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FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Her smiles and tears had pass'd as light winds pass
O'er lakes, to ruffle not destroy their glass,
Whose depths unsearch'd, a fountain from the hill
Restores their surface, in itself so still,
Until the earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
Root up the spring and trample on the wave.
And must such fate be hers?

THE ISLAND.

FAUNA was still resting against the open window of the little chapel (if such it might be called) as Max entered. So deep was her reverie that she was even unconscious of *his* entrance till he laid his hand on her arm. Then she started, and looking up in his face, her large melancholy orbs moist with suppressed tears, a sudden and burning blush suffused her features, but it almost instantly faded, leaving her cheek of a death-like paleness.

"Why, all alone, fair maid?" cried Max gaily, unheeding her varying countenance, "are you writing a sonnet to those twin sisters, silence and solitude?"

As if unwilling to let him observe the deep sadness which clouded her eloquent face, she turned away her head, but when she spoke, the plaintive tones of her voice sufficiently revealed it.

"I was thinking," she said, "of a deeper quiet than silence and solitude can give, while our own restless hearts remain a prey to feeling and to thought—the quiet of the grave."

"The grave, dearest Fauna! it is a melancholy thought for one so full of life and health as you."

"Yet, it is one which from childhood has often filled my mind; and I sometimes believe that I am one of those predestined to an early death—perhaps in my case, more than in most, a proof of that love from Heaven of which the poet calls it a sign.

"Dear Fauna, for our sakes, who love you so much, do not shadow all our happiness by such sad anticipations."

"A shadow like the feathered cloud passing over the morning sun that would leave it the next moment bright and undimmed as before," said the Indian maiden—"yet even to purchase that transient memory I could die. Had I the power of gratifying my dearest wish at this moment, it would be to lie in some lonely glen ere the September moon pours her first rays, or the green leaves of the maple are changed to scarlet and gold. There beneath the shade of the cedar and hemlock, through whose tops the pale light of the melancholy stars would fall, where the first

*Continued from page 256.

violet of Spring and the last of Autumn should bloom, and in Summer, the blossoms of the locust tree should be scattered by the western breeze,—with no sound to disturb my repose, but the murmur of the brook, the sigh of the wind or the song of the robin at sunset—there my last long sleep should be sweet, and when you were happy, perhaps, you would sometimes come at nightfall and sit on my grave, and play on your flute the songs that you taught me to sing."

"Why, Fauna, dear Fauna," cried Max, "how little have I known you. You whom I thought gay and joyous as a lark, can you have been nursing such sad and poetic fancies?"

Though the words and tones of Max were sad and even tender, there was sufficient in their accent to shew that there was no chord in his pre-occupied breast which responded to that on which the whole soul of the Indian girl hung. She sighed, and answered in a half upbraiding tone:

"And you wonder now to find that I have more of soul stirring within me than yonder butterfly which is sporting in the sunshine."

"Oh! Fauna, who could ever gaze into your eyes or listen to your voice without knowing that you had a soul, tender, generous and devoted as ever inspired woman."

The eyes of the Indian girl flashed a bright radiance, and the blood again rushed from her beating heart to her transparent cheek. Max saw the change, and though he was the least vain and presumptuous of mortals, a sudden suspicion, equally new and painful, shot into his mind. Confused and grieved he dropped her hand and ceased speaking.

"Flattery, from you is cruel!" said Fauna, emphatically.

"Flattery, Fauna!" said Max compelling himself to answer, and speaking gravely but kindly. "I would not flatter any one, much less you, whom I consider almost as much my sister as Rhoda."

"But you are not my brother!" exclaimed Fauna, impetuously and somewhat haughtily, her jealous ear and sensitive feelings instantly detecting even the slight alteration which his manner evinced, "there is no pale blood in my veins!"

"Yet I hoped that you loved us as if you were one of us in reality, Fauna, and that you had learned to look on me as a brother."

Fauna gazed in his face for a moment; then covered her eyes with her hands and turned away. In a minute she looked at him again, and said: "Do you know the dark stream which flows over the red sand by the rocks where the tamarack and pine grow? My blood is like that dark red stream. But yours is like the clear rivulet that runs over the sunlit pebbles among the flowering chesnuts. Thinkest thou I am fool enough to suppose such different currents could mingle in peace? No—the sullen waters of the one would destroy the brightness of the other were they to mix. I am not mad or wicked enough to wish it.—Now go."

"But, Fauna"—said Max, deeply moved by the words of the wild girl, yet not knowing what answer to make.

"Leave me!" she cried imperiously.—"Leave me!" And knowing how little she brooked any opposition to her will, Max left the room.

He found the rest of the party waiting for him in the stoup, and briefly saying that he could not persuade Fauna to join them, led the way to the garden through which their path lay. Descending the other side of the tumulus, they followed the course of the rapid and sparkling river, which every two or three yards tumbled in mimic cascades over fallen trees and mossy stones, while the red velvet tufts of the sumach dipped to drink of its crystal waters, and the clustering vines hung their purple bunches from rock and tree; the bright colored dragonflies dipping and whirling among the bubbles that floated lightly along, while the fierce rays of the sun came tempered through the leafy canopy overhead.

Suddenly the stream leaped a barrier of limestone and became almost hidden between banks over whose brows waved every variety of shrub and plant which the Canadian woods can boast. Here the path, leaving the course of the stream for a while, climbed a precipitous bank, and on reaching the summit a scene presented itself, which afforded some amusement to those to whom it was new. The hill on which they stood was so rocky and barren as to afford no nourishment to trees of any size, and was only clothed by a thin sprinkling of

"The sharpe greene swete junipere."

ground pine and the poison elder. The valley beneath was a complete marsh, covered in some places with deceitful green, amidst which tall tufts of bulrushes rose like tiny islets in a verdant sea. Where the ground was somewhat firmer, abundance of cranberry and whortleberry bushes grew, interspersed with larch, pine and poplar. In one part which was apparently solid ground, a small bell tent (that of Colonel Fisk) was erected, and horses, waggons, men, women, and children were scattered around, collecting those berries of

which the Canadians and Yankees make such liberal use in their housekeeping.

After a few moments spent in comtemplating the busy life below them, whose sounds at that distance could not reach their ears, our party resumed their walk, and speedily reached the river again, from which their path did not deviate till they reached the foot of that hemlock-clothed knoll which gave a name to Mr. Blachford's farm, and in whose tiny lakelet the stream had its source.

CHAPTER XV.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his heavenly flame.

THE DARK LADIE.

THE intimacy between the inhabitants of Hemlock Knoll and Leafy Hollow daily grew stronger; but Fauna seldom joined in the forest walks and drives, or social evening amusements of the rest. Each day she became more silent and sad, more capricious and self-willed. Her lonely rambles in the bush, and absences for days and even nights no one knew where, which on the arrival of Max she had discontinued, she now resumed, and even to the entreaties of Max, she remained inflexible. Perhaps, at another time, he might have devoted more of his energies to the task of winning the Indian girl back to her former light-hearted happiness, but now, though he often anxiously reflected upon her future fate, and beheld her altered demeanour with intense pain, a deeper and more absorbing emotion filled his soul, throwing every other thought and feeling into comparative shade. This was his love for Helen Blachford. That love at first sight, which so often sung from the days of Marlow and Shakspeare to our own, is to many, but as the visions of old romance, as unreal as beautiful, yet is felt at times even now, by some spirit cast in a more ethereal mould than the generality of the beings of earth, and gifted with that clairvoyance, as the beautiful superstition of old taught, to recognize at the first moment of meeting the kindred spirit for which, till then, it had vainly yearned. A love which born in a moment is yet deathless as the soul from which it emanates!

But what were the feelings of Helen towards the young painter? She believed them far removed from love, which she was persuaded she was incapable of ever feeling again. Had she deemed it possible that she could again experience that passion which had caused her so much mortification and pain, she would have avoided the society of one whom she would then have feared, as dangerous to her newly found peace; but secure in her dearly bought indifference, she believed, that cold calmness, which was but the blight that the harsh wind which had withered the garden of delight her fancy had created had left behind, would remain for ever. She knew not that such indifference was like the frosts of the early summer, and while the heart is yet full of youth's elastic and self-vivifying power, is doomed to melt before the sunshine of hope and joy. At times a suspicion of the feelings she had excited in the breast of Max crossed her mind, a suspicion which the picture she had seen in his painting room the first day she had visited it, and which had never since been visible, seemed to confirm; but again the quiet gravity of the young German, so unlike the passionate enthusiasm evident in the looks and words of her former lover, and the soft gentleness of his manner to all as well as to herself, made her banish the thought.

It was now the end of September, that month whose beauty in America can never be sufficiently eulogised. The purity yet softness of the atmosphere, saturated with a hue of mingled gold and amethyst; the changing glories of the clouds; the various beauty of the bright-tinted leaves, to which the gorgeous hues of the maples, presenting innumerable shades of straw-color, orange, pink and scarlet blended in rich magnificence add a splendour unknown to the autumn scenery of the British Isles; the brilliancy of the nights, when large lambent stars, surrounding their radiant queen, gleam down through purple depths—no words could pourtray.

Towards sunset on one of these beautiful days, Max, Rhoda, Helen and Alice had climbed the green tumulus in the orchard and found Fauna seated beneath the lofty cedar. Contrary to her general custom of late, she did not fly from their approach, nor did she move when they seated themselves by her side. Rhoda, to whose restless spirit rest was always irksome, soon led Alice away to search for ripe pears, but Max, Helen and Fauna remained on the mound.

"Dear Fauna," said Helen, "if you would sing to us now how sweet the strain would sound, while heaven and earth is filled with such a delicious light."

"And do *you* wish it?" asked the Indian girl, looking at Max.

"Certainly, Fauna. Can you doubt it?"

And immediately Fauna sang to a wild and plaintive air those stanzas of Keats, beginning,

"In a drear-nighted December."

As the last melancholy cadence of her song died on the soft evening air, the Indian girl said abruptly,—"I love to read Keats' poetry, and I love to think about him. He had one master ambition, that of soaring to the lofty height to which the great poets of earth have attained—when denied a title to kindred genius by the world, his dream of life was over,—he died! Happier than those, who live, and live to suffer, their bright visions for ever fled!"

"And yet, Fauna, do not you think there is something on earth worth living for, as long as we can give pleasure or benefit to those we love?" asked Helen.

"Ah! yes!" exclaimed the Indian girl, her dark eyes lightening at the thought—"you say well!"

"Poor Keats!" said Max, "he was the victim of that divine poesy in which he lived and had his being. Like the nightingale so sweetly sang by Ford

"Ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr."

struggling vainly to utter the flash of high born fancies which dwelt in his entranced soul.

"He failed, and failing grieved, and grieving died!" or like the tongueless nightingale of his exquisite St. Agnes' Eve, "heart stifled"—full of ethereal imaginings to which he could give no adequate voice!"

"When I first knew you," said Helen, "your intimate acquaintance with English literature surprised me."

"My mother early taught me to understand and love it. Never shall I forget the delight I experienced when I first read Shakspeare. I can only compare it to that which the discoverer of a new world might feel."

"How beautiful," exclaimed Helen, earnestly, "is your painting of Prospero releasing Ariel! The work of the artist is worthy of the poet—what more could I say?"

"To hear you speak thus," said Max, "more than repays me for all of doubt and disappointment I have endured, in my search after the true inspiration which can alone render the painter worthy of living in the hearts of those yet to be born. Yet if you knew the anguish I felt when I first beheld the divine works of Raffaelle. Unlike Correggio, I bowed my head, and exclaimed, "I am *not* a painter!' Still I persevered. Always doubting, sometimes despairing, yet still hoping it was not a lying spirit which whispered to me that I had at least some portion of that divine gift which men call Genius!"

"He who has so passionate a love for his art, so true and pure an admiration for the aesthetic beauty and sublimity attained by the great masters, and who, while he distrusts every effort he makes, still feels the creative voice strong within urging him onward, and knows that at each attempt he approaches somewhat nearer to the lofty ideal stamped upon his soul, must possess indeed the truest genius!"

Max raised his soul-inspired eyes to the face of Helen, as she ceased speaking. Her glance swimming in the lustre which, though the sun had set, yet lingered in the air, met his, and in that moment the electric chain of sympathy vibrated in the hearts of both and mingled them together.

A deep sigh close at hand roused them from that moment's blissful forgetfulness, and looking round, they beheld Fauna gazing on them with looks of passionate sorrow which Max understood too well. When she saw that she was observed, she sprang from her seat, and fled down the bank. Helen rose to follow, when a scene burst upon her sight which she now witnessed for the first time. Through the fading day light, fires had sprung up on the edge of the clearings, brightening into more vivid flames each instant, and throwing long lines of light over the dark surfaces of the lake. Now it would not have been difficult to imagine them the gas lamps of some city whose buildings distance concealed; anon the blaze shot higher and higher, climbing the tall branches of the trees and wreathing them with crowns of flame, or casting out serpent-like tongues of fire, ran along the ground. Sometimes the smoke mounting upwards in a cloud of light vapour, hung around the wood like a veil of transparent gauze, the stems of the trees appearing through its shroud like spectres wearing coronets of flame. At intervals, the fire would run along a tall column of smoke, and catching the top of some blasted pine while the lower part remained untouched, blaze like some tall pharos, holding its crescent on high. Moving about and among the burning piles were the men who had kindled the fires, and as their rude figures, blackened by the pine smoke, flitted to and fro now in the broad light of the flames, "now in glimmer, and now in gloom," stirring with long poles the log-heaps piled high like funeral pyres, and throwing, at intervals, fresh bundles of brushwood into the grottos and caverns of fire which seemed greedily opening to receive them, they vividly brought to the memory of the young artist and Helen the black cherubim whom Dante saw torturing the condemned souls in the burning lake. The whole scene thrown into powerful contrast by the encircling darkness, the shadow forest and quiet lake, stirred innumerable romantic and

preternatural fancies and associations, and, having been joined by Alice and Rhoda, they remained watching it for an hour, while every moment some new appearance assumed by the flames, heightened its wild and picturesque fascination.

CHAPTER XVI.

Up from the far south west.
A breath begins to move,
From heaven to earth the rich behest,
Of ever-living love.

COUL COPPAGH.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds,
Admit impediments.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

THE following night, as every night at that delicious season is, was beautiful as ever imagination painted. The full-orbed moon shed her charmed light over the peaceful valley of Leafy Hollow, and gave to the brilliant colors of the woods a more romantic softness and richness of hue. The clustering constellations appeared scattered at intervals over the deep pure blue of the heavens; the dew tinged by the moonlight glittered on every object like a veil of air-dissolved silver, and the wild plaintive whistle of the whip-poor-will fell with a melancholy sweetness on the ear. Helen and her sister, with Max and Rhoda, were in the stoup before the cottage. Max had been playing some of the beautiful music of his native land, and the spirit voices of the wood and lake had returned back the notes with redoubled melody and sweetness. Mr. Blachford and Dr. Lauenfeldt had that day gone to the nearest town, and as the hour approached when their return might be looked for, Alice, who hoped to receive letters from Ernest Tennyson, proposed a walk to the gate that they might listen for the expected waggon.

"I will go," cried Rhoda, "but let Max and Helen stay where they are, for I am quite tired listening to them talking about Goethe and Schiller and Dentschland, and I want you to tell me about England. I intend to marry an Englishman, and go to live there some day or other. Perhaps your friend Ernest, Max."

"Ernest would not have a giddy elf like you," said Max, laughing.

"Is that true, Alice?"

"I don't know—people sometimes, I believe, fancy their opposites—"

"What! fancy some one so wise that he would scold me from morning till night for my folly—that would never do!" cried the gay girl, as she drew Alice down the steps.

"Do not go," said Max to Helen, hurriedly, and the agitation of his tones communicated itself to her; "let us enjoy the beauty of the hour together a little longer; together gaze upon the eloquent stars," and he softly repeated:

"Now she looks upon them as I look,
Methinks a being that is beautiful
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
The eternal beauty of undying things."

"I would I knew what thoughts those mystic heavens awaken in you now."

"Thoughts of the past," she answered.

"Oh! that *past!*" exclaimed Max; "I tremble when I think it may have charms for you which make the present hateful."

"No," said Helen, thoughtfully, "on the whole, I think I have been happier since I left my native land than I ever was before."

A thrill of intense delight agitated the heart of the young painter. "Oh! Helen!" he said passionately, "your words give me life—I must speak now. How often have I longed to pour forth all my heart to you, but the dread of your anger or coldness kept back the wild words that were trembling on my lips—but now I can no longer restrain them—Helen, I love you!"

It was in vain Helen attempted to reply, and as her lover leant against the pillar of the stoup, hushing his very breath to catch her answer, she felt that had it been possible, gladly would she have dissolved into the elements around her rather than have spoken the words which yet she was determined to say.

"Speak to me, Helen! say but one word, or lay this dear hand in mine as a sign that I may hope!"

The thought of suffering Max to remain any longer in error was not to be borne, and Helen at last found utterance.

"Don't hope—don't ask me for love; I have none to give. Esteem, admiration, friendship, I can give you, but nothing else." Such were her words, but there was a soft and trembling agitation in her manner, which seemed to contradict their cold import.

"Esteem, admiration, friendship," eagerly repeated the young painter, "and are not these the truest ingredients of love? Oh! Helen, do you honour me with these, and cannot you add to them a deeper, tenderer feeling, and make me happy beyond my wildest dreams of bliss till I knew you."

"It is impossible, Max; and yet to give you pain, is to me worse than death."

"Then why say those bitter words, Helen?" whispered Max, drawing closer to her—"If you knew the depth and power of the love I bear you, you could not, I think, despise it. The first instant

I beheld you, my whole soul became yours, and it has never wandered since from your worship. I saw you again wearing a brighter, more enchanting, yet not less heavenly beauty; I learned to know that the idol I had secretly adored was all my imagination had pictured it—you filled my whole being—Oh! Helen, life, hope, inspiration—all earth can yield, thou art to me!"

Helen listened with anguished feelings to the impassioned words of her lover. At that moment had she given way to the impulse of her heart, how different would her answer have been from the cold words with which she replied: "Never could I have deserved such a love from one like you, but *now far less*; all the affections of my heart have been given to one who cast them from him."

Max spoke not for some moments, but his silence seemed to Helen more eloquent of the deep wound she had inflicted than any words. At last he said; "And you love him still?"

"No," she answered with some haughtiness, "I waste not one thought of regret on one whom I now know to have been unworthy of any true heart; but love has become to me a dim phantom with which are associated images of pain and humiliation, and which can never more lure me into its toils. Love and I can have henceforth nothing to do with each other."

"Oh! Helen, there *is* a love which can never deceive, never forsake, never die! let me prove to you that there *is*—"

"I believe it, Max, and you, above all on earth, are capable of feeling it, but it must not be for me. God forbid that I should prevent you from obtaining elsewhere what I have not to give, the undivided, undoubting love of a fresh, pure, and unstained heart,—the best blessing earth has to bestow."

She rose hastily, and would have entered the house, but Max caught her dress to detain her.

"Mock me not!" he passionately cried; "if you cannot love me, let me for ever live alone and unloved, for no other love is aught to me!"

At this moment, the steps and voices of Alice and Rhoda were heard close at hand, and Helen hastily drew her dress from his clasp, and darted into the house, leaving Max still resting against the pillar, his brain one wild whirl of confused and agonizing sensations. As Rhoda came closer the words of a beautiful old song she was singing impressed themselves with torturing distinctness on his mind.

"Though the storms meet us and tempests should strike,
We two are plighted to bear them alike;
Sickness, hard usage, poortith and pain,
Only the closer our love knot shall strain.
Annie of Tharau, my joy, my sunshine!
All my heart's being is clasp'd around thine!"

When Alice and Rhoda entered the stoup, he was gone,
And now the breath of winter blew chillingly at morn and eve,
——"and played a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
Till all were gone;"

The frost came at night, crisping the ground, and the withered leaves, and the wind sighed mournfully among the leafless branches. At times, the dark rain or the arrowy sleet poured from the clouded heavens, while on other days a thick mist covered the ground, through which the stumps, bereft of all the green drapery which in summer had concealed their number and deformity, appeared dimly, like the army of dry bones seen by the prophet before their skeleton forms had been clothed with the vesture of humanity. Then came the few soft bright days of the Indian summer, during which one might almost fancy that the golden Apollo was dissolving into the vapory shroud which his beams fill with Aurorian brightness; that some new revolution among the Olympian deities similar to that which drove old Saturn from his ancient throne, and moved

"by th' eternal law,
That first in beauty should be first in might,"

had sent forth some being of greater perfection to reign in the stead of the god of the Lyre and the Bow, as he had before dispossessed the primeval giant of the Sun, the fallen Hyperion, and to wrap his fading glory in a shroud which yet partakes of his beauty.

Rain succeeded, followed by heavy and drifting snow which speedily enveloped the whole earth in its pure and dazzling mantle; hanging its glistening wreathes on hill and roof-top, forest and plain. The ice-king threw his magic fetters over the broad lakes, and sparkling streams; not a breath of air was abroad; the sky became of a brilliant cloudless blue, and the sun shone forth in undimmed splendour.

Winter had uplifted that sceptre which for many months he sways with despotic rule over the Canadian land, and during which the softness and luxuriance of the summer might well seem but a poetic fiction to those who dwell there.

CHAPTER XVII.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around,
It cracked and growled and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound.
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THE pleasures of winter in a northern clime have often been said and sung, and doubtless

there are few things more delightful than the far-famed sleigh ride when enjoyed in perfection. Over the frozen snow glides the sleigh with marvellous celerity, its motion unfelt; the sky is of the purest sapphire tint, the sun's brightness undimmed by the faintest shadow of a cloud, and every tree hanging its dazzling snow wreathes on high, to court its rays; the breath is frozen, the moment it leaves the lips, and yet wrapped in woollens and furs and half buried in robes of wolf and buffalo skins, the travellers are impervious to the cold and the tiny particles of ice, which fill the air as with Lilliputian arrows, but reach not his well-defended person—then the merry notes of the bells which stud the harness, fall cheerily on the ear, and the crust beneath the horses' feet is creaking and crackling in strange wild sounds—and all combined, sets the blood dancing and the spirit bounding with a momentary forgetfulness of all care. Yet delightful above all are the feelings of excitement, wonder, and thrilling enjoyment which to skim over a frozen lake for the first time excites. The vast expanse spread around like a sea of molten glass, the flying sleighs, cutters and carioles, which career along the surface with such bird-like speed, the new strange aspect which all objects and sounds assume, have the effect which an entrance into a new world might produce, while thoughts of the brittle materials over which the gaily caparisoned horses prance so proudly, and the deep waters beneath, whose imprisoned voice seems in smothered accents to pray for release, give just sufficient sense of danger to add a sort of wild zest to every other emotion. If a town line the margin of the lake, with its tinned roofs, steeples and domes shimmering in the sun's rays which fall with such dazzling power through the pure diaphanous atmosphere, it seems to realize all the fictions of the Thousand and One Nights, and glitters before you a city of crystal and amber.

The small arm of the lake, which stretched between the shore on which Hemlock Knoll lay, and the so-called city of Heliopolis, had been in one night frozen over, but it was as yet considered unsafe to cross. An intense frost was abroad, with that calmness and serenity of the atmosphere which is its usual accompaniment. The unsullied snow, the glittering icicles, the sparkling of diamond-like frost which filled the air, the purple sky, and the radiant sun, tempted Helen forth, and she felt her spirits rise joyously as she bounded lightly over the frozen ground, now and then shaking down the light wreathes which hung like garlands of frosted silver, on the hemlocks and furs which lay in her path. Following the track made by the feet of the woodsmen, she soon reached the open space which they had already cleared, and where, with Mr. Blachford, they were at work. The voice of Brian was the first which reached her ears:

"I'm hot and determined as a live salamander,
I'll prove myself as valiant as the great Alexander,
Won't you come to n y wake, when I go my long meander,
And they're all cryin' round me, "arrah why did ye die?"

"God save ye, Miss Helen! is it yerself? you're come to see the way we're massacreein' the trees; och! if I had 'em in ould Ireland, I'd soon make my fortin' of 'em, but sure here they're not worth an ould song. Faix and it goes to my heart to see all the fine splinthers and rotten wood, let alone the timber itself, goin' to waste when I think of all the poor cratures I left at home that can't get a stick to bile their few praties, and have to be wandehrhin' about in the night stalin' the finces and gettin' themselves clapped into jail for it, and it's often I'm ready to stop and pick 'em up before I remimber where I am."

"But, fortunately, the winters of Ireland are not so cold as they are here, Brian."

"Thrue for you, Miss. Sure if God was'nt marciful to us that a way, what 'uld we do. The winters are mostly beautiful and soft, and if they can manage to get what biles their few praties, as I said afore, they do very well, and sure is'nt that the way of the world? Where there's fine food there's mostly no appetite for it, and where it's coarse and poor, hunger and health makes it sweet."

"If all your countrymen have your cheerful content, Brian, in spite of their poverty, they must be happy."

"Musha, and so they are happy, Miss; as happy as the day's long when they can conthrive to keep sowl and body together; an' as for myself there's not a more contínted or lighther-hearted fellow undher the sun."

Leaving this natural philosopher, as Touchstone might have called him, Helen seated herself on a log near her father, who was assisting the men to cut the branches off some fallen trees and pile them ready for burning in the autumn. It was the first time she had seen a tree felled, and she watched the progress of the axe on a magnificent hemlock with strong interest. Sad it was to see the stately forest peer bend gradually forward its green branches, yielding by slow degrees to the resistless force which bowed its evergreen honours lower and lower, till, at last, with a crash, which smote on her excited ear like the death-shriek of some sentient being, it fell heavily to

the frozen earth. A fragment of the bark struck Helen's hand, and as she picked it up, and saw that underneath the outer scale it was dyed a deep crimson, she could almost have fancied that the sacrilegious axe had, in truth, overthrown the tenement of some fair Hamadryed and that the blood of the Sylvan deity had stained the rind of the tree.

She was roused from her musings by a loud cry: "Have a care! have a care!" shouted all the woodsmen, and at the same moment her arm was seized by a strong hand and was drawn beyond the threatening danger before she was aware of its nature. "My father!" she exclaimed, springing forward as she caught sight of a falling tree, which, whether from some want of dexterity in the chopper or some other cause, had swerved to the opposite direction from that in which it was expected to come down.

"Oh! the masther! he'll be killed!" cried Brian, as the tree bore Mr. Blachford to the ground, for unused to such a danger, he had not been quick enough in getting beyond its reach. It fell on his leg, and his agony was evidently great. Helen sat down by his side, and supported his head while the men as carefully as possible released his crushed limb, and she saw by their looks that they believed him to be very badly hurt.

"Lord love you, Miss Helen, don't take it so to heart," said Brian, as he saw the poor girl's pallid cheek and trembling lip. "I dar say it'll not be half so bad when the docther sees it."

The men now formed a sort of litter covered with cedar boughs, and placing Mr. Blachford on it, carried him to the house, while Helen sent Brian on before to prepare Alice for the painful sight. She then motioned aside the man who had drawn her beyond the reach of the falling tree.

"I will give you," she said, "any money you choose to ask if you will bring a surgeon from Heliopolis to my father. I know he is dreadfully hurt, and if he does'nt get proper assistance at once, perhaps he may die. You have saved my life, save *his* now."

The man whom she addressed was a thin bony hard-featured American, and commonly called Yankee Joss. He looked up at the sky over which pale white streaks were becoming visible, and after a very brief survey answered in the cool dry manner of his nation. "Sartin it air particular bad for the squire to be without a doctor, but I reckon there's goin' to be a change, and if there be, the ice on the bay'll part agin so sure as my name is Joshua Hoover."

"Then you will not go?" breathlessly exclaimed Helen. "If money can tempt you.——"

"Money's some things, lady, but it ant others. It ant life nor strength nor health, and it often can't buy either; and though I don't deny that I set a proper value on it, as every man who has to work his way through the world ought to, I would'nt set my life on one chance again ten, as the go ahead steamers do, for all the gold in New York city, Where the current's strong the ice'll come asunder again, and that before night, it ant in natur that it could be secure yet."

"And will no one go?" cried Helen, in despair.

The men shook their heads. Yankee Joss knew the signs of the weather better than any man in America, and where he refused to go no other would be hardy enough to venture. "I pity you, gal," said Yankee Joss, "and if the frost stops steady, and the signs of the heavens deceive one that never was deceived before, I'll run the risk before night. It ant for the sake of your dollars, but I'm always ready to lend a helping hand to any one in need, for that's the law of the bush. In the mean time never you fret about your father. I've seen far worse hurts in my time, and those that got them soon came round."

"He cannot recover except he has a surgeon," exclaimed Helen in a despairing tone.

"And if he was to die, gal, would you endanger other men's lives for that reason. I guess you dont look into the justice of the thing when you talk in that strain. Besides there's one in Heaven can give him help, if no doctor on earth ever came near him. I'll go for you towards night, howsoever, if the ice holds together till then; but if I was to go now, there's no chance of any doctor venturing his life back with me."

Helen said no more, but walked silently home beside her father, and as soon as she saw him laid on his bed and Alice with him, she darted from the house, unseen by any one within it, and fled towards the lake, followed by the dog Jason, who seemed conscious that his assistance might soon be needed by his young mistress.

"Wasn't that Miss Helen I seen running down to the lake?" asked Brian, coming from the yard, and addressing the squatter's son, who had been watching with gaping eyes the sudden flight of the young lady.

"I guess it war," answered the boy.

"An' where is she gone?"

"Well, I guess I don't know."

"You guess! you gomulagh!" cried the fiery Brian. "She's gone across the ice, an' she'll be lost!" and without another word he caught up a pole which lay near, and followed the path Helen had taken, with the speed of the deer.

In the mean time Helen reached the lake, and

for the first time in her life, trusted herself to the frozen surface which lay before her, yet such was her anxiety about her father that the peril of her situation never once crossed her mind—her only thoughts were on the possibility of reaching Heliopolis and prevailing on a surgeon to return with her. Her sense of exertion relieved her mind of some part of the grief which had oppressed it, and she pursued her way to the distant shore without pause or fear. When she had first stepped on the ice, Jason had shewn evident symptoms of dissatisfaction, and lying down whined a most piteous remonstrance, but finding his warnings disregarded, he boldly advanced before her, proving that his apprehensions were more for her than himself. Suddenly he stopped and looking behind, commenced wagging his tail. Helen also turned, and saw Brian O'Callaghan in his home-spun jacket and trowsers, racoon skin cap and leather chopping gloves, following her with rapid strides.

"Musha, Miss Helen," cried the boy, when he came near enough to make himself heard, "what made you go on such an errand instead of sendin' me? Don't you know that I'd go through fire and wather for e'er a wan of the family. Go back Miss, acushla, go back while the ice is good, and I'll go on and see if I can't coax over the docthor."

"Thank you, Brian," answered Helen, "but since Yankee Joss says there is so much danger I'll brave it myself. You shall not run a risk for your master which I wouldn't go through for my father."

"You, Miss Helen?" cried Brian, "and is it goin to even yourself to the like o' me you are? I that's a poor, unfortunate fellow, that's been runnin' into all sorts of danger ever sence I was the height of my knee, and that's used to all kinds of hardship and misery, and you that's a beautiful young lady that never had a wet foot in yer life. Sure it's only proud I am that I can run a risk for your sake, and it's little I think about it. Go back then, Miss, alanna, and take the dog with you and I'll go on by myself. God bless him! how glad the crathur is to see me. He thinks I've come to help you, for he has such woundherful sinse he knows there's danger about you."

Helen warmly thanked the honest fellow, but persisted in her determination to proceed herself, believing that the surgeon would be more likely to return when he saw that she had not feared to encounter the danger.

"Then if so be you will go I'll go along wid you. You'll not hendher me of that," said Brian positively.

"Well, Brian, since you are so brave and generous as to wish to share my peril, I'll be very glad of your assistance."

"Oh! whist for the love of mercy, Miss Helen, what uld I be, if I saw any Christian in such a case as yours and wouldn't sthrive to do what little's in my power for 'em, let alone such a lady as you and wan that's been so good to me and mine? Brave, indeed! Oh! by gorra it's little you know about us Irish boys, or you wouldn't spake that away, so keep up yer heart, for I'll engage we'll get safe and sound yet."

Encouraged by the bold spirit and cheerful tone of her rustic squire, Helen pressed forward with renewed energy and hope, Brian keeping before her with his great pole and closely followed by the dog. But they had not advanced more than a mile across the lake before signs of a change in the weather became too evident to be unnoticed by our adventurous travellers; a dim vapour hung in the western horizon, thin grey clouds began rapidly to cover the sky; a moaning wind swept across the broad field of ice which they were traversing, ominous sounds seemed to proceed from the treacherous crust beneath their feet, and every thing seemed to prognosticate a squall. For some time, the ice which towards the shore was apparently strong and secure had shewn symptoms of unsoundness; great cracks, some of which separated into yawning fissures through which the water bubbled up, appeared, and had it not been for the assistance of Brian, Helen would have found it impossible to proceed. With agility, courage, and foresight which could not have been exceeded, he taught her how to avoid some bad spots and get safely through others, endeavoring, at the same time, to persuade himself and her that the threatened storm would keep off till they were safe in Heliopolis; till a few heavy drops of rain fell and the masses of ice around them began perceptibly to heave and swell.

"I wondher if we're half way," said Brian, unconsciously displaying his anxiety by the words; and then he immediately added with characteristic recklessness of tone.—"Bad luck to it! I wish there was mile stones on this quare road!"

Hardly had the words left his lips, before the gust which had been so long threatening reached them with a force and violence which compelled them to throw themselves on the ice as it swept furiously over them. In a moment the raging waters beneath and the wild winds above seemed with one consent to rush together, separating the unstable flakes of ice asunder, whirling them round as in a vortex, churning them into frag-

ments, and burying them in the boiling flood which foamed as if in exultation at escaping from its bonds. Then followed a heavy shower of sleet and rain, and all seemed one dread chaos of confusion and destruction. Fortunately the wanderers were on a firm piece of ice, or they must inevitably have shared the fate of the broken masses which surrounded them. For many minutes they lay perfectly motionless where they had thrown themselves, unable to see anything around them, and expecting each moment to be swallowed up in the roaring waves. At length the darkness passed over, the rain ceased, and the wind died away. The dog, who had crept close to Helen during the storm, began to lick her hands as if to assure her of their safety, and Brian springing on his feet, assisted Helen to rise, and gazed anxiously around him. Their situation was sufficiently precarious to cause some alarm to the stoutest heart.

They were on a piece of ice somewhat resembling a peninsula in shape and scarcely half an acre in extent, surrounded by the tumbling waves of the lake, except where a narrow strip which might be called an isthmus seemed to join their place of refuge to the unbroken sheet of ice which stretched around the Canadian shore. Towards the American side but few vestiges of ice could be seen, the squall having broken and dispersed it in every direction.

"We are lost!" said Helen, as she gazed on the desolate prospect which met her view.

"Oh! God forbid, Miss, mavourneen," cried the undaunted Brian. "It was a murdherin' pity you ever come, but since you *are* here, you must thry and make the best of it. We're worth tin dead min yet, and *Him* that spared us through the storm when the ice was breakin' around us like bits of glass won't desart us now. The rain's over now, and it's not blowin' hard; let us make for that narrow bit out there; we'll may be get back agin that way, for as to goin' on ye see yerself it's beyant the art of man."

This was a truth poor Helen could not deny, though even in that moment of extreme danger, her failure in the object for which she had encountered it, caused her more pain and anxiety than her own fate.

They speedily reached the narrow isthmus on which their only chance of safety seemed to depend, but the open countenance of Brian darkened as he gazed anxiously over its surface. It was as full of holes and chasms as the bridge in the vision of Mirza, through which the gurgling waters forced their way threatening speedily to drag the slight fabric beneath their flood.

"I'm afraid you could never cross it, Miss Helen," said Brian, after the first pause of disappointment. "It's as much as I could do to get over it myself, let alone helping you."

"Then go yourself, Brian," cried Helen, "go at once while the ice holds together, and then at least I'll not have your death to answer for."

Brian gazed on her pale but composed face with unaffected surprise.

"Is it lave you here all alone by yourself to perish wid the cowld or be swallowed up in the lake? Is that what you mane, Miss Helen? And what pace or pleasure of my life do you think I could ever have afther? Sure not wan of them cowld hearted Yankees uld do it, let alone a boy from ould Ireland, God bless her, an I wish we wor there this minit."

"But if you go, Brian, you can let my danger be known on the shore, and that would be of more use to me than your remaining here. If I must perish, it will give me far greater pain to have caused your death than my own."

"Och, sure, what's the life of a poor boy like me that's ready to die any time, an' has little or nothin' to lave behind worth grievin' afther. Beggin' your pardon for swearin' and I wouldn't do it, Miss Helen, only you force me to it, the devil resave the blessed step I'll stir from you this day till I see you safe on dhry land, for if I wint to look for help, God only knows where you'd be agin I came back. But I wish they *did* know on the shore what way we're in," he added. "Bad scran to me for a gormulagh that didn't tell some one where I was goin', but I was in too great a hurry to think of it."

It was in vain that Helen continued her entreaties to the generous though reckless boy; no consideration, not even that of serving Helen more effectually by leaving her, could induce him to desert her in so perilous a situation.

"Would you have me parjure myself?" he exclaimed. "By the soul of my father! that has the heavens for his bed this blessed minit instead of the cowld ice, I'll never quit you. But I wish Mr. Max Werfenstein knew what has happened to you, Miss. He'd bring help if it's to be found on earth." Helen did not answer. "Jason's so cute," continued Brian, "may be if you bid him, Miss, he'd go off and find some way to give them a notion where we are. I've heard of dogs doin' sich wonderful things, and sure he's cuter nor many a Christian."

"We can but try," exclaimed Helen, gladly catching at the hope however frail, and she held her reticule to the dog, who stood uneasily by her side, looking alternately at her and Brian.

"That's it, Miss, honey," cried Brian, his sanguine spirits rising, as the dog seized the reticule and wagged his tail in acknowledgment of the caresses of Helen. "I hope yer handkercher's in it—and are you sure yer name's on it?—Then I'll be bail we'll not be long here till some one comes to look for us. That's it my good ould fellow!" shouted the excited boy, as Jason dashed bravely into the half frozen water. "That's a good dog, that's a haro! Sarra a bit but he's aqual to Bran, the greatest dog I ever hard tell of! Look how he floundher's through it all, like a big whale! Hurrah! more power to you! He's safe on the firm ice, Miss, alanna. Look how the crathur gallops off! Wid the help ov God he'll bring us comfort this night yet! Keep up yer heart, Miss Helen, my darlint lady. Sure you've the good dog and the mercy of Almighty God to trust to."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Is there no way to save thee? minutes fly,
And thou art lost! *Thou!*
I love thee.
Thou knowest it—that I stand here is the proof!

MARINO FALIERO.

WHILE Helen Blachford and her true-hearted companion remained on the bleak and shelterless strip of ice, which yet was to them an ark of safety, bearing them above the troubled waters which seemed to call for their destruction with restless voice, Max Von Werfenstein was wandering by the lake shore, little dreaming of the perils which environed her he loved so well. He was roused from his reverie by a voice not easily mistaken, and turning beheld Colonel Orrin Fisk, who, from the rifle he carried, seemed to have been deer-hunting.

"There's a pretty considerable change in the weather, I reckon," said Orrin. "I was all the mornin' after them cussed critters, but they didn't give me a chance, and I'd have went to hum long ago only I'm sothin' confus about that gal. I hope she warn't on the ice in that eternal squall."

"Ice—who? what do you mean, Mr. Fisk?"

"Well, sir, I had been up as far as Red Pint, and was comin' back and steerin' right to hum, when I seen that tall handsome gal from the humstead yonder (pointing with his finger in the direction of Hemlock Knoll) comin' down that blaze like wink. Well, sir, I steps out to meet her, for I dont deny, but I likes to look at a handsome gal when I've any idle time on my hands, but by gosh, the minute she set eyes on me, she turns right about and out upon the ice like a skeared doe."

"For God's sake, of whom are you speaking?" asked Max, already apprehending that Orrin in his periphrastical manner alluded to Helen.

"Well, I air goin' to let you know," answered the Colonel composedly; "so says I to myself, when I sees her poppin' off like a bottle of ginger beer, I know what you're arter, my gal. You think I'll follow your lead, but I guess I knows a trick worth two on that. And I just turned quite simple-like, and goes into Phut Loomiss's shanty, and sets down quite unconcerned."

"Colonel Fisk, I beg you to answer me at once. Are you speaking of Miss Blachford?"

"Well, I guess I am."

"And do you mean to say she was on the ice?"

"Sartin I do."

"But you saw her come back—you saw her in safety?"

"Well, sir, you see whin I wint into Phut's shanty, the old man himself was there, laid up with a fit of the dumb ager, and so we fell to trade between my mare and his pony, and while I was keepin' a tight hand, lest I should get sucked in, for Phut's a keen old coon, I tell you, I forgot all about the gal till the squall kem on, and then says Phut', 'This'll break up the young ice, I guess,' and then she jumped right into my mind."

"But she must have returned," exclaimed Max, in a voice half choked with terror.

"Well, sir, I seed no glimpse of her, and I reckon she must have gone a pretty considerable way before the squall kem on. What on airth could have taken her so far from the shore on sich a day passes guessin'; though to be sure, thim gals has never any reason for anything they do. Howsoever she mought have got off ondiskivered by me. But I wish I may be shot if here isn't her big dog and she had him with her. Great heaven and airth, she's gone down and that critter's escaped!"

Even the apathetic Orrin was struck with horror at this apparent confirmation of his fears; what then must Max have felt. His first impulse was to rush to the lake, but staggering forward a few paces, he would have fallen if he hadn't caught at a tree for support. At the same moment the dog sprang towards him, leaped upon him, and sought to attract his notice.

"What's this he's got in his mouth?" cried Orrin, attempting to seize the tassel of Helen's reticule, but Jason refused to deliver up the pledge, with which he had been entrusted, to him, and kept his teeth firmly closed upon the bag.

"Will you help me to take it from him?" said the Colonel to Max, "may be he'll give it to you. Cuss him, how savagerous he growls, and grins like a grizly bear."

Roused from his stupor more by the meaning caresses of the dog than the words of Orrin, Max looked at Jason, though still like one gradually awaking from a horrible dream; but the glance satisfied the faithful animal, and thrusting his nose into the young man's hand, he dropped the reticule at his feet. It was instantly seized by the ready Orrin.

"As sure as there's dollars in New York," he cried, "she's safe on some cake of ice, and has sent the dog to look for help."

These words, and the sight of the reticule operated like an electric shock on Max, and exclaiming:—"Get men and boats—summon every one—for God's sake, haste!" he darted from the spot.

"And you—where are you going?" cried the colonel.

"To tell her that help is coming—to save her or die with her," and he was soon beyond the sight or hearing of the amazed Orrin.

"May I never see New York again," cried the colonel, when he found words, "if I didn't think the life on him was leapin' out through his eyes, they look so everlastin' bright! And the dog's gone too. Well, I guess I'll go and skear up all I can, for it would be an almighty pity if anythin' was to happen to that gal."

He turned away and met the deep sad eyes of Fauna, who from the style of her dress might have been mistaken for a boy, but who was easily recognized by Orrin.

"Where is he gone?" she asked in an agitated voice.

"Well I guess he's gone arter one of the gals from the steading yonder. He reckons she air in some considerable danger on the ice if she ant gone down already, and it seems he air willin' to share her fate whatever it be."

"And do *you* stand here and know this!" cried Fauna, indignantly.

"Well, I air just goin' to raise help."

"Come with me, and I will shew you how to help them. While you're looking for assistance they may be lost."

"Why what can *you* do?" enquired Orrin.

"I will tell you as we go along," said Fauna impatiently. "There's no time to waste in words."

There was an air of decision and confidence in the Indian girl's manner which strongly impressed Mr. Fisk.

"I expect I know what you're arter," he replied, "and I guess you're right. Go ahead, gal, and I'll follow."

"First throw your rifle there; it can be of no use and must impede your progress."

"Throw my bran new rifle that I paid eighty dollars for last fall in the snow, to be made his own of by the first rogue that passes! I guess you cant see straight, gal!"

"You value your rifle more than the lives of your fellow creatures, and one of them a woman!" cried Fauna. "Shame on you, do you call yourself a man."

"Well, dang it, here goes!" cried the Colonel, and he manfully threw down his rifle as he spoke; "but I'm blessed if you ant a clipper!" and he followed Fauna, who had already disappeared round one of the windings of the shore with a rapidity which rendered it a task of some difficulty for Orrin, despite his long legs, to overtake her.

In the mean time Helen Blachford walked up and down the narrow limits of the icy peninsula, while Brian stationed himself at the very extremity leaning upon his pole, and only interrupting his steady gaze towards the point from whence he looked for succour to address a few words of encouragement to Helen, and the anxious though heroic girl received from his cheerful buoyancy of look and tone a hope which she would not have acknowledged to herself. Fortunately the wind had ceased, the air though damp was mild, and the sky clear, all which circumstances contributed to render their situation less painful than it might have been. Nearly an hour had elapsed since the departure of the dog, when Helen who for the last few moments had stood straining her eyes over the cheerless waste, suddenly exclaimed:

"I see a figure moving on the ice—it is surely coming towards us. Can't you see it Brian."

"I see it plain enough, Miss Helen. I seen it this good bit, but I didn't like to spake afeard of raisin' your hopes whin it might maybe be nothin' afther all. It's a man, sure enough, comin' like wildfire, and there's the dog. Glory be to God, there's help comin' at last."

Helen spoke not, but kept her eyes fastened on the approaching figure, which drew rapidly nearer. Soon she could more plainly discern his person and face, which his winter coat and fur-cap almost concealed; they were such as could not easily be mistaken, and before ever Brian's keen eye had detected Max Von Werfenstein, Helen knew that it was her lover.

"They're bringin' us help," cried Brian in ecstacy, and Mr. Max is comin' to keep up our spirits, and let us know it's comin'. I always knew if he could only get the win' of the word he'd find us

out if mortial man could do it. God sind him safe across the broken ice, I pray. But millia murdher! what am I sayin'? to be sure he'll get safe. Cheer up, Miss Helen, mavourneen, never fear but he will, I'll go bail he does. Sure you're not goin' to give up now, and has held out so long."

Helen did, indeed, shew greater sighs of emotion now than she had displayed the whole time they were on the ice. She trembled so violently, that it was with difficulty she could remain upright; but Brian taking off his coat laid it on the ice, and making her sit down on it bade her keep a good heart, for it would be all right in no time. He then sprang forward to meet and if possible assist Max. The young German had already descried them, and without a moment's hesitation, he plunged among the broken masses of ice which formed so perilous an approach to their frail place of refuge. Young, active, and brave, and accustomed in his native country to the dangers incident to frozen rivers and lakes, and above all impelled with a motive for exertion which would have rendered him almost capable of achieving miracles. Max reached the little peninsula of ice, which was all that separated the being dearest to him on the earth from death, and scarcely conscious of the presence of Brian, was in a moment at her side. Seizing her hands he pressed them for some moments convulsively before he could find a voice to assure her that she would speedily be in safety.

"And you, why did you come," exclaimed Helen, mastering her emotion, "do you think me so selfish that it would make my own danger lighter to see you exposed to the same peril?"

"Helen, is it now only that you know that to share your fate, be it what it might, is all I desire on earth. But my feelings were not altogether selfish—I believed I might be of some use to you, or at least bring you hope."

"Oh! Max!" cried Helen, "forgive me; it is I who am selfish; you can never be so."

"I'm afraid I can sometimes, Helen,—but now tell me what madness could have brought you here?"

Helen related the cause of her venturous expedition, while Brian, who probably believed that the meeting between his young lady and Max would be such as in his simple nature he deemed natural to lovers in such a scene of peril, the one having just escaped imminent danger, and the other having encountered nearly as much for her sake, remained at some distance, totally unconscious of the praises Helen bestowed on his courage and devotion. He was therefore the first to descry the approach of Colonel Orrin Fisk and Fauna, bringing with them the bark canoe of the latter, and to rejoice his companion with the tidings.

"There's two min comin' Miss Helen," he cried, "and they've got a canoe, we'll get over the wather azy in that. Faix I b'lieve one of 'em's a boy. As I'm a livin' sinner it's the quare young lady that lives with Madame Werfenstein an' that they say's an Indian. And the other's that Yankee man, Miss Helen—Mr. Iron—what's his name?"

"You are right," exclaimed Max; "it was well that he met with Fauna. Thank God they've come so soon, for were the wind to rise again, this speck of ice wouldn't hold together twenty minutes. As for you, Brian," he added, grasping the boy's hand warmly, "you have, this day, proved yourself a noble fellow, and while I live you shall have at least one steady friend."

"Arrah musha, Mr. Max, dont spake about it," cried the flattered Brian, "sure what did I do, only what the poorest-hearted crathur on airth would have done for sich a lady. Faix Jason did twice as much," he added, patting the poor animal, who, tired with his violent exertions, lay motionless and panting on the ice, "not to spake of yerself. But bydad, sir, Miss Helen was as composed as if she wor in her own dhrawin' room, till she seen you goin' into the broken ice; she never sat down the blessed two hours we've been on that weary bit till then."

The new comers were welcomed by Brian, with a joyful shout, in which Max heartily joined, and which was readily responded to by Colonel Fisk, who, in his own dry way, felt really glad to find them in safety. Fauna launched her tiny bark into the water, and in a few strokes of her active and experienced, though light, arm, brought it to their peninsula, while Mr. Fisk remained on the main sheet of ice. Causing her canoe to approach as close as possible the broken edge of the ice, Fauna steadied it with her paddles while the rescued wanderers entered. Their return was comparatively slow, as the little vessel was heavily laden, and Max and Fauna had some difficulty in guiding it through the floating pieces of ice which encumbered the water, but which when the canoe was lighter were more easily avoided. The sun was now shining brilliantly on the receding town of Heliopolis, though, perhaps, wondering somewhat at the presumption of its nomenclators, and drawing comparisons between it and the ancient city after which this aspiring young republican was called—not much in favour of the child of the new world. Its buildings were plainly to be discerned, and Helen could not suppress a sigh as she

thought how long it might be before surgical assistance could be procured for her father.

Reading her thoughts in her anxious countenance, Max said: "When you are in safety, Helen, I shall return to Heliopolis in Fauna's canoe, and bring a surgeon to Mr. Blachford."

"Oh! no, no," exclaimed Helen, "you shall run no farther risk for me." Then fearful of having spoken with too much fervor she turned away her head. Max made no answer, but his resolution of returning to Heliopolis remained unchanged.

"Well, Miss," said Orrin as he assisted Helen to step from the canoe on the firm ice. "I guess you must have been properly skeared, and there was no small danger, I tell you."

"I was undoubtedly a little alarmed," answered Helen, "and I am much obliged to you, Mr. Fisk, for coming to our assistance."

"Oh! I don't grudge what I've done, which aint much neither. If I ant glad to see you safe, it's a caution, but I hope you wont go pleasure-walkin' again on the ice, which air a ticklish thing at best in doubtful weather. But where in the name of wonderment is that gal goin'?"

"Fauna!" exclaimed Max to the Indian girl who was again pushing her canoe from the ice, "where are you going?" Fauna waved her hand towards Heliopolis and replied "Yonder." "You shall not go," exclaimed Max "you cannot tell what danger there may be on the other shore. At least wait till I am able to go with you."

But Fauna shook her head. "Do you think" she said, "if there *were* danger I wouldn't gladly share it for the sake of those who are dear to you? But there is none. The heavens are calm and fair and will remain so for some time, and already the water has ceased to swell. Do not grieve, Helen; your father shall soon have the assistance he needs." And before Helen could add her entreaties to those of Max to detain Fauna, she was already many rods from the place where they still stood.

"I reckon it would take in a knowin' jockey to rein in that filly," said Mr. Fisk, "it was as much as I could do to keep foot with her as she flew along the ice and no mistake. But I do suppose there aint no danger, for them Indians knows the signs of nature well. And now, gentlemen, don't you think wed better be movin'?"

During their walk homeward, Helen was silent and thoughtful, which independent of her anxiety on her father's account seemed natural enough after the fatigue and excitement she had suffered. Whether from sympathy or some other cause Max was equally silent, but this mood by no means extended itself to Colonel Fisk, whose loquacity was proof against every discouragement. Finding it impossible to draw Helen or Max into anything resembling conversation, he fell behind with Brian whom he hoped to find more sociably disposed. "Well, sir," commenced Mr. Fisk, "how came you on the ice?"

"Faix, sir, I kem on shanks' mare," answered Brian.

Nothing daunted by this brief reply; Mr. Fisk proceeded to question the young Hibernian about Helen's adventures on the ice and the arrival of Max to her aid, and Brian replied in as short and unsatisfactory a manner as his naturally obliging and good-humoured disposition permitted. Yet still the Colonel assailed him with divers queries as to the past and present circumstances of Mr. Blachford and his family, and finally asked when Miss Helen's marriage was to take place.

"Is she goin' to be married?" asked Brian.

"Well I can't say, but I guess you're likely to know best."

"It seems I dont thin', for I never hard a word about it."

"Well, I guess there aint many young men ed look as if they was goin' to make a die outright let a gal be in ever so bad a fix, if it hadn't gone beyond sparkin' between him and hern."

"I'm thinkin, sir," said Brian, "you're not up to the ways of the ould counthry. In my own the poorest gossoon that's in it, let alone a born gentleman, as I undherstand Mr. Max is as well as his father before him, wouldn't risk life and lands sooner nor let ere a colleen he knows break her little finger."

"Well, I know you ant much sense to Ireland, but then he's from Garmany where I guess they're sothen tamer. I be shot if I thought he'd a spark of fire in his whole carcase till to-day. But I guess you're a cunnin' young coon. You can keep your mouth shut when you like."

"Throth, sir," said Brian, "I'm of the same mind wid them that made the ould saw, 'ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies'; For myself I never ax any, and thin how can I answer others if I was ever so well inclined."

They were now met by Gottlieb Hetes, and several men with a hand sled, poles, and ropes. Among them was Yankee Joss, whose hard features shewed a gleam of pleasure at the sight of Helen in safety.

"God bless you, gal," he said, "I'd have been everlastin' sorry if harm had befallen you. But dont be so venturesome again. Trust to an old

experienced hand like me, the next time, for if you tried it again you might fail of a chance."

A short time now brought Helen in safety to her home, and Alice learned her sister's danger and deliverance, at the same time. Fauna returned without any difficulty the same evening and brought back an experienced surgeon, under whose care Mr. Blachford's recovery was rapid.

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CHAPTER XIX.

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Pray you, if you know
Where in the purlieus of the forest stands
A sheep cote, fenced about with olive trees?
West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ONE of the most exciting symptoms of approaching spring to the forest dwellers of Canada, is the commencement of sugar making. Mr. Blachford had employed Yankee Joss to make it for him in the bush, he being considered the best sugar boiler in the settlement. Accordingly he brought his kettles and ladle and set to work with the assistance of a young French Canadian, tapping trees, and hewing troughs to catch the rich juice as it flowed from the wound. Over his huge fire he raised a roof of logs and branches to protect it from the weather, and knocked up a rude shanty close beside to serve as a sleeping place for himself and his comrade. One fine day Helen and her sister, Rhoda Werfenstein and Frank, had paid Joss a visit, and were returning home, when Rhoda proposed that they should extend their walk to a tumble dam which was at a little distance, where Max had told her the most fantastic and beautiful icicles were to be seen. Alice and Frank willingly agreed to accompany her, but Helen declared herself tired, and said she would wait their return at the foot of the knoll so often mentioned. It was a warm bright day early in April, the snow had suddenly disappeared, and the glowing Canadian sun had partially dried the ground. Seating herself on a fallen tree beneath a cluster of young hemlocks, Helen gazed around her. The light feathery foliage waved in the breeze, which breathed the first whispers of spring; soft moss, and trailing evergreens "with polished leaves and berries red," interspersed with the hepatica or snow-flower, the first blossom of the American spring, carpeted the ground; the deep, clear, blue of the sky gleamed down through the rich green of the hemlocks, and the glorious sun with his golden rays wove their bright hues into the most splendid embroidery, ever wrought even in Nature's loom; a wood-pecker was aiding Father Time in the destruction of a venerable maple close at hand, a handsome black squirrel was swinging himself on a hiccory bough, little nut-hatches ran up and down a tall swamp elm, and at a little distance the shrill chittering cry of the squirrel was heard. Miss Landon somewhere expresses a dislike to evergreens, whose dark hue among the lively hues of summer trees, she considers

"A frown upon the atmosphere
Which hath no business to appear
When clouds are bright and skies are gay;"

But had she seen the Canadian hemlocks she would scarcely have extended her censure to them. In the midst of winter, when the snow covers the ground, the forests in which they abound never look bare and leafless; their bright green branches giving a peculiar air of life and cheerfulness to the landscape. A tall hemlock on the edge of a clearing, rising high above all its fellows of the wood, straight as an arrow, its trunk wreathed about at intervals with its verdant boughs, reminds one of some graceful triumphal column on which leafy garlands had been hung, and wearing on the summit a coronal more magnificent than the rest. If it stands at a distance from other trees its branches spread around, and as it is then apt to assume a conical form, it looks at a distance not unlike a pyramid of broad green feathers. Thus thinking, Helen rested in the mingled beauty of sunshine and shade which surrounded her, with the dog Jason at her feet, till a loud halloo in the wood at a little distance dispelled her musings. At the same moment the dog sprang up, snuffed the air, whined and then with one deep long-drawn cry of rapturous delight darted towards the house with the swiftness of light. To explain the agitation of the dog, it is necessary to relate some matters which had taken place since Helen and her companions left home.

Shortly after their departure, three figures might have been seen emerging from the wood, and advancing towards the cottage. The foremost of the party, with whose quick eager movements the others seemed unable to keep pace without more exertion than they chose to employ, was a handsome youth whose age might be about sixteen, judging from his face, though his figure was tall and athletic beyond what is generally seen at that period of life. His glance was piercing and bright as that of an eagle, but his haughty and finely-formed features were softened by the sweetness and good humour which played about his mouth, and a cast of bold but most engaging frankness. He carried a short rifle and gazed

around him with curious and even agitated interest. Following him was a man apparently twice his age, but of a handsome person and commanding figure; his only weapon appeared to be a stout oaken-stick. These two were Europeans, and though their dress was somewhat rough and adapted to the difficulties of a journey through the forest, there was no mistaking the air of birth and high breeding possessed by both. Their companion was an Indian of large stature and fierce countenance, wearing a leathern cap, from beneath which his long black locks fell in most admirable disorder, a blanket coat and blue sash, moccasins and leggins. He carried a rifle and wore a tomahawk and hunting knife in his sash. The youth who led the way leaped the light railing of the lawn and in a moment stood at the cottage door. His friend paused to open the gate, and entered more quietly, followed by the Indian. The door chanced to stand invitingly open, admitting the breath of the first spring day, and without any ceremony of knocking the young stranger passed through. At each side of the hall was a door, and without hesitation the intruder opened each in succession, not finding any one in either apartment. Uttering an exclamation of impatience, he looked at his friend and said: "This place seems as much deserted as any fairy tale could desire. Perhaps they are all gone to the woods to chop trees or make maple sugar—the girls as well as the rest. But I am determined to search the house well at all events. It does not seem so large or intricate that there is much danger of my losing my way."

"And while you do so, I will remain here," said his companion, composedly seating himself in the parlour. With rapid steps the youth traversed the hall, where his guide stood, looking around with grave curiosity, and opening a door at its termination found himself in what was evidently the kitchen; its boarded floor painted Yankee fashion, and containing a huge cooking stove. At a table stood a stout yellow-haired girl with bare arms and short gown, preparing some fish, which Brian had speared the night before for cooking. She turned round at the sound of an opening door, and her eyes were greeted with the sight of the young traveller and his rifle, while over his shoulder peered the fiery black eyes of the Indian guide, who had followed the lad unperceived by him. She was a Highland girl, who had not long left her own land, and her imagination had been filled with many fierce pictures of savage craft and cruelty, and this being discovered by Brian, he had indulged his propensity for fun by increasing her terror and playing with her simple credulity. This was the first time she had beheld one of those wild red men of whom she had heard and thought so much, and as her light blue eyes dilated themselves with wonder and fear before the dark glowing glance of the Indian, she uttered a faint shriek and fled through a door which led into the yard. Surprised at her retreat, for he knew nothing of the silent figure which stalked behind him, the young stranger might have followed her, had not the sound of voices quick and loud, raised apparently partly in mirth and partly in altercation, reached his ears through a door in a different direction, from that by which the Highland nymph had fled. It was a small space open, but the eagerness of the disputants had prevented them from hearing the cry of alarm with which the startled girl had prefaced her flight, for their words indicated no thought of Indians or of fear.

"Well," exclaimed a girlish voice, "I never, no I never *did* know such a feller as you are! with your salt and your *good people* and such nonsensical talk. It's a shame for you, so it is!"

"No, but it's a shame for you," answered a youthful but more masculine voice, with a strong Irish brogue evident in every word, "to want me to spile the butther."

"Now if you wouldn't try the patience of a saint. Do you pretend to say we never knew how to make butter till you came to teach us. I wish Mrs Grace heard you." "Divil a pin I care whether she hears me or not Don't I know myself the butther was fairly oil last summer, runnin away off the dish, and it was *thim* that made it so."

"It was not *thim* that made it so, with your Hirish. It was the 'eat of the weather."

"Oh! dear me what a fine scholard we are!" cried Brian," but if you war twice as good, you'll not persuade me agin my own knowledge. An' sure if it was the hate of the weather turned the butther to oil, it was'nt *it* turned it as white as your apron, an' as hard and dhry as a stick in the winther time, when it was so cowld we had to get into the stove when we wanted to be comfortable."

"No to be sure it was'nt," cried Lydia, who could not now refrain from laughing," but it was the cold you foolish goose.

"Och, well, if I am a goose sure I know whose a gander. But it's no matther. There never was a churn of milk wint right yit, if there was'nt a morsel of salt put in to keep out the fairies—God save us."

"There aint no fairies in this country at any rate," said Lydia.

"Throth, Lydy, jewel, I dunna. Sometimes I think I must have carried some of 'em out here unknown to myself, for there does be quare thricks played on me sometimes, and I dunna who else to lave 'em on. More be token, there does be quare feelins' creepin' into my heart now and thin, especially when I look into thim purty eyes of yours."

"Now have done with your nonsense, Brian," cried Lydia in a very lively tone, "and go to the churning. Mrs. Grace will be down stairs in a moment, and then see what she'll say."

"I don't care what she says, I'm not goin' to spile the milk, an' if you dont let me put in the salt, the deuse a bit of the dash I'll take in my hand this blessed day."

"Then I'll go and complain to Mrs. Grace."

"Och, musha, my darlint. go as soon as you like, and I'll tell her the reason I was'nt churnin' was becase you looked so handsome jist betune me and the churn, that I could'nt rache it without stoppin' by the way."

"You're enough to set any one mad," cried Lydia, half crying, half laughing, half indignantly.

"Well, will you give me the salt and come and tie this handkerchief on my neck in a beautiful true love knot, and thin I'll go to the churnin'."

"No, I won't, and you're very impident to ask such a thing."

"Am I very impident? then *you're* very conceited, and so we're even."

The apartment in which these wranglers were, was the dairy, and as the young traveller now managed to obtain a view into its interior, he saw the churn of cream, about which the dispute had arisen, lying neglected on the floor, the churn-dash rearing up its awkward head as if beseeching some one to set it in motion; leaning against a shelf stood Lydia, twisting her apron strings, her eyes stedfastly fastened on a cat, which with equal intentness was watching the abode of some mouse, in the wooden partition, while seated on a bench, and kicking his heels by way of accompaniment to the words he sung, Brian kept his roguish eyes bent on Lydia.

"Come all ye gentle muses, I pray you lend an ear,
While I unfold the praises of this charming maid so dear.
The flowing of her yellow hair has stole away my heart,
And death, I'm sure, would be the cure were *her* and I to part."

Now this was the unkindest cut of all, for Lydia's hair was of a jetty black, while the Highland damsel's was of the favoured yellow hue, and it may have been this which caused the little maiden's lips to pout themselves with a very unequivocal expression of disdain. At this moment the Indian guide, perhaps attracted by the song, perhaps curious to discover what the young traveller had been watching, pushed the door wide open, much to the surprise of the youth, who till then had been unconscious of his presence. With a half-stifled scream Lydia covered her eyes with her hands and seemed determined to shrink into the smallest possible compass, but Brian springing from his seat, placed himself between the terrified girl and the unmoved savage.

"What may you be plazed to want, misther Indian?" he asked in a tone which perhaps the red warrior scarcely expected from one of so slight and boyish an appearance. With a scornful smile just gleaming across his swarthy face, the Indian guide pointed to his young travelling companion, and seating himself on a bench which chanced to be near, became a quiet observer of all that passed. Brian turned to the young stranger, who was about to speak, when he found himself clasped round the neck with many exclamations of surprise and delight by Mrs. Grace, who had that instant entered the dairy. Warmly returning her embrace, Harald Blachford could scarcely refrain from mingling his tears with those of his good old nurse.

"And how did you find us out in this barbarous place," she cried, "and didn't it make your heart sore to see it?"

"No, not a bit, Grace—it's a delightful spot—more delightful than any place in the world, except a first rate man-of-war. But where's my father? where are they all?"

"Master's gone to the saw-mill, and the ladies and Master Frank are gone to walk."

"And where's this saw-mill?"

"Five miles away—but you must have something to eat first, Master Harald."

"Not a mouthful, Grace, I must go look for them."

"Indeed, Master Harald, you shall do no such thing: you would never find your way through these wild woods."

"You forget how many miles I have walked through them already, Grace."

"Is it not a dreadful country, Master Harald?"

"A splendid country, Grace—such woods, such lakes, such rivers—to say nothing of Niagara. I'm sure I should like a bush life next to a sailor's."

"Oh! you were always wild, Master Harald, and I see the sea hasn't tamed you."

"It's a bad school for that," said Harald. "Itself the most untameable thing in nature, why

shouldn't those who make it their home partake of its nature."

"Well, Master Harald, if you're as merry and wild as ever, you're far handsomer."

"Hush, my dear Grace, you don't know how vain I am, But where's Jason, poor fellow?"

"He's with the ladies, sir. But if you must go, hadn't you better take this boy to guide you through the bush?"

"I'll be proud to go with you, sir," cried Brian, with alacrity, "to the end of the world if you like it."

"But what'll the churning do if I take you away?" asked Harald, laughing and glancing at Lydia. "Why, Lydia," he added, "this Canadian air agrees with you; you look like a damask rose."

"The churning, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Grace, "what manner of compare is there between the churning and you—though to be sure," she added *sotto voce*, "if I dont get it done, there will be no fresh butter for his tea."

"Never mind, ma'am," cried Brian, "I'll not be while a cat 'uld lick her ear shewin' the young master the way to the ladies, and I'll come back again like a flash of lightnin' and churn it out of sight. Never trust me again if I don't." "But what's to be done wid that silent gintleman yondher?" he asked of Harald.

"Oh! my guide you mean," said Harald, turning towards the silent savage, and thereby drawing the attention of Grace towards him, for so totally engrossed by the young midshipman had she been, that she had not hitherto noticed him. "You must get some food for my friend yonder," Harald continued, "he is perfectly harmless, and you needn't fear him. Besides," he whispered, "there is a gentleman in the parlour who is able to defend you against twenty savages."

"A friend of yours, Master Harald?" enquired the startled Grace.

"Yes, and one whom you know. My father's old friend Mr. Warrender. So now you are well protected. Besides the poor fellow is as quiet as a lamb, though he frightened one of your damsels out of the house, whose terror, at the time, I could not understand; therefore make him comfortable, like a good dear soul."

At such a moment of joy, the good woman would scarcely have refused to take care of a young panther if it had been given into her charge by Harald. In the mean time, Brian found an opportunity to whisper to Lydia not to fall in love with that *elegant* savage in the corner, and Lydia found words to assure him she didn't like savages, whether Hirish or Hindian, to which Brian retorted by a grin of defiance.

On their way into the open air, Harald paused to inform Mr. Warrender whither he was going, and to assure him that Grace would take all possible care of him during his own absence.

"What's your name, my lad," asked Harald, as he followed the rapid steps of Brian into the blaze which led round the knoll, in which direction the boy had seen the young ladies proceed.

"Brian O'Callaghan, plaze yer honor."

"You are Irish?"

"Throth, sir, you may swear that, thank God!—

> "By Mac and O you always know
> True Irishmen, they say:
> But if they lack
> Both O and Mac no Irishmen are they."

"You are the lad who so gallantly assisted Miss Blachford over the ice?" resumed Harald.

"Sure, sir," said Brian, "an officer like you, that has been at sae and seen all sorts of dangers, 'uld think nothin' of the like ov that. I done nothin' to compare wid yer own big dog, poor fellow, let alone Mr. Max; though if it had cost me my life, a good right I'd have to give it for thim that had been so kind to me and mine."

"You're a generous fellow," said Harald; "but who is this Mr. Max?"

"Good jewel! did you never hear tell of Mr. Max, sir? By gorra he ventured his life for Miss Helen ten times more nor I did."

"Oh! you mean Von Werfenstein," said Harald, in a dissatisfied tone. Brian had sufficient tact to say no more, and Harald walked along apparently in deep thought for a few seconds. But gravity never sat long on the animated features of the young midshipman, and asking Brian if he didn't think a good shout would reach his sister's ears, he put his hand to his mouth and gave a long and loud ahoy! which echoed for some minutes through the forest. The sound had not yet died away, when Jason rushed from the wood and threw himself on his master in a wild ecstacy of joy. Separated a hundred yards from Harald the faithful animal had recognized his voice through the mazes of the wood, and hailed it with a cry of delight which surprised and puzzled Helen. Kneeling on the ground with almost childish pleasure, the young sailor received and returned the caresses of his dog, while with a degree of rapture which it was most touching to witness, the poor creature licked his face, his hands, his clothes, with cries of joy.

"Sure, sir," cried Brian, "hasn't he more feelin' nor many a Christian?"

Helen appeared in sight at this instant; the next moment she was in her brother's arms.

Such meetings are the sweetest drops in life's mingled cup of sweet and bitter.

"I dunna what can be the rason he don't like Mr. Max," said Brian to himself as he returned home alone. "May be he's brought that gentleman with him to court Miss Helen. Faix and if she marries him, which I'll never believe till I see it, it's not for love, for her heart's with Mr. Max Werfenstein, so sure as there's lakes in Killarney."

(To be continued.)

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

Poland the famed, for her prowess is fallen,
And vandal-like victors apportion her plains;
Henceforward she's fated to slavery galling,
To weep o'er her wounds and to writhe in her chains,
Like the tigress she sprang thro' the battle field gory,
But the blood of the bravest was lavished in vain,
She's now in her might—the bright star of her glory,
Hath shed its last glimpse on the casques of her slain.

Although but a handful compared to the numbers,
When cannons around her had bristled and blazed,
Unawed by the carnage she brunted their thunders,
And fought by her flag, while a wrist could be raised,
But strown are the banners she boldly defended,
And wrung from her brow is the crown that she wore,
To widen dominions, too widely extended,
In ruin she lies, and her name is no more.

And is it the will of an all ruling Heaven,
That sceptred assassins should sunder such spoil?
Must the triumphal cars of leagued tyrants be driven,
Through the blood and the tears of a sabre slashed soil?
No,—it was not for conquest that Heaven had crowned them,
And if they be robbers, Jehovah is just—
Poland! thy wreckers have ravaged around them,
But yet, they'll atone for their deeds in the dust.

Tyendenaga.

DAY-BREAK.

Beautiful Day! has awoke from her sleep,
And down o'er the hill tops in rosy light creeps!
Beautiful Day, from her rest has awaken,
And off from her tresses bright dew drops has shaken.
Beautiful Day! oh how glad seems the heart,
When thou spring'st from thy Night couch, and shadows depart;
When with light and with gladness thou mantlest each scene,
Where the cold shades of Night with their silence have been.

When thou liftest Night's dark wing from Heaven's pure blue,
And dip'st thy light foot-steps in Morning's sweet dew;
When earth wakes to glory, to life and to light,
And thou chase'st with beauty the gloom of the night.
When the birds wake to music, and lift up their song,
And thou spanglest with glory the dewy clad thorn;
When the bee to his labor goes humming away,
And soft o'er the flowers the morning winds play;

When sly, to the couch of the sleeper thou creep'st,
And steal'st on the lids of the child as it sleeps,
'Till it wakes! and its knee, by its mother, it bends,
While the prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven ascends;
Oh! beautiful! beautiful! beautiful day!
Spreading joy over all as thou wingest thy way!
Spreading life! spreading light! spreading glory around!
And each object of beauty refreshment has crowned.

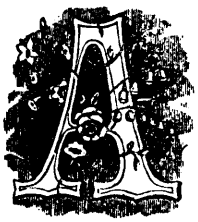
Oh! thus may it be when death's shadows shall creep,
And fold me at last in their silence to sleep.
May the Day-Break of Heaven spring bright to my eyes,
And my soul, like the prayer, to its Saviour arise!

E. B.

Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity; and to the timid and hesitating, everything is impossible because it seems so.

TRIFLES FROM THE BURTHEN OF A LIFE*.

BY MRS. MOODIE.



BOUT midnight she awoke. A profound stillness reigned in the cabin; but seated on the ground in front of her berth, she discovered Mrs. Dalton wrapped in a loose dressing gown and engaged in reading a letter. She sighed deeply, as she folded and slipped it into her bosom; and, for some minutes, appeared in deep thought! All her accustomed gaiety had fled, and her face looked more interesting from the sad expression which had stolen over it. Her eye caught the earnest glance with which Rachel regarded her.

"I thought no one was awake but myself," she said, "I am a bad sleeper. If you are the same, get up, and let us have a little chat."

Surprised at this invitation from a woman towards whom she felt none of that mysterious attraction which marked her brief intercourse with Miss Leigh; she rather coldly replied,—

"I fear our conversation would not suit each other."

"That is as much as to say, that you don't like me, and that you conclude from that circumstance that I don't like you."

"You are right."

"Well, that is candid; when I first saw you, I thought you a very common looking person, and judged by your dress, that you held an inferior rank in society. I was wrong."

"I fancy that you overheard my observations to the Major."

"I did."

"Then I forgive you for disliking me. You think me a vain, foolish woman."

Rachel nodded her head.

"Oh, you may speak out, I don't like you the worse for speaking the truth. But I am a strange creature, subject, at times, to the most dreadful depression of spirits, and it is only by excessive gaiety that I hinder myself from falling into a state of hopeless despondency."

"This state of mind is not natural. There must be some cause for these fits of depression."

"Yes, many, I am not quite the heartless coquette I seem. I was an only child and greatly indulged by both my parents. This circumstance made me irritable and volatile; I expected that every body would yield to me and let me have my own way as my parents had done; hence I was exposed to constant mortification and disappointment. I left school at sixteen, and was introduced to my husband, a worthy kind man, but old enough to be my father. I was easily persuaded to marry him, for it was a good match, and I, who had never been in love, thought it was such a fine thing to be married at sixteen. Our union has been one of esteem, and I have never swerved from the path of rectitude, but, oh Madam, I have been severely tried. My own sex speak slightingly of me; but I do not deserve their ill-natured censures. These women, I learn from Ceasar, have made a thousand malicious remarks about me, and you and Miss Leigh alone spared me."

"My conduct was perfectly negative. I said nothing either in praise or blame, I may have injured you by thinking hardly of you."

"I thank you for your forbearance in keeping your thoughts to yourself. The conversation that Ceasar repeated to me, greatly annoyed me. It has brought on one of my fits of gloom. If I did flirt with Major F——., it was more to provoke that ill-natured old maid, and his proud, pompous wife, than from any wish to attract his attention."

"It is better," said Rachel, her heart softening towards her companion, "to avoid all appearance of evil; superficial observers only judge by what they see, and your conduct must have appeared strange to a jealous woman."

"She was jealous of me, then?" said the volatile woman, clapping her hands. "Oh, I am glad I annoyed her."

Rachel could hardly help laughing at the vivacity with which Mrs. Dalton spoke. She turned the conversation into a different channel; and they began to talk of the state of the slaves in the West Indies.

"Ah, I perceive that you know nothing about it," said Mrs. Dalton, "you are infected with the bigotry and prejudices of the anti-slavery advocates. Negroes are an inferior race, they were made to work for civilized men, in climates where

*Continued from page 262.

labour would be death to those of a different nature and complexion."

"This is reducing the African to a mere beast of burden—a machine in the form of man. The just God never made a race of beings purposely to drag out a painful existence in perpetual slavery!"

"They are better off than your peasants at home—better fed, and taken care of. As to the idle tales they tell you about flogging, starving, and killing slaves, they are fearful exaggerations, not worthy of credit. Do you think a farmer would kill a horse that he knew was worth a hundred pounds? A planter would not disable a slave, if by so doing he injured himself. I have had many slaves, but I never ill-used one of them in my life."

"Ceasar is an example," said Rachel, "of over-indulgence. But, still, he is only a pet animal in your estimation. Do you believe that a negro has a soul?"

"I think it doubtful."

"And you the wife of a christian minister—" and Rachel drew back with a look of horror.

"If they had immortal souls and reasoning minds, we should not be permitted to hold them as slaves. Their degradation proves their inferiority."

"It only proves the brutalizing effect of your immoral system," said Rachel, waxing warm. "I taught a black man from the island of St. Vincent to read the Bible fluently in ten weeks; was that a proof of mental incapacity? I never met with an uneducated white man, who learned to read so rapidly, or pursued his studies with the ardour that this poor, despised, soulless negro did. His motive for this exertion was a noble one (and I believe that it cost him his life), the hope of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted and unfortunate countrymen, which he considered the best means of improving their condition, and rendering less burdensome their oppressive yoke."

"This is all very well in theory, but it will never do in practice. If the British Government, urged on by a set of fanatics, madly insist upon freeing the slaves, it will involve the West India Islands in ruin."

"May He hasten their emancipation in his own good time. It were better that the whole group of islands were sunk in the depths of the sea than continue to present to the world a system of injustice and cruelty, that is a disgrace to a christian community—a spectacle of infamy to the civilized world. Nor think that the wise and good men, who are engaged heart and hand in this holy cause, will cease their exertions until their great object is accomplished, and slavery is banished from the earth."

Mrs. Dalton stared at Rachel in amazement. She could not comprehend her enthusiasm—"Who cared for a slave?" "One would think," she said, "that you belonged to the Anti-Slavery Society. By the by, have you read a canting tract published by that *pious* fraternity called 'The History of Mary P——.' It is set forth to be an authentic narrative, while I know it to be a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end."

"Did you know Mary P——?"

"Pshaw!—who does? It is an imaginary tale, got up for party purposes."

"But I do know Mary P——, and I know that narrative to be strictly true, for I took it down myself from the woman's own lips."

"You?"—and Mrs. Dalton started from the ground, as though she had been bitten by a serpent.

"Yes, me."

"You belong to that odious society."

"I have many dear friends who are among its staunch supporters, whose motives are purely benevolent, who have nothing to gain by the freedom of the slave, beyond the restoration of a large portion of the human family to their rights as men."

"Mere cant—the vanity of making a noise in the world. One of the refined hypocricies of life. Good night, Mrs. M.—I don't want to know any more of the writer of Mary P——."

Mrs. Dalton retired to the inner cabin; and Rachel retired to her berth, where she lay pondering over her conversation with Mrs. Dalton, until the morning broke, and the steamer cast anchor off Newhaven.

Edinburgh.

The storm had passed away during the night; and at daybreak Rachel hurried upon deck to catch the first glance of

> "The glorious land of flood and fell,
> The noble north countrie, lassie."

The sun was still below the horizon, and a thick mist hung over the waters, and hid the city from her view.

Oh, for the rising of that white curtain! How Rachel tried to peer through its vapoury folds, to "Hail Old Scotia's darling seat," the abode of brave, intelligent, true-hearted men, and fair good women.

Beautiful Edinburgh! Who ever beheld thee for the first time with indifference, and felt not his eyes brighten, and his heart thrill with a proud ecstacy, the mingling of his spirit with a

scene which, in romantic sublimity, has not its equal in the wide world.

"Who would not dare," exclaims the patriotic wizard of the north, "to fight for such a land!"

Aye, and die for it, if need be, as every true-hearted Scot would die rather than see one stain cast upon the national glory of his noble country.

It cannot be doubted that the character of a people is greatly influenced by the local features of the country to which it belongs. The inhabitants of mountainous districts have ever evaded, most effectually the encroachments of a foreign power, and the Scot may derive from his romantic land much of that poetic temperament and stern uncompromising love of independence, which has placed him in the first rank as a man.

The sun at length rose, the fog rolled its grey masses upwards, and the glorious castle emerged from the clouds, like some fabled palace of the Gods, its antique towers glittering like gold in the sun burst.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!" — and Rachel's cheek crimsoned with delight.

"The situation of Quebec is almost as fine," said the Captain, addressing her. "It will lose little by comparison."

"Indeed!" said Rachel eagerly. "You have been there?"

"Yes, many times; and always with increased pleasure. It combines every object that is requisite to make a magnificent scene — woods, mountains, rivers, cataracts, and all on the most stupendous scale. A lover of nature, like you, cannot fail to be delighted with the rock-defended fortress of British North America."

"You have made me quite happy," said Rachel. "I can never hate a country which abounds in natural beauty,"—and she felt quite reconciled to Canada from this saying of the Captain's.

Boats were now constantly plying to and from the shore, conveying passengers and their luggage from the ship to the pier. The Captain, who had recognised a countryman in M——, insisted on the voyagers taking breakfast with him, before they left the vessel. Rachel had suffered so much from sickness, that she had not tasted food since she came on board; early rising and the keen invigorating air had sharpened her appetite; and the refreshing smell of the rasher of ham and fried eggs made the offer too tempting to be refused. A small table was placed under an awning upon the deck, at which the honest Scotch tar presided; and never was a meal more heartily enjoyed. James Hawke, who had been confined, during the whole voyage, to his berth, now joined his friends, and ate of the savoury things before him with such downright goodwill, that the Captain declared that it was a pleasure to watch him handle his knife and fork.

"When a fellow has been starving for eight and forty hours, it is not a trifle that can satisfy his hunger," said Jim, making a vigorous onslaught into a leg of Scotch mutton. "Oh, but I never was so hungry in my life."

"Why, James, you make a worse sailor than I thought you would," said Rachel. "How shall we get you safe to Canada?"

"Never fear; I mean to leave all these qualms behind me, when once we lose sight of the British shores. I have been very ill, but 'tis all over now, and I feel as light as a feather."

On returning to the ladies' cabin to point out her luggage, Rachel found the stewardess walking about in high disdain. That important personage had bestowed very little attention upon Rachel, for which, in all probability, the merino gown had to answer. She had waited with most obsequious fawning politeness on Mrs. Major F. and Mrs. Dalton, because she fancied that they were rich people, who would amply reward her services; and they had given her all the trouble they possibly could. She had received few commands from Rachel, and those few she had neglected to perform. Still, as Rachel well knew that the salary of these people mainly depends upon the trifles bestowed upon them by the passengers, she slipped half a crown into her hand, and begged her to see that her trunks were carried upon deck.

The woman dropped a low curtsey. "Madam, you are one of the very few of our passengers, who has been kind enough to remember the stewardess. And all the trouble that that Mrs. Dalton gave, with her spoilt children, and her nasty black vagabond. I was out of my bed all last night with those noisy brats; and thinks I to myself, she cannot do less than give me a half sovereign for my services. But would you believe me, she went off without bestowing on me a single penny. And worse than that; I heard her tell the big, fat woman, that never rose up in her berth, but to drink brandy and water: "That it was a bad fashion the Hinglish had of paying servants, and the sooner it was got rid of the better."

"I perfectly hagrees with you," said the fat woman; and so she gave me nothing, not even thanks. Mrs. Major F. pretended not to see me, though I am sure I'm no midge; and I stood in the door-way on purpose to give her a hint; but the hideous, little old maid, told me to get

out of the way, as she wanted to go upon deck. Oh the meanness of these would be fine ladies. But if ever they come in this boat again, won't I pay them hoff"

Now, it must be confessed, that Rachel rather enjoyed the discomfort of the disappointed stewardess; and she was forced to turn away her head for fear of betraying her inclination to laugh.

A fine boat landed the party of emigrants on the chain pier, at New Haven, from thence they proceeded to Leith in a hackney coach; as M.—— wished to procure lodgings as near the place of embarcation as possible. Leaving Rachel and her maid at the inn, he set off with James Hawke in search of lodgings. In about an hour he returned, and conducted his wife to the house of a respectable woman, the widow of a surgeon, who resided near the bank, and only a few minutes walk from the wharf.

Great was the surprise of Rachel, when, instead of entering the house by a front door, they walked up an interminable flight of stone stairs; every landing comprising a distinct dwelling, with the names of the proprietors marked on the doors. At last they reached the flat that was occupied by good Mistress Waddell, who showed them into a comfortable sitting room, in which a bright fire was blazing, and welcomed her new lodgers with a torrent of kindly words, which were only half understood by the English portion of her audience.

A large, portly personage, was Mistress Waddell. Ugly, amiable, and by no means over particular in her dress. She was eloquent in the praise of her apartments; which she said, had been occupied by my Leddy Weymes, when his majesty, George the Fourth, God bless his sonsy face, landed at Leith, on his visit to Scotland. Her lodgings, it seems, had acquired quite an aristocratic character since the above named circumstance; and not a day passed but the good woman enumerated all the particulars of that visit. But her own autobiography was the stock theme with our good hostess. The most minute particulars of her private history, she daily divulged, to the unspeakable delight of the mischievous, laughter loving James; who, because he saw that it annoyed Rachel, was sure to lead slily to some circumstance that never failed to place the lady upon her high horse. And then she would talk—Ye gods! how she would talk and splutter away in her broad Scotch, until the wicked boy was in convulsions of laughter.

"Aye, Mister Jeames," she would say: "Ye will a' be m'akeng yer fun of a pure auld bodie, but 'tis na' cannie o' ye."

"Making fun of you, Mrs. Waddell," with a sly look at Rachel; "How can you take such a fancy into your head. It is so good of you to tell me all about your courtship; its giving me a hint of how I am to go about it, when I am a man. I am sure you were a very pretty smart girl (with another sly look) in your young day!"

The old lady drew herself up and smiled approvingly at her black eyed tormenter: "Na' na', Mister Jeames, my gude man, who's dead and gane', said to me on the day that he made me his ain: Katie, ye are no bonnie, but ye a' gude, which is a hantle better."

"No doubt he was right, but, really, I think he was very ungallant, and did not do you half justice."

"Weel, weel," said the good dame, "every ain to his taste. He was not owr gifted that way himsel', but we are nane sensible of our ain defects."

The great attraction in the small windowless closet, in which James slept, was an enormous calabash, which her son, the idol of the poor woman's heart, had brought from the South Seas. Over this calabash, she daily rehearsed all the adventures which she had gathered from that individual, during his short visits home. But as she possessed a wonderfully retentive memory, she could have filled volumes with these maternal reminiscences. To which James listened with the most earnest attention; not on account of the adventures, for they were common place enough, but for the mere pleasure of hearing her talk Scotch, from which he seemed to derive the most ludicrous enjoyment.

Mrs. Waddell, had, in common with most of her sex, a great predilection for going to auctions; and scarcely a day passed without her making some wonderful bargains. For a mere trifle, she had bought a gude pot, only upon inspection, it turned out to be incurably leaky. A nice palliasse, which, on more intimate acquaintance, proved alive with gentry, with whom the most republican body could not endure to be on familiar terms. Jim was always joking the old lady upon her bargains, greatly to the edification of Betty Fraser, her black eyed prime minister in the culinary department.

"Weel, Mister Jeames, just ha' yer laugh out; but when ye get a glint o' the bonnie table, I bought this morning, for three-an-sixpence, ye'll no be making game o' me any mair. Betty, ye maun just step o'ur the curb stane to the broker's an bring the table hame."

Away sped the nimble-footed damsel, and we soon heard the clattering of the table, as the

leaves flapped to and fro, as she lugged it up the public stairs

"Now for the great bargain!" exclaimed the saucy lad, "I think, Mother Waddell, I'll buy it of you as my venture to Canada."

"Did ye ever," said the old lady, her eyes brightening, as Betty dragged in the last purchase, and placed it triumphantly before her mistress. Like the Marquis of Anglesea, it had been in the wars; and with a terrible clatter fell prostrate to the floor. Betty opened wide her great black eyes with a glance of blank astonishment; and raising her hands with a tragic air, that was perfectly irresistible, exclaimed:

"Marcy me! but it wants a fut!"

"A what!" screamed Jim, as he sank beside the fallen table in convulsions of laughter. "Do, for heaven's sake, tell me the English for a fut? Oh, dear, I shall die. Why do you make such funny purchases, Mrs. Waddell, you will be the death of me, and then, what will my mammie say?"

To add to this ridiculous scene, Mrs. Waddell's parrot, who was not the least important person in the establishment, fraternized with the prostrate lad, and echoed his laughter in the most outrageous manner.

"Whist Poll, hauld yer clatter, it's no laughing matter to lose three and sixpence in buying the like o' that." Mrs. Waddell did not attend another auction during the month that M. remained at her lodgings.

Unfortunately, on their arrival at Leith, they found that the Chieftain had sailed two days before, and Mrs. Waddell averred, that it was the last vessel that would leave that port for Canada.

This was bad news enough, but M., who never yielded to despondency, took it very philosophically, and lost no time in making enquiries among the ship-owners as to what vessels were still to sail; and, after several days of almost hopeless search, he was informed that the Rachel, Captain Irving, was to leave for Canada in a fortnight. The name seemed propitious; and that very afternoon they walked down to the wharf to inspect the vessel. She was a small brig, very old, very dirty, and with wretched accommodations. The Captain was a brutal looking person, blind of one eye, and very lame. Every third word he uttered was an oath; and, instead of answering their enquiries, he was engaged in a blasphemous dialogue with his two sons, who were his first and second mates; their whole conversation being interlarded with frightful imprecations on the limbs and souls of each other. They had a large number of steerage passengers, for the very small size of the vessel, and those of the lowest description.

"Don't go in this horrible vessel," whispered Rachel; "what a captain, what a crew; we shall be miserable, if we form any part of her live cargo."

"I fear, my dear girl, there is no alternative. We may, perhaps, hear of another before she sails. I won't engage places in her until the last moment."

The dread of going in the Rachel, took a prophetic hold of the mind of her namesake; and she begged Jim to be on the constant look out for another vessel.

During their stay at Leith, M—— was busily engaged in writing the concluding chapters of his book, and James and Rachel amused themselves by exploring the beauties of Edinburgh. The lad, who was very clever, possessed a wonderful faculty for remembering places, and before a week had passed away, he knew every street in Edinburgh and Leith, had twice or thrice climbed the heights of Arthur's Seat, and explored every nook of the old castle.

With James for a guide and Hannah following with the baby, one fine June afternoon, Rachel set forth to climb the mountain, the view of which, from her chamber window, she was never tired of contemplating. Her husband told her that she had better wait until he was able to accompany her, but, in spite of a perfect knowledge of the tale of the "dog Ball," Rachel, unable to control her impatience, gave him the slip, and set off on her mountain-climbing expedition.

Now be it known unto our readers, that Rachel was a native of a low pastoral country, very beautiful in running brooks, smooth meadows, and majestic parks, where the fat sleek cattle, so celebrated in the London markets, grazed knee deep in luxuriant grass, and the fallow deer browzed and gambolled through the long summer; but she had never seen a mountain before in her life, had never climbed a very high hill; and when she arrived at the foot of this grand upheaval of nature, she began to think the task more formidable than she had imagined at a distance, and made haste to dismiss Hannah and the baby while she commenced the ascent of the mountain, following the steps of her young conductor who, agile as a kid, bounded up the steep aclivity as if it were a bowling green.

"Not so fast, James, I cannot climb like you!"

But Jim was already beyond hearing, and was leaning over a projecting crag far over her head, laughing at the slow progress she made; meanwhile the narrow path that led round the moun-

tain to the summit, became narrower and narrower, and the ascent more steep. Rachel had paused at the ruins of the chapel, to admire the magnificent prospect and to take breath, when a lovely boy of four years of age in a kilt and hose, his golden curls flying in the wind, ran at full speed up the steep side of the hill, a panting woman without bonnet or shawl, following hard upon his track shaking her fist at him and vociferating her commands (doubtless for him to retrace his steps) in gaelic. On fled the laughing child, the mother after him; but, as well might a giant pursue a fairy. Rachel followed the path they had taken, and was beginning to enjoy the keen bracing air of the hills, when she happened to cast her eyes below to the far off meadows beneath. Her head grew suddenly dizzy, and she could not divest herself of the idea that one false step would send her down to the plains below. Here was a most ridiculous and unromantic position; she neither dared to advance or retreat, and she stood grasping a ledge of the rocky wall in an agony of cowardice, irresolution, and despair. At this critical moment, the mother of the runaway child returned panting from a higher ledge of the hill, and, perceiving Rachel pale and trembling, very kindly speered what ailed her? Rachel could not refrain from laughing while she confessed her fear, lest she should fall from the narrow footpath on which she stood. The woman seemed highly amused at her distress, but her native kindliness of heart, which is the mother of genuine politeness, restrained the outburst of merriment that hovered about her lips.

"Ye are na' accustomed to the hills, if ye dread a hillock like this. Ye suld ha' been born where I was born to know a mountain fra' a mole-hill. There is my bairn, no, I canna keep him fra' the mountain. He will gang awa' to the tap, and only laughs at me when I speer him to come doon. But it is because he was sae weel gotten, an' all his forbears were reared amang the hills."

The good woman sat down upon a piece of loose rock and commenced a long history of herself, of her husband, and of the great clan of Macdonald, to which they belonged, that at last ended in the ignoble discovery that her aristocratic spouse was a common soldier in the highland regiment then stationed in Edinburgh; and that Flora, his wife, washed for the officers of the regiment; that the little Donald, with his wild goat propensities, was their only child, and so attached to the hills that she could not keep him confined to the meadows below, and the moment her eye was off him his great delight was to lead her a dance up the mountain, which as she, by her own account, never succeeded in catching him, was quite labour in vain. All this, and more, the good-natured woman communicated as she lead the fear-stricken Rachel down the narrow path to the meadow below; and her kindness did not end here, for she walked some way up the road to put her in the right track to regain her lodgings, for Rachel, trusting to the pilotage of Jim, was perfectly ignorant of the locality.

This highland Samaritan indignantly refused the piece of silver Rachel proffered in return for her services.

"Hout, leddy, keep the siller, I would not take ought fra' ye on the sabbath day for a trifling act o' courtesy. Na' na', I come of too guid bluid for that."

There was a noble simplicity about the honest-hearted woman that delighted Rachel. What a fine country, what a fine people! No smooth-tongued flatterers are these Scotch; with them an act of kindness is an act of duty, and they scorn payment for what they give gratuitously, without display and without ostentation. If I were not English, I should like to be a Scot. So thought Rachel, as she presented herself before her Scotch husband, who laughed heartily over her misadventure, and did not cease to teaze her about her expedition to the mountain, as long as they remained in Edinburgh.

This did not deter her from taking a long stroll on the sands the next afternoon with James, and delighted with collecting shells and specimens of sea-weed, they wandered on until Rachel remarked that her footprints were filled with water at each step, and the roaring of the sea gave notice of the return of the tide. What a race they had to gain the pier of Leith before they were overtaken by the waves, and how thankful they were that they were safe as the billows chased madly past, over the very ground which a few minutes before they had carelessly and fearlessly trod.

"This is rather worse than the mountain, and might have been more fatal to us both," whispered James, "I think Mr. M—— would scold this time if he knew of our danger."

"Thank God! the baby is safe at home," said Rachel, "I forgot all about the tide; what a mercy we were not both drowned."

"Yes, and no one would have known what had become of us."

"How miserable M—— would have been."

"And the poor baby—but what is this?"—"To sail on the 1st of July, for Quebec and Montreal, the fast sailing brig, the Ann, Captain Rogers; for particulars, inquire at the office of P. Glover, Bank Street, Leith. Hurra, a fig for Captain

Irwine and the Rachel." "Let us go James and look at the vessel. If it had not been for our fright on the sands we should not have seen this."

Before half an hour had elapsed, Rachel and her young friend had explored the Ann and held a long conversation with her Captain, who, though a rough sailor, seemed a hearty honest man. He had no cabin passengers, though a great many in the steerage, and he assured Rachel that she could have his state-cabin for herself and child, while her husband could occupy a berth with him in the cabin.

The state cabin was just big enough to hold the captains chest of drawers, the top of which formed the berth which Rachel was to occupy. Small as the place was, it was neat and clean; and possessed to Rachel one great advantage, the charm of privacy, and she hastened home to report matters to her husband. But he had taken a fancy to go in the Rachel, because she was to sail a fortnight earlier, and it took a great deal of coaxing to induce him to change his determination, but he did change it, at the earnest solicitations of his wife, and took their passage in the Ann. For those who doubt the agency of an overruling providence in the ordinary affairs of life, these trifling reminiscences have been chiefly penned. From trifling circumstances the greatest events often spring. Musa, King of Grenada, owed his elevation to the throne to a delay of five minutes, when he requested the executioner whom his brother had sent to the prison to take his head, to wait for five minutes until he had cheekmated the gaoler, with whom he was playing a game at chess. The grim official reluctantly consented. Before the brief term expired, a tumult in the city dethroned his brother and placed Musa on the throne. How much he owed to one move at chess. Could that be accidental on which the fate of a nation, and the lives of thousands were staked?

So with our emigrants, disasterous trips to sea. The delay saved them from taking their passage in the "Chieftain." That ill fated ship lost all her crew and most of her numerous passengers with cholera, on the voyage out. The "Rachel" put to sea a fortnight before the "Ann;" she was wrecked upon the banks of Newfoundland, and was sixteen weeks at sea, her captain was made a prisoner in his cabin, by his own brutal sons; and most of her passengers died of small pox and the hardships they endured on the voyage. How kind was the providence that watched over our poor emigrants; although, like the rest of the world, they murmured at their provoking delay, and could not see the beam in the dark cloud, until the danger was over-past; and they had leisure to reflect on the great mercies they had received at the hands of the Almighty.

It was with deep regret, that Rachel bade farewell to the beautiful capital of Scotland. How happy would she have been, if her pilgrimage could have terminated in that land of poetry and romance, and she could have spent the residue of her days, among its truthful, highminded and hospitable people. But vain are regrets, the inexorable spirit of progress, points onward, and the beings she chooses to be the parents of a new people in a new land, must fulfil their august destiny.

On the 1st of July, they embarked on board the "Ann," and bade adieu to their country for ever, while the glory of summer was upon the earth, to seek a new home beyond the Atlantic, and friends in a land of strangers.

Conclusion.

THE TAR.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

—

When the winds of the deep
  Burst the bonds that restrain;
And rush with a sweep
  O'er the width of the main,
'Tis mine then to stand,
  To my plank on the sea,
While the soldier on land,
  From his danger can flee.

That his labours are great,
  The bold soldier doth say,
As he drives through the heat
  And the dust of the day—
As he trumpets all o'er,
  Of the perils that bide;
But he sleeps on the shore,
  When I'm toss'd on the tide.

And, perhaps, by and bye,
  In dividing the bays,
For himself he may try
  To reserve all the praise.
To the Tar he may grudge,
  What he wins on the wave,
When his sod is the surge,
  And his walls are a stave.

Tyendenaga.

THE OLD MANUSCRRIPT; A MÉMOIRE OF THE PAST.*

BY H. V. C.

HE quaint old city of Montreal presented a gay scene, when, on a clear summer day, a signal gun from the citadel, announced the expected armament from Quebec, setting out on the long voyage to Cataraqui, (Kingston) and Michilimakinac. The French colours ran lightly up the tall flagstaff, and floated proudly in the sun shine, as the flotilla which had been signalled,—not by telegraph, but by a swift footed indian *runner*,—at the foot of the current St. Mary, came up with the tide,—above a hundred batteaux and birch canoes, some gaily decked with streamers, while every one in perfect harmony dimpled the rippling waves, and glancing in the sunshine rained myriad drops, like a shower of fairy gems. As they approached the landing place, the clear notes of a bugle floated cheerily over the town, and came back in silver echoes from the Royal mountain, while a brave salute from the citadel was answered by a similar welcome from the little island of St. Helen, where a body of troops, waiting to join the expedition, were then encamped.

We have already intimated that it was a brilliant summer day, and the shores were lined with citizens of all ages and degrees, come out to enjoy the spectacle,—for, till the long expected millennium arrives, military pageants will continue to excite the admiration of an idle crowd. All were in holiday attire, and the pretty French girls with sparkling dark eyes peeping roguishly from their ample hoods, their natural grace, and coquettish airs, gave life and vivacity to the scene. The city could boast no wharves in those primitive days, and the long line of boats curved gracefully to the shore, and moored in exact order beneath the bank,—then steep and rugged, where the Bonsecour market now lifts its shining dome. There was no lack of shouting and cheering to greet the prospective heroes of a toilsome campaign, and as the troops landed and formed in order, and the music struck up a popular air, scores of little urchins shouldered sticks and staves, and with mimic valour strutted their puny limbs and followed to the soldiers' quarters.

* * * * * * * * * *

The day was far advanced, and the excitement of the morning passed away, when two cavaliers in undress uniform, might be seen strolling along the banks of the river, engaged in earnest conversation. The St. Lawrence was then fringed with stately trees, along the embankment of the town, and the young men seemed to enjoy the quiet seclusion which was scarcely broken by a sound, save the ceaseless, monotonous chûte of the rapids, which foamed and chafed through the narrow channel of Nun's island, and for hundreds of miles had rolled their fretful course in lake and stream, from the stupendous fountain of Niagara.

Beautiful was the scene, for no where is there seen richer verdure, more affluence of sunshine, and foliage of such brilliant tint and luxuriant abundance, as in the brief period of a Canadian summer. The young men paused on a slight eminence, where now stand the wind-mills tossing their grotesque arms, near the basin of the canal, and looked long, with admiring eyes.

"We boast truly of the vine-covered hills of old France," said Mavicourt "and her fertile vallies, but, beshrew me! that gush of golden sunset streaming through those trees on the summit of the mountain; that sapphire glow dying these flashing waters; the shadow of those tall trees traced so delicately on yonder smoother waves,—this rich wooded island which the old nuns hold as a dowry for the church, and which is surrounded by breakers like a Pope's anathema, and farther off the pretty island of St. Helen with its groves and quiet glades, dotted by the white tents of our encampment,—truly, Valois, I could turn savage and end my days in roving here,"

"Yes, if it would remain always summer," said Adolphe, smiling, "and provided you could find

*Continued from page 270.

some tawny Diana to carry your bow and amuse your idleness. But the bleak winter would soon bring you back to civilized life, for with all the appliances of comfort which gold can command, the piercing cold is scarcely to be endured in this northern region."

Mavicourt made no reply, for he had opened his *port feuille*, and was rapidly sketching the scene which had so agreeably impressed his lively imagination. Adolphe fell into a reverie, which, by a very lover-like process, carried him back to the old fortress of Quebec, and filled him with thonghts painfully anxious, though not untinged with tender and hopeful hues. Twilight, in the mean time, deepened to a dusky shade,—the stars came out and lay reflected on the stream; the town, then confined in narrow limits, shewed a few straggling lights, and the mountain lay like a graceful cloud on the verge of the western horizon. Mavicourt threw aside his pencil, and tearing the half finished drawing in pieces scattered it to the wind, singing half aloud,

> "'Tis vain to try—vain to try
> Without beauty's witching eye!
> There's no smile to cheer the heart,—
> Wherefore seek the meed of art?"

"For its own sake," said Adolphe, with a smile, "is not the pleasure of gratified success reward enough? or art thou, Mavicourt, turning recreart to thy principles; thou who hast always professed to set at defiance the knavish arts, by which a certain blind deity seeks to enthral thy heart?"

Mavicourt answered lightly in his usual strain,

> "Time the tell-tale, will reveal
> All that mortals would conceal;
> Read'st my heart, thou cunning elf?
> 'Tis a riddle to itself."

"But look, Adolphe," he added quickly, pointing in a southern direction, "what is that blaze of light?"

As he spoke, several fires which seemed kinled simultaneously, sent up a red glare to the sky, illuminating the horizon far around, and revealing a large Indian encampment, filled with savages busied in various occupations. The whole scene was exceedingly picturesque, and though often witnessed in that neighborhood, it was a novelty to the young officers, who looked on it with excited interest.

Early in every summer, some twenty or thirty canoes laden with beaver skins, and navigated by the *Coureurs de Bois*, arrived at Montreal, for the purpose of trafficking with the inhabitants. These canoes were followed by about fifty others, filled with the Ontaouais and Huron Indians who came from their own country on the great lakes, bringing valuable furs, which they sold at a higher rate to the citizens, than could be obtained at Michilimakinac and the small trading ports on the lakes. They had chanced to arrive that morning, and had been all day busied in arranging their canoes, and constructing tents or wigwams from the bark of birch trees that grew abundantly around the place. As the fires burnt up more clearly, Mavicourt and Adolphe could distinctly observe all their movements. The warriors were not clad in their brave apparel, but most of them with merely a cincture around their waist, were disembarking the furs, and placing them under shelter. Their tall, athletic forms, and their motions free and full of graceful dignity, would have been an admirable study for the pencil or the chisel of an artist, nor were their features in general unattractive or devoid of generous and noble expression.

The dark crimes which have stained the savage character and been recorded by historians as inherent in their nature, it is well known were very rarely displayed by any savage tribe, till the deceit and cruelty of civilized man woke the slumbering passions of revenge and hatred in their breasts. The cruel wrongs they suffered, and the fatal drink so basely ministered to them, to make them easier dupes to the white man's avarice and injustice, enkindled all that frightful warfare which ended only in the subjugation—rather the extermination of the rightful owners of the soil. It is a dark stain on the page of American history, and however, we may exult over our advanced civilization, the ineffaceable traces of the past are written in tears and bloodshed, and the ghosts of an injured people rise up reproachfully even in the crowded cities which stand on their once free domains.

The Indian tents, or wigwams, with their circular 'tops interlaced with green boughs, were clustered together like huge ant's nests, and covered a large elevated plain. They were shaded by birch trees left standing singly and in groups, and their tall trunks, partly stripped of the white bark, glimmered like polished shafts in the quivering fire light. Little naked children, tawny imps of the forest, were seen running about in savage glee, and the women of the tribes were busied in preparing the evening meal.

"What a charm there must be in that wild savage life," said Mavicourt, breaking a long silence, "truly, Adolphe, I envy you the happi-

ness of a few months freedom among forest shades, and unsophisticated men and women. I only pray the saints you may not come back with a blanket on your shoulders, and a tomahawk in your hand, or an Indian wife with a pappoose at her back! I am half tempted to go with you at all hazards, since the Governor would not listen to my humble petition, and give me a command in this service. I long to share your adventures and the glory, if there is to be any of this wild campaign."

"Your companionship would be truly welcome," said Valois, "but there can be little glory reaped in an expedition which is intended only to awe the savages into more friendly relations. At any other time I should enter with my whole heart into the spirit of whatever adventures may chance to befall me; but, now, I leave too much behind me, at the mercy of untoward circumstances. I have too many doubts and gloomy fears, for the future, to look out with a cheerful eye from my own selfish and engrossing thoughts."

"Thou hast no cause to be so desponding, believe me," said Mavicourt, warmly, "mademoiselle de Beausejour has a true heart and a right brave spirit, one can read it in her deep, clear eyes; her very lips, smiling as they are, express firmness and decision, but most gracefully tempered by the winning sweetness of her manner. I will wager my knightly spurs, when I get them, against the chances of thy success. But even if your fears should prove prophetic," he added gaily, "what then? a young heart is not broken by a single blow!"

Never despond! the world is before thee!
Flowers of all hues, its pathway adorn;
Never despond! though some fade around thee,
Gather the brightest, tread light o'er the thorns!"

"This is *thy* philosophy, Mavicourt," said Adolphe, "*mine* is more deeply seated. But a truce with moralizing. To-morrow you return to Quebec, and I need not say to you, watch over Clarice; be a friend, a brother to her, for she stands alone—surrounded by selfishness, where she ought to look for sympathy and protection, and I, in a remote wilderness, cannot reach out a hand to aid her!"

"I accept the trust with no less pride than pleasure, Adolphe, and if there is a *Coureur de Bois*, or a fleet-footed Indian to be found for a messenger, depend on it, you shall hear good tidings from me. So in the name of all the saints, and St. Cupid in particular, cheer thee up, friend, and go on thy way rejoicing!"

Cheer thee up! no more sighing—
Cheer thee up! youth is flying!
Bind with flowers
The rosy hours,
E'er the frail leaves wither.

Time, with hour-glass in his hand,
Ceaseless pours the golden sand;
Seize the treasure!
Sparkling pleasure,
Wait not till they're fallen!"

Mavicourt broke into song as usual, and was trilling his rhymes with great *gout*, when they reached the barrierre, and the sentinel, roused from drowsy slumber, growled out an angry challenge. Valois gave the pass word of the night, and they were suffered to proceed to their quarters without further impediment.

Montreal, on the following day, presented a striking scene, one of those wild gala-days which have long since past away with the singular race who then filled the forests, and navigated the broad lakes and who came in their simplicity to barter rich furs and beaver-skins for the merest gew-gaws of European manufacture.

The Indian chiefs, at an early hour, sent messengers from their encampment to demand an audience of the Governor-General, who usually came up at that time, to meet them, the savages being exceedingly flattered by such a mark of attention. It was a matter of policy to conciliate the friendship of the powerful Hurons and Ontaouais, for their vast country was a barrier to the Iroquois, a most fierce and warlike tribe, and always faithful allies of the English, by whom, in the frequent collision between the two colonies, their craft and ferocity were often employed with terrible effect. The Governor granted an audience without delay, doubtless well pleased to get rid of his tawny visitors with all convenient speed, for if they found access to strong drink, of which they were extravagantly fond, their visits often terminated in scenes of terrible riot, which, though confined to themselves, kept the inhabitants in a state of alarming excitement.

The rendezvous was appointed in the market-place, where the Governor-General and M. de Callieres, Governor of Montreal, seated in chairs of state, blazoned with the French arms, received the savages with great ceremony and respect. The two nations each formed a circle of its own, the warriors in their most imposing attire, sitting on the ground and smoking long pipes with the utmost gravity. The women of the tribes stood outside the circle, for they are rarely permitted to sit in the presence of their

lords, and children of all ages were looking on, though not with childish wonder, for they are taught at an early age, to suppress every outward sign of emotion. Many of the young squaws attracted admiration by the forest beauty of their elastic forms, their smooth olive complexions, and the lustre of their large dark eyes, soft as a gazelles and fringed with long jetty lashes.

One of the chief warriors stood up and addressed *Ononthio*, as the Governor was called, in terms sufficiently arrogant, and a style quite as boastful as an orator of the pale faces would assume. He declared the object of their visit was solely to render themselves useful to the French to renew their treaty of amity, and to bring rich furs, which they could not otherwise obtain, in exchange for articles of common use, but little valued. They also desired muskets and powder that they might harass the Iroquois, and hinder them from annoying the French settlements.

In conclusion, they offered a belt of wampun and a porclaine collar, in token of continued friendship, and presented to *Kitchi Okima*, the great Captain or Governor-General, a bundle of beaver skins, of costly value, demanding his protection while they remained in the encampment.

The Governor was pleased to return a courteous answer to the address, it being explained to him by an interpreter, and he also deigned to accept the furs, while, in return, he presented them with some trifling but showy articles which pleased their savage eyes, and were accepted in good faith by the unsuspecting visitants. The interview thus closed, the Indians returned to their encampment. They then unpacked their furs, and prepared to traffic with the citizens; and all day the town was filled with savages, and their dusky figures were seen going from shop to shop, with the bow and arrows in their hands, looking, with grave curiosity, at the tempting articles exhibited. They would take neither gold norsilver, which were of course valueless to them, and the merchants and trades-people knew well how to impose on their credulity, and make profitable bargains for themselves.

The squaws brought their own little wares to barter—pretty willow baskets and moccasins of deer-skin wrought with porcupine quills, which found always ready purchasers. Young mothers mingled with the crowd, carrying their pappooses at their back,—their supple limbs stretched on a board, tightly swathed, and covered with soft bark or leaves, so that only a little tawny head was visible, looking out with bright, wondering black eyes upon the busy multitude.

* * * * * * * *

Valois had parted from his friend Mavicourt, and was already far away on his long voyage to the great distant lakes. The expedition, in which he held command, was conducted in person by the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, who had lately arrievd at Quebec with a reinforcement of troops to relieve the citizens from military duty. The Count de Frontenae, almost single-handed, sustained the interests of the colony, and his sound policy and determined energy, had brought it into a prosperous state, in spite of obstacles and discouragements innumerable. He had an accurate knowledge of the country, and the most distant movements of the hostile Indians seemed intuitively known to him, for his vigilance never slumbered, and his sagacity seemed never at fault.

His plans were often thwarted by the bad counsel of the King or his advisers, for Louis XIV., however skilful in his great projects and successful as he was on the battle-fields of Europe, could have little knowledge of savage warfare, or the peculiar difficulties of a remote colony, struggling for existence under the most embarrassing local circumstances. The orders issued from the home department, even by the wise Colbert, would have annihilated the colony, if the Count de Frontenac had not often evaded, and sometimes acted in open defiance to them. The sagacity of his conduct was confirmed by its success. The plan of a campaign drawn out at three thousand miles distance, though suggested by great statesmen and experienced officers, could not be followed out in a struggle with savages, whose predatory habits set all regular warfare at defiance. A royal order had been transmitted, to abandon all distant forts, and close the trading ports at the outlets of the great rivers. It was thought advisable to confine the inhabitants to narrower limits, and encourage the peaceful arts of agriculture.

But the Count ventured to disregard this order—the spirit of the age was adventurous, and the early colonists were willing to hazard life for the hope of gain. The citizens demanded the right of traffic with the natives, and the commerce in peltries brought large revenue to the colony, while it was a source of private emolument to those concerned in it. He knew also that the English at New York and New England only waited an opportunity to seize those forts, and establish foot hold in the French territory, and their abandonment would also give courage to the Iroquois, their allies, who already boasted that *the French were dead*—a significant expression used by them to intimate the weakness of an enemy. After repeated applications, the King

at length sent out the desired reinforcement, and it was joyfully welcomed by the inhabitants, who were thus relieved from military duty, which they had been obliged to perform, to the great neglect of more peaceful and improving arts. The Count also resumed the licenses to traffic at the lakes, which had been withdrawn by royal edict, and commerce again flowed in a regular and profitable channel.

The expedition, with so many important objects in view, was cheered at parting with the best wishes of all loyal citizens. It presented a singular sight, that immense armament of boats entering the solitary waters of the great river of the Ontaouais. Batteaux containing artillery, field pieces, and ammunition, led the van, followed by canoes filled with provisions and camp equipage. A large body of friendly Indians—the Christians of the mountains, the Iroquois of the Sault St. Louis, and the Hurons of Lorette, in war dresses, filled a multitude of bark canoes, and the French troops and bands of volunteers, in the same light vessels, in regular file and exact order, furrowed the peaceful waters of the slumbering stream.

Following in the rear were a large number of canoes, navigated by *Coureurs de Bois*, who gladly availed themselves of military protection in conveying their valuable merchandise to distant trading ports. That hardy and half savage race of people, in their wild attire, with their bronzed and shrewd faces, and bold defiant air, formed a singular contrast with the smart trappings, the trained motions, and strict order of the soldiery. The *Coureurs* occupied some twenty canoes, each canoe containing two men, and filled with merchandize, valued at a thousand crowns. The money thus invested brought on return an enormous profit, usually not less than seven hundred per cent., the result, too often, of gross imposition on savage credulity and their love of gaudy trinkets.

Nothing could be more imposing than the wild magnificence of the solitary wilderness, through which this singular armament passed. Rich masses of summer foliage, blending all hues from the tender green of the quivering aspen to the dark tapering firs,—depth of forest which bewildered the imagination—cheerful glades sometimes opening to the sun—rocks, clothed with mosses and wild flowers, overhanging dashing streams—and over all, a sky of clearest blue, and sunlight, golden as the gates of an eastern paradise. Day after day, that long train of boats followed the course of the Ontaouais, through vast regions that seemed never to have echoed the glad tones of a human voice, or the tread of human footsteps. The lightest spirits were awed by the grandeur of those vast, continued forests—those wide-extended plains—the lofty pines reaching to heaven—and the mighty stream which had rolled for ages through that unpeopled region. The red denizen of the forest perhaps still lurked in its recesses, but no living objects were seen, but harmless wild animals, startled from their coverts—sometimes a herd of deer lying in sheltered glades, or standing on the margin of the stream, their branching antlers mirrored in the crystal wave.

After travelling some days, the river became narrower, more rapid and difficult to navigate. The boats were sometimes delayed at a *portage*, as the rapids frequently interrupted their course, the shallow water foaming over dangerous rocks, and it was necessary to disembark the troops and march some distance along the shore. As they left the borders of civilization far behind, there was also danger of surprise from the Indians, for the Iroquois had declared open warfare, by sending a bundle of arrows tied with a serpent's skin, and the Hurons of the Lake, and other tribes, had often shown themselves treacherous friends.

It was well for Adolphe Valois that his sombre thoughts were kept in check, by a constant demand on his time and services.

Lovers are always prone to exaggerate the misery of separation, and Adolphe's reveries, it must be confessed, were not all *couleur de rose*. But his faith in Clarice's constant affection remained unshaken, and youth is slow to perceive the evils of a distant future. If the passing hours were marked only by heavy hearts, few would complain of the rapid flight of time. Adolphe thought the days interminable in length, and looked forward to his distant return as to the accomplishment of a life-long task. But he applied himself earnestly to the duties of his position; and duty cheerfully performed always brings the reward of contentment, even if the heart has not every coveted blessing in possession.

The army was delayed one evening at the foot of formidable rapids, which presented an insurmountable barrier to the passage of the boats. The river in its whole breadth fell over a ledge of perpendicular rocks, forming a curtain of surpassing beauty and dazzling whiteness. The banks on each side were precipitous, and thickly wooded, wild, and rich in bloom and verdure—in lights and shadows, such as please an artist's eye, but they were discouraging enough to wearied troops, already impatient of delays and difficulties. They gladly obeyed orders to halt for the

night; and M. de Vaudreuil, after consulting the guides, decided to commence a march on the following morning across the country to Fort Cataraqui. The soldiers were busied till a late hour unloading canoes and mounting the artillery. It was a sultry evening, and the officers, standing in groups, or sitting at their open tents, looked out on the busy groups, suddenly peopling the wilderness, like the enchantment of a fairy tale. The stars shone faintly through the hazy atmosphere, and there was not a breath to stir the lightest leaf on the forest trees.

A light canoe, seen by the blazing torches, which threw a red glare far across the stream, was observed approaching the encampment, guided by a solitary voyageur. The coarse features and half savage attire of a *Coureur de Bois*, could not be mistaken. He lay indolently on the bottom of the frail bark, and dipped the oars with the light, skilful strokes of an experienced hand, guiding it among the dangerous rapids with the graceful ease of a child toying in idle sport. Above the rushing of the stream was heard his strong, not unmusical voice, keeping perfect time with the dipping oars, while singing a favourite air of the voyageurs:

"Speed my bark, while closing day,
Guides us with its trembling ray;
While the waves are flashing brightly,
O'er the rapids speed thee lightly,—
On my bark!

Toils and dangers safely o'er,
Rest we on the reedy shore;
Sweetly on the green turf sleeping,
Blessed mother! in thy keeping—
Guard us well!"

The *Coureur* sprang on shore and moored his canoe safely, before he deigned to answer any of the numerous inquiries that were addressed to him. He then asked for M. de Vaudreuil, to whom he had brought despatches from the Governor-General.

The faithful messenger had left Quebec some days after the expedition embarked from Montreal, and travelled with unwearied celerity, never resting day or night, but accustomed to sleep soundly while his little skiff floated on the stream, and from long habit, instinctively arousing when approaching any danger. There was much excitement produced by his unexpected appearance, for he brought the latest intelligence from a civilized community, and no matter how trivial it may be, the latest word that reaches the weary traveller from his distant home, is always welcome.

Some hearts were also made glad by the receipt of letters, and Mavicourt had not forgotten his friend but wrote hastily a few lines, cheerful and full of hope as usual. Valois,—ungrateful that he was!—scarcely glanced through them, for his eye fell on a delicate billet-doux, which contained dearer lines, penned by a fairer hand. Even if we had the privilege of looking over him, we should consider it a breach of confidence to reveal the tender words, intended only for a lover's eye; but his animated and happy countenance shewed that he was fully satisfied, that no new cloud had arisen to cast a shadow on his happiness. M. Mavicourt also wrote "that Clarice appeared in her usual health and spirits; that the Count la Vasseur had left Quebec for a time, and gossip whispered that it was to hide the mortification of a final rejection. From her own lips, he only learned, that she was at present free from persecution, and that Valois only should ever claim her hand."

The tedious march to Cataraqui, which commenced early the following day, seemed like a pathway of flowers to Adolphe compared with the preceding days, for Clarice's letter had acted like a charm, and his spirits were light as the carol of the wild birds on every tree around him. Till morning dawn, he had sat alone in his tent, writing an answer warm from his heart which he enclosed to Mavicourt and sent by the returning messenger. Little did he foresee the changes that would take place before they wrote again!

When about a day's march from Cataraqui, some Indian runners came to the General with a message from the commandant of that fort, warning him to guard against surprise, as the Iroquois were assembling in great numbers and with the most hostile disposition. M. de Vaudreuil hastened on by forced marches, and, arriving at the fort, found the garrison in a state of great excitement. Some time previous, a number of Iroquois warriors, under various pretences had been assembled at Cataraqui, where, in consequence of an order from the king, to send home some prisoners of war, several chiefs were treacherously seized, put in chains, and embarked at Quebec to serve in the gallies of France. Nothing could have been more impolitic, as well as inhuman, than the execution of such an order; and for similar aggressions the white population constantly suffered severe retaliation, while the poor savages bore all the ignominy of their extorted cruelty. Two Jesuits employed as missionaries, had used their influence to draw the chiefs into this snare. The rage of the whole tribe of course fell on them, and one, being captured by the Onneyouths, a

kindred tribe was condemned to the stake. By a singular chance he excited the pity of an Indian matron, who saved him at the moment of execution, and adopted him into her family.

The other Missionary, who was called de Lamberville, received protection from the Onantaques, who held him in great esteem, and would not suffer any harm to approach him. It was an act of noble generosity on the part of the savages, and the scene was not unworthy a brighter page of history. The flames were already kindled and the unfortunate man stood bound and trembling in their presence, anger and revenge pictured on every face, when an ancient of the tribe arose and with the eloquence of true feeling, represented to him the guilt of his offence, but expressed a persuasion that his heart had no share in the treason, of which he had been made the instrument, and that, therefore, he should be released from its punishment. But lest the chiefs should be unable to protect him from the fury of others, he bade him depart from amongst them, and seek his safety elsewhere. He was furnished with a guide to conduct him through unfrequented paths, and they never left him till he was beyond the reach of danger.

M. de Lamberville thus unexpectedly liberated, reached Cataraqui only a few days before M. de Vaudreuil arrived there with his troops. The General left a suitable force to strengthen the garrison, and after a few days repose, proceeded to Michilimakinac. Father Lamberville also proceeded under his protection to the mission on the upper lakes.

Two or three months passed away and Valois had not again heard from Clarice. The troops remained in winter quarters at Michilimakinac, and the appearance of so large a force had restrained the incursions of the Iroquois. The price of commercial articles was also regulated, so that the savages returned to trade at the French ports, instead of carrying their furs to the far off market of New York. Several important skirmishes had taken place with hostile tribes, and the General felt compelled to resort to severe measures, in order to strike terror into the savages and suppress their aggressions. It must have been a painful necessity which obliged him to carry fire and sword into their villages and harvest fields. Success had crowned all his undertakings, and he only waited the opening of navigation to return with his troops, who had also gained much honour, to Quebec.

M. Valois looked forward to the period of return with intense anxiety, and letters which he received at that time, the first for many months, rendered suspense and delay almost insupportable. Clarice wrote in the warmth of unabated affection, but evidently under the influence of deep depression, though anxious to veil her feelings lest they should impart unhappiness. But she earnestly desired his return and assured him he would find her unchanged in heart, and with her hand still free to bestow on him, though the struggle to retain it had been sustained by the sacrifice of all domestic comfort. She referred to a letter she had written at a much earlier date, which had never been received, and he was perplexed by allusions to events in the past winter, which that would probably have explained. He had also a few lines from Mavicourt written in a hurried manner, and with little of his usual lightness, expressing anxiety for his return, and also alluding to a letter from himself, that had shared the same fate with that of Clarice.

Adolphe was half distracted with conjecture and apprehension; and as there was no longer active service to require his presence, and the troops waited their tardy departure, he asked, and obtained leave of absence, and directly set out, with despatches, under the solitary guidance of a *Coureur de Bois*.

(To be continued.)

ON TO THE BATTLE.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

On to the battle! Jehovah's own shield,
And the blood of the heathen shall crimson the field!
On! that the fairest of Philistea's daughters,
Through heart-breaking sorrow tomorrow may wail;
For all the bold champions that Israel slaughters,
And leaves to the vultures in Adjalon's vale.
On to the battle! Jehovah's own shield,
And the blood of the heathen shall crimson the field!

They boast of the gods, on whose shrines they attend,
Themselves and their homes let them come and defend;
There is the land which the Lord hath decreed us,
And here is the land where his wonders he'll do;
The hand that from Pharaoh and bondage hath freed us
Is with us, these Paynims in pieces to hew.
On to the battle! Jehovah's own shield,
And the blood of the heathen shall crimson the field.

Tyendenaga.

THE PROPHECY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

THOSE who have visited Brussels and beheld the interior of the Carthusian monastery of that city, may remember, that above the high altar is placed a beautiful Madonna bearing the name of Paul Wouverman, who, it is said, finished his days as a monk of the Carthusian order. The circumstances connected with the picture are singular, and by both French and German writers have been handled with considerable success; I believe, however, it has never appeared in an English dress, and in such I now take the liberty to present it to thee, gentle reader.

In a little chamber, in an old Dutch mansion in the suburbs of Harlem, one evening in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-four, an elderly man was busily employed in finishing a picture, which represented the exterior of a monastery, before which was seen a huntsman, mounted on a white horse and a falcon with its hood and bells perched upon his arm, while, by his side stood a monk apparently pointing out the path he should pursue. The old painter suddenly stopped in his occupation, and falling back into his chair, as from extreme exhaustion, abandoned himself to the most melancholy reflections. Philip Wouverman, for that was the artist's name, had spent a long and virtuous life in the pursuit of his art, and like many others, had met with only neglect and opposition. He now felt that the close of his life was at hand, and almost regarded the picture he had just finished, as the last that should ever come from his pencil. At this moment, the door of his studio opened, and his only son, Paul, stood before him, who had just returned from Brussels, whither he had been sent by his father to dispose of some of his pictures.

"Ah! my boy, so soon returned," exclaimed the old man. "What success?"

"Bad! very bad?" replied Paul, shaking his head and drawing from his breast a small leathern bag, which he placed in his father's hand. "Only fifty stubers for the two."

The old man sighed heavily, and giving his pallet and pencils to his son, said, "Heaven's will be done!"

"I tried everywhere," continued Paul, "to dispose of them to the best advantage, but was continually repulsed with the reply, 'that modern productions are of little value.'"

"Ah!" said Philip, "if my pictures had borne the name of Bergham or Potter, they would have sold to six times the advantage," and he let his head drop upon his breast.

"It is true, my father, and yet many who are first rate connoiseurs say that these painters knew nothing of the structure of animals, that the most of their designs are faulty in the extreme, while they hesitate not to assert, that yours are in every respect superior—teeming with the reality of life. But heed not, posterity will certainly render you justice."

"Posterity!" cried Philip, bitterly. "Think you that praise will make me sleep more softly in my tomb?"

Paul's eye fell upon the picture on which his father had been occupied, he started with surprise, exclaiming, "What, the monastery of Brussels, and that monk—it is very singular—" and he stood lost in the intensity of his feelings.

"Why this astonishment, my son?" inquired old Wouverman, "does it not please you?"

"Yes, my father, yes, but such a group I saw last night in my dream. The monk that you have there pourtrayed, is the exact resemblance to one with whom, in my sleep, I held converse."

"Indeed," said Philip, "and what was that converse, Paul?"

"He bade me welcome to the monastery of Brussels. I had come even as that hunter, who is now standing there, to renounce the world and take the rosary and cowl."

Would to Heaven you had, my son, in reality, for in this world there is nothing but sorrow and despair."

"That monk," continued Paul, "has left an ineffaceable remembrance on my memory. How beautifully you have expressed your design. The emaciated and lengthened features of a penitent without sadness, without a trace of crime or of repentance, while over all there reigns a calm and holy tranquility. It is a design, my father, enough to make one long for the peace that there appears to be found."

"True, very true," said the old man with a sigh, "and as in my pilgrimage through life I have

found neither happiness nor peace, I am almost inclined to throw down the pallet and the pencils and take up the spade." At these words, Philip buried his head in his hands and turned away from the presence of his son.

The last words of the old man went keenly to the heart of young Wouverman; he had resolved all his life to become a painter, and the despair of his father, was as a fatal presentiment of what would befall him, if he followed the pursuit. He quitted the apartment and hastened to unburden his sorrows to his sister, whom he found occupied in watering some favourite plants, which were placed in vases of the most curious workmanship. When Paul related the affliction of his father, the young maiden was overwhelmed with grief.

Paul, and Anna, his sister, were the only children of old Wouverman. Their mother had died while they were very young, and the old man had watched over them with the most affectionate fondness; supporting and educating them, solely by the productions of his pencil. They felt deeply, the loneliness of their situation. Paul was still young, not more than twenty years of age, and had never acquired any profession to which he could turn for support. A strong love of painting had taken possession of his heart, but the father had ever strenuously opposed it,—knowing, from a life of melancholy experience, the uncertainty of an artist's calling.

After indulging in their grief, the young girl said briskly to Paul,

"An idea has struck me, brother; you must go to old Barbara, who lives behind the church of St. Pierre."

"And for what?" asked Paul, "why should I go to that old witch?"

"She will tell you of the troubles that are likely to befall us, and a knowledge of them may enable us, perhaps, to avert them in some degree."

"Folly!" cried Paul, "folly; none but fools go there."

"Yet many of our richest and greatest people visit her," answered Anna.

"That is because they have nothing better to do with their money and their time."

"For my sake, Paul," said Anna, supplicating, and hanging round the neck of her brother. "For my sake, see her. I would willingly accompany you, but—"

"Well, well, I'll go," cried Paul, "I see that you wish me to satisfy some curiosity; I shall see her, and make her render me a particular account."

Paul repaired that same night to the house of the sybil,—a confused feeling gave to him a kind of confidence in her divinations, celebrated as they then were through all Harlem.

The old woman resided in a little hut, of most wretched appearance, in the suburbs of the city; but, though miserable in its outward aspect, within was to be found, every comfort which the bounty of the credulous had lavished in return for her art. As the young painter entered the house, he was struck by the appearance of a most singular group of persons; around a table, on which was burning a tall wax taper, three persons were seated. One of them, was the old sybil herself; her brown and haggard features, over which was straggling her scanty and grizzly hair, with her deep sunken and almost lustreless eyes, gave to her the aspect of a spectre escaped from the tomb. She held before her in her bony hand, a book, in which were all kinds of magic characters and figures, which she was busy in arranging in particular positions, as illustrative of the divination she was then muttering to another of the group, a young lady, who appeared in the ripeness of youth, with deep blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and hair of the glow of the golden sunlight, and who regarded the words of the sybil with an expression of childish curiosity, blended with that of inquietude. By her side, a younger female was seated, who looked on with perfect indifference. The taper, which reflected its flame brightly upon the faces of the young maidens, was almost concealed from that of the old woman, by her placing her hand above her eyes, to aid her in the decyphering of the characters in her magic volume. The contrast was most singular. It was like the frown of night opposed to the smile of the morning.

Paul paused for a moment at the door, and contemplated the scene with ravishment. The sound of his footsteps, however, had attracted their notice. They sprang to their feet, and looked with astonishment at the appearance of a stranger. The young painter apologized for his abrupt intrusion, and requested the liberty to convey to his sketch-book, the outlines of the group which they had presented upon his entrance. The request was couched in so modest and earnest a manner, that they had not the power to refuse. In an instant he drew from his pocket, his tablets, and with a bold and rapid hand, traced the picture. He had hardly completed his work, when a loud noise was heard at the door of the sorceress. The old woman rushed to the window, and beheld several officers, who had come from an adjoining tavern in a moment of merriment, to consult her upon their future fates. "Lose not a moment!" said she, "here are strangers coming, you must not be

seen, escape by this passage," and opening a small door close to the fire-place, she urged their departure. Paul perceived that the young ladies hesitated as if from alarm, and offering them his protection, they at once quitted the apartment.

They resided in an ancient gothic mansion, surrounded by a spacious garden, without the gates of Harlem. As they walked along, Paul discovered that the name of the youngest, was Celestine, and that of the eldest, Van Daal. Having arrived at their dwelling, they took a respectful leave of the young painter, thanking him most cordially for his trouble. In the course of their walk, Celestine had made a strong impression upon the heart of Paul.—The innocence, the quiet and the honest frankness which marked her conversation, and were displayed in her countenance, had deeply enamored him. He made every inquiry in the neighbourhood, who and what they were, but he could only learn, that the mansion belonged to a rich widow, and that the two young ladies were, doubtless, her children.

Absorbed in his feelings, he returned to his home, and there recounted to his sister, his singular adventure.

"Ah! Paul, Paul," she laughingly exclaimed, "you are in love; you had better go to old Barbara again, and learn your future fate,—who knows but a wife and fortune are in waiting for you."

The young painter had not this time to be strongly importuned to visit the old woman, and at the beginning of the evening, he was found seated at the table of the divineress, who demanded of him his age.

"Just seventy-seven," said he, laughingly, and thinking that his foolish reply would annoy the old sybil,—but she moved not a feature, while, opening her volume at page seventy-seven, she presented it to Paul, who beheld, with surprise, the figure of a Carthusian friar, who held in his hand a spade, and mournfully regarded a new-made grave.

"You mean from this dress, I conjecture, that I shall finish my days in the character of a monk?" remarked Paul, after a short silence.

"The costume has nothing to do with the affair," replied the sybil—"but, you shall die in peace and solitude, separated from the world and its woes."

Paul, who had relapsed into profound thought, had his attention recalled, by the prophetess touching him on the shoulder with a wand, and pointing to a picture, which hung behind him, and which represented the figure of the young woman who had so strongly impressed his heart.

"Ah!" cried Paul, "is it possible, can it be—"

"Yes," said she, interrupting him, "it is the image of the young lady that you saw yesterday, but you will never come together,—each step that you take to approach her, will only separate you farther, and farther from her."

"And who is this young lady?" demanded Paul, at the same time, placing a piece of gold in the hand of the old woman.

"I shall speak the truth," she replied. "You have heard, without doubt, of the rich and wise politician, Cornelius De Witt, brother of the celebrated Jean De Witt?"

"Yes, yes;" cried the young man, with impatience.

"Then you know that the two brothers are sworn enemies to the Prince of Orange, and that they support the cause of the Stadtholder?"

"Every child at school knows this;" cried Paul, with increased impatience.

"Be not so hasty, Barbara leaves no step untrodden in her recital;" she continued. "Ah!" and she sighed heavily as she proceeded, and lifted up her withered hands:—"As long as the river is smooth, we sport gaily upon its surface, and dream not of the danger that lurks beneath. The two brothers go on thus, smoothly deceiving, but the younger, has already received some scratches, and that is the reason why he has brought hither his daughters from Dordrecht, 'till the evils that now threaten, have passed from his innocent children."

Paul guessed the rest, and suddenly quitting the presence of the prophetess, repaired to the house of Celestine. As he approached the mansion, a light was sending its beams from a little window, and illuming the court-yard. Suddenly the door was seen to open, and the figure of a man came forth. A feeling of jealousy took possession of the heart of Paul—he approached the stranger, and to his surprise, recognised him to be his friend, Frank, a flower painter.

"It is most fortunate that I find you," exclaimed Frank, at the same time extending his hand. "Will you consent to take a pupil?"

"A pupil?" said Paul, astonished.

"She resides hard by—nay, in this very house;" replied Frank. "I have taught her up to this day to paint flowers, but she wishes now to paint the human figure, and you know, my good Paul, that is a branch of the art to which I lay no pretensions."

"And who is this young lady,—who are her parents?"

"I know not what step they claim in the genealogical tree," replied Frank. "She is named

Celestine, and dwells with Dame Van Ryn, who is her aunt, I believe. She is a charming creature, and I love her with all my heart and soul."

"And how have you consented to be separated from her so easily, if you really love her so sincerely?"

"I love, as an artist, all that is beautiful, either for its form or for its colour; but, I am only enamored of one person," answered Frank.

"And that person lives in Harlem?" asked Paul, with anxiety.

"It is your sister, Anna," replied Frank, "and if your father will give his consent, I hope to obtain her hand."

Paul encouraged his friend in his design, because he thought that the marriage of his sister would soothe the melancholy feelings of his father. The following day, Frank conducted Paul to Celestine, and the agreeable lessons commenced.

The brothers, Cornelius and Jean De Witt, had been raised to the higheet stations in the kingdom, on account of their profound wisdom, extensive knowledge, indefatigable activity, and a strong love of country; but, which was not, nevertheless, free of ambition. During many years, the destinies of Holland and those of a part of Europe, were in their hands. Strongly opposed to the re-establishment of the Stadtholder, and the pretensions of the young Prince of Orange, they gave full liberty and independence to the states, and destroyed, also, the political equality of the united provinces.

Jean De Witt, had recognised the true interests of France, and had founded, on these views, a project of alliance with that Monarch. But he knew not the personal character of Louis XIV., who declared war against the republic, to the detriment of the prosperity of his kingdom; and ruined, also, the party of De Witt, who was not prepared for a similar struggle. The alarming progress of the French army, backed by the soldiers of the Bishop of Munster, forced the Hollanders to place the Prince of Orange at the head of their troops, and soon the magistrates were compelled by the people, to accept of the Stadtholder; and this was the time when Cornelius, fearing the fall of his house, conveyed his daughter, Celestine, to Harlem. In vain did the friends of the two brothers beseech them to yield to the force of things. In vain did the Prince of Orange, who knew their capacity, extend to them the hand of reconciliation. But the brothers were so immoveable, and so inaccessible to fear, that they continued in their resolution, although the very earth trembled beneath their feet. For Celestine, she knew that Holland was divided into parties, but she was ignorant that her father and her uncle had to struggle against powerful and deadly adversaries. She had been accustomed to see them happy, strong, and venerated: and she could not doubt of their ultimate success. There were also in her a pious confidence and an angelic purity, that rendered her a stranger to the conflict of the passions, and made her look upon the bloody pages of history, not as the effects of human will, but the inevitable judgment of Heaven. Her days flowed on quietly with her occupations, and at the same time, she made great progress under her young master, the artist.

Old Wouverman had received with joy the demand of Frank for his danghter's hand, and he rejoiced to think that he would not leave her behind him unprotected. But he lamented, above all things, that his son-in-law was an artist; and in the bitterness of his heart, said, that he would rather give his daughter in marriage to a mason, or a carpenter, than to a son of the pallet and the pencil. Frank endeavoured to console him, by telling him, that he had already amassed considerable property in following the prevailing taste of the day, in making pictures of flowers for the amateurs, in tulips and ranunculis.

"I have nothing to say against such taste," replied the old man. "A good taste is very rare, especially among rich amateurs, and the possessors of collections. I have always suffered much in beholding any of my pictures falling into the hands of those, who regarded them only as household moveables, to ornament their dwellings, or as the means to allow them to repeat their hackneyed phrases about colour, distribution of tints, and lights and shades. It is an artist alone, who is able to judge of these things."

It was by such discourse, that old Wouverman sought to stir up and keep alive his afflicted spirits. At last the wedding was celebrated, with a tranquil and modest happiness.

Philip called up the joyous days of his youth, and put on an appearance of gaiety; but, as soon as the young couple had retired, he relapsed into his former gravity, and calling Paul to him, said: —"The sun of my life, has shed its last rays today—it is now sinking in the midst of clouds. Yes, my son, I feel that my end is fast approaching. Be thou, therefore, a man, and follow my counsel. When I am dead, carry this letter—it is addressed to the friend of my youth, Cornelius De Witt, at Dordrecht."

"What! is he the friend of your youth?" demanded Paul, completely surprised.

"Yes," continued Master Philip, "we loved each other as brothers—but rich and great, since

he has now grown, I have never sought to renew his friendship, or to place myself before him as a beggar. He will, I am sure, receive the son of his dead friend kindly. Thou art well versed in mathematics, and he will be able to employ you in the affairs of his office. Follow not, my son, the thorny path of the arts, which will make thee, like thy father, a victim to glorious uncertainty. Paul had not the courage to oppose his father's counsel—he was affected to tears—and falling upon his knees, said, "Bless me, my father!"

The old man extended his hands, and placing them upon his head, said, "May the peace, which in vain I have sought to find, accompany and follow you to the end of your life." Paul fervently kissed the hands of his father, and retired to rest; where, for a long time, sleep refused to close his eyes. An hour after midnight, he awoke in terror from his repose, for it seemed as if some one had called him by name. He rose from his bed, and running to the neighbouring chamber of his father—found him dead in his chair. The light, which was on the table by his side, had burned to the very socket, and the chamber was filled with a thick smoke, from the remains of burned paper. Master Philip, an hour before he died, had thrown within the chimney, the designs of his portfolio, and consigned all to the flames, so that his son might not be able to derive any advantage from them, if he persisted in following the unhappy trade of an artist.

The body of old Wouverman was buried without pomp or parade, according to his desire.

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The following day, Paul proceeded on his journey to Dordrecht, for the will of his dying father was sacred to him. He took his leave of Celestine for some time, without naming to her Dordrecht and his purpose, wishing not to awaken in her, melancholy remembrances. He arrived that night, and passing along one of the principal streets of the city, was suddenly stopped, by receiving a friendly stroke upon the shoulder. "You are welcome to Dordrecht," said the stranger, who was a little man, with one of the happiest faces and figures that Paul had ever witnessed. "I see," continued he, "that it is necessary to refresh your memory—I left Harlem four years ago. I was acquainted with your father, on the most friendly terms, but after such a length of time, my costume and my features are wonderfully changed. During my residence there, I was only the dauber Van Aelst, now I am called Mynheer, and receive on all sides great homage."

Paul remembered something of the painter, and extended to him his hand.

"How is your father?" asked Van Aelst. Paul recounted to him in a few words, the death of the old man, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"So, he is dead? *Requiescat in pace!*" cried Van Aelst. "He was a good man, and also a great artist,—his history pieces, his battle gems, his landscapes, will be admired, I believe, even more than my dead birds. I do not wish to be thought vain, but the wings of my birds seem almost as if inclined to fly; I say this to you, because I know you are a lover of the arts. Where do you propose to lodge?"

"I am seeking for a hotel," said the young man.

"Is that all, my friend Paul? That is your name, is it not? You shall live at my house, where you shall find everything to your comfort. You must see my wife, by the way," added he, "she is not pretty, but she is a good creature, and of excellent taste and sense. She gave me her hand with a fortune of a hundred thousand florins, and all this, only because I took a strong interest in the death of her parrot, and of which I made a most striking likeness."

At his table, Van Aelst appeared even more joyous and cordial. The young painter opened to him his heart, and told him of the singular nature of the letter which he had brought for De Witt. "You have a bad recommendation in your pocket," said Van Aelst.

"Wherefore?" asked Paul.

"He was arrested yesterday, and to-morrow, at the break of day, he will be taken to the Hague."

"Arrested! and wherefore?" exclaimed young Wouverman, struck with astonishment.

"Because it is said that he attempted to poison the Prince of Orange."

"It is not possible—it is a foul calumny!" exclaimed Paul, a deadly paleness coming over his features.

"I believe so, myself," replied the Dutchman. "The accuser of Cornelius De Witt, is a doctor, named Tichelaar, who is thought to be a creature of the Prince of Orange—but if he's proved guilty—"

"What then!" asked Paul, with impatience.

"Why then, he will receive the death of a traitor."

"In the name of Heaven, it is not possible that he can be stained with such a crime."

"It is a doubtful case, however," said Van Aelst, "but come, you have endeavoured to fulfil your father's request. You have nothing now to hope for from Cornelius De Witt,—you must de-

vote yourself to the art, and be the founder of your own fortune."

Paul bowed his head and sighed heavily, when he thought of poor Celestine, who suspected nothing of the horrible situation of her father. "Will they permit me to speak to the unhappy De Witt?" demanded Paul, after a moment's silence.

"If you are anxious to be considered as an accomplice, and would like to wear a pair of handcuffs."

Paul, at this intelligence, was overcome with grief and melancholy, while his host tried many ways to divert him.

At length, Van Aelst said, "Come, Paul, I shall show you the parrot that made my fortune, and won me a wife." At these words, he conducted him into a beautiful cabinet, the walls of which were covered with paintings. They represented dead pheasants, heathcocks, and birds of all kinds; amongst which, the portrait of the parrot occupied a particular place of honour. At the sight of these pictures, the love of young Wouverman for the art, revived. He was surprised at the strong resemblance to nature, and would never have wearied in admiring the beautiful plumage so strikingly pourtrayed by the ingenious pencil of Van Aelst.

The painter felt flattered at the encomiums young Wouverman bestowed so warmly upon his works—and drawing himself erect, with a self-satisfied importance, said:—

You have taste, Paul—you have true taste—you will be a great man yet—you see everything correctly. Would you believe it, I have sometimes the mortification to behold my partridges and my pheasants placed in the galleries, between Potter and Bergham, nay, even under a holy family of Francis Floris, or Denis Calvert—and need I say, how much it has annoyed me to see my birds in the midst of these smoked and withered looking old angels and virgins. It is then that I see the ridiculous and sublime, and fear that I am condemned to perpetual obscurity."

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The next day, Paul quitted this honest man and returned to his sister. On his arrival, he found waiting for him, the following letter, which fortunately had arrived but a few moments before his reaching Harlem:—

"It is necessary that I repair immediately to the Hague, to see my unhappy father. I entreat of you, as the man most dear to me, to accompany me. With you I shall have less to fear, and God will reward you, for so doing to an unhappy daughter. If you refuse to obey my prayer, I shall go alone, committing myself to the protection of Heaven."

Paul hesitated not. He repaired immediately to Celestine. The carriage was already waiting, and at once they entered it. In vain did Paul endeavour to console her,—but, during the whole journey, she was only able to articulate a few words, and manifest her silent thanks, by a firm pressure of the hand of Paul. Arrived at the gate of the Hague, she ordered the coachman to drive the carriage to the house of her uncle, and beggèd her young protector, without delay, to accompany her to the prison of her father.

They had only proceeded a few steps, when a distant, sullen sound, broke upon their ear. Nearer, and nearer it came, 'till at last an immense multitude was seen in the distance, heaving to and fro, like the billows of the ocean, around the prison where DeWitt was confined. Celestine shuddered—her knees trembled beneath her—she had hardly the power to retain her hold of the hand of Paul. She was struck with a fatal presentiment, and wished to leave the place; but her desire was useless, on every side, they were surrounded by accumulating masses of inhabitants, and with the torrent of the crowd, were borne on, till they stood before the prison of the Hague.

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice almost inaudible from the dreadful feeling that had taken possession of her heart, and pointed her finger to the walls of the prison, upon the top of which, a horrible spectacle was presented. The red blaze of innumerable torches revealed to view, a throng of hideous persons, clothed in rags, their dark and ferocious features were lighted up with a savage joy, while in all parts was vociferated the name of *De Witt*. Suddenly, the crowd parted with with a simultaneous burst of horror. Two pale, mutilated, and slashed figures, were, from the centre of the throng that stood upon the prison walls, hoisted up by cords, and suspended from the gratings of the prison window. They were the bodies of the two unhappy brothers, Cornelius and Jean De Witt. The blood of Celestine grew chill—her eyes were fixed, and she stood like a statue, motionless and cold—the quivering of her pale lip, alone told that life was still within her.

A man covered with rags and blood, came leaping and shouting, "Who will buy the fingers of the traitor Jean De Witt? They are the same with which he signed the banishment of the Stadtholder. I will sell them for thirty stubers."

Another, and a more horrid voice, exclaimed,

"Here is the hand of the traitor, entire. I will sell it for twenty stubers," and he displayed the bloody member before the eyes of Celestine, which seemed to crave, as it were, a reward for its murderer.

Celestine uttered a loud shriek and fell upon the ground—her heart was broken.

* * * * * *

Paul retired to the Carthusian monastery of Brussels, and became a brother of that order—thereby, verifying the vision presented to him in his dream, connected with the singular coincidence of his father's picture, and the prophecy of the old sybil. Above the high altar, is still pointed out to the visitor, a beautiful Madonna, which, tradition says, bears the features of Celestine, the daughter of the unfortunate Cornelius De Witt.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our voices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The burdening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thought of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted—wholly vain
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

PALESTRINA.—A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Ha!" cried Alexander, as he entered the apartment of his friend, Johann, and found him in a melancholy mood, sitting at his table, "ha, my dear fellow! what is the matter? Depending on your promise, if the weather was fair, to walk with me in the country, I have been sitting all the morning in best dandy trim—in my new fashioned uncomfortable coat, waiting for you! but in vain; so I got up at last, and came in search of you; and lo! find you undressed, or at least, not in holiday trim as I am—at your desk, studying old yellow music, and not, as it seems, in humor, exactly—*couleur de rose!*"

"Yes, I am out of tune!" replied Johann, "and all I do to get the better of my ill humor, goes ill with me. So at last, as always, when all other means fail, I betake me to some good old master in music. To-day, however, my study has only made me more melancholy, instead of bettering my spirits. The excellence of old times serves but to remind me of the present low state of our art, and the mediocrity of our artists!"

"Hold, friend; go not too far! Think upon the old proverb—, 'All is not gold that glitters.' All are not artists who please to call themselves such."

"Sound advice!" exclaimed Johann; "as if it occurred not of itself to every reasonable man, who visited Leipsig after a few years' absence! *One* I sought here—Mendelsohn Bartholdy! He is absent. The others, with their insufferable pretension, and their worthlessness, only disgust me."

"Yet I know one, who could do well, if he would only endeavour earnestly—our little fat

friend, Stegmayer ; a nature truly Mozartesque ! Pity only he is not really enthusiastic in his art —but, on the contrary, too much devoted to gay living !"

" Truly, a pity ! he is the only one I can think on with satisfaction, for his really noble talents ! all the rest, I repeat it, disgust me with their laboured ingeniousness—their extraordinary self-complacency— their current coin of praise—paid from hand to hand. May the sin be pardoned me ! but these people, when I consider them, come before me like those three nurses in Dresden, who for three months used to parade every morning the garden of the house where I lodged, each with a squalling brat on her arm, mingling with the screaming of the children their frightful tune, with a refrain that was applicable enough —" Oh, can you pardon me this song ?"

" Ha, ha, ha !"

" Do not laugh ! that unhappy trio nearly drove me crazy ; and even now, as often as I think on them, I have a queer feeling about my head !"

" You should not take it so tragically ! It is too much the case now, from the highest to the lowest, that art is shockingly abused."

" My friend, it would be melancholy, indeed, if better spirits could look on *calmly ;* it is my firm conviction, that indifference towards the good and the beautiful, is more worthy of condemnation than open hostility. I should be ashamed to be ignorant of bad authors, and bad works ; because I hold it my duty to battle for the good against the common and the mean, with all the weapons at my command. Chide me for a Don Quixotte— I care not ! I fight, like him, not alone, against windmills ! and spite of his craziness, I esteem the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, an honest, worthy—yea, an admirable character."

Alexander laughed at his friend's singular notion ; but said, good-humoredly—" Heaven forbid, my dear fellow, that I should compare you to the Knight of the Rueful Countenance ; though sooth, as I observed a while ago, you show little, to day, of your wonted cheerfulness. For the rest, I entirely agree with you as to the arrogance of our composers. At present, for the most part, that they compose but for one instrument, the piano, is beyond belief. I read, for example, some time ago, in the Mitternachtsblatt, an essay of a Mr. T., in Berlin. Mr. T., himself, a composer, liberally plasters his friend, C. B., and forgets not himself at the end. This might pass, and his praise—for somewhat is allowed to friendship—and as a composer of songs, C. B., has real merit, even though he cannot equal, much less rival a Schubert, a B. Klein, a Spohr, or a Lôwe ! But Mr. T. repeats some very silly remarks of B's upon Peter von Winter, and particularly his " Opferfest," and calls it a just, solid, spirited judgment ! Now neither T. nor B. have ever written any thing which could come nigh that cavatina of Myrrha, " Ich war, wenn ich erwachte," or the duet, " Wenn mir dein Auge strahlet." To a quartette like the droll, pathetic one, " Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen," neither of the two gentlemen can aspire. But they believe they can do better. I would give them simply, this advice, to write off the dramatic text of the opera, and then compose it. All Germany will thank them if they make it better than good old departed Winter.

" Of such monstrous *genialitat*, my old master knows nothing," observed Johann, as he showed his friend the title-page of the music lying before him ;" the good *Giovanni Pierluigi* was as simple, and excellent a man as a great and admirable artist. He confirmed the old truth, that to be a worthy artist, one must first be a worthy man. This saying has been oft repeated ; but to my mind can never be repeated often enough ! If it cannot help the ordinary and the mean to self-knowledge and improvement, it will sustain the good, when outward circumstances threaten to overpower them ; for he who means most honestly with art, has ever the most opposition from without to struggle against."

" It was not easy for Giovanni Pierluigi to come forth as the creator of a new style in church music. Born in Palestrina, 1524, he found no contemporary exemplar in his art, who could have guided him in the right way. Music —I mean church music—was near utter extinction ! Soft tinklings—not unfrequently, pieces from operas, and amorous canzonets joined together, were heard in the sanctuaries. Consequently, it was music the most remote from sacred, which, from his childhood, Palestrina not only heard, but helped to produce, for he had been sent to Rome as chorister, to study music."

" But in his youthful breast glowed a spark of the god-like, which soon rose to a flame that illumined the night around him ! Palestrina discovered what, in a time of universal degeneration, may not be taught ; he discovered what was wanting—what must be done ; and yet more—the means to remove the evil ! In himself, he bore from the beginning, the good and the beautiful, which he was to set up in place of the corrupt and the repulsive. Thus equipped, courageous, but without presumption, conscious, but void of self-complacent vanity—he entered the arena of contest ; thus he ventured to gainsay

Pope Marcellus II., and his cardinals, who wished all music banished from the church; and through his *Missa Papae Marcelli*, he not only reformed music, but gave the first inducement to make it a substantial part of the Romish service.

"His efforts, his work found appreciation; yet for a long and melancholy time, the reward seemed uncertain. Palestrina had been singer in the Popish chapel; he lost this place; for, following his human, honourable heart—he married. His marriage, as appears from his letters, was so displeasing to the Holy Father, that Palestrina was on the point of quitting Rome, having lost, with his place, the means of subsistence. Fortunately, some true friends of art espoused his cause; he obtained another situation in Saint John Lateran; at a later period he was chapel-master at Santa Maria Magiore. He founded an excellent school, produced immortal works, and ended the fair labour of a useful life as chapel-master at Saint Peter's, the second of February, 1594.

"The simple, quiet life of this great man, has always possessed deep interest for me; and it has often occurred to me to represent to the public, in the form of a Tale of Art, that important period in which he saved Music from the ban which hung over her. But I have relinquished the idea; for in Palestrina's life, as in his works, there seems nothing *made up*. All lies before us so simple, so noble, so sun-like clear, that it would be quite impossible by aid of the most ingenious fiction, to paint it more lovely and elevated than is the plain reality. The greatest poets, Goethe particularly, have felt this, at times. powerfully; and have often given unadorned, the simple relation of facts, touching enough, indeed, to dispute the pre-eminence with all their fictions.

"In Palestrina's works, reigns the purest church-style; no other master has come nigh him, in this respect. Loftiness, strength, and wildness, form the character of his music, which fills the heart with devotion, and bears it upward to God, free from the claims of earth, and all that claims earthly emotion.

"It is undeniable that all church music should have this only aim—to lift the spirit to devotion—to God; according to the word of holy writ—which command all those who come into the presence of the Lord, to come with a pure heart and holy thoughts.

"The more recent church-composers have *not* followed this noble aim! Latterly, even in Italy, the pure style has declined, and how much, may be shown by the circumstance that the Italians, even towards the close of the last century, admired Jonelli as a *great* church-composer. The German style was never pure as Palestrina's, because it was not so natural and unconstrained. Palestrina's simplicity was harshness with Sebastian Bach; the strict German rules point out, now and then, by far more, what is prohibited than what is permitted, and even demanded, Händel, in his Messiah, Mozart, in his Requiem, broke the fetters, and soared upward, powerful eagles, towards the sun; yet without losing sight of the laws they acknowledged as just and necessary. Haydn, in his *Messen*, is less conscientious; his *creation* belongs, beyond dispute, only to the concert hall. But in the most recent times, what appears written for the church, can only fulfil the smallest part of those claims, justly made by the restorer of church music. And, in this point of view, I regard as quite objectionable, those oratorios of Friedrich Schneider, in which the tedious "God be with us," has the principal part, and is accompanied by flageolet, kettle-drum, trumpet, and bass trumpet."

"They will cry out against this judgment of yours, my dear Johann," said Alexander, "but you are right! and it is abominable, that in our most stirring, grand, spiritual music, Satan has the word! Its most respectable representative, besides, is no other than good, old, honest Zamiel, in Der Freischutz, who, in his harmless good nature, certainly never dreamed what sad consequences would flow from his bit of sport with the stupid huntsman's boy, Max, and the reckless lubber, Caspar! But that is the curse of imitation among the Germans! I am sure Friedrich Schneider would, in every respect, have done something excellent, as he has really done in so many respects, had not his first appearance been at the time when the people were all enthusiasm about Weber's "*Volks oper*." As highly as I honour Schneider's great talent, much as I esteem him for a worthy man, I must blame him severely, that he has suffered himself to be carried away by the intoxication of a theatrical public, and led to produce works, which, in spite of splendid things in them, can yet be regarded, in the whole, (as well in an artistical view, as if we look upon their tendency,) only as *changelings*! Nay, I scarce suppress the wish—unkind enough! that Schneider might be, for once, condemned to hear, from beginning to end, the oratorio of a certain Mr. H——, "Christus de Erloser." This H——, inspired by the laudable hope of becoming, in the shortest possible time, a rich man, and a famous composer, set himself to work and put together this affair; in which he

not only pilfered to his heart's content, from poor Schneider, but imitated and twisted him so after his fashion, that his oratorio seemed a horrible caricature of all Schneider's oratorios. When Schneider employed one bass trumpet, master H——r would have *three!* Satan tunes up—the flageolets, screeching in, and the Tutti of the infernal chorus follows with frightful clamour. In 1833, the composer brought his astonishing work to Leipsig to be represented, to the great delight of the assembled auditory!"

"No more," said Johanna; no more of the man and his pitiful efforts! let us turn to nobler, more exalted objects! How much I regret that I could not be present at the representation of the "Paulus" of Mendelsohn Bartholdy! I am assured by a connoiseur, that Felix has here followed the path by which Handel reached the crown of immortality; nor could he praise sufficiently the wise moderation with which the youthful master, spite of his enthusiasm, has shunned all exaggeration in his work. "Mendelsohn Bartholdy," concluded he, "is able and sound to the core; so that we have ground to hope that a true man shall arise in him, to show us the path by which we may return, through the ancient simplicity, to the ancient glory!"

"Heaven grant it!" cried Alexander, fervently; "it cannot well be worse with us! Yet a life-impulse, too fresh and glad, is stirring in Art, for us to fear her death. She will not die! and let it only happen that the young aftergrowth may find a model not too far removed from them; for youth ever joins himself most willingly to the nearest.

"Will Felix become this model? I know not; but I hope so, as I wish it; and wish, also, that no young artist may ever forget—'*That he who would become a great artist, must first be a pure and true man.*'"

Alexander shook his friend cordially by the hand, and they parted.

MENTELLI.

"Captain O———, of the Royal Navy, an old friend, had taken lodgings in the Rue Pigarre, at the house of a teacher of mathematics, of whom he was receiving lessons. One day, dining together, he said if I would come to his new berth, he would introduce one of the most singular characters I ever met with. I went, and found, in a garden of moderate size, a summer-house, slightly built of wood, with glass windows on each side, some of the panes of which admitted the air. A glass door in front closed it, but not so nicely as to exclude the cold of winter. Here resided, in a space of eight feet square, a noble looking Hungarian, in the prime of life. It was the celebrated Mentelli, well known to the French Institute, and greatly respected.—Across the summer-house a box extended nearly the whole width. On that, athwart-ways, lay a plank, which served for a seat, upon which this extraordinary personage was sitting, his back being against the side of the house, and his feet and legs in the box, in which was deposited some blanketing. This he used at night to keep himself warm, and it was now wrapped round his knees and legs. He had before him, and on one side, a table formed of tilted boards, covered with books of several languages, together with a slate and pencil, which he used to work mathematical problems. Various holes in the summer-house were stopped with paper pasted over them, covered with Greek and Arabic characters. On the floor were several huge folios and quartos. From the roof, suspended by a piece of strong wire, there hung an iron lamp, with a wick projecting from a bent angle of the metal. This he lit up at night. There was also a can and pitcher, the last filled with water, standing in a corner, and a coarse brown loaf of bread lay over them. There was an old arm-chair in the opposite corner of these, so that a visitor had only just standing room within the door.—A ragged cloak hung over the chair.

The inhabitant was a fine-looking man, with a handsome, long brown beard that reached a foot below his chin. He was clad in a coarse brown jacket and waistcoat, that did not look too clean, and he had trowsers of a stuff somewhat similar. His eyes were large and fine, and, as I recollect, of a deep brown colour. I was introduced without ceremony in English, and he replied like a native of England, to my great surprise, and with singular softness of enunciation. He could converse equally well, I was told, in French, Italian, German, Latin, and Sclavonic. He understood both the ancient Greek and the Romaic, and was then endeavouring to master the Chinese, of which he had already acquired 2,000 characters. His reading was extensive. He was the cleverest sophist I ever heard argue. He subsisted by giving one lesson a week in mathematics, for which he was paid three francs, or half a crown, and upon this he actually supported himself. His only luxury was two or three potatoes boiled over his lamp at night, and sometimes a dinner with the good Frenchman who owned the garden, but whom he seldom troubled, on account of the time he lost by it. He bought at once enough of coarse ammunition bread to last him a week,

letting it grow stale that it might go the further. He slept five or six hours sitting in the chair, or, if cold, recumbent in the box in which I found him. He told me he had lived and studied so for twenty years of his life, and had never been ill. I told him his system could not last, that his health must succumb. He said that it was not that he was insensiblo to the excellence of food of a better kind, but that he must sacrifice too much time in producing wherewith to purchase it. That he had no pleasure in life but in acquiring knowledge. That time was the most precious thing which God had given to man, and that, when he wasted it, he calculated that a portion of knowledge was lost which could not be recovered. He was happy, though no cynic, not despising what others valued, but preferring the acquirement of knowledge, and, still more knowledge, beyond everything, and he was content that it should be its own reward.—Custom made his existing way of living no trial to him.

He spoke of several of the members of the French Institute with high respect as his particular friends. He had visited every country in Europe but England, which I was lucky enough to prevent his doing. I told him that in England his acquirements would have no weight in his brown jacket and trousers, though in Paris the first men might walk the Boulevards with him, as they did, arm-in-arm. He said he should offend nobody. He would get 150 francs and walk through the country. He had read our best writers. He knew Bacon, Locke, and Milton—why not their country? I said, because Englishmen regarded only exterior appearance. That there was no love for the professions of science or literature in England but among a very few persons indeed, who did not exchange their ideas with a public which had no sympathy but with pecuniary accumulation. That his dress would consign him here to a gaol as a rogue or vagabond, although he was guilty of no act that could warrant it. Suspicion was quite enough. "What, in a land of liberty?" said Mentelli. "Yes," I replied, "because poverty is a crime never pardoned there." He would scarcely believe me when I told him that his vouches from members of the French Institute would do nothing for his respectability with a country justice in England. That such an one would not weigh his acquirements, were they those of Newton, if he wore a dress that gave a suspicion of his being a poacher or vagrant. That the will of such an official was law with a poor man.

"But I should sleep in very humble inns, or at nightfall upon the ground, wrapped in my cloak; I should offend no one," said Mentelli. That act would be an offence of itself, I remarked; a rogue on a large scale generally fares well, but the innocent man, whose appearance is suspicious, if no rogue at all, or only a very small one, is sure to be the greater sufferer. "That is the country of Newton and Locke, is it?" said Mentelli, appealing to my friend. He affirmed the truth of what I stated, unless Mentelli would come with a fine coat and some pretensions, no matter how idle. I remember Mentelli told me that a knowledge of the Slavonic tongue rendered the acquirement of all other languages comparatively easy. I heard afterwards, that on one occasion some member of the Institute once sent Mentelli a present of linen and a cloak. He told them that it was idle to do so, though he fully appreciated their kindness. Wanting a new book very much, he took them to sell, and made his purchase, when the police seized him, supposing them stolen, and put him in prison. He was ashamed to write to his friends, considering the cause. So he employed himself several days in teaching some of the younger prisoners to read. But he got tired of this, on reflecting he was loosing time himself. Sending to a friend he obtained his liberation instantly. I heard several singular anecdotes of him. He is now dust. Perhaps no man ever loved knowledge so much for its own sake, or was contented as he was, being above the world in his pursuits, to hold its conventional habits in so loose an estimation.

A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

"Forget me not!" in accents mild,
My mother says, "beloved child.
Forget me not! when far away
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray;
Forget me not! when fools would win
Your footsteps to the path of sin;
Forget me not! when urged to wrong
By passions and temptations strong;
Forget me not! when Pleasure's snare
Would lead you from the House of Prayer.

"Forget me not! in feeble age,
But let me then your thoughts engage;
And think, my child, how fondly I
Watched o'er your helpless infancy.
Forget me not! when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose,
And evening breezes softly wave
The grass npon thy mother's grave:
Oh—then! whate'er thy age and lot
May be—my child, Forget me not!"

A

OUR TABLE.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR, OR A BOOK OF THE HEART,—BY IK. MARVEL, NEW YORK: BAKER & SCRIBNER, 1851. pp. 298.

The book before us consists of four reveries; the first *over a wood fire* in the country; the second *by a city grate;* the third *over his cigar;* and the fourth *under the oaks*, upon one of the first warm days of May. The author in a very modest preface, describes the nature of his work. "This book," he says, "is neither more nor less than it pretends to be; it is a collection of those floating reveries which have, from time to time, drifted across my brain. I never met with a bachelor who had not his share of just such floating visions; and the only difference between us lies in the fact, that I have tossed them from me in the shape of a book." We suspect, IK. Marvel, that there is a much wider difference between you and the majority of bachelor-dom than you so modestly suppose. While you have tossed your reveries from you in the form of a delightful book, the rest are mostly but poor dumb creatures; conscious that something is wanting, but without any very distinct idea what it is.

We do not think it too great praise to say, that if all bachelors could have met in conclave, and chosen one of their number as an exponent, they could not have selected a better than the author of this little volume. He is evidently one of those rare souls, who are not content with the vanities of this world; not willing to look on the surface of things, but constrained to taste the realities of life. The author calls his work "a Book of the Heart;" and he has done well so to name it. Not in vain, in his quiet reveries, has he looked upon that mystery, the human heart. He has sketched it under the influence of the tenderest passions, hope, love, grief; and most truthful pictures has he drawn. There is no exaggeration, no false sentimentality, no straining for effect, but all is natural and therefore beautiful.

It would be impossible to give, in our limited space, any extracts that would do justice to the book; if we began to quote its passages of quiet and touching beauty, we should hardly know where to end. We hope the few extracts we shall give, as specimens of the author's style may induce our readers to read this charming little volume for themselves. We have taken them almost at random, and given them titles to suit our own fancy. As the first reverie has already appeared in some of the magazines, we confine our quotations to the others.

THE BACHELOR'S IDEAL OF A HOME-ANGEL.

"There she sits, by the corner of the fire, in a neat home-dress of sober, yet most adorning colour. A little bit of lace ruffle is gathered about the neck by a blue ribbon; and the ends of the ribbon are crossed under the dimpling chin, and are fastened neatly by a simple unpretending brooch—your gift. The arm, a pretty taper arm, lies over the carved elbow of the oaken chair; the hand, white and delicate, sustains a little home volume that hangs from her fingers. The forefinger is between the leaves, the others lie in relief upon the dark embossed cover. She repeats in a silver voice, a line that has attracted her fancy; and you listen—or at any rate seem to listen—with your eyes now on the lips, now on the forehead, and now on the finger, where glitters like a star, the marriage ring—little gold band, at which she does not chafe, that tells you, she is yours!"

WEALTH.

"But wealth is a great means of refinement; and it is a security for gentleness, since it removes disturbing anxieties; and it is a pretty promoter of intelligence, since it multiplies the avenues for its reception; and it is a good basis for a generous habit of life; it even equips beauty, neither hardening its hand with toil, nor tempting the wrinkles to come early. But whether it provokes greatly that returning passion,—that abnegation of soul,—that sweet trustfulness, and abiding affection, which are to clothe your heart with joy, is far more doubtful. Wealth, while it gives so much, asks much in return; and the soul that is grateful to mammon is not over ready to be grateful for intensity of love. It is hard to gratify those who have nothing left to gratify."

PAST AND PRESENT.

"The noon is short; the sun never loiters on the meredian, nor does the shadow on the old dial by

the garden, stay long at XII. The present, like the noon, is only a point; and a point so fine that it is not measurable by the grossness of action. Thought, alone, is delicate enough to tell the breath of the present."

"The past belongs to God: the present only is ours. And short as it is, there is more in it, and, of it than we can well manage. That man who can grapple it and measure it, and fill it with his purpose, is doing a man's work; none can do more; but there are thousands who do less."

"Short as it is, the present is great and strong; as much stronger than the past, as fire than ashes, or as death than the grave."

"Memory presides over the past; action presides over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit!"

THE FATHER-LAND.

"Abuse her as we will, pity her starving peasantry, as we may; smile at her court pageantry, as we like,—old England is dear old England still! Her cottage homes, her green fields, her castles, her blazing firesides, her church spires are as old as song; and by song and story, we inherit them in our hearts. This joyous boast, was, I remember upon my lip, as I first trod upon the rich meadow of Runnymede; and recalled that *Great Charter* wrested from the King, which made the first stepping stone towards the bounties of our western freedom."

"It is a strange feeling that comes over the western Saxon, as he strolls first along the green bye-ways of England, and scents the hawthorn in its April bloom, and lingers at some quaint stile to watch the rooks wheeling and cawing around some lofty elm-tops, and traces the carved gables of some old country mansion that lies in their shadow, and hums some fragment of charming English poesy, that seems made for the scene! This is not sight-seeing, nor travel; it is dreaming sweet dreams, that are fed with the old life of books."

We know of no book that would form a more pleasant companion either for the fireside, in the cold of winter; or for a summer-day's ramble, among the wilds of nature. Its view of the inner life of the heart is profound; and its pictures of outward nature, fresh, lively, and poetical. No one, we are sure, can read its pages without becoming wiser and better, more hopeful and trustful.

As we are firm believers that the gifted soul cannot utter its sweetest and holiest music, while its best sympathies are still wandering, and its better half yet unfound, we shall expect great pleasure from the perusal of the first work from the pen of Mr. IK. Marvel, the married man; for if he is contented to remain long in single blessedness, his book has deceived us. In the meantime we cordially commend his bachelor reveries.

The idea has occurred to us; why should not some of our Canadian publishers give us cheap reprints of some of the best works of American authors? As they are all copy-rights, reprints could be afforded here at less than half the cost of the original books, and would be worth all the cheap editions of foreign trash that are flooding the country. We hope to see this idea carried out.

There is another book from the pen of this same bewitching author, Ik. Marvel, which has not yet found its way to the bookstores of our northern city. It is entitled "Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the old fields of Continental Europe," which title sufficiently explains its purport. Yet it is less a description of objects and people, which successive travellers have a thousand times reiterated, than a noting down of the impressions made, in the course of his tour, upon an original and cultivated mind, which well deserve the name of "Fresh Gleanings," bestowed upon them by the author. The exquisite paragraph which closes the volume, will give a specimen of the whole, and render those who read it anxious to procure the book.

"Then I went sailing under the skirts of ancient towns under vine-covered cliffs, and among pleasant islands, upon the waters of the Rhine; up and down its bounding current by night and by day I sailed. In the day the waters were bright, and there was the loud hum of busy cities by the shore; in the night, the cities were dark and silent as the dead, and the waters were flecked with red furnace-fires, or blazed upon with the white light of God's moon. Great and glorious cathedrals rose up and faded away behind; barge-bridges opened and closed again; mountains grew great and frowned; and grew smaller, and smiling left us; echoes rang, and fainted; songs of peasant girls came to our ears, and died in the rustling current. Towns, vineyards, ruins, came and went, and I was journeying through France again. The people were gathering the sheaves of harvest, and the grapes were purpling on every hill-side for the vintage. Again the enchanting city and the winding Seine; Lilleboune, and most beautiful Candebec, and I was by the edge of the ocean once more. Then came the quick, sharp bustle of departure, and the fading shores. My straining eye held upon them fearfully, until the night stooped down, and covered them. With morning, came sky and ocean. And this petted eye, which had rioted in the indulgence of new scenes each day for years, was now starved in the close-built dungeon of a ship with nothing but sky and ocean. Week followed week, still nothing but sky and ocean, before us—behind us—around us—nothing but sky and ocean. But thanks to this quick working memory, through the live-long days and the wakeful nights, my fancy was busy with pictures of countries, and the images of nations; yet ever, through it all, Mary, the burden of most anxious thought, was drifting, like a sea-bound river, homeward!"

FROM THE OPERA OF THE SWISS FAMILY, No. 2.

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