercourse* and *companionship* of young men for the purposes contemplated by such societies. We premise that the character of a Library Association ought to be so elevated that it will be considered desirable to become a member, and that none who are exceptional obtain admission as members. If it sustains such a character the influence of the mere association of its members

will be readily seen, and cannot be other than beneficial; nor will the influence of young men engaged in the same pursuits, collected for the improvement of the mind, be insignificant. At its meetings the young clerk or merchant sees his fellow in a new and interesting light; as he beholds him growing fervent in debate, his powers quickened and expanded; or as he hears the matured and best efforts of his mind in the Essay or disquisition, he feels his respect for him increase—he is surprised to find so much power in one, whose modesty and retiring disposition had perhaps caused him to be overlooked if not despised, while at the same time he is himself excited to a trial of his own strength, and in his success his self-respect is heightened—his resolution to excel becomes stronger. The influence, also, of the politeness and gentlemanly deportment cultivated in the meetings of their associations, can scarcely fail of being carried into the business affairs of every-day life and into the domestic circle. The natural roughness of manners wears away, leaving in its stead a polished suavity which is of the greatest advantage in every situation of life, and is not without a beneficial influence upon the heart.

A prominent feature of Mercantile Library Associations is their *Lectures*. The advantages of this mode of gaining knowledge are numerous. The results of great research and toil, scattered perhaps through volumes, are compressed into a lecture of an hour's length. Knowledge is presented in a condensed and pleasing form, rendered still more attractive, it may be, by the eloquence of the speaker. The memory is enabled to retain the most important points, many of which might be entirely lost sight of, if diffused through massive quartos. An opportunity is afforded, if the variety of subjects be as great as it should be, to obtain a general knowledge of almost every important subject in Science, History and Literature. While themes that are not designed to have a strictly practical influence should by no means be excluded, the preponderance ought certainly to be given to those designed to impart *useful* knowledge, such as may, if treasured up, have a direct bearing on the affairs of life. A practical hint that would be forgotten or disregarded, when met with in chance reading—if set forth forcibly and familiarly in a popular lecture, may be received and acted upon. The mercantile classes have especial need of this general information, in order to enable them intelligently to perform their duties. This need will of course be felt in proportion to the extension of their sphere of action. To the merchant extensively engaged in commerce, there is hardly

a subject of which at least a general knowledge will not be of great advantage. He ought to be acquainted with the outlines of History, of Geography, of Navigation, of Astronomy; he ought to have a knowledge of the customs, manners and laws of the various nations of the earth—of their currency—of the products of different countries, and of their importance and value. In addition to this there are many branches of the law, of which he should not be ignorant—as the Civil Law, the Law of Insurance, the Law of Nations, &c. In what other way can information upon most of these subjects be obtained so well as in public lectures? Most persons of the mercantile classes have not the time to obtain it by long research and patient study; the digest afforded by this mode of instruction is just suited to their wants. The subject of the last lecture will afford matter for conversation and discussion during the interval before the next; thus not only are important truths strongly impressed upon the mind—but that vain and foolish, if not worse conversation, which is too often resorted to by the young, is replaced by that of an improving, and, if the taste is properly cultivated, infinitely more pleasing character.

The negative influence of these lectures must not be overlooked. In our cities and large towns the young clerk or merchant is peculiarly exposed to temptations. After the fatiguing labors of the day he feels the want of relaxation and amusement; if an innocent pastime is afforded the inducement to pass his leisure in idleness or vice will be lessened. In a majority of cases the opportunity for whiling away the tedious hours of a long winter evening in a pleasant and at the same time profitable manner, will be embraced in preference to spending it in a foolish and vicious way. But if no such opportunity is presented, if there are no interesting and entertaining lectures to be listened to, who can say how many of the mercantile classes would not resort to the theatre, the moral influence of which, to say the least, is doubtful—how many, excited by the hope of gain, might not be lured to the gaming-house—how many might not be lured to destruction by her whose “steps take hold on hell” Truly, the negative influence of this feature of Mercantile Library Associations, may be great indeed, and if there were no positive benefits to be derived from such lectures, their mere negative advantage would be enough to establish the moral importance of the Institutions that should afford them.

Another important part of the Mercantile Library Association is the *Cabinet*; to possess which should be an object with every Society of

the kind. The works of nature form a pleasing study to man. They are the first presented to his view, and are the most natural objects of his investigation. The most common things that meet his eye are replete with matter for thought. The murmuring forests—the gentle flowers springing up on his path—little birds that fling their melodious notes upon the morning air—the glorious stars that jewel the firmament—all are full of poetry and of thought. While it is not for us with our finite capacities to pronounce upon the comparative importance of the works of nature, we do know that some are more calculated than others to impress us with awe—to make us reflect. The curiosities, as they are called, that are usually contained in a Cabinet, are among those most impressive: the wonders of the deep, the rare minerals extracted from the bowels of the earth, the gorgeous plumage of Eastern birds, the myriad forms of vegetation, make us think, and think deeply too, of Him by whose word all these things are. These are sufficient to argue a Supreme Being—His wisdom, power and goodness; these are sufficient to inspire, for the time at least, reverence for Him. Religious feeling, which, of course, includes moral feeling, is of the greatest importance in elevating the social condition of all, and of none more than of the mercantile classes. A spiritual and enlightened religious faith has ever been the precursor of a refined social state; its influence upon it is measureless; the social prosperity of man is so incorporated with his religion—is so interwoven with it—that when his religion degenerates or is cast aside, a corresponding change takes place in his social condition. It is unnecessary to pursue this idea further—it would lead us into needless digression.

The advantages possessed by associations in collecting Cabinet curiosities are obvious. Individual effort, except when aided by great wealth, can do comparatively little; but the sum of the effort of many amounts to a great deal. There is greater chance of gaining what ought to be an object in every Cabinet—variety; the difference of individual tastes will produce this. The useful knowledge to be gained from a Cabinet, especially when taken in connection with that obtained from books, will be considerable. The specimens serve as illustrations, to render definite the knowledge that otherwise would be vague. The study of the various objects presented would have a tendency to liberalize the mind, to give it more enlarged views of the vast extent and variety of the works of creation. The influence of a mind thus enlarged would be almost immediately felt in the affairs of life; its standard

would be higher than that of the mass around, and its influence would be gradually and extensively felt. It would inspire other minds with a taste for the good and beautiful, till the social condition of a whole neighbourhood would be made better. If such would be the influence of one mind thus liberalized, how great would be that of many acting in harmony! Social melioration is the offspring of mental illumination.

The advantages afforded by Mercantile Library Associations, to form *Classes* for the investigation of particular studies, are so obvious, and the influence of this feature, at least in the case of any individual society, so plain to be seen, that a few observations upon this point will suffice. There are many subjects of which a more thorough knowledge than can be gained from lectures or books, is highly desirable. Some branches require to be taught by a living teacher, and one too who has devoted sufficient of his time to understand them perfectly. A competent knowledge of many of the newer sciences, and which a laudable curiosity would wish to examine, can be obtained in no other way. By pursuing a study in a class of considerable numbers, greater facilities are afforded for learning, and at a price so reduced, as to place it within the power of all to avail themselves of this mode of instruction. The influence of this feature of Mercantile Library Associations will of course depend upon the nature of the studies pursued; if of a practical character their influence will be readily seen. From the fact of the importance of this part of our subject depending so much upon circumstances, it will be impossible to advance anything very definite upon it; if well conducted and directed to studies of importance, it may be highly useful. The advantages, however, possessed by these associations for forming such classes are undoubted.

The grand feature of Mercantile Library Associations is the *Library*. It is a well known fact that in former times, so great was the scarcity and value of books, that the possession of a single volume by a private individual was rare. The few volumes extant were chiefly preserved by the monasteries. In this age of cheap publications, we can scarcely realize that a volume which is now sold for a few shillings, once could not be bought for hundreds of pounds. "Even so late as the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the works of Raciés, the Arabian Physician, from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it. When

any person made a present of a book to a church or monastery, in which were the only libraries for several ages, it was deemed a donative of such value, that he offered it on the altar *pro remedio animæ suæ*, in order to obtain the forgiveness of his sins."\* Thus we see that he who possessed a single volume, had in his hands what was not only of great pecuniary, but what might be of great spiritual value!

Notwithstanding the wonderful cheapness of books at the present time, associations possess great advantages for collecting valuable and extensive libraries. Private means are rarely, even now, sufficient to procure very extensive collections; nor would the volumes of a private library be likely to be so well chosen as those selected by the judgment of several. The mercantile classes, as we have before remarked, have especial need of extended information. Books are the great store-houses from which they and all must draw. How can they have access to these sources, except in public libraries? The volumes of the library of an association are or ought to be selected with great care; none of the trash that turns the heads of hare-brained fops and sentimental maidens, should be admitted; "books which are books" should alone be on its shelves. Access to such a library would be no slight advantage. There the thoughtful youth might find in a definite and extended form the thoughts that had flitted spectre-like through his own mind. Useful information upon all subjects is at hand; massive tomes for reference and light volumes for fireside reading. The page of history unfolds the actions of the mighty deed; the fame of conquerors and their fall; the gradual growth and decay of nations; the revolutions of a day affecting the fate of generations. The history of Art, Science, Literature, Civilization, Christianity, lies exposed to his view. A world of poetry, of fancy, of thought, is his; free to rove in it unfettered, what more could the intellectual nature of man require? A world of pure and elevated morality—of enlightened religion—in-vites his weary soul to calm enjoyment; what more could his moral nature wish? What a feast is spread, for him to taste and be filled with delight! The inestimable blessings of this pure enjoyment—its boundless influence upon their heart and life—would be in a great measure lost to the mercantile classes, were it not for Library Associations. In a degree some of these blessings might be enjoyed without them; but by their means an exhaustless fountain is opened,

common, free, but never defiled or dried up by repeated draughts.

Who shall reckon the influence of a good book? The immortal thoughts of one long returned to his native dust, are there, making their impression upon us, and destined to go down to remotest posterity, to work with a silent but mighty influence upon the opinions and lives of unborn millions. Books are the strong links that connect the past, the present and the future. There is much in the way a book is read; if listlessly conned through, or received as so much printed paper not designed to instruct—but as a sort of intellectual play-thing to amuse—the time might as well be spent in idleness or sleep. It should be read as though the words it contains were *heard* as well as *seen*; as though the authors were conversing with us face to face. And is not his higher self talking with us as freely as with an old familiar friend? When we read the practical philosophy of Bacon, may we not believe that the great author is himself present—when we open the “Paradise Lost,” that we are roving with Milton through infinite worlds—when we sit down to the varied page of Shakspeare, that the great bard is himself standing by, just drawing aside the curtain that separates this rough world from fairy-land? These would be sweet delusions; they would make us enter more into the spirit of the page before us, give warmth to our feelings and clearness to our understanding. How purifying, too, to our moral sentiments would be the influence of a good book, thus read “with the spirit and the understanding also.” Speaking of books, Milton says, “They do contain a potencie of life in them, to be as active as the soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a viol the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured on purpose to a life beyond life.”

The influence of publications upon the social condition of the mercantile classes will not be less striking. The press sways the world. The opinions of the great mass of men are formed by it; their actions, their social and commercial prosperity, are affected by it. From books is gained in a great measure the practical knowledge that is needed in the improvement of society. To what better cause can the mercantile classes go for the knowledge that shall tend to their melioration? The great discoveries of the present day, are chiefly made known through the

press. Supplied with the means for indulging social refinements, as many of the commercial class are, they only need extensive and varied reading to direct their tastes—to teach them in what their resources may be best applied. With good opportunities for this, improvement will soon be visible. Private dwellings will be better arranged, and the principles of science applied to warm and ventilate them; the principles of a correct taste will contribute to their adornment; tasteful public walks will be laid out; public buildings erected, convenient and ornamental; all the indications of refinement and of high mental culture will speedily appear; and, wealth, otherwise, sterile will be employed to improve and beautify everything. If the opportunities of a Library Association for judicious reading are properly embraced, we may expect to see improvement also in the manners, and in the social intercourse of the mercantile classes. Genuine politeness, the offspring of a cultivated heart and mind, will take the place of the cold and hollow-hearted formality too generally seen in society. Liberal views will engender true gentility, which will need neither rank nor wealth nor a high ancestral name to make it differ from vulgarity. Such are a few of the results that may legitimately be expected from the feature of Mercantile Library Associations we have just been considering. We should distrust our ability to attempt, even would moderate limits allow it, anything like a full discussion of this part of our subject; and with these few hints we dismiss it.

*The discussion of questions.* We have reserved the consideration of this feature of Mercantile Library Associations to the last, not because we consider it the most important, but because some of the advantages that may arise from it, will depend, in a great measure, upon the improvement of the others.

The ability to express one's ideas in public, with force and elegance, is one of unquestioned importance, and can only be gained by practice. Although nature has gifted some men with more fluency than others, we do not believe that any are born orators; practice leads to perfection, as well in oratory, as in the other arts. It is essential that this practice be gained in youth; and to the young members of the mercantile classes, Library Associations afford great advantages in obtaining it. When they are obliged to maintain a side in debate, their ideas are quickened, their knowledge is rendered available at a moment's notice, and the natural bashfulness is gradually removed. After such training, he who, before, could scarcely utter in public, a single intelligible sentence, can advance his opinions without em-

\* Milton's *Areopagitica*.

barrassment, and in an easy and forcible manner. By this exercise, the latent powers of the mind are brought into use; and if the discussions be properly conducted, they may be the means of eliciting truth. The subjects should of course be such as will not excite improper feelings; sectarian or party questions should not be discussed. Literary and historical ones ought for the most part to be debated; but if due care be taken, there are many moral questions which might be introduced, and which would tend to the moral, as well as intellectual, improvement of the mercantile classes. Perhaps such questions ought to be introduced oftener than is usual.

The additional moral weight, which a man of integrity gains, by being able to advance and maintain his views in public, is considerable. Upon all occasions he is ready, and his influence is felt—in the public meeting, for the consideration of any important measure, and in the Legislative Halls, when the interests of the country may be at stake; while a man of equal ability and integrity, without power and confidence as a public speaker, must be content to exert a much less influence. His private friends may rightly appreciate him; but when the occasion demands the public use of his powers, he is a sealed volume. The times in which we live call loudly for honest and fearless men, in all stations of life, and for men too, who can speak as well as act. Error and wickedness are abroad, and can only be checked by public exposure and denunciation. How important, then, must be the associations that are fitted for the training of men of integrity, and for enabling them, fearlessly to uphold the right, and to pull down the strong holds of wickedness!

The influence of all these features, in elevating the moral and social condition of the Mercantile classes, as we have before said, may be fairly placed to the credit of Mercantile Library Associations; for without them, many of these advantages could not be enjoyed at all, by the mercantile classes, and none of them to a very great extent. The general influence of these associations, will be that connected with the knowledge it is their province to promote. "Ignorance is the mother of vice;" and it is equally true, that exalted virtue can only be the offspring of an enlightened mind. We do not mean to say that knowledge and virtue will always be combined, that light and heat will always be found together. Knowledge may exist without virtue, but virtue without knowledge, never. We have only to compare our own state with that of heathen nations, to be satisfied of this. We have only to

look from the dark places of earth, to those bright spots, on which the suns of knowledge and righteousness pour down their united rays, to be convinced that knowledge and virtue are infinitely superior to ignorance and vice; and that the institutions that have for their object the advancement of true learning and virtue ought to meet the cordial support of every lover of good order, and every well-wisher of his country. The knowledge that they promote, will have a boundless influence over their members. It will soften the temper, and prevent those outbursts of passion, that are the fruits of ignorance and vulgarity;—it will increase the happiness of the domestic circle, by substituting rational enjoyments for vain and unsatisfying ones; it will invigorate the mind, and prevent it falling into peevishness—sober and subdue the fancy, and chasten those visionary hopes, which are too often the companions of youth, and can lead only to disappointment and discontent. Substantial knowledge provides the mind with food for thought; so that it can live upon its own resources. *Ennui* has no hold upon a mind stored with knowledge, and disciplined by thought. Loss and disappointment cannot shake it; they may indeed shatter its poor tenement of clay, but they have little power over the well-fortified tenant. Considering the liability to which the mercantile classes are exposed to suffer from pecuniary reverses, does it not become every member of them, to lay by him in store, a supply that cannot be taken from him, to cultivate well his mind, that in the day of adversity it may not sink into inanity? What way so well suited to secure the advantages of knowledge and culture to each member of the mercantile classes, as the formation of Library Associations, in which so many benefits may be reaped, with little trouble, and less expense?

There are some follies, in a great measure peculiar to the mercantile classes, which Library Associations may do much to counteract. One which might be mentioned is foppishness. Generally placed in circumstances favorable for indulging a taste for extravagance in dress, it is not perhaps strange, that many of the mercantile classes should be led into this folly. It is lamentable, that so many young men lay the fruits of their labor upon the altar of foolish and extravagant fashion. To dress with good taste and propriety, should be an object with every one; but how absurd it is to convert the human frame into an article for the display of specimens of fine cloths and linen, of genteel boots, and lustrous beavers. Men at the present day seem to be estimated in a great measure by their cloth. Fashion is the



"open sesame," to circles of respectability—wo to the unlucky wight that attempts to enter, without first propitiating the goddess of fashion. All this foolish absurdity—this servile obedience to fashion—Mercantile Library Associations may do much to correct; by placing before the mind, nobler aims than external adornment, they will do much to destroy the folly of which we speak; and were this their sole object, it would be no mean one.

Perhaps there is no time in which the want of the liberal culture afforded by Mercantile Library Associations, will be more seriously felt than in old age. All hope to live to a good old age, and in early life, prudence leads the young to accumulate somewhat of worldly comforts for the helplessness of age. The same prudence ought to induce an accumulation of knowledge—a cultivation of the mind, for the time when its need will be most keenly felt. If we compare the old man, content with ignorance, and knowing nothing better, with him who has enjoyed, and rightly improved the advantages of early culture, what a contrast shall we behold! The one obstinate, peevish, stupid, sinking into second childhood; the other mild, serene and thoughtful, his sun going down with undiminished brightness into the waves of the ocean of eternity. The worn-out dandy—despised by all—whose wrinkled brow, and feebleness of limb, are but the outward signs of mental contraction and weakness; while the other maintains the faculties of his mind in full vigor—his temper serene and equable—beloved, venerated, he closes a useful career, surrounded by everything that can soothe and comfort him. Happy is the man, who in his youth enjoys the opportunities afforded by Library Associations—and who improves them; were the harvest to be delayed till his declining years, his labor would be amply repaid;—how much more than repaid, when at every advance in knowledge he is adding to his present enjoyment, and at the same time ensuring a happy age!

If any of the considerations in this Essay, shall stimulate the members of the mercantile classes to embrace the advantage of Library Associations where they have them, or to an effort for their formation where they are wanting, the writer will not think that he has written in vain.

## WHY WEEP'ST THOU MOTHER?

BY L.

Why weep'st thou, mother? Dost thou weep  
To see me at my play—  
To think that I such frolic keep,  
Throughout the livelong day?

Or dost thou weep for that sweet flower,  
I cull'd for thee at morn?  
The fairest of my tiny bower—  
So soon its fragrance gone!

Or dost thou weep, dear mother, tell,  
To see o'er yonder sky,  
The clouds, fast gathering like a veil,  
Go sweeping wildly by?

My child, it is for thee I weep—  
To see thy brow so fair,  
To read within thy blue eyes deep,  
The heart's sweet music there.

For soon with clouds, like yonder sky,  
Will that soft brow be limn'd,  
And soon will that bright laughing eye,  
With bitter tears be dimm'd.

For soon must thou like others find  
All is not gold that gleams,  
And soon must thy unconscious mind  
Drink truths, from deeper streams.

For once, my child, as fair as thee,  
As full of love, and light,  
I stood beside my mother's knee,  
As gay a thing, and bright.

And round that fair home, like thine own,  
Were lov'd ones ever near,  
Kind parents, brothers, sister lone,  
That sister, ah! how dear!—

Years seem but moments to my mind,  
Since I stood with them there;  
But now with silver threads is twined  
The raven of my hair.

And many a change hath gathered o'er  
Life's fitful scene since then,  
And many a plant that roses bore,  
But yielded thorns again.

And many a fruit I've toiled to grasp,  
Hath withered with its breath,  
And all too late within my clasp,  
I've found it was but death.

And some among that cherish'd band,  
Have passed from earth away,  
And long since, in that better land,  
Have gone with God to stay.

But still around that sacred spot,  
Will memory fondly cling,  
And still she cheers my chequered lot  
With her unsullied wing.

These memories sweet, through life's bright day,  
And through its sterner gloom,  
Still ever onward point the way,  
Above the silent tomb.

## THE WANDERER FROM HOME.

And still to that fond hope I cleave,  
That should we meet no more  
On this dim earth, we all must leave  
For that far distant shore—

I still may fold that dear loved hand,  
Within my fond embrace,  
In that unseen and glorious land,  
The soul's last dwelling place.

It was for this, my child, I wept,  
I thought upon life's tide,  
How soon thy bark might cleave the depth,  
And I not by thy side,

I thought how soon, thou might'st like me,  
Be called from that bright home,  
Which shelters now thy infancy,  
Far, far away to roam.

In stranger land, where none may feel,  
Like me, thy heart's deep woe,  
Or round thee bend, with that fond zeal,  
Which only mothers know.

But still for thee no more I'll weep,  
To see thy heart so gay,  
For He, His watch will o'er thee keep,  
Who was thy mother's stay.

To Him I'll trust thee, precious child,  
Who death's dread cross hath worn,  
To Him, the blest—the undefiled,  
Of Virgin Mother born.

And may He be thy guiding star,  
As He hath been to me,  
To lead thee onward, onward far,  
Through life's tempestuous sea.

Till with his all-encircling arm,  
He folds thee in His love,  
Where death can have no power to harm,  
In that bright home above.

## THE WANDERER FROM HOME.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

Oh! dark are his thoughts, as he wanders in sadness,  
From his own happy cottage, so dear to his heart:  
No joy lights his brow with the bright glow of gladness,  
As he turns from the "home of his fathers" to part.  
No more shall the scenes of his gay happy childhood,  
Which met his glad gaze, when his footsteps would  
    roam  
Through the intricate maze of the dark verdant wild-  
    wood,  
Bring joy to the heart of the wanderer from home.

Parting hands are unclasped: the last farewell is spoken;  
His footsteps are turning from all he holds dear:  
The fond ties of childhood are severed and broken;  
He gives to their memory a sigh and a tear.  
He reaches the hill top; ah! why is he lingering?  
Ah! why o'er his face steals that shadow of gloom?  
Sweet though sad are the feelings so tenderly clinging  
Around the lone heart of the wanderer from home.

Now onward he hastens; the wide world before him;  
Each step bears him farther, and farther away,  
No more shall the eye of affection watch o'er him;  
No more shall he bask in its bright genial ray.  
He thinks of the parents, whose hearts now are swelling  
With grief, for the loved one who from them has gone  
Now lingering still near the door of their dwelling,  
To catch the last glimpse of the wanderer from home.

No more shall he know a kind father's protection,  
From the dangers which throng round the bright path  
    of youth,  
No more shall the voice of a mother's affection,  
Guide his steps in the ways of fair virtue and truth.  
No more shall the brothers, now by him forsaken,  
Gladly hail his approach 'mid the eve's falling gloom;  
Nor the sweet gentle voices of sisters awaken,  
Joy's thrill in the heart of the wanderer from home.

No more in the calm of the bright Sabbath morning,  
When nature is vocal in anthems of praise,  
When spring's sweetest flowers are the landscape  
    adorning  
And wild birds are warbling their soft pensive lays,  
Shall he in the church where his forefathers worshipped,  
Their God, in those days which forever are gone,  
Kneel where he hath knelt, since the bright days of  
    childhood,  
For alas! he is now a lone wanderer from home.

His home now shall be in the land of the stranger;  
While on him no smile of affection shall beam,  
To brighten the path of the earth's lonely ranger,  
Far, far from the scenes of his youth's early dream.  
Glad voices are round him, he listens regardless;  
For not for his ear falls each musical tone;  
While each heart around him is bright in its gladness,  
No joy thrills the heart of the wanderer from home.

When o'er him the pall of affliction shall gather,  
And nature seems sinking beneath its dark power,  
No eye in its kindness, beams bright on the stranger,  
To cheer the dark shade of adversity's hour.  
No hand is extended to give consolation,  
Or cast from the lone one his mantle of gloom;  
But alone in its sadness, and chill desolation,  
Must be the sad heart of the wanderer from home.

When the hopes of his bosom, so fondly once cherished,  
Are crushed and dispersed like a fast fleeting dream,  
When fancy's fond visions like shadows have perished,  
And reason displaces the once sunny theme.  
He turns him again to the "home of his fathers,"  
No more from its hallowed precincts to roam;  
In the cot of his childhood he meet a kind welcome;  
No longer a desolate wanderer from home.

# FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.\*

BY R. E. M.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WE left Florence sitting alone at her own window, awaiting the hour for the appointed interview with lord St. Albans. Motionless as a statue she sat, her very eye-lids immovable, but her thoughts, oh! how busy, how varied! Regret for the past—terror for the future, filled her heart one moment with agony; then angry, bitter feelings, even more torturing, would succeed. Now hope would whisper that he had relented—that this meeting was intended to reconcile them, that after a few grave admonitions all would be forgiven; and as the bright hope lighted up for an instant her pallid countenance, what soul-felt vows of amendment and repentance did not her heart form. But then despondency, despair, would quickly succeed—fancy would picture the Earl stern and unforgiving; call up before her with terrible distinctness all the sad consequences—the thought of the sorrow of her friends, the triumph of her enemies, the world's bitter contempt, and neither last nor least, the loss of St. Albans himself. The picture was terrible, and she convulsively covered her face with her hands as if to shut it out. Suddenly the loud clock of the castle struck four, and aroused her from her useless sorrow. Springing to her feet she leaned over the window-sill and gazed down into the court yard; the last carriage was just taking its departure. Snatching up a large shawl, she drew it around her, for the chill damp air, to which her previous emotion had rendered her insensible, pierced her frame. With a step now rapid as that of a deer, then slow almost to immovability, she glided like a phantom through the long corridors that lay between her apartments and the trysting place. Soon she stood before the door, that door which she had looked on under such different auspices, and the fearful rapidity with which her heart was beating obliged her to lean for support against the balustrade of the stairs. At length the throbbings became less violent, and conscious that every moment was precious, with a desperate effort she pushed open the door and entered. The vast hall was in a partial gloom. The dull misty light of early morning, and the faint gleam of a lamp on a dis-

tant cornice, but half dispelled the darkness. Had it been however ten times more obscure, her eyes would have instantly recognized the tall indistinct figure that rapidly advanced towards her. Agitated as the earl was, even in that moment, his thoughtful politeness never deserted him, and he respectfully handed her a seat, on which she sank, pale and breathless. A long silence followed, during which she raised her eyes with sickening anxiety to her companion's face, endeavouring to read its expression. The faint light and the earl's position, for he was standing with his face half averted from her, at first baffled her efforts, but her sight becoming sharpened by intense eagerness, she succeeded at last in some degree. His brow, his very lips, were pale as marble, whilst the cold and rigid expression of his countenance curdled the blood in her veins. At length he spoke, but in tones so stern, so changed, that she almost doubted the evidence of her senses.

"Can you divine, Florence, why I have requested this meeting? speak!"

"To blame, to rebuke, but oh! my lord, to pardon also."

"Pshaw! no more of this!" he impatiently interrupted. "We have had pardons, reconciliations, tears, till I am wearied, sick of their very name. 'Tis no farce we have now to act, but a part as lasting as it must be decisive. We have met here that I might tell you we must part, and part for ever."

"Part! Sydney, you will kill me!" she gasped, her pale cheek becoming of a still ghastlier hue.

Quick as thought the earl sprang towards a stand, and taking a glass of water from it, approached it to her colourless lips. It was indeed a timely help, it saved her from fainting. As soon as she was somewhat recovered, he resumed his former position at a little distance, and awaited in silence her answer. Seeing she made no attempt to speak, he at length exclaimed:

"Florence, let us end this. We are mutually resolved, and 'tis better to separate at once."

"Oh! Sydney, Sydney! have mercy on me!" and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Have pity on my youth and thoughtlessness—try me once more."

\* Continued from page 229.

"All this is useless," he interrupted, with the same stern composure. "I came here prepared, nerved for prayers, faintings and tears. I have borne with you long and patiently--borne with you till human nature could bear no more, and now, blame me not that I have taken a part which you yourself have forced upon me. If you doubt the justice of my resolve, I ask you only to recall the events of this night and yesterday. In the feelings you wounded and goaded almost beyond endurance during our morning drive; in the cold, unbending haughtiness you have shewn me since then; in your contemptuous, defiant disregard of my injunction regarding your false friend Miss Westover; and lastly, in the unwomanly cruelty with which you revenged on a gentle, harmless girl, the few unmeaning words of politeness I had addressed her; in all this, you will find sufficient, without even recurring to the oft shadowed page of the past, to warrant my firmness, or harshness, call it by what name you will."

"Yes, I deserve it, I confess all, all. But, ah! if you loved me, you would not, you could not thus cast me off."

"I did love you, Florence," was the bitter reply. "Aye, loved you with a devotedness, a tenderness surpassing what I have ever lavished on child of earth; but, that love, strong, ardent as it once was, is now well nigh worn out. And wherefore should you wish our engagement to remain? Have you not a foretaste of the happiness we may expect? Already, in the silvery days of courtship, open dissensions, harsh, bitter recriminations and taunts, have passed between us. Would not a union, under such circumstances, be a hell to both?"

"No, not if your love equalled mine."

"Nay, talk not of love," he said with a bitter smile. "Had you even possessed one tenth of the affection you have professed for me, it would have enabled you, for my sake, to avoid the errors and follies which have caused our separation."

"Tis not that, my lord, but time has cooled your first ardour, and you willingly avail yourself of any pretext to end an engagement you have wearied of."

"Thank you, Florence; a remark so insulting to every feeling of my nature is but another of the outrages you have so recklessly inflicted on me. And, let me add, a woman who sets so little store on my honour and principle, should never degrade herself by consenting to become my wife; but this is childish folly on both sides. 'Tis time to terminate this painful interview, an interview I would have avoided by writing to you, but I wished to answer in person, your every

question or accusation. That task, so bitter to both, is at length accomplished, and now Florence, I have but to say *Farewell*. May your future fate be brighter and happier than the lot which would have awaited you as the wife of Sydney St. Albans!"

Though his voice trembled with uncontrollable emotion, there was a mournful firmness in it which carried despair into his listener's heart. Still she spoke not, nor uttered no word of entreaty, but sinking back in her chair, pressed her hands to her burning eyes, for a strange bewilderment seemed creeping over her. A moment dispelled the passing dimness of her faculties, and with terrible reality the fearful present and all its consequences rushed upon her. Already she saw herself, in fancy, the deserted, cast off betrothed of the earl of St. Albans; the world's maddening laugh already rang in her ears, already the burning brand of humiliation, of shame, was stamped upon her brow. Her very reason seemed yielding. Wildly she raised her eyes—he had turned away—he was at the door. Terrified, agonized, forgetful of all, everything, save that St. Albans was leaving her for ever, she sprang from her seat, and with one mighty effort was at his feet. Astonished, shocked, the earl endeavoured to raise her.

"Florence, Florence," he hurriedly exclaimed, whilst his pale brow crimsoned. "This is no position for you nor for myself. Have feeling for us both."

"No! leave me, Sydney! Here will I remain till you grant or spurn for the last time my request. And now I appeal no longer to your love—for that love, alas! that I should live to say it, has long since passed away—but I appeal to your honour as a gentleman. Shield me from the world's laughter and contempt, from the bitter disgrace your desertion will draw down on my head. Yes! make me the free, light-hearted girl you found me—restore me the proud name, a name against which my bitterest enemies could never utter one mocking or disparaging word, and which was mine when you first, undesired and unsought, made me the object of your attention; restore me all that, Sydney St. Albans, and I will willingly say to you, Go, and for ever. Till then, however, I have a claim upon you; and though the world may scorn, and you may laugh at that claim, nay, spurn it in derision, it will ever remain a dark spot on your character as a man of honour, ever remain to haunt you with the misery of one who, whatever other faults were hers, loved you, alas! but too well."

St Albans was stunned, overpowered by the passionate eloquence of Florence's unstudied

appeal. The new light too in which she had placed the question of their parting, a light which had never struck him till then, spoke strangely to his generous heart. In silence he looked down upon her. The first red beams of morning struggling through the misty light, suddenly streamed upon her countenance, from which tears and suffering had banished nearly every trace of loveliness. Strangely did the sunlight heighten by its contrast the wan pallour of her face, from which in her wild agitation she had thrust her dark hair entirely back, and strangely did that anguish-stricken brow contrast with her dazzling robe, and the glittering jewels on her neck and arms. But oh! double power had her tearful, grief-disfigured countenance over the earl's beauty. Gradually the rigidity of his high brow relaxed, and its customary expression of noble serenity again stole over it. He stooped, and gently raising his companion, murmured in a tone of kind though firm gravity:

"Yes, once again I pardon; but remember, Florence, 'tis for the last time."

She had neither voice nor look to thank him, so completely was her strength exhausted, and without his assistance she could scarcely have reached a seat. He waited a moment for her to recover, and then softly, feelingly continued:

"Florence, you must seek repose at once, you sadly need it. I would not detain you one moment longer, but there are two or three words which must be said, sooner or later, and 'tis better to say them now. This interview then terminated, the past will be entirely, eternally forgotten. One of these truths you already know. I have cancelled the past for ever, but beware of offending again. I am bound to warn you that one single relapse, one wilful, determined fault, will part you and I beyond the power of fate to re-unite us again. The second point is,"—

Here the earl hesitated and coloured, for the peculiar delicacy of his own feelings, inspired him with a singular dread of wounding the sensitiveness of others; the effort, however, had to be made, and with sudden firmness he continued:

"The second point is, that our union, which another month was to have seen consummated, must be deferred for a longer period. During the lapse of another half-year, we can acquire a more perfect understanding of each other's characters. Your thoughtlessness will be more subdued, whilst my fastidiousness will be less exacting. This trial is reasonable, nay, necessary. And now, Florence, that we understand each other, we

will say, Farewell for the present; but, first, let me solicit as a favour, what I before, perhaps wrongly, proposed as a demand. Shun Miss Westover, or, she will blight and destroy every noble trait in your character, and rendered you as detested as herself."

"Oh! willingly do I promise to comply, dear Sydney," rejoined his companion, her eyes commencing to shine through her tears, with something of their usual brilliancy, "and this promise, at least, shall not be forfeited."

He gently pressed her hand, and thus they, who had met in fear and anger, parted in kindness and affection. But did the happiness of lord St. Albans equal that of his betrothed?—did he rejoice like her over their reconciliation? That was a question known only to his own heart, a question which none but himself could solve. Anxious for an hour's quiet communing with himself, he descended, to take a stroll through the silent avenues of the Park. Whilst slowly moving on, his eyes fixed on the ground, in deep thought, he nearly stumbled against Clinton, who was advancing in the same walk.

"What! St. Albans! sun struck too!" he exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "Well, you are no worse than myself; for here have I been acting the sentimental fool, for the last two hours, plunging into those damp alleys, and dewy shades and forming, like a youth in his teens, if not verses to my mistress's eye-brow, at least composing inward orations on her perfections. Seriously, though, I am very happy, for my anxieties and doubts are at an end, I trust, forever. Little Nina has consented to join her lot with mine, for better or for worse."

"Is it possible, dear Percival?" ejaculated the earl, his countenance brightening with pleasure. "From my heart and soul do I congratulate you! You have chosen one whose gentle devotion and steadfast faith, will richly repay you for the disinterested affection you have bestowed on her. Florence and I too, have had an interview. I scarcely know whether I should ask your congratulations or not, but we are friends again."

"Aye! I thought it would be so. Well, I hope 'tis all for the best," and Clinton gaily smiled, though his heart whispered, a final separation would have tended far more to the happiness of his friend. "But, what shall we do with ourselves till dinner, St. Albans? The ladies, at least the two who interest us most, will not probably make their appearance for many hours to come."

"Join our party then," said the earl, eagerly. "Manvers, Dunmore and I, are going over to examine the Chichester estate, which Dunmore

has some thoughts of purchasing. Come, it will be a pleasant ride."

"Willingly, I know dear little Nina will be afraid to shew her face, and delay our meeting till the last possible moment. A pleasant talk with you, then, will be a blissful exchange for a tiresome morning with those Stanton girls, or a skirmish with Miss Westover." The excursion proved both short and agreeable to the earl and his friend, who wiled the time with confidential discourse, and frank discussion of their mutual plans. Contrary to their first intention of returning immediately after they had accomplished the object of their mission, young Dunmore proposed they should extend their ride, some miles further, to examine another demesne, which had been advertised for sale. The proposal was favorably received, and after they had alighted, and refreshed themselves and horses at a farm house, they gaily set out for Fenton Hall. Examining the splendid grounds of the latter, and inspecting the establishment itself, occupied more time than they had expected, and it was late when they arrived at the castle. Most eagerly indeed, had their return been looked for, by one anxious watcher, and that was Florence. Yet it was not entirely her affection for her lover, which prompted her impatience, and to explain its cause, we must go back a few hours. After the long vigil of the preceding night, and her agitating interview with the earl, she had sought her room, weak, powerless as a child, and many hours elapsed ere slumber descended on her weary eyelids. At length it came, and her deep, dreamless sleep extended long past noon. A gentle hand raising her head on the pillow, from which it had fallen, at length aroused her. Looking up, she saw it was Nina. Her heart filled with the happy certainty that no shadow now lay between herself and St. Albans, she forgot her jealous doubts of her young companion, and only remembering her own past unkindness, addressed her in a conciliating tone, asking, "if she had been down stairs yet."

"No," was the reply. "I breakfasted here, and Fanchette has just been up, to ask if you would do the same."

"Oh! by all means. Please ring for her at once."

Florence's toilette and breakfast over, she turned to Nina, and exclaimed with a slight yawn.

"Well! I suppose we have no resource but to go down. "What do you think?"

"I would prefer remaining here, for another hour," rejoined the latter, her colour strangely deepening, as she thought of the speedy and inevitable meeting between Clinton and herself.

"Perhaps 'tis as well, for I have a few words to say to you first. 'Tis to ask you, dear Nina, to overlook my unworthy persecution of you, yesterday evening. Really, my cheek burns with shame when I recall it."

"Do not mention it, Florence," said her companion, nervously, her humility taking the alarm. "I have never given it a second thought."

"But, I must mention it, and explain its cause. Simply, my dear little friend, I was jealous of you."

"Jealous of me!" and Nina opened her large eyes in astonishment. "Impossible!"

"Impossible as it may seem to you, it is not less true, but listen, and I will tell you the whole affair, and Florence, who could not exist without a confidant, compelled to turn to Nina, now that she was denied Miss Westover's friendship, poured into her ear the tale of her trials and fears, suppressing, however, the greater part of the interview between the earl and herself, which it would have mortified her self-love too deeply to reveal. And in return, did Nina tell her story? did she hint at the wonderful change that had taken place in her humble lot? No! natural reserve, girlish shame, and a shrinking dread of her companion's ridicule, which on such a subject, above all others, would have proved most unbearable, sealed her lips. Nina had never known the priceless happiness of possessing a companion who might share her joys or amusements, her childish fancies, or girlish dreams. Compelled ever to hide her feelings and thoughts; her hopes and fears, in her own heart; accustomed to weep, or rejoice alone, reserve had to her become a second nature; and Florence, the satiric, mocking Florence, was of all beings the last to whom she could unveil her heart. The latter once or twice wondered at the unusual flush, which mounted into Nina's cheek, at some careless expressions of hers, concerning her affection for the earl, or his devotion to herself, and which of course suited in some degree her listener's case, but she never for one moment suspected her secret. After a few moments of other converse, Florence suddenly rose, exclaiming; "This will not do, Nina. We must go down, what will Sydney think of my absence? And indeed," she murmured, regarding her reflection in a mirror, "I should be in no great hurry to make my appearance, for I feel, as well as look, wretchedly ill. Tell me, frankly, did you ever see me look worse? 'Tis fortunate, Lord St. Albans' affection does not depend on my looks, this morning."

She spoke truly, for not one trace of the usually brilliant and mirthful Florence remained

in her pallid features and heavy eyes. Oh! little suited was she to contend with earth's cares and trials, when one night's suffering had left such fiery traces of its passage.

Eager again to see the earl, now that she was certain he would meet her with kindness and affection, she hurried Nina's lingering steps, and they entered the saloon together, a circumstance of unusual occurrence during the last fortnight. Most of the guests were assembled round a large table examining the contents of a case of new music, engravings and publications, which had just arrived from London. On her entrance, some of the party looked up, and then, without a word of greeting, resumed their respective occupations. Astonished at so singular an indifference, Florence glanced round the circle, from which to her own annoyance, and Nina's fervent gratitude, both lord St. Albans and Clinton were absent, and then approaching Miss Clifden, one of her most intimate companions, addressed her some trifling remarks. The young lady replied with singular brevity, and with a look of supercilious indifference which brought the indignant blood to Florence's cheek, turned to her engravings; surprised, irritated, the latter again looked inquiringly around, when she discovered she was the object of general attention. Some were examining her with looks of contemptuous pity, others with insolent curiosity, or the same expression of haughty arrogance which had so exasperated her in Miss Clifden; whilst a fourth, and not the smallest number, were regarding her with a smile of ill-dissembled triumph on their features. Turning to lady Westover, she inquired in a tone purposely elevated: "Where is lord St. Albans?"

"I know not, my dear child," she rejoined, with an air of lofty compassion, for which Florence could have willingly wrenched the turban from her venerable head. "We have not been blessed with a sight of him since morning. Your non-appearance, however, is more excusable, for you look very ill."

Florence perceived a meaning smile pass round the circle, but she calmly rejoined:

"Your ladyship is more candid than complimentary this morning. However, when people arrive at a certain age, they are apt to forget that truth and politeness are not always allied."

"Nay, my dear Miss Fitz-Hardinge, pardon the faded, though still elegant Marchioness of Analey. "We cannot help feeling surprised by so sad a change in one whose bloom usually rivals the rose, and our compassion naturally

leads us to inquire the cause of the sudden grief that has fastened on the fair bud."

"Do I really look so ill?" was the careless reply. "Well, few of us can stand the test of day-light; many charms, which shine bright enough by lamp-light, look very dull and artificial in sunshine."

The Marchioness, whose false ringlets and teeth were matters of public comment, crimsoned even through her rouge, and the rest of the party, warned by her example, thought it best to leave the dangerous Florence in peace, contenting themselves with contemptuous smiles and looks, Miss Westover was so very deeply absorbed in the French novel she held in her hand, that she never perceived her friend, though the latter paused a moment close beside her; still Florence, who on her part was most anxious to avoid her, scarcely noticed the circumstance. With a look of the loftiest *nonchalance* she tossed over the music on the table—selected two or three pieces, and approaching an open piano-forte proceeded to try them, running over occasional passages, humming the airs to herself with as little regard for the august company as though they were so many pictures or chairs. And what was the cause of this sudden display of hostilities—what had changed the universal adulation, lavished usually on the bride-elect of the earl of St. Albans, to such cutting indifference? The whispered words of lady Westover to her next neighbour will solve the enigma. "Did you ever hear of such unparalleled effrontery? Assuming all the airs of mistress of the castle, when we know as well as herself that that vacillating credulous boy, St. Albans, has at length shewn a little decent spirit, and has done what he should have done months ago, cast her off for ever. Wait though till he returns. We will soon see how his presence, weak-minded, ridiculously timid as he is, will quell her audacity."

Lady Westover spoke the sentiments of most of the party, and not one individual present but was convinced, and the greater number to their intense satisfaction, that the detested Florence Fitz-Hardinge's brief reign was over, for, universally detested, her own spirit of restless mockery had rendered her. Delighted with the golden opportunity thus afforded them of returning in some measure the slights she had so recklessly inflicted on them, they one and all resolved not to spare, but compel her to drink even to the dregs, the bitter cup of humiliation. As may be supposed, this general impression of a final separation between Florence and her lover was entirely owing to Miss Westover's industry. An attentive observer of the earl's actions the preceding

night, she had witnessed him delivering the note to Florence, and the latter in her agitation having dropped it, her friend of course availed herself of the chance, and perused it. Its cold, brief contents, joined to the sternness of his expression at the moment he had given it—his marked, total avoidance of his betrothed, and their bitter dispute of the preceding morning, the details of which she had received in full from the heroine herself, left her but little doubt on the subject of their eternal separation. And the remaining uncertainty about the matter was entirely dispelled by a few words she heard from the earl's own lips in passing through the corridor on which the picture gallery opened. We will not stop to enquire by what remarkable coincidence she found herself in that corridor precisely five minutes after the carriage containing the last guest had taken its departure, nor will we dare to hint that her pausing a moment before the door which had just closed upon Florence, was otherwise than accidental. We leave that question to our readers, who being tolerably well acquainted with the young lady's principles and character will perhaps find very little difficulty in passing judgment upon it. Certain it is she paused a moment, her head bowed in a listening attitude, when Lord St. Albans' cold, stern accents, "Florence, we part, and part for ever," fell distinctly on her ear. His strangely harsh reply to his companion's indistinct but sobbing entreaties also reached her, but, just then, a light gleamed under the door at the end of the corridor, probably one of the servants engaged on their matinal avocations, and Miss Lucinda Westover, however innocent or lawful her purpose might have been, deemed it expedient to make a quick retreat, which she did, perfectly satisfied with all she had heard. The intelligence was communicated five minutes after to her mother, and that amiable old lady left her room two hours earlier than her wont, for the benevolent purpose of imparting it speedily to the other guests. Taking each individual separately apart, as they entered the saloon, she impressively mentioned the fact, binding them at the same time with the most solemn vows and promises of secrecy. Thus several hours before Florence left her apartment her affairs had been commented on till they were worn thread-bare, and the mortifying reception she actually met with shortly after, deliberately planned. We have seen, however, how little it disconcerted her; after having annoyed the company sufficiently by the display of her musical powers, she again returned to the table, and after having selected a dozen or so of the latest and

most interesting works, and presented two or three of them to Nina, she seated herself comfortably on the couch beside her with a velvet ottoman under her feet. Apparently affecting to consider the company present, unworthy of notice, she addressed her remarks solely to her quiet companion, occasionally reading aloud striking passages, laughing heartily over any mirthful anecdotes, in short, proved that Miss Fitz-Hardinge, notwithstanding her general affability and good temper, could be as provokingly impertinent when occasion called for it, as the most overbearing and lofty personage among them. At length the trampling of horses and the sound of merry voices in the court below, proclaimed the return of the earl and his party, and if the welcome sound brought a glad light into Florence's eyes, it also affected the rest of the company in a wonderful manner. Books were hastily closed, conversations before engrossing, suspended, and with the pleasant eagerness with which people look forward to the dénouement of a drama, lord St. Albans' guests awaited the coming interview between himself and his betrothed. Already were they revelling in fancy in the approaching humiliation of the latter, and an additional zest was imparted to the general satisfaction by a delightful feeling of uncertainty as to the manner in which she would conduct herself, whether she would seek or avoid, brave it out or humble herself to the earl. Lady Anasley declared in a whisper to the lady beside her, "that it was really quite exciting, far more so than the best represented tragedy, for," as she eloquently remarked, "you know, my dear, we cannot help remembering, even during the most heart-rending catastrophe, that it is all a fiction, whilst this is real life."

And now rapid steps were heard on the stairs, and the earl of St. Albans and his companions entered. The former, after a graceful inclination to the assembled company, and a few words of general courtesy, walked directly up to Florence, shook hands with her, and entered immediately into an explanation of the cause of his long absence. The effect of this movement was electrifying. It openly and palpably refuted the ingenious tale of their late separation, and a perfect shower of angry glances fell on lady Westover, who had so basely imposed on their credulity. Miss Westover herself was in a perfect transport of rage, and if Florence could but have looked into the heart of her friend, as she was pleased to style her, at that moment, she would never have forgotten the lesson. Suddenly, lord St. Albans, who was giving her a short account of their expedition, stopped short, exclaiming in a tone of



deep solicitude: "But, Florence, how very ill you look, I did not remark it till this moment. It would have been wiser if you had remained in your apartment to-day."

"I do not know as to my looks, but certainly my spirits would have been better had I done so," she rejoined, her eyes filling with tears. "You do not understand me, but I will explain," and she immediately recounted the reception she had met with on entering the saloon. The earl listened with contracted brow to her tale, and more than once he darted an angry glance at the laughing groups around, and amply did he atone to her that night for the slights she had received, by the most marked and unceasing devotion.

We will now give a glance at the greeting between Nina and Clinton, and as the reader may remember, it was the first time they had met since the latter had so suddenly, so unexpectedly, declared his love. On hearing the footsteps of the truants ascending the stairs, Nina looked strangely nervous, and the alternation of her colour from pallour to crimson, would certainly have excited the suspicions of some of the company, had they not all been entirely engrossed by Florence and her affairs at the time. With an openness and eagerness which far out-did that of lord St. Albans, Clinton, without a second glance around, instantly advanced towards her, where she had drawn shrinkingly back into the friendly shade of the voluminous curtains.

"Well, Nina," he whispered, warmly pressing her hand, and gazing affectionately on her varying countenance. "Have you no smile or gentle word to welcome me back? Remember, I can claim those dear privileges now, and you would not withhold them if you only knew how often, how joyfully I have thought of this meeting through the day."

Oh! how his listener blessed the fortunate circumstance which had turned the general attention so completely on another, and thus shielded from public comment, her own overwhelming embarrassment, and Clinton's openly avowed, lover-like devotion. Confused—timid—bewildered by the novelty of a position, of which, till the preceding day, she had never even thought—never in her wildest dreams fancied a moment as hers—she knew not how to meet, how to reply to her companion's ardent words. Not that her heart was cold or ungrateful. Oh! far from it, and could he have but looked one moment into its recesses, its rich mine of pure and childish devotion, and deep intense gratitude, would have satisfied his most exacting wish. Some knowledge of what was passing through her mind,

gleamed upon his own, for in a softer tone he continued: "Still no reply, and how strangely this little hand trembles! It never used to do so. Can it be, my own Nina, that you have learned to fear me since you have learned that I loved you? Speak, tell me, it is not so? tell me that you have looked forward to this meeting with an impatience equal to my own? Nay, look not so anxious. A yes or no is all I ask."

Nina did indeed look the picture of distress, her eyes bent on the ground, her colour varying with greater rapidity than ever, but seeing Clinton, who was mischievously determined on making her give a straightforward answer, waiting for her to speak, she at length faltered:

"Do not be angry with me, Mr. Clinton, but I must confess I did not."

A sudden shadow darkened her lover's handsome features, but the next moment it was chased away by a merry smile.

"Nina, Nina," he exclaimed, "you will never let my love wear itself out for want of novelty, nor will you spoil me either by too much flattery or tenderness; but, be it ever so, dearest," and his tone suddenly changed to one of deepest feeling. "Be ever thus nobly frank with me. I will but love you the more for it, and no estrangement will ever come between us—no shadow ever darken our path. If you longed not for my coming to-day, I will endeavour to teach you by my untiring love and devotion, to do so another time, and you, Nina, for my sake, you will overcome this false timidity, which rises like a barrier between us and perfect confidence, and you will be no longer so unreasonable, my beloved, as to fear one whom you should love alone."

And thus did the high and wealthy Percival Clinton, the favoured and courted of so many, turn from the beautiful and brilliant women of his own circle, to sue for the love of the lowly Swiss orphan, and thus had she, though destitute alike of beauty, accomplishments or external ornaments, enslaved that proud, and till then passionless heart, by the aid alone of woman's loveliest quality, retiring modest gentleness.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER another week of gaiety and joyous reveling, the guests of St. Albans' castle commenced to take their departure, and whatever secret annoyances may have fallen to the lot of any among them, they all concurred in declaring the visit delightful, and Lord St. Albans himself the most agreeable as well as thoughtful of hosts.

With feelings of intense satisfaction, far surpassing that with which she had left it, Florence again found herself in the calm peace of her own home. Obligated from the period of the terrible explanation in the picture gallery, to rigidly shun Miss Westover, living in perpetual dread of offending again one who, notwithstanding his girlish softness of character, had shewn himself so sternly resolved when irritated too far, the last week of her visit had been one of rigorous penance. In her own home she could at least enjoy some degree of liberty; she would not there as at the castle, be under the earl's eye continually, or every word or smile remarked. Not that he made her feel in the slightest degree the rigour with which she was watched—not that his manner had lost one single shade of its respectful devotion. No; he was in all things, save perhaps in heart, the self-same as in the sunny days of their early betrothment. Weeks, months, rolled rapidly over, and the world which at first had sneered maliciously at the inexplicable delay attending Miss Fitz-Hardinge's nuptials, began to weary of carping and criticising, and seeing the earl still the devoted lover, quietly made up its mind that the thing would come off in good time. The lesson she had received at St. Albans' castle, had made a deep impression upon her, and though the event some months after was nearly forgotten, or remembered only as a painful dream, its influence still remained, and she carefully and successfully subdued her sarcastic spirit, in the presence at least of her lover. It was Nina alone, the quiet, uncomplaining Nina, who suffered in silence the weight of the failing so well concealed, for concealed it was, not corrected. In her heart Florence scarcely looked on it as a fault, and often did she tax Lord St. Albans' firmness in that regard, as the harshest tyranny, inwardly vowing to throw off the ridiculous restraint he had imposed on her, the instant she became his wife. Her mockery, however, no longer filled Nina's heart, as it had once done, with melancholy bitterness. She had a talisman against its power in the remembrance of Clinton's love, and dearer was that spell to her, that it was known to none save herself and Miss Murray, to whom she had of course revealed it, but under promise of secrecy. To Florence she never breathed a word of it, knowing that the latter would only make it a theme of irritating mockery; and the world generally so apt in forming matches ere the parties designated have themselves given it a thought, the world so keen in penetrating mysteries, in bringing secrets to light, for once falsified its character, and left Nina unsuspected and undis-

covered. Clinton had at first peremptorily refused to maintain such singular, and as he deemed it, unnecessary mystery; but Nina, who shrank with shuddering abhorrence from the publicity, the *éclat* with which such an event, if known, would surround her, succeeded at length in persuading him to silence, more by gentleness, however, than by any force of reasoning. There was at times a strange feeling of sadness at her heart, which whispered, that her union with the rich and aristocratic Mr. Clinton, was an event too improbable, too like the wild fictions of a dream, to be ever realized. "What!" she would sorrowfully murmur, "I, the poor, obscure orphan, the dependent from my cradle—I, plain, unaccomplished, unattractive, to be promoted to the dignity of wife to a man of rank and fashion—to wear on this pale and insignificant brow, as Percival so often tells me, a diamond tiara—to have a retinue of servants to fly at my mandate—to be surrounded with a luxury, a magnificence of whose very existence one short year ago I had not an idea. Oh! 'tis all too wild, too improbable," and tears would fill her large dreamy eyes; yet ever had she strength to say: "My Father, do with me as thou wilt. If Thou see'st that this union would rob me of Thy favour, would plant in my heart the seeds of earthly vanity, of worldly pride, interpose Thy power and prevent it. Even though my heart may bleed, may break, it will submit without a murmur. Yes, leave me in poverty, in obscurity, if Thou wilt; but, leave me Thy grace. What would be life, the whole world, aye! Percival himself, to me, if I lost that!"

And from such humble communing with her Creator, did the pure-minded girl ever rise, with a calmer, happier heart. Still, notwithstanding her sad forebodings, time sped on, and despite the jealous impetuosity of her lover's character, which was ever kept in check by her own gentleness, no cloud interposed to mar their sky. Her perfect calmness, however, was a little disturbed, by a trivial event, which happened some months after their return to London. Florence and herself had planned a pleasant drive some miles out into the country, but on the morning of the day appointed, she awoke with a violent head-ache, which of course compelled her to remain in her room. She was sitting listlessly on a couch, her hand pressed to her aching forehead, when the servant entered, and announced, "that Mr. Clinton was below."

"I cannot see him—I am too ill, but, did you tell Miss Fitz-Hardinge?"

"Yes, Miss, and she is already in the drawing-room."

"How unfortunate!" she murmured, sinking back on her seat as the door closed. "This is the second time he has been disappointed, and he may blame me, call it merely an excuse. I must go down; but 'tis impossible. I feel too wretchedly ill!" and a spasm of pain contracted her features as she spoke. "Oh! I hope Percival may not be angry with me! He is so quick, so impatient."

Alas! what did the almost imperceptible shudder that passed through Nina's frame, the sudden anxiety, that brightened her suffering eyes, reveal. It seemed to speak of some foreign, some ungentler feeling; to tell that her timid, shrinking nature, had permitted a feeling of fear to enter into the affection with which she regarded her betrothed. And so it was—young, unread in life's knowledge, translated suddenly into a position, as novel, as strange to her, as a throne would have been, and, more than that, filled with a gratitude too overwhelmingly deep, for one who even though he had sought her out of poverty and obscurity, for his wife, had yet in that only followed the wishes of his own heart—she lived in perpetual fear of offending him, of giving him cause for dissatisfaction. A discontented shadow on his countenance, would make her tremble, and one quick, impatient word, would cause that heart, which he fancied so calm, so still, to beat with the rapidity of a mill-wheel. He dreamed not of his wonderful power over his affianced—had he done so, it would have been better for her, and saved her many a heart-burning and pang, for human nature, alas! is frail, and Clinton, deeply as he loved her, would yet at times expend, at least in part, upon her, the irritation which other causes might have aroused, an injustice which her apparent calmness, or as he sometimes angrily called it, her indifference, rendered him less scrupulous about committing. Still, on the whole, for one of his irritable character, he was wonderfully gentle with her, whilst his constancy and affection were irreproachable. Nina was still pondering on the annoyance, which his being again deprived of seeing her, would inflict on him, when Florence, her countenance beaming with animation, bounded into the room.

"Ah! Nina, you little hypocrite! you arch deceiver! so I have found you out at last," she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with mischievous merriment.

"Found out what?"

"Yes, how innocent you are, yet, notwithstanding your simplicity, how carefully you have kept your secret, all this time; but, let me render my meaning plainer to your comprehension, by offering my congratulations in form, to the bride-elect

of Mr. Percival Clinton. Ah! I have shamed you at last! You may well blush, you little traitress, to have listened to all my secrets, as you have done, and yet kept your own so jealously from me." As she had intimated, Nina did indeed crimson, and speechless with shame and embarrassment, she made no effort to stem the tide of her companion's raillery.

"Well! have you nothing to say for yourself?" exclaimed the latter, who enjoyed beyond measure her confusion. "Have you no reparation to make to my betrayed confidence, no forgiveness to solicit? But, I am too much amused to be angry. You, Nina, in bridal pomp and dignity! You, Mrs. Percival Clinton! 'Tis impossible! Is it, can it be true?" and she threw herself on a couch in peals of laughter. Nina, who felt she must speak, at length stammered.

"I do not wonder at your surprise, but may you not be mistaken Florence? There are such things as false reports."

"But this is no false report, for I had it from the very best authority—your future spouse himself."

"How! it was Percival who told you?" and Nina's colour deepened as she spoke.

"Yes, Percival himself," returned Florence, mimicking her incredulous tone. "Not in friendship though, nor yet in confidence, but in anger. You know that your future lord, with all due reverence be it spoken, has a fiery dash in his character. Well, I unfortunately kindled it, and we had a warm dispute, in which the truth came out. Your wide-awake look tells me you are very curious about the details of the skirmish. As Clinton will probably give you the whole narrative, with notes and embellishments of his own, I may as well let you hear my version; but first and foremost, you must promise to forgive a little malicious jesting on my part, which led to the whole affair."

She paused a moment, apparently somewhat embarrassed, and then rapidly continued:

"Well! I descended to the drawing room, in an unamiable, and consequently very sarcastic mood; this was partly the result of the humour of the moment, partly of the disappointment of the drive, consequent upon your illness. My being compelled to entertain Clinton alone, did not tend to improve my temper, and as is my wont, I sharpened the weapon of my wit, and turned it by chance against you. He at first contented himself with simply taking your part, then the engagement growing warmer, he attacked me in return, rudely retaliated my sarcasms, and finally, when I sneeringly expressed my astonishment at his chivalric ardour, in defence of the

absent, informed me in a voice of polite rage, "that the lady in question was his promised wife, and dared me, my dear, yes, actually dared me, ever to display my wit again at your expense intimating, with characteristic gallantry, that though I had done so often to the friendless Nina Aleyn, with impunity, it would be a dangerous experiment to try with the future Mrs. Clinton. Though in a towering rage at the commencement of his address, the sense of it had no sooner struck me, than all my anger fled, and I breathlessly exclaimed: 'What, you do not mean to say, Mr. Clinton, that you are actually engaged to Nina?' He saw his error, and fearing I suppose, a lecture from your little ladyship, endeavoured to retract it, but it was too late. I instantly congratulated him, apologized for my rude mention of you, and after a sharp attack of railleury, which however in no way disconcerted him, I made my escape. I had intended to make you suffer for both, but I will take pity on your blushes, your mountain timidity, and discuss the matter rationally and reasonably with you to-day. Come, we will talk it over," and she drew her chair closer to poor Nina, whose look of weary resignation seemed to say the proposal was anything but welcome. "Now, first answer all my questions, frankly and seriously. What day is appointed for your wedding, what sort of dress have you decided on? Where will you be married, and will you go abroad with Clinton after, or remain in England?"

"I really do not know," was the wondering reply of her companion to a series of questions which had as yet never entered her thoughts.

"Well! simplicity beat this if you can!" and Florence laughed heartily. "Why, child, this should have been all decided long ago; but I'll take pity on your ignorance, or as Clinton styles it, your delightful *naïvete*, and give you a little useful advice. I see it is not lost on you, for you have made a pretty good use of the lesson I imparted on a former occasion, when I informed you of my betrothment to lord St. Albans. Aye! Nina, do you remember the innocence of a certain young lady, whom I could not possibly, then, by any means, initiate into the meaning of the word lover, but who has now a lover of her own. I am forgetting though, I promised to spare you for to-day, so, I will be serious. Well! before further converse, I think it my duty to give you my frank opinion on that upright individual who has taken upon himself the right of espousing your quarrels. I suppose you think you have a bargain in him? Candidly then, you have not, for of all the irritable, exacting, jealous, whimsical men that ever breathed, he is one of the worst.

"Oh! Florence," interrupted Nina with a pained look, "do not, I entreat of you, speak so strangely. If you must criticise and censure, let me be your topic, but spare one who, whatever faults he may possess, has at least deserved nothing from me but respect and gratitude."

"Deserved nothing but respect and gratitude! May I ask why, my enthusiastic friend? Is it," and the speaker's beautiful lip contemptuously curled; "is it because his high mightiness, Percival Clinton, has deigned to ask your hand, deigned to present to you a heart he has laid at the feet of every new beauty, that has appeared in our circles for the last six years—mine among the rest? And what will he exact from you in return? The most entire, uncompromising devotion, a devotion which will forbid your daring to smile or speak to any mortal being save himself? He alone must engross your every thought or look, and all this, mark me, even though he have no affection to give you in return, even though you be to him but an object of cold indifference. Of course though, he loves you now—it would be treason to breathe a doubt on the subject, would it not?"

Nina made no reply, but remained as before. her head bowed on the arm of her chair, whilst her companion, who felt in quite an oratorical strain, continued:

"'Tis because you are so childishly ignorant of the world—because you trust too blindly to the first words of love or homage that have ever been whispered to you, that I speak to you thus. Yes, he may woo, and wed you, yet love you not. A certain pliancy in your character, which convinces him that you will ever bend submissively to his lordly will, a quality which a despotic disposition like his ever seeks first in a wife—a quiet charm, a freshness of manner peculiarly your own, and a wish to astonish the world by his disinterestedness, to evince his contempt of its opinions, form, very probably, the true basis of all this seeming generosity, which has excited so warmly your admiration. Does this seem at all improbable? Speak, Nina."

"Florence, in mercy say no more!" was the passionate exclamation of the latter, as she raised her pale, sorrowing face, which bore the impress of fearful agitation. "Oh! why have you enlightened me thus—why have you dispelled the only dream of happiness my life has ever known?"

"Nay, Nina," hurriedly rejoined her companion, who was rather alarmed by the unexpected effects of her eloquence. "You must not take the matter so seriously, make mountains out of mole-hills. I may have exaggerated. I may be mistaken."

"Alas! you know the world too well for that. It is I, unlearned, inexperienced, who have deceived myself. Oh! if Percival have already regretted the past, already grown weary of me. Yes, now that I recall it, the last time we met, he seemed strangely fretful."

"Nonsense, my dear girl! Some circumstance or other had ruffled him previously, and he visited his ill temper upon you, as I also am prone to do, when lord St. Albans gives me an unusually long sermon. And even granting, Nina, that my words are partly, wholly true, resignation is the only remedy. You cannot expect to be exempt from the common lot of mortals. Why should you repine at Clinton's future indifference, when I, beautiful, admired as I am, have had to endure, in silence, Sydney's decreasing affection, nay, his unkindness."

"What! the earl of St. Albans unkind, and to you—oh! no Florence, I could not, I cannot believe it."

"Then with safety you may, and I can give you a very good proof of it. Yes, Nina, the quiet, shy Sydney, for a fault, which after all, was inconsiderable in itself, spurned my tears and prayers for forgiveness, and insisted, notwithstanding my wild agony, on an instant separation. It was only when he saw me kneeling at his feet, that he at length deigned to listen to my despair, and receive me into favour. This circumstance, which I have carefully concealed from you, from every one, for its relation is no ways gratifying to my self-love, may give you a little insight into human felicity. 'Tis as well to prepare you, Nina, for, mark me, many months will not elapse, ere your own experience will convince you of the truth of my remarks. When Sydney and I could not get on together in peace, judge what you have to expect, with one so fiery and impetuous as Clinton. Believe me, you will have trials to suffer—concessions to make, greater perhaps than even those I have had to consent to."

Nina shook her head, and her pale lips slightly quivered. "No, Florence, you mistake my character. Quiet I am, and yielding too, but, there are cases in which I would regard such pliancy as baseness. True, were I in fault, I would consider no humiliation, no atonement too great to obtain my forgiveness; but, were it otherwise, were I the aggrieved, never would I stoop to endeavour to retain, by degrading concessions, a love which such exactions alone would at once prove, would soon be lost to me forever. Dreadful as the struggle might be, I would abandon at once and eternally, every dear and cherished hope, convinced that I was but anticipating an event,

which would certainly take place, sooner or later, and enduring an earlier sorrow, to avert from myself one still more agonizing."

"Well, this last opinion, like most of your other ideas, is extremely odd. Take my own case for an example. If, when Sydney was so very desirous to dissolve partnership, I had met him half way, and instead of softening his injured majesty, by humility and meekness, entrenched myself in your dignified stoicism, what would have been the result? Why, in place of being the courted, flattered Miss Fitz-Harding, smiled upon and revered as the future mistress of St. Albans Castle, I would be the despised, neglected Florence, laughed at by many, pitied by a few, and looked down on by all. You see, Nina, in my own way, I am a little of a philosopher. Come, then, let us make common cause together, discuss, without your going off into heroics, the merits of our future lords, as frankly as we do other topics. You may canvass my saint-like Sydney as freely as you like, carp at him from sunrise till sunset, and you will not annoy me one single degree; do not, then, refuse me the consolation of an occasional cut at Master Percival who has always been a favorite target of mine, though a rather dangerous one, by-the-bye. Oh! richly does he deserve all he gets from me; but you will find him out by degrees, that is, if you have not commenced to obtain some insight into him already. You are suffering though, Nina?" she suddenly ejaculated, as her companion pressed her hand to her brow, with an expression of intense pain. "How thoughtless of me! I must have driven your poor head nearly wild, with my silly talk; but, I will leave you at once, and an hour's quiet repose, will do you a world of good. To make amends for my misconduct, I will return and pass the evening in your room." And with a gay smile, Florence left the apartment, careless, unconscious of the additional misery she had inflicted on one who had already drunk deeply, alas! of the cup of earthly sorrow.

"Suffering!" murmured Nina, clasping her hands till the smallest vein stood out fully defined. "Suffering! oh, yes, in mind and body. What a fearful vista her words have opened—what doubts and fears they have aroused! Yes, Percival may regret his choice, a choice, the result perhaps of a moment's generous impulse; he may long to regain his olden freedom, but, if it ever comes to that, he will have little trouble to disembarrass himself of the ties which unite us. I, unlike Florence, will meet him more than half way, and ere his own heart can have well matured the wish for parting, gratify it effectually. Ah! better to part so in indifference, than to

live on in cold estrangement, perhaps hatred. And Thou, my God! Thou who hast ordained each joy and sorrow of my life, Thou wilt give me strength to bear this as well as every other trial with which it may please thee to visit me." And Nina Aleyn, in the trusting resignation of her pure heart, bowed her head in questionless submission to Heaven's will, but still her pillow was steeped that night in tears as painful, as bitter as any she had ever yet shed. The next morning, an illness still graver than that of the preceding day, the result of sleeplessness and agitation, kept her prisoner in her room, inspiring fears still deeper for the irritation of her lover, who again called, to be again disappointed. Still her timid doubts had wronged him, for when they did meet, it was not covert reproaches or frowns that greeted her, but warm congratulations on her recovery, and whispered words of tenderness and devotion. As yet, nothing regarding Nina's nuptials with Clinton had been definitely settled on, save that their union was to take place within the period of two years. He of course had had a private interview with Miss Murray, and, as Nina's guardian, respectfully solicited her consent. It is needless to say it was joyfully, gratefully given, but still, knowing as she did, the childish inexperience of her young charge, and the thoughtless versatility of the suitor's character, she made no effort to hurry the match. Its hastening or delay had never cost the bride-elect a single thought. Happy in Clinton's affection—secure in his faith and honor, notwithstanding the doubts which Florence had succeeded in infusing into her timid nature, she would have been as well satisfied had it been deferred for six years longer. Not so, her young companion, who was growing weary of shining as simple Miss Fitz-Harding, and longed now to dazzle the world with her splendour as countess of St. Albans. In Nina's affairs she took a most pertinaciously wearying interest, an interest certainly more the result of curiosity than of friendship. Her questions were endless, and if there was any one infliction which her companion found almost beyond her patience, it was the endless interrogatory to which she was daily subjected: "Was Clinton very wealthy—which was handsomest, his house in town or his country residence—what had his friends said when they heard of his intended alliance—were his family jewels very splendid—what were his political opinions—would he not give her an opera box when they were married?" These and endless similar questions, which had never once entered Nina's head, and which she would not for worlds have presumed to ask, persecuted her

night and day. This willing ignorance, or as Florence termed it, over-wrought ladyism, annoyed her beyond measure. Nina knew nothing, could answer nothing, would ask nothing, and many a cutting taunt it drew down upon her. True, for a time after Florence had learned the circumstances of the wonderful change in her lot she was more guarded in her speech, less careless of offending, for she felt that Nina was now her equal, and that as the affianced wife of a man of riches and birth, she might retaliate with interest in some way or other, the mockery she had borne uncomplainingly whilst a poor dependent. The change in the young girl's fortune, however, had made no change in her manners or her heart. There was no assumption of dignity—no meaning covert allusions to Mr. Clinton—no interesting fears for her future happiness, or ridiculous affectation of sentiment. No, she was still the same gentle, humble, home-adorning character as ever, and Florence, once convinced of that, recommenced her old system of persecution, though she had the worldly policy to restrain herself in the presence of lord St. Albans and Clinton himself, who would have resented with passionate warmth, one syllable, one smile that might tend to wound the feelings of his betrothed.

One sultry summer's day Florence was sitting alone in her dressing room, endeavouring to wile the heavy hours with a novel, but wearying of it, she threw it aside with sudden impatience, and listlessly advanced to the window, which commanded a full view of the fashionable street in which their mansion was situated. Suddenly her face brightened, she approached still nearer, and with a quick movement drew down the curtains so as to shield herself from observation. "Ha!" she murmured with a smile, "Mr. Clinton playing the agreeable to a young, and pretty lady, and flatteringly too does she receive his addresses. The affected creature! How conceitedly she tosses back her ringlets, smiling so sweetly upon him, then turning so demurely to the elder lady with her. The hours are growing restive. Ha! master Percival! that fiery leader's impatience has brought your gallantry to a sudden close. There goes the carriage in a cloud of dust, and off walks the gallant with his usual lofty carelessness. It needs no conjuror to tell how supremely indifferent he is to the smiles of all women save one. I must seek Nina at once and tell her. It will give us something to talk about, and, besides, though I know it was nothing more on his part than common-place civility, it will afford me apparent good cause for cutting him up well,

and brighten up her little saintship wonderfully.

"Nina, I say," she eagerly exclaimed, as she entered the apartment. "I have such news for you—but why do you not answer?" Rapidly she advanced towards the large chair in which she reclined. Overcome by heat and lassitude, the young girl had fallen asleep, and her slumbers were so calm, so profound, that Florence hesitated to disturb them, even for the sake of recounting the very enlightening intelligence she had to impart. "How quiet, how child-like is her repose," she murmured, as she contemplated a moment in silence the placid features of the sleeper. "Who would ever dream that that smooth, girlish brow, open as that of infancy, masks a woman's hopes and fears? How much more youthful and attractive she looks when asleep, when those large powerful eyes of hers are closed, and that provoking stoical look banished. Yet, with all, she is very plain. How on earth did she ever succeed in enslaving the icy heart of Percival Clinton? How softly she breathes! To look at her now she seems many years younger than myself, in fact, a mere child, but I must be cautious, it would be a sin to awake her," and stooping down she gently adjusted the head of the sleeper which had fallen into an uncomfortable position. In doing so, her attention was drawn to Nina's small hand, which was tightly clasped on a miniature, or some little trinket which hung suspended from her neck by a gold chain. "What can this be?" thought Florence. "If 'tis a miniature it must be Percival's, and yet the little hypocrite told me she kept his always in her secretary. I am curious to look at it whatever it is. It would not be wrong to do so? oh! no." And after a moment's hesitation she drew forth the object of her curiosity. "As I had divined, a likeness in a locket, but, what is this?" and she vehemently started. Well might she start. The portrait was not that of Nina's betrothed, but of an intellectual, singularly handsome youth in a graceful foreign dress. For a time Florence surveyed it with eager curiosity; at length she muttered: "This old-fashioned locket too, it was never got here; she must have brought it from Switzerland, and the miniature thus concealed in it, has been her faithful companion, her bosom friend ever since. Yes, now I remember, she has always worn it hidden, even the chain, as much as she could.—Who can he be? he is evidently a Swiss from his costume, but certainly he is not her brother. Those noble, classical features, bear no resemblance to hers; and besides, Aunt Mary said she was an only child. He must be some-

thing dearer still; some childish love, I suppose. Well, 'tis the very last folly of which I would have accused the quiet demure Nina, but it shews how little trust we should place in grave appearances or long faces. After all, Sydney does not know the treasure he possesses in me. I may have faults, but my truth is irrepachable; still, the original of this charming likeness might tempt me, if anything could, into temporary forgetfulness of my allegiance. What magnificent eyes! Deep blue, like Sydney's, yet almost surpassing his in depth of expression. The same wavy sun-light hair too. Really, my little friend displays good taste, and if these speaking orbs beamed upon her with the same softness that fills them now, I do not wonder at her wearing the likeness of her absent lover, even in preference to that of her present. Oh! if the fiery, jealous Percival knew this!" Here the sleeper restlessly moved, and Florence, a little alarmed, restored the miniature to its former place, and left the apartment as quickly and noiselessly as possible. The door had scarcely closed upon her when Nina awoke. Glancing eagerly around, she exclaimed: "Strange! I thought some one was standing beside me—whispering gentle words—kindly pressing my hand. Oh! 'tis my miniature which has prompted the dream; yes, poor *Henri!* the influence of everything connected with thee must be ever kind and gentle, even like thyself." She gazed a moment on the portrait with tearful eyes, then fondly kissed it and concealed it again amid the folds of her dress, wholly unconscious that any other eye save her own had rested upon it; nor was her security disturbed by any jest or covert allusions on the part of Florence, for the latter suspected her information concerning the mysterious picture had been obtained in a way which could not be called strictly fair or honorable.

(To be continued.)

## SONNET.

BY W. S. GRAHAM.

Dear, wandering Ellee, five long nights and days  
 Have dragged their slow and tedious length along,  
 Since last I heard the music of thy tongue,  
 Or met thy smile, or felt the gentle rays  
 Of those dear eyes, whose softest glance allays  
 Sad thoughts of fear, and makes my spirit strong;  
 Like the old Bard and blind, who sent his song  
 Complaining to the glorious orb of day,  
 E'en in this gloom of loneliness, a lay  
 I wake to Thee, my Light—unseen too long,  
 And claim thy swift return, and blame the throng  
 Of circumstance that keeps thee thus away;  
 Dear as the light to orbs long blind, shall be  
 The first bright ray thine eyes shall send to me.

# SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SUSAN ANSTEY.\*

COMPILED AND ARRANGED FROM HER OWN JOURNALS.

BY H. B. M.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LANDING.

OUR party took lodgings, on their arrival, in one of these establishments called private boarding houses. Susan Anstey was somewhat dismayed at the appearance of the bed-chamber allotted to her, on the second floor—it was so inconsistent with the furnishings of the public parlours, which, in an establishment of this kind, were even elegant; and was the first intimation she received of being among a people who preferred show to comfort. An uncurtained bed, a coarse carpet, a bureau with glass knobs on the drawers, two varnished chairs, and the all indispensable rocking chair—were the only objects to relieve the bareness of the lofty apartment. She was awakened in the morning, at six o'clock, by the hideous rattle of a bell, to her ears like a hundred thunders, as it sounded a *reveille* in its passage through the gallery of the sleeping rooms. Having dressed, she descended, at another signal peal of this artillery, towards the saloon, where she found Mr. and Mrs. Barker waiting to accompany her into the breakfasting apartment. No one else being present in the saloon, they supposed that all the company must have disappeared in the direction of the eating room, but on enquiring of a servant, they found that this had been merely the half hour bell, and poor Susan's ears had to endure the anticipation of another peal. It arrived duly, and as boarding houses are generally kept by widows, a very polite, though unconsciously important landlady, made her appearance to marshal her guests to the breakfasting saloon. Susan Anstey, with Mr. and Mrs. Barker, were conducted to places near the head of the table, and there began to swarm thick and fast—ladies, with gentlemen, arm-in-arm, and a plentiful sprinkling of children, leaving, however, a large space at the bottom of the table unoccupied. Then was heard a hideous clatter of boots, and enter—a long array of gentlemen of all ages, who, pulling forward their chairs along the hard surface of the oil cloth floor, made a din sufficient to disturb the seven sleepers, ere they got seated

to their satisfaction. Not a sound was heard from the forty or fifty guests during the meal, except the cracking of jaws, as loud however, as conversation in other parts of the world; and the meal being finished, with that due regard to the value of time, so remarkable in the affairs of eating and drinking, in these republican regions, each severally departed on his way, and the table in a quarter of an hour was left vacant. Dinner succeeded, and then tea; this latter with very little variation of the experience of the breakfast, except that in the morning, coffee appeared to take the precedence of the Chinese herb. Now it was tea and coffee; then it was coffee and tea.

This establishment, from the conversation and bearing of the inmates, appeared to be a very well disposed house. Indeed it was to this circumstance, that Mr. Barker, being a person in holy orders, was perhaps indebted for a recommendation to it. Susan Anstey had heard of nothing all day, from the ladies who had no babies, but orphan asylums, tract distributions, temperance meetings, and sewing societies. Susan felt herself very fortunate in being thrown amongst such a philanthropic community.

The sewing society at present in agitation, was, it appeared, one for completing the decorations of the Rev. Mr. Oxawl's new church, only lately built, and into which the reverend gentleman was gathering a congregation in his own way, with vast success.

Mr. Oxawl seemed a grand subject, and for the present in every body's thoughts. Particularly important was he with the young ladies who had heard him preach last night, and at a social meeting in the afternoon, and the day before, and the day before that, in a perfect fervor of religion, and abandonment of the world. In short, the Reverend Mr. Oxawl was a bachelor, and an inmate of the boarding house.

After tea, there arrived in the parlour, with several other gentlemen, a thin, pale man, almost boyish looking in his extreme youth, with long, light hair, falling over the collar of his coat, regular features, rather well dressed, in short, very prepossessing in appearance, were it not for a cer-

\* Continued from page 312.



tain sleek softness, in the manner and motion, which operated against him in Susan's favour, probably because she was unaccustomed to the peculiarity. He was led forward by another gentleman, who had made the acquaintance of our party during the day, and was presented to Mr. Barker in form.

"Reverend Mr. Oxawl—Rev. Mr. Barker"—a great stress on the word reverend; and Mr. Oxawl, seizing his clerical brother by the hand, gave it a shake of such length and intensity as made Susan tremble for the safety of his joints. In the conversation which ensued, the Reverend Mr. Oxawl gave Mr. Barker to understand to the extent of the field lately opened to him, and the encouraging harvest destined to be reaped by his hands; and implied, rather than expressed, that he was going to preach to-night, and that it would be very edifying and exemplary, for Mr. Barker and his party to come and hear him. Susan had no objection, and they all set out towards the — Street Methodist Church, where the Reverend Mr. Oxawl was to preach at seven o'clock, to witness the most approved and orthodox method of building up a congregation. A young lady, one of the boarders, who had become acquainted with Susan Anstey during the day, undertook to provide them with a pew near the pulpit, where they occupied a favourable position for hearing and seeing all that was to be heard and seen. The congregation was densely crowded and in due time the Reverend Mr. Oxawl and two other gentlemen appeared, which latter gentlemen took their places on two chairs provided for them on the area in front of the pulpit. After the preliminary hymn and prayer, then followed the sermon. The reverend gentleman's text was the destruction of Sodom, which, with its horrors, being appropriately painted, he proceeded thus in application—the evening happening to be the 23rd of March, 1843, which all the world knows, was the eve of the day appointed by the accurate Father Miller, for the conflagration of the world.

"I do not say, beloved friends, that the prophecy is true, but supposing it were—and you were awakened from your pillow on the morrow, by the rush of fire in the heaven, and the hot breath of flame, and the sound of the firmament rolling together as a scroll, and the wild cry of affrighted human beings, whose hour of judgment was come—crying on the hills and rocks to cover them!—Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, parents, children, sisters, brothers, oh!—oh! oh!"

This being echoed by a corresponding murmur on the part of the congregation, Mr. Oxawl per-

ceived that his opportunity was nearly arrived; and he proceeded, as a finishing stroke, to the description of the place of punishment.

"But how shall words paint," continued the reverend gentlemen, "how shall heart conceive the horrors of that awful spot! My friends, conceive of a large hollow in the earth, deep—yes deep as a draw well; and a numberless multitude there, going around and around and around, hollowing 'water, water, water,'—oh! oh! oh!"

This was the most vigorous exclamation yet, and the most audibly responded to, by the listeners, by which Susan perceived that events were hurrying to a crisis. Suddenly the Rev. Mr. Oxawl stopped, and gave out the first line of "Come and welcome." It was instantly taken up by a chorus of men, who came hurrying from all parts of the congregation, and stood within the railings of the altar, making such a frenzied, and horrid din, in the shape of sacred music, that Susan Anstey's nerves, albeit none of the feeblest, began to be almost unstrung. An accompaniment increasing every moment in intensity, now made the house shake, and the Rev. Mr. Oxawl, like a skilful general, seizing the proper moment, jumped down from the pulpit like a madman, and adding his voice, heard like the call of a watchman, above the hubbub—and jumping upon pews and seats, beckoning with his arms the while, "Come! come! He is ready—room for all,—room, room for all! Come! come!"

"Come where!" thought Susan.

She soon perceived where. There was a hard wooden form, in the shape of a crescent, in front of the pulpit area, which, upon enquiring of her friendly companion, she learnt was "the anxious bench." And another contrivance, a little nearer the pulpit, accommodated with hair cloth, and spring mattresses, and seeming altogether a more comfortable and dignified position than the former, was called, she learnt from the same source, "the converted cushions." Great numbers, chiefly young women, at the summons of the pastoral voice, hastened forward, and took up their position on the "anxious bench," which from the groans, rockings, and writhings, of which it was now the centre, must have been a very penitential place indeed.

"Courage, courage, brethren and sisters!" exclaimed the pastor, from the midst of the tempestuous roar of psalmody, issuing from the frantic male voices of the choir. One young woman near them, fell into convulsions. This was considered a prime achievement, and being the sole triumph of the kind, since the commencement of the "protracted meeting," was made as public as possible. Being carried to the platform beneath

the pulpit, she exhibited symptoms, which were very satisfactory, as evidences of the blessing that followed the labours of the Rev. Mr. Oxawl and his friends. Not to let the good work here fall short, he knelt over her, shouting, "Glory! glory!" which had she not already been in a state of insensibility, might, as a crowning satisfactory evidence, have thrown her into a state of confirmed insanity. During all this time, the denizens of the converted cushions seemed to be enjoying themselves amazingly. Very cool, and very composed in the consciousness of the step of promotion, wherewith they had totally outstripped their companions, they each bore a smile on their countenance, which Susan, naturally wondering they should sit there at such a moment, was told, in answer to her enquiries, was a "heavenly laugh," only to be assumed with decorum by the converted.

Susan by this time, being sufficiently edified, thought it was high time to retire, as there seemed no probability of this scene being over until midnight. She therefore motioned to Mr. and Mrs. Barker; and the party, including Miss Phœbe Jane Bartlett, the young lady who had accompanied our heroine, left the church. At the door, they were joined by a lank young man, with his head very much on one side, who upon being formally introduced to Susan Anstey, by Miss Phœbe, asked her if she would not do him the honour to accept of his arm. Acquiescing of course, they all three bent their steps homewards, Susan in silence—from the nature of the conversation between her two companions, feeling that it was one, in which she was not exactly calculated to shine.

"He brought out quite a number to-night," said Miss Phœbe.

"Quite! he was so eloquent—he must by this time have quite a congregation."

"Quite! I counted one hundred and fifty on the anxious bench, besides fifty-two on the converted cushions."

"Quite a number indeed, Miss! Have you heard that Miss Brown has joined the church?"

"No! has she?"

"Yes indeed—she refused to go to Sarah Codfish's party, last night, alleging as a reason, that she had renounced the world."

"A great change indeed."

"Yes, and what do you think Miss?—Mr. Oxawl said to pay her a great deal of attention—he took her to social meeting on Monday evening. But he means nothing serious I'm sure, for he is said to be engaged to a young lady in Jersey."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Phœbe, who had her

own private reasons for wishing to believe that the reverend gentleman was not engaged.

By this time they had arrived at the hotel, and the young gentleman, who refused Miss Phœbe's invitation to "walk in," said that he would be glad to have the pleasure "of taking the young ladies to social meetin' to-morrow evening."

Miss Phœbe, who assumed the privilege of answering for both, of course replied, "With great pleasure;" but Susan begged to be excused. Miss Phœbe looked so very contemptuous, and the young gentleman so very blank, that Susan saw she had committed some outrage upon transatlantic proprieties, and had afterwards to learn the full extent of an offence which amounted to the refusal of the invitation to take one to church. The young gentleman took leave of her with marked coldness, and by the manner of Miss Phœbe's bearing towards her, during the few minutes they waited for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barker in the parlour, Susan saw that that young lady began to conceive a great contempt for her understanding. She rightly judged, as subsequent experience proved, that she should see no more of her, and retired to meditate, in this new land of light and liberty, upon the most orthodox and approved manner of building up a congregation.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MUSICAL SOIREE.

THE Reverend Mr. Barker having received a call to a congregation in the West, Susan Anstey accompanied him as far as the city of Stourbourg, in the valley of the Mississippi, where her relatives resided. She was received with much kindness by her aunt, and found the family to consist only of herself and her husband, Mr. Thorbe, and a Mr. George Underwood, and a relative of her uncle's, who was head clerk in his business establishment. He was a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, rather good looking, and extremely well dressed, tolerably well calculated to shine in business matters, and in the mercantile community in which he moved, but in all other points sufficiently mediocre. He promised, however, to be an agreeable acquisition in the domestic circle, as far as Susan was concerned, for he was, as was natural, extremely polite and brotherly in his kindness, and so full of gossip and news that by his means she was soon made acquainted with all the sayings and doings, and the peculiar aspect of the society of the place, and was thereby relieved from much of that bewilderment and embarrassment, so entire a stranger could not fail to feel, in

plunging into a sphere so entirely new. She saw very little of him, however, for except a stray hour or two in the evening, he was always in attendance on his duties in the business part of the town:

As is customary in these regions, Mrs. Thorbe resolved to give a party, to introduce her niece to the society of the place. Miss Anstey was musical—to be sure, in no very striking or eminent degree, and more in taste than in the power of performance; but Mrs. Thorbe took advantage of the circumstance to make it a musical soiree, and consulting with a few of her young friends, who were leading amateurs of the place, cards were issued accordingly. Company began to arrive shortly after eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Thorbe standing together exactly in the centre of the room to receive them. Miss Anstey was surprised that, the party being made solely on her account, no one at all was introduced to her, and had it not been for George Underwood, in that assembly of one hundred and fifty odds, she would have been left to the luxury of solitary reflection. Soon the principal business of the evening commenced, and a tall lank young man, with a very imposing nose, who, being chief musical amateur of the place, had been previously installed director general for the evening, proceeded to demand silence by rapping loudly on the piano-forte with his wand. Then reading out the programme for the evening, in which his own name figured as the principal performer—Miss Boxer and Mrs. Thrummer, as just announced, sat down in great state before the piano to the duet from Tancredi; Miss Boxer was very vehement in the treble part, but as the force of her execution was rather neutralized by the rather lagging style of Mrs. Thrummer in the bass, the result was as *forzando* of discordant harmonies, which, by the addition of a large appliance of pedal, wonderfully affected the sensibilities of the musical world of Stourbourg, in consideration of its being too transcendental for them to discern thereof the head or tail, breadth or scope, beginning or end.

The next was "The Captive Knight" arranged as a quartet, by two young ladies and two young gentlemen; "the clarion loud and shrill," being given in *solo* by Miss Skritchelow, a young lady of German descent, with an apt imitation of that instrument that elicited immense applause. The most exact silence being expected during the performance, and there being only an interval of five minutes between the pieces, it was not less in name than in reality, a strictly musical evening.

Then followed a duet upon the harp and violin by Mr. Sawyer and Miss Twanky. Allowances

being made for a long and very edifying prelude of tuning upon both instruments, by special permission of Mr. Towerlevin, the director, conversation was allowed to proceed during this interval. This being the performance *par excellence* of the evening, in consideration of the harp's being rather a novelty in the ears of the population of Stourbourg, was greeted with wrapt attention. The scrape, scrape, and twang, twang, of both instruments forming of course most resonant harmony, interrupted slightly, however, by the fact of both instruments having gone out of tune; a circumstance interpreted by the company as owing to the marvellous nature of the execution, and applauded accordingly, which slight interruption being remedied by a renewed tuning of the instruments, the piece was again proceeded with, and finished amidst tremendous applause.

The next was a comic entertainment by Mr. James Bell, a young man with very red hair, and the recognised wit of the society of Stourbourg. As great things were in consequence expected from this young gentleman, every body, as in duty bound, on his appearance, set their faces on the broad grin. His piece was to be entitled "Playing on the Bells," and he displayed to the admiring and convulsed audience a huge bell. Now as this happened to be the time when the celebrated Swiss bell-ringers were in every body's mouth—the coincidence between this fact, the name of the performer, and the designation commonly applied to the unmarried ones of the fairer portion of creation, for whose special entertainment this performance was of course introduced, involved a triple pun and a stretch of original power never to be sufficiently admired, and was greeted by the audience with reiterated delight and laughter, particularly by the young ladies, who noted "Jim," (a short and easy method of expressing the classical cognomen of James,) "as the funniest fellow they had ever seen."

But the prime piece of the evening, and reserved as a crowning glory, was Henry Russell's famous song, "The Maniac," performed by Towerlevin in person—an intention on his part which threw every body into an extacy of expectation. Miss Boxer, who was invested with the interest of being the supposed object of attachment of Mr. Towerlevin, was selected for the distinction of the symphonies and accompaniments on the piano-forte. Mr. Towerlevin had an extraordinary depth of voice, so much so that it resembled the echo of a chorus of bull frogs from the recesses of a marsh, which, as it boomed forth the "Oh! release me!" of the poor maniac of Russell's song, joined to the vigorous rattle of the chains performed by Miss Boxer on the instrument, produced

a reverberation of sound which agitated every sympathetic string in the bosoms of the enraptured audience. Nothing indeed could be finer or more thrilling, till the sudden transportation of the minds of the listeners along with the maniac's imagination to the "I see her dancing in the hall," an operation admirably imitated by the staccato falsetto of the musician's voice, in a hip-hop; which, as it was intended to imitate the motions of a young lady in the act of jumping up and down, was, along with the accompaniments of Miss Boxer, adapted as an allegretto for this fairy *pas seul*—pronounced an exact imitation of nature, never to be excelled or equalled.

"What do you think of this?" said a young lady, who happened to be seated near Miss Anstey, but whom she had not remarked till now.

"Indeed I hardly know—I can scarcely tell—I am so little a judge of such things," said the unfortunate Susan.

"I have just detected Miss Wilmorth in the act of putting a very unfair question," said Mr. Underwood, who had just joined them.

"By no means," replied Miss Wilmorth, "I only intended it for the key note of a lesson I intend to give Miss Anstey, namely, that she must be delighted with every thing here; and whatever her private opinions be, must be in an extacy with everything she sees and hears."

"A lesson upon candour, certainly," said Underwood.

"I intend giving Miss Anstey a great many more lessons, if she will allow me, upon the peculiar nature of things in this part of the world; and as there is a sort of cat and dog intimacy between Mr. Underwood and myself, for we are always bantering each other, I shall trust to him to bring you very often to see me; as we are not very distant neighbours, I hope we shall know a great deal of each other."

Miss Anstey "would have a great deal of pleasure, and anticipated much happiness from her intimacy."

These three sat long conversing, and had got on very friendly and familiar terms by the time supper was announced. There is a sort of singular instinct by which we discern at first sight those with whom we are afterwards to become intimately associated, and who are to exert an influence on our destiny. Susan promised Miss Wilmorth a fortnight's visit in the country ere they parted, and Miss Anstey retired to repose with the pleasing consciousness that in this cold, strange land, she had found an intimate, if not a friend.

## CHAPTER IV.

## GOSSIP.

ON revolving over the events of the preceding evening our heroine found that her recollections more frequently recurred to Miss Wilmorth than in any other direction. She thought of her ever in connection with her friend Underwood; for these two appeared to occupy a footing with respect to each other which interested and puzzled her, and which she could not exactly comprehend. Apparently on terms of close and familiar intimacy, there was, however, little cordiality; on the contrary rather, some hidden root of bitterness apparently was ever on the watch to strike in something to wound each other's feelings. She thought of some marred love affair—matters having not unnaturally taken this turn; and was perhaps not altogether in the wrong. Though our Susan in no way belonged to that specimen of the female genus peculiarly designated "*Trump*," yet she resolved on Underwood's appearance this evening, to question him on the subject of Miss Wilmorth, for which we shall see in the sequel she had sufficient reasons of her own.

Underwood's evening interviews with Miss Anstey had lately become pretty frequent; and it was observed by the domestic circle that his presence under the family roof was much more constant than ordinary, and less interrupted by excuses for absence either on the score of business or pleasure. Accordingly, this evening when these two were seated upon the steps of the portico as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Thorbe, enjoying the cool air seated at an open window in the parlour within, Susan began:—

"Making every allowance for the natural superiority of the gentlemen in all claims upon favor, as in every other point—do you know that my pet of the evening was your friend Miss Wilmorth."

"A very nice girl, certainly," said Underwood.

"And more than that," returned Susan, "we are in the way of becoming fast friends, for she called this morning, and I am going to spend some time with her next week."

"Indeed! we shall miss you here."

"Oh! then, you must come and see us—there's a very pleasant place, and I presume you visit there?"

"I?—why every body does—no more favorite place of resort with the best society of the place than Mrs. Wilmorth's. So many attractions—you cannot conceive of a lovelier spot. About two miles on the farther side of Stourburg, situ-

ated upon one of the hills overlooking the river, their dwelling seems a very summer temple of the Zephyrs. A white wilderness of colonnades amid a thicket of foliage and flowers, with the river winding at their feet, and the hill side fitted up with arbours and summer-houses and sequestered nooks, like grottoes of the Graces and the Dryads. Music and books and pictures within—and guitar music not unfrequently by moon-light in open verandahs on the summer nights—there is certainly evident display of wealth and taste somewhere. But—

“Do go on; you excite my curiosity amazingly—”

“You will think me such a newsmonger.”

“Your news mongering and my curiosity—the one is capitially set off against the other,” said Susan Anstey.

“Miss Wilmorth is certainly a very nice girl,” continued Underwood; “but then there are such strange reports concerning the family—and mystery somewhere. They came here from the East some time ago, she, her mother and father, and lived in a very humble style in one of the off streets where nobody knew any thing of them.

The father was understood to be a very dissipated character, and they were believed to be quite reduced, when there arrived a man of a very advanced age, professing no relationship, who was known to be very wealthy, and took for them the place where they now reside.

Since that time all this magic followed, and though he does not reside under their roof he is known to take quite a paternal interest in their affairs. By dint of her accomplishments and amiability of character Anne Wilmorth has succeeded in making her way into the best society; but then all these mysterious circumstances make people shy of any intimacy, particularly with the mother; and I often pity the poor young girl. Some allege she is no daughter of the old couple at all; and then where was she to have acquired all these accomplishments? Not in that little dwelling in the off street certainly.”

“The public have very fertile imaginations, and if the young lady is, as you allow, perfect in herself, the rest is of no consequence,” said Susan Anstey.

“Every lady of any consequence visits there, as I have said, and Miss Wilmorth herself is a great favorite; but I suspect,” said Underwood, looking very wise, “that she will never win a husband, in this quarter at least, just by reason of these reports and suspicions. Several young fellows that I know, admire her exceedingly, but would not approach within a hundred miles of anything serious for the world. And to trust

you with a bit of a secret—I once came very nearly being smitten myself—but a scratch, a mere scratch, I assure you. If I had thought indeed that the girl cared for me, it would have altered the case materially; but I had no reason, I fully believe, to flatter myself with anything of the kind.”

Susan Anstey thought it might perchance be otherwise, but she very wisely kept her sentiments upon that, as well as on the nature of the revelations accorded to her, to herself.

“You look rather thoughtful,” said he, drawing her arm within his, with a kindliness of manner he had only lately assumed to her; “let us walk a little on the river bank. It is delightful moonlight.” And they went out together.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DEMOCRATIC ELECTIONS.

ON the opposite side of the canal, directly facing the residence of Mr. Thorbe, was a large cotton manufactory, surrounded by a broad green lawn, shaded by trees and beds of flowers. Susan Anstey was awakened the next morning by the unusual sound of female voices in a full chorus of cheers; and going to the window she saw an immense crowd of women and girls of all ages, backed by a formidable *corps de reserve* of men, with sticks and bludgeons—and surrounding the closed gates of the factory, like an army about to storm a fortress. Upon enquiring the cause, she found that there had been for the last three weeks “a strike,” amongst the cotton girls for a decrease of hours of labour; “ten hours,” being now the cry, instead of the ordinary twelve. The manufacturers obstinately held out, and the operatives, though most of them in the greatest pecuniary distress, were equally bent on obtaining the object of their wishes. As every debated question in the United States is made one of party politics, the operatives were identified with the Democrats or ultra-liberals; and the manufacturers, as all manufacturers there ordinarily are—in a due regard to their own private and peculiar interests—were high Whig and tariff men. For three weeks all the manufacturing part of the city had been in the greatest excitement. Processions of women in uniform paraded the streets with music, banners and devices. Public meetings were held in the squares and market-places, at which they were harangued and excited by the most violent of the democratic orators. Mobs, and attempts to storm and burn the buildings—maltreatment of officers and their employers whenever they could contrive to lay hands on them; and all those excesses which the ex-

cited passions of a female mob never fail to perpetrate, whether they be furies of Paris, or (as they are familiarly termed) "cotton bumpers" of Stourbourg.

In connection with this affair, Susan was led to remark that the Presidential election was now in the full cry of agitation, and albeit unacquainted as she was with the machinery of American politics, she could not help tracing a connection between the two agitations; particularly as she remarked that Colonel T. W. Babbler, whose name headed the candidate list of the Democratic electors, was the principal orator at all factory girl conventicles; and the gentleman himself the unceasing object of their plaudits and *vivas*. Nearly a thousand females—considering that a woman's support was in this instance equal to that of four men at least, in the influence exerted on the various lovers, brothers, hangers on, &c., each could afford to bring to the scale—would be no light weight in the balance of the Democratic interest.

This was in the commencement of the fourth week, and the proprietors of the factories had made one grand attempt, by cajolerics, flatteries, and every means in their power, to bring in the hands, on the old twelve hour system. The bells had been rung at the usual early morning hour, and the gates opened at the usual period; but certainly not more than a dozen girls could be induced to enter the large factory opposite the house where Susan Anstey resided; which being the largest cotton establishment in the city, was supposed to influence the tone of all the rest. For the same reason was it selected by the recusants as the scene of their operations; and now the great object was to seize those females who had seceded from their comrades, by entering the factory, drag them out, and punish them accordingly. More than seven hundred girls were now assembled, and about an equal number of their male supporters. They rent the air with vociferations and cries for the immediate delivery of their recreant associates, threatening to break down the gates, now closely shut, in case of refusal. The managing proprietor, from the inside, demanded to be heard. At first he was greeted with a storm of hisses and yells.

"Put down that weapon," (he bore a loaded rifle in his hand,) "and come out to us like a man—we'll hear you."

He came down amongst them, and being a person of haughty, irascible temper, made a most injudicious harangue. They had not listened to half a dozen sentences, when they stopped him with a shower of mud. Keenly irritated, he jumped down from the platform where he stood,

and seized the first woman upon whom he could lay hands, by the throat.

"Let go the girl! Devil, let her go!" was screamed by a hundred voices; and he was seized on every side. But like the infuriated cat-a-mountain, who still grasps her prey, should every part of her body be hewed away from her talons, he held his furious fingers in the girl's throat, digging deeper and deeper, till the blood shot from her eyes, and she was motionless and stiff. A young man near, making his way through the crowd, raised a heavy bludgeon, and with one fierce blow, broke his arm. The hand relaxed its hold, and fell powerless by his side; but it was too late—the unfortunate girl was quite dead! A fierce cry of revenge burst from the rioters; they seized the wretched proprietor, and despite his struggles and threats, threw him over the bridge into the river. A barge happening to be passing near, rescued him from drowning, and mollified one atrocity of this frightful day.

"Down with the gate—down with it: fire, fire!" burst from all sides.

A young girl, certainly not more than eighteen years of age, with a flashing eye, took her station on a brick fence, with a white handkerchief waving in her hand, and directed all the proceedings of the rioters, who watched her eye and her voice with the solicitude of an army watching the signals of its general in chief, during a storming or a battle. None of the male visitors apparently took any active part in the proceedings, as being more than the women, amenable to law. In short there seemed in all their doings, a greater degree of method than the legal authorities appeared to give them credit for, otherwise they would not have let them proceed unmolested so far. Furious blows were directed at the gate, with bills and bludgeons, but with too tardy an effect for the mob.

"Fire! Fire!" cried the young Amazon on the fence; "one of you girls, fetch here a blazing log."

The maddened rioters brought her a pile of dry chips and wood; and the gate was in a blaze. Here there was a defection within the fortress; for the girls inside, seeing the assailants likely to get the better, and fearful of their lives—at least their bones—came to deliver themselves up, and to join the ranks of the rioters. They were received with shouts, congratulations and applause. There was here an unusual bustle among the crowd; and a cry of "The Mayor, the Mayor, three groans for the Mayor! and to the river with him!"

With an armed force of three policemen, this respectable administrator of the law made his

appearance among a body of a thousand rioters, and mounting the platform of the bridge, took it upon him to make himself be heard.

"Seize hold of that man," said the Amazon, coolly; "lock him up in the toll house, and let six of the boys mount guard on him till this is over."

It was done immediately; and the armed body of policemen judiciously slunk away. By this time the flames had communicated to the main building, and so rapidly, that it was suspected not without purposed application to other parts of it. There was the ringing of bells, hoarse cries, and the clattering rush of approaching fire engines. It was reported that a company of the city guard was on its way at last, to aid in stopping the riot. One or two fire engines at the run were descried, approaching the burning building.

"Off, off! right about face!" was yelled by the crowd.

The firemen still approached. And now a furious strife arose about the engines, one party endeavouring to bring them into operation on the blazing factory; and the other to send them away. They did not wish to destroy the engines, only to prevent them from stopping the flames.

"Off with your machines! or by Heavens we'll disable them—off! off!"

The firemen, hearing that the military were close behind them, and being urged on by the proprietors, who were in the midst of them, still persisted in forming a ring round about the engines, and had actually got them into operation. The Amazon sent an *aide-de-camp*, with orders to cut the *hose*. It was done in a few seconds; the crowd charged upon the firemen with loud cheers, and took triumphant possession of the engines. The soldiers were now very close, and the rioters busied in digging up bricks from the pavement, to receive them in a becoming manner. Halting at a little distance, they were received with a loud cheer. The commanding officer advancing to parley, he was met by the girl, who mounted on the shoulders of two of her comrades, seemed to evince intentions of making a speech.

Susan Anstey did not hear the speech, which however, at the distance where she was placed, seemed to be full of gesticulation and earnestness. Whatever its nature, it appeared to produce a mighty effect; for with a yell of execration, mingled with cheers for the rioters, the soldiers grounded their arms in an instant—the engines were allowed to remain useless in the hands of the crowd, and the burning permitted to go on. It was a strange sight—thousands of

people, soldiers, firemen, engines, standing silently watching the fierce progress of the fire, and the destruction of so much property, without a hand being raised, or an effort made for its salvation. They were quite silent. Scarcely a murmur was heard from that vast throng of human beings, as with uplifted faces, they eagerly watched the climbing of the fiery volumes, that had now enveloped the whole building in their crimson clouds, and were fast making their way to the high dome of that magnificent establishment. The flames burned brightly for a little—the dome toppled, and with a crash like thunder, the whole building fell in. Then arose a cheer from the crowd, that filled the whole space, from earth to heaven—heard more astoundingly after the former almost supernatural silence—and the work of destruction was complete. The girls soon marched off the field, in regular order, followed by the greater portion of the male rioters, who accompanied them to protect them. The soldiers remained for a short time to prevent accidents; there was no danger of the fire spreading, as the factory was quite isolated, with respect to any other building. But in a short time, seeing the crowd dispersed, they too followed; and in two hours space, there remained only the miserable outcasts of the city, who haunt such places for the sake of plunder.

In anticipating the proper progress of our history, we find this the most proper place to remark that the following day being that appointed for the assembling of the Democratic Convention, there—amid an array of patriotic Democrats, forming a procession a mile long, being made up of horses, (there were thirty-five Democratic horses, harnessed together, engaged in the act of pulling a Democratic rope,) drays, men, women, little boys and girls, musicians, firemen, fire-engines, steam-boats, and canal boats, mounted on wheels—every thing in short, to which could be imparted the principle of motion—was carried upon a cart, the dead body of the slaughtered factory girl, accompanied by the Hon. Colonel T. W. Babbleder, who made an oration on the encamping ground, upon this martyred heroine of the Democratic cause. The following week, the Hon. Col. T. W. Babbleder, and his colleagues were triumphantly returned Democratic Electors.\* He however, the same day, in an evening meeting of the factory girls, recommended them

\* For the sake of the uninformed, we may remark that "the Electors" are those persons who are chosen by the population to elect the president—each State returning a greater or smaller number, according to its size. The State of New York I believe, returns twenty-six, Pennsylvania eighteen.

to return to their work, on the old twelve hour system, and to postpone the farther consideration of their claim, until a future period. The poor girls, abandoned by their leaders, walked quietly into the factories, on the ringing of the bells on the following morning, and the Hon. Col. T. W. Babbleder, was voted a "right smart" man for the entire success of his plot. From thenceforth Col. T. W. Babbleder knew that his political fortune was made. Some hundred women had been out of work and wages for five weeks; twenty or thirty manufacturers losing twenty per cent, per *diem* for the same period; a hundred thousand dollars worth of property consumed by fire, in a few hours—one life sacrificed;—but oh! what of that? Were not the Hon. Col. T. W. Babbleder and his colleagues voted by triumphant majorities, Democratic Presidential Electors?

(To be continued.)

## THE LAKE OF BELCEIL.

BY G. R.

O why need we sigh for those wild mountain streams  
In that isle of the west, which like fairy-land seems  
To fond recollection,—by absence improved—  
The pleasures of childhood,—the friends we have loved?  
It is distance which renders the place of our birth  
The sweetest, the fairest, the dearest on earth,  
But the wanderer forgets both his home and his toil  
While he gazes entranced on the lake of Belceil.

The Swiss 'mongst his Alps, with delight in his eye,  
Surveys the rude cliffs which are frowning on high,  
O'er deserts of sand the proud Arab may roam,  
To him it is Paradise—there is his home.  
Yet home may be gentle—it's flowers may be fair,  
And sweet be the fragrance its zephyrs may bear;  
But where on this earth, do the blue heavens smile  
On a lovelier scene than the lake of Belceil?

Long back 'midst the youthful excesses of earth  
Amongst tempests and earthquakes Belceil had its birth,  
And a fiery torrent for ages did pour,  
From its bosom, till nature could bear it no more;  
And when earth was baptized, and the rainbow was given,  
A pledge of the faith and the glory of Heaven,  
Then Canada welcomed the gift with a smile,  
In the goblet of peace—the sweet lake of Belceil!

Vain mortals may boast,—all such boasting I scorn—  
Of the blood of their fathers—of where they were born;  
I too might be proud of the blood of the Gael;  
Whose homes no invader ere dared to assail—  
Such distinctions belong to the worm in the clod;  
I'm a brother to man—I'm the offspring of God!  
A Briton I was on my own native soil,  
The world is my home—by the lake of Belceil.

## TAKE BACK THE CHAIN.

Take back the chain you gave!  
I may not keep it now;  
Like a beacon o'er the wave,  
It points to the broken vow.  
Ye fondly swore to me,  
Ye'd keep constant till death—  
As the miser's gold to be  
Clung to, 'till life's last breath.

Aye! take it—let it shine,  
Again upon that breast,  
Which I thought was truly mine—  
How deceived—ye know that best.  
It may recall a thought,  
Of one who loved too well,  
Whose love was not unsought!  
How repaid—your heart can tell.

Yet think not that I blame—  
Ah, no! I love thee now  
Too truly—thou'rt the same,  
As when ye breathed the vow  
That bound me unto thee,  
By ties earth cannot sever—  
When ye swore to love but me,  
My heart was given for ever.

Then take the chain you gave;  
And may it be to thee  
Like dark oblivion's wave,  
Destroying memory.  
Aye—take it! may it ne'er  
One thought of her recall  
Who loves thee still—whose latest tear  
For thee will surely fall.

Montreal, 1849.

## THE CAPTIVE BIRD AND HIS MISTRESS.

*Bird.*

Why am I doom'd, in these sweet days of Spring,  
To droop a captive in my prison-cage?  
While other warblers through the air take wing,  
Vainly I beat these bars with idle rage;  
Fair Mistress! ope the door, and set me free,  
And I will pay thee back the song of LIBERTY.

*Lady.*

Ah! but thou'lt not return. When soaring free  
Thou wilt forget the gentle girlish hand  
That with affection's fondness tended thee;  
And thou wilt leave me for some brighter land.  
Let me but clip thy wildly soaring wing,  
Or round thy leg entwine this silken string.

*Bird.*

Lady! the love that must be bound—secured—  
Fettered (although 'tis by a silken chain.)  
Is love, that ne'er by woman was endured:  
The hope to hold such wanderer would be vain.  
When love once needs even a *silken tie*,  
'Tis best to let th' unwilling captive fly!

*Lady.*

Thou sayest aright: thus then I ope thy door,  
And bid thee to go forth—unfettered—free—  
Though I should hear thy dulcet strain no more,  
I give thee back—to life—to liberty!  
Farewell! thy flight a lesson will impart,  
To show no chains can bind, save those that reach the  
heart!



## SKETCHES ON A JOURNEY.

BY H. V. C.

"Yes," life is like a journey!" Kind reader, do not throw aside these pages, because they begin with a trite remark, old as the world's history, and uttered by wise men and fools, in their various experience, ever since Adam and Eve turned their reluctant steps from the terrestrial paradise of their early innocence!

Very unlike the garden of Eden, seemed the good steamer, the *Iron Duke*, on a warm afternoon of June, and it must have been a vivid imagination indeed, which would have likened the motley group assembled on its deck, to the bright forms that we are told, walked with our first parents, among the trees of the garden, in the brief days of their sinless purity. There were a group of *habitans* returning from the day's market, with their stolid faces, and their barbarous *patois*, and their baskets in every one's way. Here a knot of priests stood talking together, with their loose, tucked-up garments, and their downcast looks, so carefully averted from the roving glances of any saucy bright eyes that might chance to fall upon them. Then all those rows of benches, filled up with men and women, old and young, black, brown and fair; buxom dames from the country, in their best attire, and village girls with smart ribbons and ruddy cheeks, greatly pleased with themselves and all around them; and in lively contrast here and there might be seen a few fashionables from the city, too genteel to observe anything, and pleased only—with themselves. Men of all grades filled up the niches which were left void of other matter, most of them, if phrenology may be trusted—gifted with more beard than brains, and always, with praise-worthy care for their own comfort, keeping possession of the best seats, and filling as much space as possible. And there, always beautiful to look upon, were children's happy faces, and echoing from every part was heard the ringing laugh, which is sent only from the careless lips of childhood.

How fast the good old city recedes, and the lovely mountain, with its rich crown of verdure, dwindles to a speck. St. Helens, like a fair water nymph decked out with green, seemed floating on the stream; and Nun's Island, solitary as a cloistered votary, stands unmoved amidst the rushing waves, which for centuries have

foamed around it. One may travel through many lands, far off, and world-renowned, and the eye could scarcely rest on scenes of more quiet loveliness, than spread around it, while crossing the broad St. Lawrence to Laprarie.

At Laprarie—there the illusion fades; the petty village is now put to its legitimate use, a depôt for railway cars, and it is a blessed chance which sends a brief sound of bustle to its dull shores—it would never get up one of its own accord—like some inert people, who may be acted on by external causes, but have no power of volition within themselves. And that slow, dull rail-road, to St. Johns, at which everybody rails, does seem to be getting a little more lively—the broad prairies have a somewhat greener hue—now and then a smart new house raises its ambitious head—more fields are beginning to be cultivated, and the cows, pigs and geese, which rove at large, and live on stones and grass-hoppers, are fattening a little, and do not look quite so much like those myths of by-gone days—the *oldest inhabitants*—which they did some twenty years ago. And then that beautiful, undulating line of far off mountains, bounding the horizon, to which distance lends enchantment—who can look at them and not feel their fancy taking wing for the regions of wild romance!

Ah! that most comfortable of all steamers, "the United States" is lying at the wharf of St. Johns; the steam whizzing off gives token that all is in readiness; and right gladly one exchanges the monotonous cars, for the freedom of its capacious deck and airy saloon.

Who ever thought of looking back, on the miscellaneous, mongrel town of St. Johns, when the broad lake spread before them—its glorious expanse of water, tinged with the rich dyes of a summer sunset, and its swelling shores and fairy isles, greener than the emeralds of an eastern fairy tale! Beautiful it had appeared on many a day of former travel, and one might imagine that no variation could surprise, or present new forms of beauty. But never before had such perfect repose seemed to rest upon the sky, the shores and the waves; you looked into the crystal depths, and the golden sunset lay there in a flood of saffron light, till broken by the swift passage of the boat, the calm waters rose in

waves of fire, and then falling with a graceful swell, lay scattered like a shower of sparkling gems.

We were sitting on a solitary bench, on the lower deck, absorbed in Miss Bremer's charming story, "The Midnight Sun," when the gorgeous colors began to deepen, and extend far above the horizon; and the book was thrown aside in the midst of one of the author's most graphic descriptions. But fancy, now the main incident of the tale, with the scene around, and the crimson glow lingered so long in the sky, that one almost expected to see the midnight sun of Sweden, rising over the mountains of New England. But "all that's bright must fade," and so at length the last rosy tint melted away, the sky resumed its cerulean hue, and the stars came forth an innumerable host, twinkling with all their might, because the moon was not there to outshine them. The shores became indistinct, and the monotonous splashing of the water, vexed by the restless wheels, was the only sound abroad.

By early daylight the next morning, almost all were looking out of their berths—curtains drawn aside and heads popping up on all sides; there was a regular tramp, tramp, overhead, and strange voices in the saloon, of new comers, taken in during the night. At every little stopping place the steam was let off and a boat lowered for passengers, and then every one crowded forward to see who was coming aboard—and odd enough looking characters some of them were. One in particular is worthy of remark, as presenting a sort of anomaly in this stirring generation, having lived all her life within four miles of the lake shore, and having never before set foot on a steamboat. One could hardly help smiling, her delight and admiration were so unqualified, and yet her simplicity was admirable. Her dress too was remarkably primitive—the well kept drab silk bonnet could have swallowed a dozen modern ones, without rumping a ribbon—the calico dress displayed all the colors of the rainbow, described in oriental foliage, and was protected by a neat checked apron; and her short thick figure, unconfined by stays, and destitute of all stiffening, shook with every motion, like a huge mould of blanc-mange. It was refreshing to witness so much unsophisticated nature.

What a crowd of people rushed to the breakfast table! and where did they all come from? The large boat seemed to carry so few passengers on the past evening, and now a crowd had started up at the sound of breakfast, like Robin Hood's men from the silent depths of the forest, at their leader's well-known call. Truly, there is no

feeling so sympathetic, as that which calls people together to eat and drink. The captain, with experienced foresight, had summoned the ladies to take their places first, and those gentlemen who were fortunately attached to ladies—and it was well for them that this priority was established before the bell rang—and the crowd rushed in *en-masse*, and began a furious attack upon the eatables. A matronly person who had dropped in from the last stopping place, and declared she had been riding since sun-rise, and eating nothing but a bit of bread and cheese, which no one could doubt, saluted me with the question, "Are you up to a piece of fish this morning, ma'am?" Too dull to comprehend her meaning at once, I looked at her with a puzzled air, which she answered by taking a huge piece of fish on her fork, and reaching it towards me, thereby intimating that she only asked me to partake of the tempting viand placed before her. A party of exclusives who sat opposite, surprised the good dame more than she had puzzled me, by at once applying two or three eye-glasses to as many eyes, through which they very coolly surveyed her; and then drawing a sort of taboo around themselves, they appropriated all the good things within reach to their own especial use, and talked in such whispered accents, that no words fell on ears unpolite, though they must have been prodigiously witty, they caused so much mirth within the favored circle.

About ten o'clock the boat entered the broad bay of Burlington, and the pretty town stretched back from the curving shores, sitting like a young queen on the sloping hills, and crowned with fine houses, peeping from embowering foliage, and tasteful gardens, gay with blushing roses, sweet-scented honeysuckles, and every gay variety of summer flower. The church spires rose above the tallest trees—the cupola of the college looked down from academic shades, and a long line of mountains, blending with the clouds, formed a fine back-ground to the beautiful picture.

Every one rushed forward, as if life depended on setting the first foot on shore. A general call for baggage-trunks—carpet-bags—travelling boxes—bless me! how *can* people carry about so many things with them! Truly, when Noah disembarked from the ark, he could have put all the animals of creation into a smaller compass than is now found necessary for the luggage of a daily steamer.

"Which is your trunk?" asked the Captain, as a porter waited to carry the last load on shore; but it was looked for in vain—it had been left at Laprairie, and the carpet-bag too.

What a world of inconvenience one brings upon one's self, by not looking after one's own concerns, instead of trusting to other people! a useful lesson it might prove, but like all the lessons of experience, learned a little too late. Our friends at the "American" were in all the charming bustle of packing; passages were engaged in the coach to leave at one o'clock. What could be done? It would never do to trust to the uncertain chance of having the trunk sent safely afterwards; so the party was obliged to go without me. There was ample room, and every comfort one could desire at the American, but there is such a feeling of loneliness when one has just parted from agreeable friends, even if the parting is to be brief, and the apartments seem so desolate, where their cheerful voices have just been heard! Then the lost baggage—the uncertainty of recovering it, could not be cast from the thoughts, and divers parcels, entrusted by friends, to my special care, rose up, like the ghosts of Banquo's slain, and seemed mournfully to reproach my carelessness. Morning came at last—the northern boat made its appearance, gracefully sweeping round the wharf; presently passengers and baggage carts came driving up to the hotel, and directly a waiter tapped at my door, with the welcome tidings that my trunk and carpet bag had safely arrived—thanks to the polite attention of a gentleman, a stranger too, who chanced to hear of the mishap, and going to St. John's, kindly took the trouble to inquire about it, and direct them to be sent on, without delay.

And they were well fastened on behind the stage coach—no mistake again—and in the heat of a sultry day, the dust flying like the sands of Arabia, the journey was recommenced. There was a light load, and six good strong horses; the queen seldom drives out with more, though her majesty's may be of a more aristocratic breed, and more richly caparisoned. We had but one fellow passenger in the coach, a stupid looking Irishman, who might have been of any age, from twenty-five to fifty, for his hard features seemed to have been born old. He was probably travelling at his ease, to join the laborers of some railroad, being translated to a land of equality, and seemed never to have been within a wheeled vehicle before, for at every rough step, and steep hill, he braced himself up, and his face assumed such a ludicrous expression of fear—the only emotion it was capable of expressing. A more rich and varied country could not meet the eye of a traveller in any clime, than that through which we passed. One who can recall its appearance twelve or fifteen years ago, must remark the changes it has undergone, with surprise and

pleasure. It seems to have passed through a transition state—the dense forests are thinned out, and up to the top of loftiest hills, are seen fields of waving grain, or Indian corn, or rich pastures, animated with browsing cattle. The careful farmer has long since banished the stumps, so offensive to the eye in new settlements, and the broad valleys are covered with grass, ready for the mower's scythe. Still nature is left undisturbed in her boldest heights, and the lofty chain of the Green Mountains, circled with perpetual verdure, rises above you, and around you, the road winding over them, and through the valleys which lay between them, often carrying you along the verge of a tremendous precipice, where the head turns giddy, looking into the abyss below, and then through deep, quiet forests, where the joyous song of birds rises above the din of wheels, and the trees brush the passing carriage. Again you begin to ascend a long winding hill; on one side, the mountain rising above your view, rough, and dense with luxuriant foliage; on the other, a pure mountain stream, brawling in its course, and watering a fine sweep of meadow land, cultivated with industrious care, and adorned with pleasant farm-houses, sitting quietly on a hill side, shaded by a few old trees, drooping over the roof-tree, while a thrifty young orchard, and a garden planted with vegetables, and gay with summer flowers, opens to the fancy a sweet volume of domestic comfort and repose.

One might fancy that when the top of that long hill is reached, the world would lie open before one, and the mountains would be left behind. But at the summit, one sees with surprise mountain beyond mountain, still stretching before one, each distinct, and moulded in a different form, yet held together as by an invisible chain, and presenting at every turn, new combinations of grandeur and beauty. Often a pretty village might be seen, hanging as it were on a mountain's side, its neat white houses clustered together, and the tall church spire rising in the midst—and cultivated fields stretching out to the forest's shade, it would seem so near, when it first caught the eye, then a turn of the road, and it was lost to sight, and another turn revealed it, and so it would keep playing *bo-peep*, for miles perhaps—when all at once, just as it seemed fairly gone, and the horses began wearily to ascend another mountain summit, at the top, you look down, and there it lays, so quietly shut out from the world, that one involuntarily asks one's self: "Can any of the world's troubles ever enter here?"

The horses know right well, that it is a resting place for them. Poor things! they prick up their

ears, and set off full speed, and the driver blows his horn right merrily, and cracks his whip to show his importance—and down the hill they dash, at a break-neck pace, the *few* inside passengers tossed about unmercifully, over a rustic bridge, which spans a mill stream, and up another hill, through the long village street, the houses seeming to fly apart, as we approach, and finally, quite tired of the run, we draw up before the inn door, with such a sudden jerk, that our equilibrium is entirely overthrown.

Six fresh horses, and again on the route—the Irishman still inside—thank goodness, he could have been only half an Irishman, after all, for he knew how to hold his peace; nay, it now seems as if he must have been a mute—not a single sound to betray his brougue—though *brougue* was stamped on every lineament of his face. The road was very sandy, and the dust intolerable; but though an exceedingly hot day, the motion of the stage fanned the air, and made it quite comfortable. A feeling of drowsiness began to steal over the senses, and became at last overpowering; through half closed eyes, the outward creation assumed all sorts of fantastic forms, and Paddy, bolt upright in the corner, wore the proportions of a huge potatoe. Yes, there the potatoe was growing, and growing, through that half hour of drowsiness, and so strongly was it impressed on the fancy, that it would have been no matter of surprise, had my bodily eyes opened, and beheld him covered with leaves and green balls. A sudden stopping of the stage roused me from the fanciful doze, and there was the vegetable animal, with his chest under his arm, walking off to plant himself under the much abused tree of liberty. The transplanted potatoe will doubtless bear fruit superior to the old stock.

We were now meeting the rail-road at every turn—the gigantic northern rail-road; to an unpractised eye, if not to a scientific one, the most stupendous work of modern times, certainly, in this hemisphere. It was opened all the way to Montpelier, from Boston, a week or two since, with ceremonies well befitting the occasion, for it is a noble triumph of human art and genius, over natural obstacles, apparently insurmountable. One must see the work in progress, to form any correct idea of the immense labor expended in such an undertaking, and of the aid which scientific art is constantly lending to manual labor. Mountains are torn asunder, and their fragments scattered like the leaves of autumn, or heaped up in the deep valleys, so deep that one shudders to look down into them—till they are brought to a level surface, and form a secure foundation, on which to place the rails. The

road is, of course, carried as nearly as possible, in a straight line, and therefore constantly comes in contact with the stage route, which, “true to the winding lineaments of grace,” avoids sharp angles, and curves around the steep hills, to avoid the toil of ascent, and the danger of descending. Hundreds of poor Irish laborers, happy to escape from their famished homes, here find ample employment, and it had a picturesque effect, when a sudden turn of the road, brought one of those busy parts of the rail-road to view, and you perhaps saw, far up on the naked rocks, groups of these men, excavating stone, or hewing it into form, and far below, other groups, in a deep ravine, emptying their little carts, and looking in the distance, like pigmies, toiling for a giant race. So perfectly mechanical is their labor, and their countenances so devoid of life and intellect, that one would take them for mere human machines—moved by the same principle which impels the locomotive to convey its freight from the quarry, and the sand from the pit.

Another very striking feature, which one cannot fail to remark, in connection with this rail-road, is the frequent recurrence of Irish cabins, some few clustered together, in the busiest places, and so thoroughly *out-landish* they look, and so out of keeping with New England scenery! Nothing can form a more perfect contrast to Yankee habits, and Yankee thrift, than these little settlements. They are always seen in the most desolate looking places—often on the borders of a fenny swamp, and bearing all the characteristics of the *native* dwelling—heaps of dirt outside, offending more than one sense, pigs wallowing before the door, and not a trace of cultivation near them; while at the windows, and through the open doors, are seen all ages huddled together, children without number, and women, squalid and dirty, dawdling about their work, and men, smoking away their time, in stolid idleness. Yet in looking at them, the strongest feeling is one of pity, for a race so ground down by oppression, and victimised by untoward circumstances; and a hope, strong as conviction, rises in the heart, that a few years will make great changes in the stranger race, in the renovation of their characters and minds. Brought to our shores, by the hand of Providence, for protection and support, they cannot dwell among a free and industrious people, without acquiring somewhat of their spirit; and the succeeding generation will doubtless see a marked change in their habits and demeanor, and find them joining in the general march of progress and improvement.

We reached Montpelier early in the evening—

it is a pretty place, the capital of Vermont, pleasantly situated among the mountains, and watered by the Onion river, which passes through the town. What a name for one of the most wild, capricious, beautiful streams in the world! Cannot some one, vested with authority, call up the old Indian name, and re-baptize it. But for an unlucky accident, we should have been in Boston that evening—and here we must stay all the next day, for it was Sunday, and there was no stage to take us on.

But it was so calm and beautiful, on the following morning; the prospect around, of mountain, valley and river, so rich and variegated, that one could hardly repine at being left in a place which wore such a Sabbath-day serenity. A young friend, travelling to the north, also chanced to be waiting there that day, and happening fortunately to meet him, the time passed away very pleasantly indeed.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, we parted on our different ways. F— took the northern stage, and we stood with our trunks, waiting at the dépôt. There are so many false alarms, to the uninitiated, at these rail-road stations, that one is forced to keep constantly on the look out. The cars began to move on, before we were aware, and seemed going away without us. In some trepidation, I asked a person near me, if the cars were really gone. "Don't be afraid," said a young man, elaborately dressed, and laying his hand familiarly on my shoulder. "They won't go without me, that's certain."

Who can this very important personage be?—I thought. I afterwards found he was the conductor. There could not be a more charming country, than that through which we travelled this day. Instead of passing over mountains, as we did on the former day, the road ran through the broad valleys of the mountain streams, often crossing them in their playful windings, and giving to view the most lovely glimpses of Alpine scenery that can well be imagined. Richly cultivated fields, and smooth meadow lands, were finely contrasted with rugged mountain heights, and tangled ravines; and peeping out from many a sloping hill side, was seen the farmer's homely dwelling, surrounded by rural comforts, and a nursery of honorable industry.

It was well to take a good survey of the country, from a terrestrial point of view; for, in this age of inventive improvements, who knows but their next trip may be made in one of those aerial machines, which are intended to navigate the air, and from which this mundane landscape will be seen in a very different light. Or one

may be propelled by electro-magnetism, at such a rate that objects cannot be seen at all.

When we entered New Hampshire the country seemed at once bald and uninteresting; and we greatly missed the ever varying landscapes of the most romantic of the New England States. Still there is beauty always on a summer's day, wherever there are waving trees, and flowing streams; and the rail-road carried us past many of these, and also some of those pretty lakes, for which the Granite State is famed. We passed by some flourishing manufacturing towns, grown into importance with wonderful celerity, and our passengers began to multiply greatly. At the grand terminus, where the different branches meet, another car was attached; and it was wonderful to see so many trains going on their different ways, all impelled by such astonishing power, yet guided with such perfect ease. To one travelling from a country where such great enterprises are yet unattempted, and progress is little appreciated, the scene seemed like the exaggerations of a dream, rather than the certainty of sober reality.

At Concord we parted from an agreeable party we had met with at Montpelier, and to whom we felt much indebted for the social pleasure of the day's journey; and thus, as we said at the beginning, life is like a journey, and mistakes, often rectified too late, and partings, which always leave a pang, follow us from the commencement to the close. Our road to Lowell was along the beautiful banks of the Merrimac, we stopped at that far-famed town; only long enough to take another car, the express train, which conveyed us in forty minutes to Boston, the beautiful capital of the old Bay state.

## SONG FOR SUMMER.

Come, come, the ruddy rose  
Is blushing on the tree;  
And lily buds uncloset  
Their bosoms to the bee.  
The gleesome world is young  
In Summer's laughing beam,  
And sweet the silver tongue  
Of ev'ry running stream.

Ah, come—ere Winter blows  
With desolating breath  
O'er lily and the rose,  
And streams are dumb as death.  
Yet then, e'en then, my sweet—  
Ah, come,—for still in thee  
Do roses, lilies meet,  
And life-long melody.

## MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

"I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love."—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

It was for nurturing these, and other similar sentiments, that we always felt a greater degree of affection for Benedict than any other of Shakspeare's characters: his opinions accorded exactly with our own. We only regret that he so lost himself towards the termination of the play, as to venture his happiness in the very bark he had sworn to mistrust. But he was deceived into taking this step, as well as Beatrice; and, if they had not crouched about in summer-houses, playing the eaves-droppers to intentional discourses, we wager a case of Houbigant's best gloves that they would both have died single.

It is no proof that Benedict became a firm convert to matrimony, because he danced on his wedding-day, and wrote a sonnet to the lady of his love. The comedy ends, where all other merriment does, with marriage; and leaves us to form our own opinions as to whether the various couples, in the words of the old nursery-tales, lived happily together all the rest of their lives, to a good old age. We only regret, for the sake of holding up a mirror to society in general, and match-makers in particular, that the great dramatist did not add a sequel, and lay the period of the action in the theatrical taste of the day, five years after his former production.

A high moral feeling has alone kept us, up to the present moment, from taking the fatal leap; and yet, with all our anti-matrimonial propensities, there is not a more fervent admirer of the *beau seze* on the face of the civilized earth. We never went to an evening party in our life, but we returned home madly, deeply, desperately in love,—not the calm, calculating attachment of a formal courtship, but that all-absorbing passion of four-and-twenty-hours' duration, which only the powerful auxiliaries of champagne, chandeliers, and *cornets-à-pistons* can produce.

Of course, everything must have a beginning, except rings, chaos, and Adelphi overtures, and, *par consequence*, everybody has a first love—a hobbledehoy kind of attachment, all letters and locks of hair. Foolish people, who speak a little French, will tell you, "*on revient toujours, à ses premiers amours!*" This we deny. We, ourselves, once had a first love, and a very pretty one too, but it was a long while ago. She made

us a watch-guard of her own hair, and in return we gave her a kiss and a carved ivory buckle which we bought at Boulogne for ten francs, and we supposed ourselves engaged, and wrote little notes all about nothing to each other every day. Gradually, however, the notes got shorter, and their transmission at longer intervals apart, and we finally "declared off" by a tacit agreement, and found out fresh flames. We did not see her for eight or ten years, and then we heard that she was married. We met a short time since, with as reserved a greeting as if nothing had ever passed between us, and we began to ask ourselves what we could have found so bewitching in her. Indeed we were almost sorry for the rencontre; for when we have not seen any object we once felt an interest in, for a long period, we only picture them as we knew them at the time of parting; and in this case we thought the visionary recollections we retained of the smiling sylph-like girl of nineteen, far preferable to the substantial reality of the matron approaching woman of thirty.

As for clothing a first-love with all that halo of undying recollection, and occasional yearning returns of old feelings, which is common in album poetry, it is all nonsense. From eighteen to twenty-two, the usual period of a first-love, our ideas of future prospects and compatibility of disposition are rather vague and indefinite. We fall in love, and form plans of marriage under the conviction that our whole life is to be a succession of Kensington promenades, Zoological Sundays, and Hanover-Square-Room balls. We are moreover at this period, intensely susceptible, our rough nature is the sand-paper upon which the match readily takes light, and it endures in a similar manner to the combustion of a congreve, being very fierce, and of short existence. If extinguished suddenly, by throwing cold water upon it, of course there is a hiss and a sputter; but, if allowed to wear itself out—an admirable plan in all first loves—it declines as gradually and silently as a fumigating pastille.

If a bachelor escapes being hooked until he is five or six years after age, the chances are that he will remain single some time longer. He looks upon marriage with a more serious regard, and begins to think the same face *might* tire, however lovely its aspect, if he had nothing else to gaze at "from morn till dewy eve." He sees friends of his own age, who have married for love, or were too impatient to wait for an income, beginning to grumble at each other, and their increasing expenditure. This rather frightens him, and induces him to think it is best to be free, after all.

There is nothing in the world so agreeable as flirting, and we look upon a downright earnest flirt as a creation of the first order. There is no trap laid here,—no calculation in her few hours' attachment,—it is all the warm-hearted emanation of an affectionate disposition. She does not wonder what your income is, or whether you have any expectations *in futuro*, but prefers you, for the evening, to the best match of the season. And, provided you meet her on her own ground, and with her own weapons, and there are no unpleasant friends to ask your "intentions" if you carry your philandering too far, you may enumerate in your life-time some of the brightest moments allotted to man: only dimmed, to be sure, by the wound your vanity experiences when she cuts you in her caprice, and transfers her love to another quarter.

Generally speaking, a *célibataire* is pretty safe when talking nonsense to a professed flirt; but if he has not a matrimonial disposition, and persists in laughing at love, he should beware of boarding-houses as he would of hydrophobia, and more especially at the watering-places; for they are a regular system of bachelor traps, always set and baited with every kind of feminine variety:—aged seventy-fours, almost laid up in dock, who occasionally act as guard-ships to the establishment; fast-sailing privateers, who sometimes hoist the black flag, under the garb of widows; and tight-built yachts, with a good figure-head and clean run, in the shape of *demoiselles à marier*, forming in their *ensemble* an attractive maelstrom, which it requires some pilotage to escape. These are all dangerous craft to fall in with, especially the last; for if people choose to leave the comfort of their homes for the *ennui* of a sea-side town, it is evident that every plan must be resorted to for killing the time as quickly as possible, which they get so long anticipated. The young people get thrown together; they gamble for crockery ink-stands, *bouquets de la Reine*, and German-silver knives, at the library sweepstakes, receiving a certain half-crown's worth of value for the six shillings which fill the raffle; they contemplate the ocean, and its adopted children, the bathers, on the sands; they walk together on the pier to see the steamers arrive and depart, or join parties of pleasure to every place not worth seeing in the neighbourhood; and finally, whilst strolling together one fine evening upon the cliffs, they are overcome by the influence of the moon, from time immemorial the patroness of lunatics, and propose. This is no rare history: we should like to call the attention of the Statistical Society to a return of the number of matches which have

sprung from the casual intimacy of a sea-side boarding-house.

Possibly a leading reason which inclines us to the determination of dying an old bachelor is, that there is little doubt of marriage gradually becoming an acknowledged mercantile transaction. We think, before long, the state of the hymeneal markets will be chronicled in the newspapers, in common with the other commercial affairs of the day, which our "nation of shopkeepers" feel such delight in perusing. The chief marts will be the ball-rooms and public resorts of the metropolis, together with the fashionable provincial towns. We shall read that at the Horticultural *Fête* the demand for young ladies was brisk, and that dark eyes and chestnut hair went off at good prices; that at Ascot Races little business was transacted, but that, on adjourning to Lady F——'s *soirée*, (a sort of *Torloni's*, whereat to carry on business after the great Bourse had closed,) the exchange of hearts rose higher than it had been all day. Assurance societies will be established against the chance of dying a spinster, with the most approved match-making *chaperons* for directors, and a capital of twenty thousand bachelors; and possibly a price-current will be published of most of the young men about town.

But we think we have said enough. We could produce more arguments in favour of our opinions, but we are fearful of irritating the young ladies, and upon our next entrance into society encountering the same fate from their hands which Orpheus met with from the Thracian women. One word more, and we have finished. We are never too old to repent, and possibly we might some day see reasons to change our sentiments, for we should not like to be thought obstinately self-opinionated. And if there is any pretty Beatrice who might like to try the experiment of converting us to matrimony, we are not above conviction, and we give her leave to make the attempt.

## HOPES.

"O boy! why seek'st thou with such care  
Those bubbles of the sea?  
Thy touch but frees the prison'd air."—  
"I'm gathering hopes!" saith he.

"Old man, why in that shatter'd bark  
Dost tempt this troubled sea,  
Without a compass, rudder, mark?"—  
"I'm following hope!" saith he.

# NEL VEDER LA TUA CONSTANZA,

FROM "ANNA BOLENA"—ARRANGED BY W. NEWLAND.

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

*Allegro.*

Introduction.

The first system of the introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns.

The second system continues the introduction with two staves. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with sixteenth-note runs. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns.

The third system concludes the introduction with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line that ends with a half note. The lower staff has a bass line that ends with a half note. The word *Rit.* is written above the final notes of the lower staff.

*Tema Moderato.*

*Pia.*

The first system of the main theme consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns.



NEL VEDER LA TUA CONSTANZA.

First system of musical notation, consisting of two staves with treble clefs and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staff.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The lower staff includes the instruction "Cres" and dynamic markings.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The lower staff includes the instruction "sf" and dynamic markings.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The lower staff includes the instruction "sf" and dynamic markings.

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The lower staff includes the instruction "sf" and dynamic markings.

## OUR TABLE.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

DICKENS is making a capital story of David Copperfield, although like all else he has written, there is not much in it. But the peculiar charm of his style, and the deep, yet simple pathos, for which he is so famed, impart to the work an interest to which many a better story can lay no claim. The third number has just been published, and we presume there are few who have not managed to secure the reading of it, yet we cannot refrain from quoting, at the risk of laying it before many to whom it is not new, the following passage, descriptive of the death of the hero's mother, to whose bedside young David had been summoned. The narrator is the servant, who nursed her in her last illness, and soothed with her affectionate tending, the sufferings of the dying:—

I knew that Peggotty would come to me in my room. The Sabbath stillness of the time (the day was so like Sunday! I have forgotten that) was suited to us both. She sat down by my side upon my little bed; and holding my hand, and sometimes putting it to her lips, and sometimes smoothing it with hers, as she might have comforted my little brother, told me in her way, all that she had to tell concerning what had happened.

"She was never well," said Peggotty, "for a long time. She was uncertain in her mind, and not happy. When her baby was born, I thought that at first she would get better, but she was more delicate, and sunk a little every day. She used to like to sit alone before her baby came, and then she cried; but afterwards she used to sing to it—so soft, that I once thought, when I heard her, it was like a voice up in the air, that was rising away.

"I think she got to be more timid, and more frightened-like, of late; and that a hard word was like a blow to her. But she was always the same to me. She never changed to her foolish Peggotty, didn't my sweet girl."

Here Peggotty stopped, and softly bent upon my hand a little while.

"The last time that I saw her like her own old self, was the night when you came home, my dear. The day you went away, she said to me, 'I never shall see my pretty darling again. Something tells me so, that tells the truth, I know.'

"She tried to hold up after that; and many a time, when they told her she was thoughtless and light-hearted, made believe to be so; but it was all a bygone then. She never told her husband what she told me—she was afraid of saying it to any body else—till one night, a little more

than a week before it happened, when she said to him: 'My dear, I think I am dying.'

"It's off my mind now, Peggotty," she told me, when I laid her in her bed that night. 'He will believe it more and more, poor fellow, every day for a few days to come; and then it will be passed. I am very tired. If this is sleep, sit by me while I sleep: don't leave me. God bless both my children! God protect and keep my fatherless boy!'

"I never left her afterwards," said Peggotty, she often talked to them two down stairs—for she loved them; she couldn't bear not to love any one who was about her—but when they went away from her bedside she always turned to me, as if there was rest where Peggotty was, and never fell asleep in any other way.

"On the last night, in the evening, she kissed me and said: 'If my baby should die too, Peggotty, please let them lay him in my arms, and bury us together.' (It was done; for the poor lamb lived but a day beyond her.) 'Let my dearest boy go with us to our resting-place,' she said, 'and tell him that his mother, when she lay here, blessed him not once, but a thousand times!'"

Another silence followed this, and another gentle beating on my hand.

"It was pretty far in the night," said Peggotty, "when she asked me for some drink; and when she had taken it, gave me such a patient smile, the dear!—so beautiful!—"

"Daybreak had come, and the sun was rising, and she said to me, how kind and considerate Mr. Copperfield always had been to her, and how he had borne with her and told her, when she had doubted herself, that a loving heart was better and stronger than wisdom, and that he was a happy man in hers. 'Peggotty, my dear,' she said then, 'put me nearer to you; for she was very weak. 'Lay your good arm underneath my neck,' she said, 'and turn me to you, for your face is going far off, and I want it to be near.' I put it as she asked; and oh, Davy! the time had come when my first parting words to you were true—when she was glad to lay her poor head on her stupid cross old Peggotty's arm—and she died like a child that had gone to sleep!"

Thus ended Peggotty's narration. From the moment of my knowledge of the death of my mother, the idea of her as she had been of late had vanished from me, I remembered her from that instant, only as the young mother of my earliest impressions, who had been used to wind her bright curls round and round her finger, and to dance with me at twilight in the parlor. What Peggotty had told me now, was so far from bringing me back to the later period, that it rooted the earlier image in my mind. It may be curious, but it is true. In her death she winged her way back to her calm untroubled youth, and cancelled all the rest.

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July, 1849.

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**T**HE Subscribers have been entrusted with the Publication of an Edition of this Magnificent Work for the British American Provinces, and in order to ensure its going into extensive circulation, the price has been placed at the low rate of 12s. 6d. per part—the whole to be completed in five parts. The price in Britain of the edition published there, was £8 8s. sterling; but by the present arrangement, the Maps having been skilfully transferred from steel to stone, the publishers are enabled to offer the same work, at £3 2s. 6d. currency.

The most eminent literary and scientific men of the day have pronounced the most favourable opinion, both as to the accuracy of the Geographical details and the beautiful execution of the Plates.

The first part will be issued on 1st July, and the work will be completed on 1st November.—The Maps are 21 inches in length by 13 in breadth, and are finely coloured.

CONTENTS:

Part 1: 1st July—Hemispheres, Northern Italy, India, Europe, Southern Italy, Palestine, South America, China, Denmark.

Part 2: 1st August—The World, Mercator's Projection, Switzerland, Persia, Prussia, Turkey in Asia, Pacific Islands, Africa, Norway, West Indies.

Part 3: 1st September—Canada, Austria, Van Dieman's Land, Egypt, Australia, Spain, &c., England, France, New Zealand.

Part 4: 1st October—Asia, Ireland, United States, Holland, Belgium, and Prussia in Europe, Scotland, New South Wales and North America.

Part 5: 1st November—Germany, Nubia, Greece, Turkey in Europe, and Malaysia; Letter Press, Table of Contents, Engraved Title, Dedication, &c.

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Montreal, August 1, 1849.

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THE REV. J. A. DEVINE, A. M.,

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