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AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

THIS day passed more agreeably to Amy than the preceding one, which had been clouded by care; she felt that she was amongst those who strove to make her happy, and whose attentions were dictated by the kindest sympathy for the peculiar situation in which she was placed. Mr. Martyn she looked up to as a father, while the affection manifested for her by young Lord Arthur was very gratifying—nor could she be insensible to the considerate conduct of the Earl, who, in desiring the presence of his sister, had shown so much delicate thoughtfulness.

"If I could only hear from my beloved mamma, I should almost feel happy," said she to Ursula, who was dressing her for the evening; "it is so delightful to wander about the grounds of this castle without fear, and to find friends in all whom I meet—her presence alone is wanting to render it perfect."

"Patience, patience, my child," replied her faithful attendant, "all in good time; you must be content with your poor old Ursula for the present."

"Dear, kind Ursula," cried Amy, throwing her arms affectionately round her, "I have cause indeed for thankfulness in possessing you; may we never be parted more."

When the little party met at dinner, Mr. Martyn was amused at the account of Amy's visit, under Mrs. Bennet's auspices, to the picture gallery.

"Of course you had the story of the miller's daughter," he said.

"I am afraid I deprived our worthy conductress the pleasure of finishing it," replied Lord Blondville, laughing; "but it was a dangerous subject for her to commence upon, and I felt for the patience of Lady Amanda; by the way, Arthur tells me," he continued, turning to her, "that you are fond of the water, and he has petitioned me to order the boat—have I done right in so doing?"

Amy naturally looked at Mr. Martyn, which he instantly understood; "we all hope to have the pleasure of accompanying you," he said, "and on so beautiful an evening I think it will do you good."

As the hour which had been fixed upon drew

near, Arthur's delight and impatience became unbounded; he scarcely gave Amy time to prepare, but taking her hand, he hurried her down the lawn, to the side of the lake, where the boat appeared in readiness; six men were at the oars, accompanied by the Earl's private band. Amy was placed under the rich awning with Arthur by her side, the Earl and Mr. Martyn following. The evening was balmy and soft, with scarcely a breeze to ripple the water, and the setting sun, which cast a brilliant hue over the rich foliage of the trees and shrubs, added considerably to the beauty of the scene, rendered still more attractive by the music. Never had Amy enjoyed any thing like this, and her spirits, as they glided over the stream, became gradually more light and buoyant. In Venice, the gondola has always been a penance since Father Anselm was her companion—but here she was surrounded by friends, all vying with each other to please, and she gazed around her, charmed with every thing her eye rested upon. Lord Blondville looked with increasing interest on her beautiful face, gratified to see that it had already lost much of that anxious expression, which he had so painfully noticed on her arrival. In the midst of the lake, which was extensive, rose a tiny island, covered with verdure, whose mossy banks were decked with scented flowers. Here they paused, and mooring the little boat, the Earl assisted Amy to disembark, when followed by their companions, he led her to the interior, where, to her surprise, appeared an artificial grotto, most tastefully finished, with splendid looking-glasses, the frames of which were entirely composed of shells, and rustic seats of many grotesque forms.

"This is, indeed, a place of enchantment," said Amy, "and one almost expects to behold some beautiful naiad step forth and demand why we have dared to invade her territories."

"You are the only power to whom I will vow allegiance here," replied Lord Blondville gaily; "behold the faithful subjects of your realm—kneel, Lord Arthur," he continued, playfully endeavouring

to bend the boy's knee, "kneel to your liege lady, and vow eternal fealty."

"I would rather kiss her," replied Arthur, springing into her arms. "Dear, dear Amy, you must stay here always, and never, never leave us." Amy blushing stooped to caress the child while Mr. Martyn remarked smiling:

"Arthur's homage springs from the heart, it were well if more subjects were like him—how peacefully would our world then be governed. Here we are only four persons on this little island, and yet without the restraining grace of God, how soon would disunion spread amongst us—were we left here even for one year to combat with our evil natures alone, this sweet solitude would become a scene of feud and discontent. You shake your head doubtingly, Harold, but believe my words to be true—religion only can bind the strong man; we may sweep and garnish the house—yet soon will the evil spirits return to take up their abode, and render it a dwelling of misery—how then can we expect large provinces to remain in tranquillity unless this be made the basis of all our words and actions, unless the meek and holy example of our blessed Saviour becomes the star to guide us through this lower vale."

Amy drew to the side of her guardian as he uttered this—there was something so winning, so mild in his manner, and the tone of his voice was so deep and solemn, that every word he spoke made a lasting impression—while, from circumstances trivial in themselves, he often culled a precept which was remembered in after years with profit.

In this charming retreat they remained some time, their ears regaled by the music from the water, while a small collation of fruits and cakes was spread on the soft grass by Gasper, who was in attendance.

"How I should like to spend hours here with my book, or my work," said Amy; "it seems a spot so calculated for meditation—is it not a favourite with the Ladies Clarendon?"

"No, they seldom come hither," replied the Earl, "Matilda is not one of the meditative, and poor Emily, from health, is rather a prisoner; she is fond of having her chair carried to the water's edge, under a particular elm tree. I think *her* society would suit you better than Matilda's, who possesses much vivacity, accompanied by a slight vein for satire, which has occasionally made her disliked."

"Oh, I cannot fancy a sister of yours, being disliked," returned Amy, warmly; "I am sure I should love her."

"And if she did not love you," said the Earl gazing delightedly on her eloquent face, "she would be cold and insensible indeed."

Mr. Martyn now called his young charge to look at an inner chamber, or cell, which was merely lighted by a small fissure in the rocky wall; it was

arranged as the abode of an anchorite, with one small table and chair. "This is even better adapted for meditation than the one we have left," said he; "would you like to dwell here, Amy?"

"Oh, no, no," she replied, shuddering, as her thoughts flew back to Father Anselm, "solitude to be beneficial, must produce holy, calm, peaceful thoughts; here all would be gloom, and austerity," and she hastened from its darkness into the cheerful light. *Was it instinct which made her dread that cell?*

The approach of night warned this happy little group, that it was time to retire.

"We will give up our island now, to Titania and her fairy train," said Lord Blondville, as he handed Amy once more into the boat; "it is a fitting place for their moonlight revels until the beautiful morning star again returns to resume her sovereignty."

Most delightful was the journey homeward, for the night shone forth in splendour, as they cut swiftly through the water. Mr. Martyn seemed absorbed in thought, with his eyes intently fixed on the spangled heavens, while dear Arthur, from very weariness, laid his head down on Amy's knee, and was soon in a profound sleep. They had proceeded some way, when Amy, on turning her eyes accidentally on one of the boatmen, perceived his gaze rivetted on herself, and there was something so sinister, so unpleasant in his countenance, that she felt a cold chill creep through her. The moment he saw that he was noticed, he looked another way, and plied his oar with agility—but Amy's momentary happiness had fled. Lord Blondville, who was looking at her, observed the change, and on their landing, said, he was "fearful that she was fatigued."

"No, indeed," she replied, faintly.

"Then you are not well," he continued, still more anxiously.

"Quite well, it is nothing, I can assure you; do not waken dear Arthur."

The Earl lifted the child from the boat, and carried him in his arms, while Mr. Martyn assisted Amy. On entering the castle, she retired at once to her own apartments, when she mentioned to Ursula the circumstance which had alarmed her.

"My dear lady, you are wrong, depend, and have allowed your fancy to overcome reason," replied her attendant; "remember the words of Mrs. Somerville, 'do not anticipate evil, but place your trust in God.'"

"I will pray for the power to do so, dear Ursula," returned Amy, "but ask Gasper the names of the men; I do not like to mention my fears to the Earl, as it would seem to cast a doubt on the fidelity of his people."

"I will, my child, so rest in peace; your rank is only known to Gasper and Mrs. Bennet, to all the others you are Miss Somerville."

"Would that I were any one save a Manfredonia, it is a name which has entailed sorrow enough upon me and mine—and yet forgive me, oh my father," she continued, clasping her hands, and meekly bowing her head, "why should I refuse the cup, which thy hand offers."

Ursula pressed her affectionately to her heart, as she spoke—Amy then sat down, as she had been accustomed from her earliest childhood, to read her Bible ere she retired for the night—when soon a holy calm stole over her spirit, and on laying her head on its pillow, that blessed promise "fear not, for I am with thee," filled her mind with peace.

Several days now passed, during which Amy recovered from her alarm, having learnt from Gasper, through Ursula, that the boatmen were all tenants of the Earl, were considered perfectly faithful, and that they could not have the slightest knowledge of her story, or who she really was; she therefore felt satisfied that her own fancy had been alone to blame, and her cheerfulness returned. She never missed attending Mr. Martyn in his study, where she gained many an invaluable lesson, culled from that best and wisest book. The manner in which he won young minds to the solid pleasures of religion, could not fail to impress them with its blessed truths, and its rich mercies; his persuasive gentleness, and the Evangelical spirit which shone forth in every word, in every action, rendered him invaluable as a minister, and beloved as a friend.

"How often is the mistake made," he would say, "by many amiable, well meaning people, that our salvation depends on what we can do, rather than on what Christ has done for us—that if we fulfil our duty as far as our frail nature will permit, performing all the good we can, and committing as little evil as possible, that through the goodness of our Saviour, we shall be accepted—now this is altering the whole plan of our redemption, rendering the sacrifice our Lord made of himself an imperfect work, which it requires our poor aid to complete. No, no, my children," he would continue, drawing Amy and young Arthur towards him, "the law requires perfect, sinless obedience, and that if we fail in one, we fail in all. Where then are erring creatures like us to turn? To the rock of ages, to that Saviour who died that we might live eternally, and if we believe, and trust in him alone, such belief will produce what is termed a living faith, from which spring those actions which are pleasing in the sight of our Heavenly Father, and which are the result, as surely as a tree is known by its fruits."

It was delightful to Amy, to listen to such reasoning, which even had power to command the attention of the volatile Arthur, who, when Mr. Martyn dismissed them, she would lead to her boudoir, and endeavour to impress what they had heard

still more strongly on his memory, by giving him tasks to learn from those portions of Scripture upon which Mr. Martyn had descanted.

One morning while the family were sitting round the breakfast table, two letters were delivered to the Earl—the first he opened enclosed one for Amy, from Mrs. Somerville, which conveyed to her the pleasing intelligence that she was well, and gradually arranging the business which had called her to town. Amy handed it to Mr. Martyn, joy sparkling in her eyes, and then turned towards Lord Blondville—to her astonishment she beheld anger sternly depicted on his fine countenance. He crushed the letter he had been reading in his hand, exclaiming, "unkind, most unkind."

Arthur went up to him playfully saying, "what makes you look so cross, sir; give me your letter, who is it from?" but the Earl, rising from his chair, pushed him impatiently from him.

"Blondville," said Mr. Martyn gravely.

"I would speak to you two words in your study," returned the Earl as he left the room, followed by Mr. Martyn. Amy felt her heart beat quick, but she strove to soothe Arthur, who hastily brushed away the tears of indignation which had risen to his eyes.

"Something has vexed your brother," she said; "come with me dear Arthur; he did not intend to hurt you. Shall we stroll in the grounds till Mr. Martyn is ready for us?"

The boy was soon appeased, and a visit to his pony quickly restored his gaiety and good humour; in the mean time Lord Blondville had shown the letter which had so discomposed him to his friend. It was from his sister, the Lady Matilda and was couched in the following words: "It is impossible for me to return to you at this time, as my mother has invited some guests for a few weeks. We regret that we cannot enter into the misfortunes of your Italian Princess, or approve your knight errantry in seeking after distressed damsels in the woods. My mother thinks it strange that Mrs. Somerville, could so contentedly leave her charge with so youthful a monitor, though perhaps you will say the presence of Mr. Martyn, redeems her imprudence; yet, beware Harold, that yours descends not into the 'Castle of Indolence,' The Countess pines for her pet Arthur, and thinks of sending Vernon for him next week. Emily is much as usual, when she read your letter she said, 'poor child, I wish I could go to her, how like my noble brother to defend the weak, to pity the unfortunate,' but Emily is a strange being, and but a child herself in knowledge of the world."

Mr. Martyn smiled on returning the letter; he made few comments—all he said was this, "You must make allowances for the anxiety of a mother. The Countess has never seen Amy, and feeling deeply earnest in all that relates to your welfare, she has

perhaps unnecessarily taken the alarm, and you must write to soothe and reassure her."

"Indeed, Martyn, I will not do so," returned the Earl; "when I read that cold heartless letter, and look at the innocent helpless being they refuse to assist us in protecting, I feel too angry; how differently dear Emily judges."

"Lady Emily has been taught in the school of adversity," said Mr. Martyn; "her own feeble health has led her to compassionate others. And to sympathise in their sorrows, while it has given her time to seek a deeper knowledge of those things which tend to soften, and improve our hearts; she is truly a Christian, but I repeat my request, that you again write to Lady Blondville; your letter could have contained so brief an account of Amy's story, that I can easily imagine it would not satisfy her strict notions of propriety."

"I must wait a day that my ire may cool," said the Earl, smiling, as he retired. On the way to his own library he met Amy, with her young companion. Arthur had quite forgotten his wrongs, and ran affectionately towards his brother, who caught him in his arms, and kissed him; on Amy's looking timidly in his face as she approached he pressed her hand, saying:

"The storm has passed, and behold now the sun in all its beauty. What have you here," he continued raising her hand which held a rose, "is this for me?"

"I gathered it for Mr. Martyn," she replied; "we always take him one."

"It must be mine to-day—tell him I have robbed him," returned Lord Blondville gaily, as he carried off the prize, and hurried into his room.

"He is a saucy fellow," said Arthur; "shall we go and take it from him?"

"No, no, dear Arthur," replied Amy, whose beautiful cheek had become instantly suffused, "we must not detain Mr. Martyn, as he is now disengaged."

This day proved peculiarly sultry, and oppressive, so much so that even the spirits of young Arthur were subdued; he seemed listless and fatigued; and, in the evening, as Amy sat on a couch near the open window, the child came and laid himself down by her side, resting his head on her knee.

Lord Blondville and Mr. Martyn were strolling in the balcony. It was so unusual for Arthur to be long silent that Amy remarked it. "Are you tired dear boy," she asked, bending over him.

Arthur laid her hand on his temple, saying, "I feel so burning hot, I should like a draught of cold water."

His face was indeed flushed, and on a closer examination, Amy perceived that his eye looked heavy—she called the attention of Lord Blondville to his brother, who hastily entering, gazed at the boy for some moments most anxiously, and then exclaimed:

"By heavens, Martyn, Arthur is ill! he appears quite feverish."

Mr. Martyn felt his pulse, and attentively looked at him.

"He is not well certainly, he replied, but do not alarm yourself, the weather accounts for it very naturally—he had better, however, go to bed, and see Mrs. Bennet."

Arthur suffered himself to be carried away by the Earl but, he called on Amy to follow, who lingered at the door, she immediately sprang after him accompanied by Mr. Martyn.

Mrs. Bennet quickly attended the summons, full of bustling anxiety. She very sensibly suggested the propriety of a warm bath, and Arthur was left under her charge until it was completed, when he was placed in bed, while Amy returned to sit by him.

"I feel better now," said the child, as she drew near to him; "I shall soon be well again."

"I trust you may, my dear Arthur," replied Amy, affectionately kissing him; "but try to compose yourself to sleep. I will pray for you to-night. God bless you!"

Tenderly was he watched over until morning's dawn by the Earl, who would not be prevailed on to leave him even to the care of Mrs. Bennet. When Amy met him and Mr. Martyn at an early hour, she was concerned to see them both look very grave.

"How is dear Arthur?" was her first inquiry.

"He has passed a restless night, and is far from well, I grieve to say," replied Lord Blondville; "and, from what our physician tells us, you must not go near him."

Amy looked fearfully and inquiringly at Mr. Martyn. "It is even so, my child," said he mournfully; "his complaint is, we fear, contagious and we cannot suffer you to run any risk."

"But you are both attending him," returned Amy, much distressed; "then why may not I—oh! I cannot, cannot, stay from Arthur when he is suffering."

"My dear child, it is our duty to attend him," replied Mr. Martyn; "but confided to us as you have been, we dare not allow you to do so. Besides," he continued, more cheerfully, "a few days, with the blessing of a gracious God, will, we may hope, see our dear patient much recovered."

Amy was obliged to submit, but it was with an aching heart; and, on returning to her own apartments, she threw herself into a chair, exclaiming: "Ursula, my luckless fortunes have followed me into this abode, where all was happiness when I came, now, how full of care and anxiety."

"You are wrong to reason thus, my dear Lady Amy," replied Ursula. "Clouds will overshadow the palace as well as the humblest peasant's hut,

nor may we venture to call in question His allwise decrees, but trust Him alike in the storm as in the sunshine."

Amy owed much to this excellent creature, whose humble piety had frequently been a source of the greatest comfort to her. She strove to feel composed and to look brightly to the future, when she might again enjoy the cheerful society of her amiable engaging little companion; but the hours passed heavily and slowly away. She saw little of the Earl or Mr. Martyn, who appeared in close attendance on the sick chamber, and she felt thankful when the day had closed.

Another, and another thus passed. The answers she received to all the inquiries how Arthur was going on, were vague and unsatisfactory, for Ursula was not allowed to go near the little sufferer, for fear of endangering her young lady, and Amy now scarcely saw any one else. At length, unable longer to struggle with her feelings, she descended to Mr. Martyn's study; it was the fourth day after Arthur had been taken ill. She unclosed the door with a trembling hand. Mr. Martyn was pacing the room, apparently much agitated, while Lord Blondville sat at some little distance, his head bent down, and his face concealed within his hands; a deep sob met her ear as she entered; she clasped her hands convulsively together, while, with a cheek whose ashy hue bespoke her terror, she stood gazing on the objects before her, unable to speak. Mr. Martyn approached her mournfully.

"Our dear little companion is passing away from us, my Amy," said he; "but his Saviour is leading him gently through the dark valley."

Amy heard no more; she cast herself into the extended arms of her adopted father, and wept long and bitterly. There was something so peculiarly engaging in Arthur, and the affection he had shown towards herself, had so completely won her young heart, that to be thus unexpectedly bereaved, was a trial beyond her fortitude. Mr. Martyn pressed her tenderly, and strove to soothe her anguish; but at that moment even his reasonings failed. Nature would not be restrained. He told her that the Countess was expected towards evening.

"But I fear she will arrive too late," he continued; "he is sinking fast from want of sleep; could he only procure that blessing, his physician says we might even now indulge hope."

"And will you still refuse to allow my seeing him," said Amy, in an imploring tone. She approached Lord Blondville as she spoke. "Am I so unfortunate that I can do nothing in this hour for those from whom I have experienced so much kindness."

The Earl, without looking at her, pressed her hand, as he mournfully shook his head, and turned away.

"You can pray for us, my child," said Mr. Mar-

ty; "return to your chamber, and there offer up your petitions, while I strive to instil Christian fortitude and patience into this unhappy son, who feels doubly the present trouble on account of his mother."

"I have prayed, I will ever pray for you all," replied the agonized girl; "and willingly would I lay down my own life to restore peace and happiness to this afflicted house."

Mr. Martyn now led her towards the door, and unclosed it for her. "I will see you in an hour, Amy," he said; "at present my duty lies here—go my child, and may God bless you."

Poor Amy felt utterly wretched, as she retraced her steps to her own apartments. There are few things more painful to a well directed mind, than to feel all the inclination to render assistance or consolation, without the slightest power to do so.

"But I can still pray," she exclaimed, in bitterness, as she paused on reaching the corridor, and looked down wistfully in the direction of the sick chamber; "as Mr. Martyn says, that privilege is one which can never be denied the most miserable."

At this moment she beheld Mrs. Bennet approaching. The good matron was in tears; Amy flew towards her. "Is there indeed no hope?" she tremblingly inquired.

"I fear, none," replied Mrs. Bennet; "for three days and nights the beloved child has never slept; he is constantly calling for his mamma, and asking why you do not go to him."

"Oh! is it possible that he has inquired for me?" Mrs. Bennet, no one shall keep me from him another hour—no one has a right. I will go to him."

"My dear lady, my lord will never forgive me;" cried Mrs. Bennet, endeavouring to prevent her, "it is typhus fever, and he has given me the strictest order."

But Amy was now resolved. She broke away from her hold, and walked resolutely on until she reached the door of the ante-chamber leading to the one occupied by the little invalid. Most cautiously did she steal across this, and enter the darkened one beyond, which was still as death. She looked fearfully towards the bed, where, through the gloom, she beheld the once blooming boy, supported by pillows, his eye dull and glazed, his cheek sunken, and his fine head shorn of all its beautiful curls. What a change had a few short days wrought! The fortitude of Amy had nearly failed her as she gazed on the wreck; but she breathed a prayer for strength, and it was given her. She knelt down at the bedside, saying, in her own sweet, soft tone, "Arthur, my darling Arthur." The child turned his eyes towards her, and feebly stretching forth his little attenuated arms, in a moment he clasped them around her neck. The gush of tears which now streamed in torrents down her cheeks relieved her bursting heart; she ventured to raise her head, and again look in his face.

"They told me you were gone, Amy," said the child, in a feeble, hoarse voice.

"They would not suffer me to come to you, my darling," she replied; "but I will never, never leave you again."

"Come, then, and lay your head down by me," whispered Arthur, "I want to talk to you; there, that is nice," as her lovely face rested close to his, and she held him in her arms. "Amy, do you know Mr. Martyn says I shall soon leave this dark, dark room, and go where it will always be light. Oh, I shall be glad to go, for this is a sad place. Harold never smiles now—every thing I look on is unhappy—the sun, even, does not shine upon me."

"But it will shine, my darling; and where you are going, its glory will surround you; for has not Christ said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"I remember you taught me that in your pleasant room—yes, yes, and there was another."

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff support me," repeated Amy; "and then that beautiful one, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.' Such words are precious, are they not, dearest?"

Arthur faintly smiled, and the expression of his countenance was so seraphic, that Amy felt she did indeed look upon a being belonging not to this frail earth. After a pause he again spoke, but even more feebly: "My own mamma is coming to-night—how I wish it was here."

"Soon, too soon will it arrive," replied Amy, mournfully.

"Do not go away till she comes; I feel so quiet with you near me, and my eyes are getting so heavy." He nestled his head close on her bosom as he uttered this. "Amy, he continued, after another short silence, "have you seen my poor pony lately?"

"I saw him last evening, dearest, and he is quite well."

"Good, good," repeated the child.

Mrs. Bennet had been standing at the foot of the bed, deeply affected at the scene before her. When she looked on the youthful, beautiful Amy, radiant in health, as she held the wasted form of dear Arthur so affectionately in her arms, she seemed to her like a pitying angel, who had flown from heaven to snatch him from the cruel grasp of death. She sat down, watching, with painful anxiety, the result. The position in which Amy was laying was constrained and uneasy; but as Arthur appeared so still, she would not have moved for the world. Presently she saw his eye gradually close, while his breathing became almost inaudible. She continued to listen, with her gaze intently fixed on the

object of her solicitude, until she felt perfectly assured that he was in a profound sleep.

One full hour passed, and still the heroic girl stirred not. She heard the door gently open, and beheld the Earl enter. She marked his start of surprise on seeing her—his first look of agony, and then his smile, as his eyes fell on the slumbering child. Mrs. Bennet had risen, and whispered a few words in his ear. He turned again towards the bed, lingered a few moments, and then retreated with noiseless steps. Arthur was by this time in so deep a repose, that Amy ventured to change her position for one in which she might rest more easily; but as the child's arm was still round her neck, she dared not rise. She had tasted nothing that day save a cup of coffee, which Ursula had brought to her before she quitted her room; but her mind was so completely absorbed, that she experienced no sensation of hunger. Insensibly, a drowsiness crept over her, owing to the extreme stillness which reigned around, added to want of rest, from the anxiety she had suffered; her thoughts became confused, till at length they ceased—and she too slept.

Hour after hour stole away; and when Amy again unclosed her eyes, she thought she must be dreaming. A lamp was burning on a table near her, while, at the foot of the bed, stood a majestic-looking woman, with her large dark eyes fixed on the youthful forms before her; the deepest melancholy pervaded her fine features, united to an expression of yearning affection. She was supported by Lord Blondville, who was nearly concealed by the drapery from the canopy. Amy half raised her head in alarm, when the two figures instantly disappeared. Mrs. Bennet then drew near, and bending over her, told her that it was the Countess whom she had seen. Amy found that during her slumber Arthur had become more disengaged; she, therefore, now, with the assistance of Mrs. Bennet, gently stole from his side; but on attempting to stand, she felt so weak and exhausted that she would have fallen had not the good housekeeper held her, and led her to the door of the ante-chamber, where she was met by Lady Blondville—whose first salutation was to press her fondly in her arms, and weep tears of anguish, affection, and gratitude over her. She then turned to the Earl, saying:

"Harold, take this noble child, and give her some restorative—see, she is drooping."

Most readily, most tenderly did he obey, as he received the fainting girl from his mother, who immediately re-entered her beloved Arthur's room. There were some warm jellies standing on a salver; the Earl held one of them to the lips of Amy, who thankfully received it; he then conducted her towards her own apartment. At the door of her boudoir he said:

"My more than sister, may God in heaven bless and preserve you. I shudder when I think to what

you have exposed yourself. But He will preserve you for all our sakes."

"When dear Arthur wakes," replied Amy, gently disengaging herself from him, "will you send me word how he is?"

"I promise—until then, fare you well."

What were the reflections of Amy when she found herself once more alone? Her first impulse was to cast herself on her knees, and, in humbleness of spirit, pour forth her thanksgiving for what she had that day been the means of procuring for the adored child of a widowed mother, and to implore the Divine blessing for a happy issue. She continued in prayer until the entrance of Ursula, who, it may readily be believed, had passed a day of feverish anxiety. Amy had no fears about infection; she knew she was in hands mighty to save, and that nothing could befall her but what was ordered for her good by a merciful Physician. Ursula trembled to see her looking so very pale. She assisted her to change her dress for a loose robe; and as the evening was serene and fine, she drew her chair close to the open window, to inhale the air, which was reviving and refreshing to her spirit.

"Oh, my child, my child!" said the affectionate Ursula, "I would not have Mrs. Somerville know the peril in which you have this day placed your precious life. Alas! if we were bereaved of you, we should then have lost all we cared for on earth."

"But only for a time, my own Ursula," replied Amy; "let your lessons of fortitude, which have so often comforted me, be yours now, and cast your care upon God, who careth for us. In such a cause I count my own life as nothing; even my dear mamma would give me to the Lord without a murmur. Would not such grief be light, compared to the utter misery of falling into the hands of Father Anselm—worse, worse than a thousand deaths?"

Amy continued enjoying the night breeze until she heard the hour of eleven chime by the chapel clock; she then requested Ursula to go and inquire if Arthur still slept, as she began to feel restless and uneasy.

During her absence, footsteps approached the door; she rose to unclose it, in trembling emotion—longing, yet dreading to hear the answer she desired. Mr. Martyn stood before her.

"Beloved child," he said, entering, and folding her in his embrace, "beloved even in your disobedience, I am sent to announce that our dear Arthur is awake, and that the hours of rest which (under heaven) he owes to you, have removed all fearful symptoms. His physician has just pronounced him out of danger."

Amy uttered a cry of joy as she sank on her knees. Mr. Martyn raised her, and, giving her his blessing, he instantly retired, saying, "hasten to bed, my Amy, for you look sadly worn. May our

meeting be one of happiness tomorrow,—good night."

Amy was scarcely dressed on the following morning, when the Countess entered her room, full of anxiety lest she might already have shown indications of the fever. The family physician accompanied her, who, to her infinite relief, assured her that she was in perfect health.

"Then I may now be allowed the privilege of helping you to nurse dear Arthur," said the amiable girl, anxiously. "Oh, do not refuse me," for the Countess shook her head.

"I know not how far I may venture to promise," she replied, affectionately; "you certainly cannot encounter greater danger than you have already done, by your devoted forgetfulness of self; but I scarcely think Harold or Mr. Martyn will permit you to venture so much again; they are both suffering much uneasiness on your account."

"Then let me go to them, and convince them I am well," and Amy accompanied the Countess to the breakfast room. She was struck, on her entrance, by the appearance of the Earl, who looked extremely wan and pale.

"It is *you*, who are ill," she exclaimed in a voice of emotion, as he approached her. He made no answer, but drew her towards the window, and gazing for some time earnestly in her beautiful face, now suffused with blushes, he murmured, "Thank God, my prayer has then been heard," and turned away.

Mr. Martyn informed her afterwards, that the Earl had never gone to bed the whole night, but had passed it in his library in a state of great agitation. Gratefully did Amy receive a reluctant permission from them both to visit Arthur, who she found considerably better, and even cheerful. He greeted her in his own engaging manner, and Lady Blondville was much affected on perceiving the attachment which appeared to exist between these lovely children. In the course of the day, which Amy chiefly spent in the chamber of the invalid, the Countess drew from her the principal parts of her story, and naturally felt remorse at the coldness, and even dislike she had evinced when first she heard of her, from her son.

"My poor, poor unprotected child," said she, embracing her, "may it be our care to shield you from the fate you dread. When Mrs. Somerville returns, you must visit me at the Falcon's Nest; change of air will be very necessary to my darling Arthur, when he has strength to travel, and from all I see I am sure he will not part with you."

This was a charming proposal, which Amy received with grateful thanks.

"I deserve them not, Amy," returned the Countess, becoming each moment more interested in the beautiful girl; "in my inordinate love for Arthur, my heart has been closed to many right feelings, and

when I first learnt the tidings of his illness, I felt in my affliction that the Almighty had laid the stroke on me to humble me, and lead me to himself.

"That child," continued the weeping Lady Blondeville, "from his birth, has been my idol—even Harold, the noble gifted Harold, good as he is—and beloved, has been less to me than Arthur—he has stood between me and my God, engrossed all my heart, all my thoughts, and as I now gaze on that perishing lovely wreck, and reflect on what a fragile base I have rested my hopes, and garnered up my treasure, I shudder as I think, how just a retribution," and she hid her face in her hands.

"Dear, dear lady," replied Amy, kneeling by her side and mingling her tears; "our Heavenly Father never afflicts willingly, nor will He suffer us to receive a heavier stroke than he enables us to bear; even now although He has permitted the billows to flow over you, and the storm to rage, yet behind that darkness was concealed the sun which has again shone forth—your prayers, your contrition have been accepted, and your child is spared; henceforth you will remember, that he is only lent to you, that he is reserved for a holier, happier existence in that world where he will live forever, redeemed by his Saviour, who wills not that one should be lost, but that all should come unto Him to be saved."

The Countess gazed in astonishment on the animated countenance of Amy, as she uttered this, in a tone of sweet solemnity.

"Whence can such reasoning come from one of your years," she inquired, laying her hand on her beautiful head; "when I look on you, a mere child, and here words which might proceed from one who had numbered twice as many, I marvel as I listen."

"I have never mixed with those of my own age," returned Amy; "I know nothing of their amusements, their ways, their pursuits. My time has been spent very much alone, or with those considerably older than myself. My Bible has been my guide and my solace, during the five years I was in Italy, I never read any other book, for those which Father Anselm gave me I dared not look into; since I returned to my dear mamma, she has taken great pains with me, and our evenings were always spent in reading the best authors. The first young companion I have known is your loved Arthur. Oh, if I could express to you what I felt when I heard his joyous laugh, it touched a chord in my heart which had never vibrated before, and the days I have spent here in wandering with him over the delightful grounds of this place, have given a charm to my existence quite new to me. Alas! this very feeling of happiness so unknown, rendered me less able to bear the miserable change his illness made on all around me—and I feel that the fewer beings we have to love, the safer and better it is for those

whose best treasures should be laid up in Heaven."

The Countess pressed her lips on the snow white forehead of the kneeling girl, she then seemed lost in deep thought, for she spoke no more for some time. Arthur now called Amy to his bedside, where she remained administering to his childish wishes until he was weary, and inclined to sleep, when she retired to her boudoir, full of gratitude for the happy turn which the last twenty-four hours had given in the tide of affairs, eminently interesting to those who were becoming daily more dear to her heart.

In the evening she joined the Earl, and Mr. Martyn in their walk, and a very happy one it proved, for relieved from his worst fears, the cheerfulness of Lord Blondeville had returned, and all the natural playfulness of his character was displayed; the spirits of Mr. Martyn were more chastened, yet full of peace; he felt there was much to be thankful for, he smiled at his friend's sallies, but his feelings were too serene to be mirthful.

I remember once hearing the remark made by a dear boy, only thirteen years of age, that "when we are very happy, we never laugh," I was struck at this saying at the time, and I have since found it to be most true—happiness to be real, must proceed from high causes, therefore a noisy expression of its presence would be inconsistent.

But Amy was still too much a child not to enter with her whole heart, into the frolics, between Lord Blondeville and his favourite dog Lion, a noble animal, which he had brought home with him from the great St. Bernard—and who had frequently been her companion and young Arthur's, in their rambles. They had now reached that part of the lake from whence rose the fountain, flowing over a rocky eminence, and whose soothing sound, as it fell gurgling into the marble basin, was peculiarly delightful to Amy. A rich cluster of the water lily grew near this sweet spot, reposing its snowy petals on the broad bosom of the lake.

"How I should like one of those lovely flowers," said Amy, "rendered still more valuable by the difficulty to obtain them—Lion I would you could understand me."

She had scarcely uttered the wish, when Lord Blondeville, springing from her side, was standing on the ledge of the rock, and holding by the most fragile support, as he stooped down to secure his prize. Amy beheld his light graceful figure in this perilous attitude only one instant, for covering her face, she turned away in terror, while a violent plunge in the water, and an exclamation from Mr. Martyn succeeded—her heart beat quick, and until her hands were gently removed by some one near her, she ventured not to unclothe her eyes—they rested on the Earl, who with the flowers in his grasp, had approached to present them—her only thanks were a burst of tears.

"I congratulate you more for your gallantry than your sense, my friend," said Mr. Martyn, almost angrily, "what a pity that your harlequinade was not completed by a good sousing in the water, which Lion had nearly procured for you. I was not aware that you aimed at appearing in the character of a hero of romance."

"Can Martyn be severe?" returned the Earl, laughing; "surely, you would risk more for one you wished to please."

"I would risk my life in a good cause; but to afford a little pleasure, I would not inflict a great pain."

"Fain would I cast it back into the lake," said Amy, "even as king David threw away the pitcher of water, obtained for him by the Israelites rushing into the enemy's camp; but oh, I cannot. Is it not beautiful, my father?" holding up the flower to Mr. Martyn, who she had learnt to call by that endeared name.

"It is beautiful, my Amy," he replied; "all that comes from the hands of God is perfect, and, but for man, would remain so. Oh, beautiful world!" he continued, gazing around him, "thy Master made thee faultless, and many a flower has he scattered in our path—many a well of water springs up in the desert, to refresh us; countless are his mercies—and yet, for the glittering joys, the fictitious hopes, the dangerous ambition, or the baleful passion, all are cast away."

"But you would not have man without ambition?" asked Lord Blondville.

"There is a noble quality, call it ambition if you will," replied Mr. Martyn, "which leads us to soar above all that is mean and despicable, to all that is exalted, and glorious, and great; but if it only rests so far as this earth is concerned, and carries not its hopes beyond, I pity it, as altogether worthless, and beneath the desires of an immortal being."

On returning to the castle, Amy hastened to the room of the dear invalid, who, she found, had frequently enquired for her during her absence. The Countess was sitting by his side, watching, with all a fond mother's anxiety, over her treasure, and trembling as she beheld him so wasted and enfeebled. She was soon joined both by the Earl and Mr. Martyn; and beautiful it was to witness the gentle and affectionate attentions of her son, and to hear the gracious words of strength and comfort imparted by the amiable minister—who, from having experienced sorrow, knew so well how to soothe that of another. He did not, like the worldly comforter, bid her cease from weeping, or tell her she was wrong in yielding to her grief—that what she could not help she must endure; but he led her to the sufferings of her Saviour—to his sympathy in affliction—his tears at the tomb of his friend—and read to her that exquisite, touching story of the widow of Nain; until her heart acknowledged how

impossible it would be that a Being so full of mercy would lay on her the weight of a feather beyond what was really needful.

During this trying period, Amy proved to her as a daughter, devoting nearly her whole time to lessen the fatigue and anxiety she suffered. And oh! it was a joyful day when the beloved Arthur was sufficiently recovered to be carried by his brother into the cheerful drawing-room. Then, indeed, the Countess, on her knees, expressed her deep, her heartfelt thanksgiving; while Mr. Martyn, collecting all the household in the chapel, offered up that grateful incense so acceptable to God, and so proper and natural for man.

Weeks now fled past, and the time drew near when the return of Mrs. Somerville was expected. Arthur's health and strength were daily improving; he could now drive out, ride his pony, and, to Amy's infinite delight, once more become the companion of her short rambles; and snatched, as he had been, from the very verge of the grave, he was, if possible, more dear to her than ever.

"How shall I be able to part from him, from them *all*?" she would mentally exclaim; "alas! I had almost begun to forget that this is not my home—that I belong not to any here, but am an alien and a stranger."

"In such moments as these, Arthur, perceiving the sad expression of her countenance, would throw his arms round her neck, and, by his childish sympathy and affection, soften the bitterness of such reflections.

Lord Blondville, ever since the arrival of Amy at the castle, had declined all invitations, and latterly he had felt less inclination to enter into the society of the neighbourhood, amongst which, it was natural to suppose, that one like him would be much courted; but now, that the Countess was his guest, and that all anxiety for his brother had ceased, he unwillingly admitted that he had no longer an excuse, and he felt obliged to accept the card which requested his company at dinner at Lord —'s.

On the morning of the day, the Countess was sitting under the shadow of a peculiarly fine elm tree, which grew near the water's edge. She was watching with interest the gambols between Arthur and Lion, whose rough manner of showing his regard called forth many a laughing reproach, particularly when his ungentle attentions were shared with Amy, who was, as usual, his companion.

Presently Lord Blondville drew near, and throwing himself on the grass at his mother's feet, he gazed for some little time on the scene before him; then playfully laying his head back on Lady Blondville's knee, he said:

"Is not Amy a most lovely and loveable being? My mother, we must never suffer her to leave us again."

"She has promised to return with me into De-

wonshire," replied the Countess, if Mrs. Somerville permits her to indulge us; and I hope I may induce her to remain for some time."

"But you have not yet gained my permission, whose charge she is," returned the Earl, smiling.

"Or rather Mr. Martyn's, my son. You were a fitting counsellor and adviser for one so young."

"You think so; now what would you say if I were to persuade Amy to perform with me in the parts of Benedict and Beatrice?"

The Countess started. "I would weep at the performance, as at a deep tragedy," was her answer.

"Can you be in earnest?—you do not then love Amy?"

"Yes, my son, I do love her; and well can I imagine that one like you could not dwell for weeks under the same roof with such a creature, particularly in the peculiar circumstances which have placed her here, and daily witness her engaging qualities, without becoming warmly interested; this is what I feared when your letter first reached me—and ere I beheld her, the unhappiness it caused I cannot express; but remember, Harold, the wishes of your sainted father, and the claims your country has on your best energies. You must not remain supinely here—other objects are, or ought to be, your aim; and in the senate let me hear of my son, and that he has taken the place once so honourably, so nobly filled by him whose like we shall behold no more."

"All this may be accomplished, my mother, without the sacrifice of dearer hopes."

"Harold, let me hear no more of this," said the Countess, firmly; "look at Amy, a mere child—how unfit to hold so responsible a station; and you but twenty-two years. No, no—as you value my peace, wait until a more matured judgment decides your choice."

Arthur now perceiving his brother, ran towards him, followed by Amy, which put a stop to further conversation.

"How old are you, Amy," enquired the Countess, as the unconscious girl stood smiling before her."

"I shall be sixteen next December," she replied.

"Would that I could add two more winters to your young life," said the Earl, laying his open hand gently on her beautiful brow.

"Time will amend the fault," remarked Lady Blondville, fondly putting her arm round her waist, as she retraced her steps to the castle.

Mr. Martyn had promised to accompany Amy in a long walk that evening, and at the appointed hour, she descended to his study; but finding him at that moment engaged, talking to some poor person, she strolled into the park to await him, with Lion as her protector. She was trying to attract the attention of Arthur's pony, when she perceived an

abject-looking woman approaching her, making signs of distress. Amy stood still to allow her to draw near.

"Oh, beautiful lady," said the poor creature, crouching at her feet, "my child, my only child, is dying, and I have none to help me."

"Where, where is your child?" exclaimed Amy.

"He is lying in yonder copse," said the woman, pointing; oh, if you would only come with me, he might be saved."

When did the cry of distress reach the ear of Amy in vain? "Take me to your child," she said, "and we will carry him to the castle."

With hasty steps she followed the woman until she found herself beyond the park, and entering the woods; here she had never been before, and she hesitated.

"Whither are you conducting me," she asked, "I dare not go further." As she spoke, the wailing cry of an infant caught her ear.

"Ah, lady, lady, follow me for the love of God!" cried the woman, clasping her hands.

Amy sprang forward, and entered the low brushwood; she had scarcely done so when she felt her arm rudely grasped, and on turning round in terror, she beheld the well remembered features of the boatman. She uttered a piercing scream, while he, throwing the child, which had been used as a decoy, into the arms of the woman, fiercely demanded what had detained her.

"I was not to blame," replied the wretched creature; "Oh, Ralph, Ralph, I never would have been guilty of such a crime but for you; and if you harm one hair of that lovely angel, I never will forgive you."

"You forgive, poor fool," said the man, contemptuously; "look on this," he added, drawing from his bosom a clasp knife, "if you peach, remember," and he shook it in her face.

"Alas, how could you, a mother, thus betray me?" cried the agonized Amy, struggling to free herself from the ruffian, whose tight hold of her delicate arm, left the print of his hand; "where would you take me?—I have never harmed you."

At this moment, Lion, leaping over a fence, and seeing the man, uttered a low menacing growl, and was prepared to spring upon him, when the wretch instantly darted his knife into the neck of the noble animal, who fell, weltering in his blood. He then bound a fillet over the eyes of the nearly lifeless girl, and seizing her in his arms, dashed through the woods. A little time brought him to the lake nearly opposite the island; here he lifted his unhappy, helpless victim into a boat, and crossing over, secured it to the bank; then hurrying with her into the grotto, he pushed open the door of the cell, and removing the bandage from her eyes, the first object presented to her view was the ferocious countenance of Father Anselm! Other figures there

were, but in such a moment she recognised them not—for the whole truth now flashed upon her in stunning reality. She spoke not—breathed not—but, tottering forward, she fell, with her face to the ground, in a state of insensibility.

"If that is the girl," said the man, "give me my money, and let us begone—for if we linger here, we shall soon be discovered; a fine time I have had in watching to meet her alone; and if my Lord had not been absent today, we should have been as far from the end of our plot as ever."

The reward of iniquity was soon paid, and as the wretch beheld the shining guineas falling into his leathern bag, he grimly smiled, forgetting the awful end of wages like unto them.

In the meantime, Mr. Martyn, having attended to the claims of his petitioner, went forth to meet Amy; but not finding her on the lawn, he supposed that she had returned to her apartment, and he continued strolling for some time, meditating on an interesting conversation which he had held that very day with Lord Blondville, concerning her who was now beloved by him as if she were indeed his own. An hour thus employed quickly passed—when suddenly recollecting his engagement, he re-entered the house to enquire why she came not.

"I have not seen the child for two hours," said Lady Blondville, in answer to his anxious question. "She came to me, saying that she was going to walk with you, and I of course supposed that she had."

Ursula was summoned, and, in fearful alarm, affirmed the same.

"Great God, have mercy on us!" exclaimed Mr. Martyn, clasping his hands, "and relieve our fears."

Gasper, at this moment, came in haste to announce that one of the shepherds had discovered Lion bleeding to death in the woods, and had carried him to the game-keeper's house; "he also brought this, which he found lying close to the spot," continued he, holding up a small blue silk scarf, which Ursula instantly recognised as one belonging to Amy.

"Oh, my child! my child! my darling! they have murdered her!" cried the poor creature, wringing her hands, "and I shall behold her angel face no more."

The whole household were by this time in consternation. Lady Blondville suggested the propriety of sending for the Earl, and, with a trembling hand, she penned a note, which she despatched by a fleet messenger, while a carriage was ordered to go with all speed to bring him home. The family were collected in the hall when he arrived, in a state of fearful agitation. Mr. Martyn entreated him to be calm, as it was necessary to form some plan for the recovery of their charge; "for there is not a doubt in my own mind," said he, "but that she has

fallen into the power of Father Anselm—how, is at present inexplicable."

Mrs. Bennet now entered, saying there was a very poor looking woman who had begged admittance, affirming that she could give some intelligence concerning the Lady Amanda.

"Bring her here instantly," demanded Lord Blondville; and the wretched creature who had decoyed the innocent Amy into the wood, was introduced trembling, and unable to look up.

It appeared that, unable to bear the remorse she felt for her conduct towards one whose pleading voice, extreme youth, and surpassing beauty, had touched a heart not quite hardened in sin, she came to the resolution of revealing all she knew; and this she did on her knees, accompanied by deep sobs, saying that Ralph, the boatman, having become acquainted with one of the Duke's emissaries at a neighbouring tavern which he was in the habit of frequenting, learnt that a high reward had been offered for the recovery of a young lady of rank, whose person he described. The moment the man beheld Amy, he felt certain she was the one sought for, and he told the stranger, who immediately communicated the intelligence to the Duke. Ralph, in the meantime, induced the unhappy woman to watch an opportunity of meeting Amy alone; but several weeks passed without success, during which the Duke and Father Anselm had taken up their abode at a small country inn a few miles off.

"Had I but known the misery it would cost me to commit such an act, I never would have consented," continued the repentant creature, "for her cries even now pierce my heart. But Ralph threatened to take my life if I refused—and oh! he is cruel when he is angered."

The Earl was so exasperated while listening to her story, that, in the excited state of his feelings, he shook her violently by the shoulder; but instant contrition following on beholding her abject condition, he put forth his hand to raise her—while Mr. Martyn, as they left the hall, turned to Mrs. Bennet, saying, "take care of that unfortunate, I will see her again on my return."

It was a beautiful night, as they drove furiously down the avenue, with the intention of proceeding to H—, a large town distant about eight miles, and which was in the direct road to London. They had to cross a large moor or heath, where several gangs of gipsies usually held their encampments—a people who were much encouraged and protected by Lord Blondville; and amongst whom the excellent Mr. Martyn had been eminently useful as a Christian minister. On reaching these, the Earl ordered his servants to stop—when he, springing from the carriage, approached their camp, to enquire whether they had noticed any travellers on the road. A young woman with a baby in her arms, her elf-locks

streaming over her swarthy features, came forward instantly.

"My noble Lord seeks her of the raven tresses, and the May blush on her cheek; when the sun set in the west she was seen by one of our tribe—men were with her, and they passed rapidly on towards the cross road.

"Which did they take?" demanded the agitated Lord Blondeville.

"Phaniel, come hither," said the woman to a young gipsy, who was standing with folded arms at some little distance; "the noble Earl desires to know which road was taken by the strangers."

"They passed down to the right," replied the man, touching his hat respectfully; "shall Phaniel guide his lord?"

"No, no, my good fellow," said the Earl, throwing down money, and jumping into the carriage—"farewell."

"God speed the young eagle in his flight," said Phœbe, gazing after them, "and bring him in safety to the blue-eyed maiden."

They had driven a considerable distance in the direction they were shown, when they drew near to a small inn by the road-side, round the door of which they perceived a crowd collected. The Earl literally trembled with emotion. Mr. Martyn appeared calm, but he felt not the less, as, with a quivering lip, he enquired if any thing had happened.

"A shocking accident," was the reply; a carriage had been overturned, and one of the party killed.

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Mr. Martyn, "inscrutable are thy ways." He was obliged to support the Earl as they entered the inn together. Here they learnt that the gentleman was not killed, but evidently so much injured that his recovery was hopeless.

"Is there a lady with them?" enquired Mr. Martyn.

The answer was in the affirmative; therefore they could no longer doubt the identity of the travellers with those they sought.

The Earl desired they might be shown into the strangers' apartment, which was immediately obeyed, for his rank was at once recognised. On the door being thrown open, a most touching spectacle met their view. The room was dimly lighted, while, on a miserable pallet, lay extended a man, whose face was turned towards them; its expression denoted great suffering, accompanied by a look of such demoniac revenge, that it was impossible to look on it without shuddering; his glazed eyes were fixed on a kneeling female figure, who, with clasped hands and head bowed almost to the ground, was removed from him but a few paces—her long dark ringlets entirely shaded her features. Two other gentlemen were present—one a tall commanding-looking man,

whose foreign appearance and remarkably handsome person at once bespoke the Duke de Manfredonia.

"Amy—my beloved Amy!" exclaimed Lord Blondeville, rushing forward, and raising her in his arms.

At the sound of his voice she started, and uttering a cry of joy, her first impulse was to lay her head on his shoulder, and shut from her sight the horrors of the scene before her.

"Seize her—drag her from the vile heretic!" cried Father Anselm, endeavouring to raise himself.

The Duke drew a short stiletto, but was held back by Mr. Martyn, and the stranger—who demanded angrily:

"By what right do you thus intrude on our privacy in such a moment?"

"By that right which every man of honour has to protect the weak and the innocent from the power of the cruel," replied the Earl, fiercely; "this lady is under my protection, confided to my care, whom you have dared to carry away against her will."

"And who are you, sir, who assume such authority?"

"It is the Earl of Blondeville," returned Mr. Martyn, mildly; "and, George Denison, behold in me Henry Martyn. I beseech you, let not angry words be heard in the presence of a dying man."

Mr. Denison started as he gazed on the minister. He made no answer, but the violence of his feelings became instantly calmed; while the furious gesticulations of the Duke were only exceeded by the terrific expressions of the monk—who, writhing in agony and gnashing his teeth, still poured forth the most fearful anathemas against the innocent Amy.

"Behold the demons," he cried, "ready to tear her and cast her into the unquenchable lake!—look on their long fangs spread out to grasp her soul—aye, down with her, down with her to the flames!"

The Earl shuddered as he pressed his hands over the ears of the beautiful creature—who, trembling and aghast, leant against him for support.

"Blonddeville, remove that dear child," said Mr. Martyn—"it is not fit that she should hear such words—while I attempt to soften this unholy man."

But the Earl hesitated; he felt reluctant to leave his friend alone with the strangers.

"I beseech you, obey me," continued Mr. Martyn, waving his hand—"remove her instantly."

Amy did, indeed, look death-like; she was perfectly unable to give utterance to one word, but stood stunned and stupified by the imprecations of the monk, vociferated in a hollow, sepulchral voice. Lord Blondeville was moving with her towards the door, when the Duke approached, and violently opposed their retreat. Mr. Denison here interferred:

"Suffer her to go, Manfredonia," he said; "do you not see that her presence only adds to the agitation of our good father?"

The Earl then conducted her to another room, where he used every means to calm and tranquillize her, but for some time without much success; she continued gazing on him fixedly, until he became alarmed.

"Speak to me, Amy, my sweet sister," he said—"do not look thus, for it distresses me; soon will you be restored to all you love, never to be torn from them again." He endeavoured to draw her attention to each one who he knew was linked in her young affections, mentioning all their names; this at length produced a violent burst of tears, which happily relieved her—and burying her face in the cushion of the sofa, she wept and sobbed like an infant.

Mr. Martyn had, in the meantime, knelt by the bed-side of the unfortunate Father Anselm; his Christian spirit groaned within him on beholding a fellow creature on the brink of eternity, so totally unprepared for the awful change; he felt how hopeless was the attempt, but he would not refrain from making one; and he spoke to him in a strain of meek piety which must have penetrated any heart not quite closed to good impressions. He pointed out to him the extreme sinfulness of harbouring angry and revengeful feelings, and strove to lead him to repentance; that even in this eleventh hour a gracious God was ready to pardon him, for his dear Son's sake, if he would only cast away every other false prop, and trust in His all-sufficient atonement for salvation.

"Avaunt, scindish tempter, with your damnable heresies," cried the infuriated monk, tearing open his vest, and showing a hair shirt, with small pointed wires, which penetrated the flesh—"behold, and tremble! will not this expiate crimes darker than hell itself?—aye, you may well start; away, and torment me not."

"Alas, my brother! trust not to such a refuge of lies," said Mr. Martyn, clasping his hands together as he gazed in pity amounting to horror on the deluded being, whose life was ebbing fast away, "but cast down the unhallowed idol, and worship the true God; can the self-punishment of sinful man expiate crime in the sight of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?—for what did Christ suffer, if so dreadful a sacrifice were incomplete?—cast away that cruel vestment, and put on the garment of righteousness, the robe without seam; stand forth in the merits of thy Saviour—turn to Him while there is yet time—turn in penitence, and cling to the Rock of Ages; behold yon flickering lamp—it blazes for a moment with increased splendour, ere it sinks for ever—such a light is yours; it may dazzle man with its vain show, its outward brilliancy, but it is all hollow, all false; thy agonising and unnecessary penance cannot pluck one sin from thy heart—the tear of contrition is far more acceptable to our Heavenly Father, who wills not the death of

a sinner, but who, in the words of expostulation, has said, 'turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?'"

The monk cast on the kneeling minister a look of ineffable hatred and scorn. "Madden me not in this hour with your heretical doctrines," he hoarsely cried. "Manfredonia, listen to me—devote thy wealth in masses for my soul, and thou thyself become one of the holy brotherhood of my convent. Spurn from thee the base scion of a hateful race, and see her no more. Let my remains be conveyed to my own country, and interred in the monastery at Palermo; if you disobey me in one instance, my spirit shall return to haunt you till your dying day."

"My word is pledged to fulfil your wishes, my father," replied the Duke, bowing in deep solemnity.

Mr. Martyn now rose from his knees, and retired to a distant part of the room, where he remained for some time in earnest, fervent prayer. The lamp waned lower and lower in the socket; it shot up one lurid flame, which shone on the distorted features of the dying monk, then sank for ever, and left the chamber of death in total darkness.

Lord Blondville had become anxious at the lengthened absence of his friend, and was on the eve of returning to enquire for him, when he entered the room, strongly agitated.

"Is it all over with that unhappy man?" enquired the Earl, in a low tone.

"Alas, yes!" replied Mr. Martyn, with deep feeling, "many a death-bed scene have I witnessed, but one so hopeless, never—and it has stricken me to the heart; but let us depart," he continued—"where is my child?—doubly mine now, that her natural guardian has forsaken her;" and Amy was fondly pressed in his embrace.

"Can we be of no use to the strangers?" asked Lord Blondville, as they were leaving the room, "it is painful to me that the father of Amy should remain in so comfortless an abode as this."

"I offered your castle to both the Duke and Mr. Denison, as I knew I might venture to do so," replied Mr. Martyn; "but the determined manner in which the former opposed any conciliatory advances, silenced me. Mr. Denison I found more reasonable, and he has promised to call on me tomorrow."

Amy was now lifted in a very exhausted state into the Earl's carriage, which immediately proceeded homewards—it was midnight when they drove over the drawbridge and re-entered the courtyard of the castle. The Countess, Ursula, and Mrs. Bennet were all waiting in anxious suspense, when the sound of the carriage met their eager, listening attention. Tenderly did Lady Blondville receive the beloved Amy, from the arms of her son—and many were the prayers of grateful joy, and of tears, shed by good old Ursula, when she once more held her darling to her bosom in safety. A composing draught was administered, and Ursula remained

sitting by her bedside during the remainder of the night. Brightly did the sun shine into the windows of Amy's apartment on the morning following—the first object she beheld on awaking, was Arthur, sitting as still as possible near her, with a selection of beautiful flowers in his hand, which he told her were sent by Harold; he scattered them over her, saying: "My own dear, dear Amy, they told me you were ill last night, and that wicked men had taken you away—was it indeed so? Ah! who bruised your arm?" and he stooped to kiss it, as she held out her hand to receive his caress, and displayed the marks of the boatman's violent grasp on her beautiful wrist.

"Then it was no dream," returned Amy, half raising herself, and drawing aside the rich curtains; "Ursula, tell me, did I indeed behold him, and hear those dreadful words, those fearful groans?" and she shuddered.

"Think not of them now, my child," replied Ursula, "the eye of a gracious God was upon you, and none had power to harm—see what a lovely day, all nature is smiling, listen to the merry notes of the lark, soaring aloft to the heavens—behold the fragrant flowers sparkling with the early dew upon their leaves—think of all the kind hearts by whom you are cherished; these are sights, and sounds, and reflections soothing and tranquillizing to the wounded spirit. Rise, my child, and let us adore our Creator, whose mercy is over all his works, who fills our hearts with gladness, and changes the sorrow which overshadowed us at night, into joy unspeakable in the morning."

How affectionately Amy was greeted by the whole family, on her again appearing amongst them, need not be said—very pale she was, and the excited state of her nerves was apparent by her sudden starts and looks of alarm each time the door opened, but by judicious, mild treatment, and extreme kindness, by degrees these distressing symptoms subsided, though it took many days to efface the fearful impressions she had received.

During these, Mr. Denison, her uncle, had held a long interview with Mr. Martyn, in which he developed the man of the world. The Duke de Manfredonia's determination strictly to adhere to the dying injunctions of Father Anselm, he said it was impossible to shake, but that he had no controul over the fortune of the late Duchess, which would revert to her daughter, the Lady Amanda, and for which he and Mr. Martyn would become the trustees, provided he had no objection. The idea having once crossed the mind of the speculative Mr. Denison, that there was greater eclat in being uncle to the young Countess of Blondeville, (an event he conceived not improbable,) than to Sister Amanda the Nun, acted as a spell to remove the frost-work from his cold heart, and his bland and winning manners quite won the regard of the amiable Mr. Mar-

ty, who beholding in him the brother of Agnes, and the pupil of his early days, forgot all his neglect and long estrangement, and they parted with mutual expressions of good feeling, and a promise that he would accept the invitation made by the Earl, and return at no distant period on a visit at Blondeville Castle.

How much was there to tell Mrs. Somerville on her arrival, and with what real unfeigned delight did Amy welcome this beloved friend, whose return had been counted upon as the achme of happiness. Most deeply did she feel the kindness and protection which had been shown to her adopted child; and while listening to the details of all that had transpired, her alternations from grief to wonder and joy were most powerfully displayed—a few days only sufficed to call forth every warm feeling of her affectionate heart towards each individual by whom she was surrounded. Young Arthur she perfectly loved, and it was with infinite pleasure she accepted the invitation of Lady Blondeville to return with her to the Falcon's Nest, the following week. Annetta, the lively French girl, was rejoiced in being restored to her young lady, and in rapture with the beauty and cheerfulness of the castle. On seeing Gasper, she exclaimed, "ha, Mr. fortune-teller, you are here I find—what a fine prophet you have proved yourself; you promised me a husband five years ago, and lo he has not yet come."

"This day behold the prophecy fulfilled," replied Gasper, bowing to the ground, "and in me your willing slave."

"You indeed, you withered old whiskerando," cried Annetta, laughing, "if all my bright dreams were to end in such a reality, I would rather never wake at all."

"Take my advice, Annetta," said the worthy Mrs. Bennet, "and do not refuse a good offer—the face which may look unseemly and old at your age, will appear in a far more favourable light at forty."

"Upon my word, ladies, you descant very freely on my physiognomy," returned Gasper, twisting his moustachios into form, and turning to look at himself in a glass—"old, withered, unseemly, indeed! you have not lost your tongue mademoiselle Annetta, since last we met?"

"No indeed, I hope not," said the lively girl, "the severest penance Father Anselm, may Heaven absolve him, (crossing herself,) ever inflicted on me was, that I should not utter a word for one whole day—oh what a long day it was; and when I made amends for it on the following, he threatened to have my tongue cut out, and to place me in the nunnery for penitents—why I would even marry you, Gasper, to escape such a fate as that."

"No doubt you would, madmoiselle Annetta," replied Gasper, continuing to view himself with great complacency.

"But only to prove you a true prophet," she

quickly rejoined; "ah me, so we are to leave this charming castle next week, to be shut up in an old chateau in the country; what a fatality attends me; ever since I have lived with the Lady Amanda, my lot has been to inhabit some gloomy abode; I do hope now, however, that brighter scenes may open on our view; if your handsome young lord, for instance, were to wed my beautiful lady, how charmingly would our romance conclude."

"And the pretty Annetta give her hand to the tender Gasper," continued he, in the softest tone.

"Tender, indeed; a piece of tough old brown leather, puckered and wrinkled," and the saucy girl, with a malicious laugh, broke from him and ran away, ere there was time for his anger to explode.

"Heed her not, Gasper," said Mrs. Bennet to the discomfited lover; "I am well versed in those matters; a woman often disguises her real sentiments under the cloak of abuse."

"Disguises a fury!" cried the enraged Gasper, "dried and puckered! why she has squeezed me up into a nut-shell. I shall not expand to the man I was for a month to come; let her wait till I ask her again—that is all. A French flirt—I will think no more of her."

It might naturally be supposed that Amy, surrounded as she was by all who were dear to her, would now feel perfectly happy; but a sadness had overcast her beautiful face latterly, which seemed inexplicable, and which even the playful society of Arthur would at times only partially overcome. She had expressed a strong wish to see the Duke de Manfredonia once, before his departure, for she remembered that he was her father, and so sacred a link could not be lightly severed by one possessing her sentiments; but when she was gently informed of his refusal, and of the promise he had made to the dying Father Anselm, she shed tears of bitter disappointment and regret.

Mr. Martyn strove to remove the painful impression, this circumstance made on her mind, and most affectionately reminded her of the many valued friends she retained. She threw herself on his bosom as she replied, "If you could only remove one thought which oppresses me, and seems to overwhelm me with remorse, I should feel, oh how thankful.

"Remorse! what can my dear child have to do with so corroding a care?"

"I will tell you—dark thoughts have lately haunted me, and have obtruded the fear, that I have sinned in not showing more deference to the will of my only parent, in having cast off my obedience, and in flying from him; which has been the cause of death to a fellow creature,—and such a death too," and she wept as her memory dwelt on the painful scene so recently witnessed.

"My beloved Amy, you are suffering under a

temptation of the evil one," replied Mr. Martyn unhesitatingly; "such thoughts could have only been suggested by the prince of darkness; dismiss them from your mind, and remember the words of your dear Redeemer, 'every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or father, or mother, &c. for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' And this is from Him, whose high sense of the duty we owe to our parents, is so great that the fifth commandment is the only one to which a promise is attached."

A short silence followed, when a ray of light, suddenly dispelling the mist which had overshadowed her, she clasped her hands, joyfully exclaiming: "I see it now; oh, how could I for one moment doubt?" And from that hour, Amy became another being.

Mr. Marty did not forget the unhappy woman, whose contrition for the part she had taken in deceiving Amy showed, that although her mind was fallow, and overrun by weeds, it was not altogether depraved. He visited her frequently, nor was he discouraged by the discovery of her extreme ignorance—he prayed with her, and for her, and the death of her innocent baby at this time, added to the desertion of Ralph Hewit, so bowed her in anguish to the earth, that the blessed words of comfort imparted to her by this exemplary minister, acted as a cordial on her fainting spirit; and ere many months were passed, this wild despised flower of the wilderness was transplanted to the vineyard of the Lord rejoicing.

The evening previous to the day fixed upon by Lady Blondville for her departure, had arrived. It was one of exquisite beauty; Amy watched the setting sun, brilliantly reflected on the smooth lake from the balcony of the drawing room. Lord Blondville and Arthur were her companions—she gazed on the prospect for some time in silence then turning to the Earl, she said:

"That sun, as it faces upon our sight, seems like the departure of a friend—we hope, we believe we may behold it again, but who can say we shall. I often wish I could return to childhood—change of scene—every new spot has a charm for them—they have no regrets—the word *farewell* is forgotten as soon as spoken, but to me it is full of melancholy."

"May I understand from those words that you feel some little sorrow at the thoughts of leaving us tomorrow?" asked Lord Blondville, placing his hand gently on hers, as it rested on the balustrade.

"Oh, yes, indeed, you may; if even you and dear Mr. Martyn were to accompany us, I could not leave this enchanting spot without a sigh—but you are going away for some time, are you not?"

"Yes, Amy, so the fates have decreed, and perhaps happily, for the castle will be lonely enough after your departure."

"But he will come to us at Christmas," said

Arthur, looking up in her face; "so do not cry, dear Amy;" for her eyes had filled with tears, which she was endeavouring to conceal, when this unfortunate remark of the child overcame her fortitude, and they burst forth copiously. The Earl was much distressed, but by an extraordinary effort he conquered his feelings.

"Come this way, Amy," he said, leading her to the end of the balcony, from the observation of those who were in the room; "a few months will soon pass, when again we shall all meet—I intend to reach Devon in time for your birthday, if you do not forget me in the interval."

Amy looked at him through her tears—her sweet, sad smile, and the expression in her dove-like eyes, went to his heart, and he dared not trust himself to say more.

Mr. Martyn at this moment joined them; "Mrs. Somerville has just been saying," he said, "that if she is pleased with the neighbourhood of Falcon's Nest, she will fix her residence there; how like you that idea, Amy?"

"If you were coming there, I should say, very much indeed."

"Then you do not wish to lose your guardian. Yes, my child," he continued, as she mournfully shook her head; "it is hard to bid adieu, amidst all the evils of human life; the separation of friends may be considered amongst the greatest, yet it is, alas necessary, since it prepares us for the heavier loss of their eternal departure, and leads our hearts to dwell on that state of bliss where it may no more be spoken, but when all we have loved in life shall again be reunited; if summer were always here, we should cease to value it, wisely therefore is it decreed that nature's varied garden should lie waste for a season, and that winter should spread her white mantle o'er the earth; yet, let it be remembered, that under all this apparent desolation the germ of many a future blossom is nourished, which, in due time, will burst forth, and amply repay us for our temporary losses. Then cheer thee, my child," and he folded her in his arms; "it is not my intention to thus easily relinquish my interesting charge; some future day will again see you wandering over the confines of Eloudeville Castle, or conning many a lesson in the study of your preceptor, Henry Martyn."

"Or reading Metastasio with your friend Harold," added the Earl, playfully, as he repeated the following lines with much feeling:

"Oh, cruel hour that bids us part,
Oh cruel word adieu,
That tears my fond, and bleeding heart
From all it ever knew;
Where'er you go, believe that I
In still pursuing thoughts am nigh;

But oh, while thought would cleave to thee,
Who knows if thou wilt think of me,

Each fairy lawn, and silvan grove
How often shall I tread,
Sacred to sympathy and love
Where there with you I strayed?
To those blest scenes fond memory clings,
And back the airy vision brings—
But oh, while memory dwells on thee,
Who knows if thou wilt think of me."

"Bravo, my hero of the water lily," said Mr. Martyn, drawing Amy away, and endeavouring to laugh; "your lessons in Metastasio may be postponed with advantage."

"But not forgotten I hope," added the Earl in a low tone, Amy replied not, for her heart was full, but there was an eloquence in her silence as she turned towards him, which addressed itself far more powerfully to his feelings; he beheld her re-enter the room with Mr. Martyn, then descending from the balcony he walked with hasty steps towards the lake."

To be concluded in our next.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Morn shed her glories o'er the field of death,
And many a heart that yesterday had throbb'd,
With the full tide of life and love, now lay
Stilled in its beatings there. Above—around—
The tenants of the air, which late had fled,
Affrighted from the din of war and woe,
Wooed by the stillness back, now filled the boughs
With their low warbling music. The gentle breeze
Played over the waters, and with soothing breath,
Essayed to still their billows into rest.
All Nature wore her sunniest autumn smile,
Save where the desolator's arm had swept,
And left the trace of human rage behind—

• • • • •
A wounded warrior, stooping, bent to lave
His throbbing temples in the limpid stream,
But back recoiled, as if an adder lay
Embosomed in its waters. Well might one,
With heart more skilled in desolation, turn
From scene so rich in woe. The stream that erst,
Within its glassy surface mirrored back
The golden sunbeam, while its ray enriched
The gorgeous trappings of its woodland shore,
Now ran with crimson. Noblest hearts had poured
Their life-stream forth, to mingle with its tide.

The warrior's eye
Was in its lustre dimmed—his cheek was pale
And the wan lip told fearfully how soon

The breath would ebb away—but while he gazed
 The blood regained his cheek—the fire his eye—
 His arm was raised as though again he urged
 An army on to battle. 'Twas brief—
 One little instant—and the next he lay
 Pillowed upon a rock. More faint he seemed
 With every passing heart-beat—how he longed
 For one with balmy words, to soothe the pangs
 Of that most lonely hour—to quench the fire
 Of death that burnt within him.

"Roll on!" he faintly said, "oh many an age
 Thou glorious river, shall thy billows rage,
 Ere from thy waters shall be washed away
 The blood-stained record of these dreary hours.
 Roll on! it seems but yesterday I sped,
 With buoyant heart, my tiny boat o'er thee—
 Laughed at thy billows, and with venturous arm
 Dashed thy bold waves aside, when whistling winds
 Played 'mong thy foaming breakers. Well I loved
 The pleasure which thou gavest, although full oft
 It earned unheeded chiding—unheeded then—
 But many a time recalled, with tear-filled eye,
 And quivering lip, when she whose holy love
 Mourned for my boyish recklessness, was laid
 With him she wept—in my dead father's grave.

Will any weep
 When I have followed her—when death hath set
 His dreaded seal on me. Will any mourn
 O'er the dark bed where the lone soldier sleeps?
 I have no mother, father, sister, son,
 Brother nor friend—no kith or kin have I!
 But there is *one*—one loving trusty heart
 Hath often leant on mine. Will *she* forget?

No! never, no!
 If ever heart, in its affection strong
 Scorned the controul of death, hers—hers will beat
 As true as truth, for me, when mine no more
 Can with an earthly love, return its warmth.

Scarce had the word
 Passed from his trembling lip, ere, hurrying on,
 A maiden, who with eager eye had scanned
 The faces of the dead, approached the bed
 Where the lorn soldier lay. Her eye caught his,
 And bounding forth, her flexile arms were thrown
 Wildly around him, and she knelt to lay
 His head upon her bosom.

A tear-drop sprang
 From his glazed eye, and trembled on his cheek,
 And his lip moved—in vain—no sound revealed
 The joys of joys that struggled in his breast;
 But the fair hand that lay in his, was pressed
 To the true heart that ne'er with life could cease
 To think on her it loved.

Oh! it was sad
 That mourning lovers' meeting. Death had held
 Revel around them—the red earth was stained
 With deeds of woe and crime; and that fair girl
 Knelt by the wounded soldier, and her prayers
 Arose to heaven for him.

'Twas love in death!
 The struggle now was o'er—the soldier lay
 A soulless corse in that fair maiden's arms;
 And she, the only breathing mortal, sat
 Alone among the dead. She did not shriek,
 She did not move—no sound
 Told of the agony her spirit felt;
 But, mutely eloquent, awhile she gazed
 Upon the face she loved, and then her form
 Shuddered and fell—her heartstrings snapt in twain:
 And they, the loving and the loved, were laid
 Together in the tomb.

A military officer, who most cordially detested the
 halberds, used as a substitute for flogging to expose
 delinquents upon parade with a large iron bomb-shell
 attached to one of their legs. One day, when several
 men were undergoing the punishment, a sailor, who
 by chance had strolled near, called out to his com-
 panions, "My eyes, shipmates! only just look here;
 I'm blest if here isn't a sodger at anchor."

Recollect, when you are married you are tied by
 the leg, Sam! like one of our sodger deserters, you
 have a chain dangling to your foot, with a plaguy
 heavy shot at the end of it. It keeps you to one place
 most all the time, for you can't carry it with you,
 and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do
 nothin' with it.—*Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick.*

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

THE Mussulman writers speak of an ignorant Arab,
 who, being asked how he knew any thing of the exis-
 tence of a God, replied, "Just as I know by the
 tracks in the sand, whether a man or a beast has
 passed there; so when I survey the heavens with its
 bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I
 feel the existence and power of God."

AN Englishman lately visiting Niagara Falls was
 asked his opinion:—"Very neat, 'pon honour—very
 neat!"

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise—
 That shall not fall on me!"—
 "Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
 "For those you never see."

THE BIT O' WRITIN'.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)

CHAPTER X.

DEAREST reader, there was ——— but how can we bring ourselves to say the words? to shape them so as that the avowal they must contain shall meet thy severe eye in the form best calculated to win thy forgiveness? Hast thou ever, when a school-boy, been called in from the play-ground to account, before thy master's face, for some abominable act of riotousness, observed by him while haply taking his breakfast at a—by thee—forgotten window? In similar feelings to those thou mayest have experienced on such an occasion, do we now hang down our head before thee ———. And yet, dearest reader, why should we hang down our head? Thou mayest complain, doubtless, when the murder is out—as out it must surely come—that we have been guilty of an unwarrantable imposition upon thy good sense, or have descended into clap-trap to produce, for an instant, “a thrilling interest,” or brought so closely together the extremes of the pathos and the bathos, or of the picturesque and the burlesque, or of the plausible and the ridiculous, that the contact is insufferable—is—in one damning word, is “in bad taste.” Some of this, or all of this, thou mayest say; but could we have avoided the plain truth, for the mere purpose of writing on, according to the best approved rules of poetical propriety? That is our first point of defence. Our next is a solemn declaration that we never intended to impose on your sense, good, bad, or indifferent, as it may be, but merely to give you a faithful account, just as we got it ourselves, of how poor little Moya Moore and her athletic lover were imposed upon, in a state of feeling which left them, at least, few claims, for the time, to sense or rationality of any kind. Thirdly, we plead an inherent, hearty, healthy, abhorrence of clap-trap. Fourthly, we beg to ask thee, do not such extremes as thou wouldst object to, sometimes nay often, meet, in the quick succession and incongruous linking together of the most real events of this strange life. Hast thou never known pathos whine itself down into a provocation to its own laughter? or the absurd, in some curious, whimsical, arabesque way, dovetail itself, in any instance, with the awful?

“For our own parts, we know of an elopement which, had it taken place, must have left to the

world's pity—that is, scorn—a father and his six legal sons and daughters—hindered, and for ever hushed up, by a noise heard by the lady in her dressing-room, as she was putting on her bonnet, in the dark, to steal down the back stairs, because she believed it to be a supernatural noise—a warning, sent to awaken her conscience, (or else her husband :) and it proved, after all, to be caused only by a mouse gnawing at her rouge-box. We know of another proposed elopement—a less improper one—one, in fact, between two devoted lovers, also frustrated by the sudden appearance in their path of a very harmless poor fellow, Billy Taylor by name, who could never have dreamed of intercepting them or pursuing them; but who was so generally voted a pest in conversation, that appear wherever or whenever he did, merely in the hope of addressing a word to his fellow-creatures, the established usage was for all who saw him approach to turn their backs, and crying out, “But here's Billy Taylor!” run away from him; and so it happened in the case of the lovers we speak of; they, too, fled from Billy, retracing a good portion of the road they had come from the house of the lady's father to their carriage, until they ran plump against that very latter named gentleman, so that the lady was taken home again, and locked up. Nay—we have heard of a downright murderer frightened away from his victim's throat by the entrance upon the midnight scene of a witness in the shape only of a little black terrier. But why, dearest reader, overpower thee with pleas in extenuation of the admission we are about to make? To the following instance of a running-in upon one another, and a blurring together of the very distinct lines of solemn and absurd, we were witnesses.

Late upon a winter's evening a maiden lady was alluding, in her niece's presence, as well as ours, to an early attachment, gloomed for ever by the death of her lover. After his death, his spirit appeared to her, and she went on, bringing before us, with much effect, the appalling circumstances, when suddenly her nervous niece, strangely—and for ourselves laughably, though for herself, painfully excited—suddenly sprang from her chair, just at the spirit's appearance, and, with a sharp, and, we thought, spiteful tap of her extended palm, broke the spectacles on her aunt's respected nose into shivers.

And so, dearest reader, hoping to have now pro-

pared thee, somehow or other—though we are not sure exactly now—mercifully to hear us, we at length venture to say out in full—

There was no apparition of a murdered maiden at the granite rock.

True, we have asserted that the impertinent thing

“Was so thin and transparent to view,
You might have seen the moon shine through.”

And so you might,—(that is, had the moon been in the sky,)—and no wonder, when, after Moya had fled, and her cowardly companion had dropped senseless at the sight, old Terence O'Brien moved two or three paces from the rock's side, and stood over the latter, still yelling, and waving on the top of his stick a new white muslin dress, which he had gone to the market-town to purchase for Moya, and which he meant her to wear on her marriage-day. And—“Ahoy?” still bellowed Terence, stirring with his fool his prostrate rival—“Ahoy, you loober! take a white saymew in the offing, for a seventy-four? but you're only fit to be a parley-woo, an' not a heart-o'-oak British sayman! An', shiver my hulk, but 'tis to ould Davy he's gone, sure enough, I believe!”

He again stirred the lad, and soon saw him jump up, however; and then ensued some stormy discourse between them:

CHAPTER XI.

THE wedding evening came, with all its guests, and all its bustle of preparation to receive them. There were flesh-pots boiling, and spits turning, and servants and helpers, hired and volunteers, toiling before the great fires, at the pots and at the spits; every thing and every body under the superintendance of the widow Moore, now fully reinstated in her former responsibility and importance of character. In the little parlour, alone, two pipers blew away in rivalry; until the perspiration teemed from their foreheads; while, at some distance, in the barn or banquet-hall, three other professors of the same musteat instrument surpassed them, if possible, in zeal and melody; and parlour and barn were crowded with youthful visitors, footing it heartily to their strains; while the elderly and the old looked on; it seemed as if the national sport, pursued to its utmost, were to give a keener appetite for the viands in preparation for supper.

It is etiquette at bridal's such as the present one in Ireland, that if the bridegroom does not happen to be, by nature, a very shame-faced, modest person; he should do all in his power to enact that character—to

“Assume a virtue if he have it not.”

In fact, he ought not; and in all proper respectable

cases he does not, make his appearance before the overwhelming crowd of company, until the wedding-feast is despatched, the very bride-cake cut up and the very ceremony, which cannot well dispense with him, waiting his presence.

All this had Murty Meehan earnestly and often represented to his friend, Terence O'Brien, but with little effect. The ould admiral, with one of his usual oaths swore that he was “commodore aboard;” and his deck he would walk, fore and aft, to see that all was trim and tight, and ready for action, upon the eve of so momentous an engagement. So here and there and every where he pushed and strided among his guests, or, as he called them, “his crew,” commanding and ordering—few of his orders understood; by the way—as if he had indeed received an admiralty—commission to bandy them about. And Terence was met upon all hands with large and good-natured allowances for his departure from the more “christien-like” usage of bridegrooms, his ocean-life and habits being generally taken into consideration; while among every group, and in every corner, his outlandish phraseology occasioned infinite mirth. And he, in turn, took the laughter of his crew in good part; excusing its want of discipline, and of respect to a commander, because of the “jovialthry” of the occasion; and it was only with a pleasant bluntness that he threatened to “mast-head,” or to put them all into bilboes.

Terence was, above every thing, delighted with the great ranges of tables in the barn, and when they became properly freighted with the great, the enormous heaps of food, which they were just able, and no more, to support. And when all was ready, the ould admiral placed one of his pipers on a barrel, at the head of the feast, dubbed him boatswain, and commanded him to pipe all hands aboard; instructing him to use no variety of notes on the occasion, but to allow his chanter to perform a solo, to the utmost of its power; which it did, keeping up one unbroken monotonous scream, until the guests had taken their places.

If, as we have noticed is customary, the bridegroom at an Irish country wedding is expected to demean himself modestly, much more, with the exception of his absence from the banquet, is anticipated of the bride. Retiring, silent, passive, abstracted, and, in consideration of her approaching separation from her parents, or other friends, somewhat sorrowful she must be. And, at these nuptials, retiring, silent, passive, abstracted, and sorrowful, was Moya Moore; and sometimes more besides. Her abstraction seemed a wandering of her mind in mazes of terror; her sorrow a stupified despair. From the continued expostulations of her bridesmaids, and even of her mother, she vaguely conceived that it was expected she should now and then smile; but when she made an effort to do so; her smile was dreary and chilling, and inspired no answering one on the countenances of those who beheld it. Unquestioned, Moya scarce

spoke at all ; and her replies to repeated interrogatories were abrupt, unmeaning, and from the point.

It became necessary that she should take her place beside the priest at the festive board ; her bridesmaid was obliged to lead her out of a corner where she seemed to have become torpid ; and though she sat, without resistance, at the clergyman's right hand, it might be seen that she sat without consciousness also.

The supper went on. Moya looked around her, and, for the first time since she had entered the barn, became fully aware that it was a wedding feast she saw, and that the guests were come. She turned suddenly to her left, fixed her eyes on the clergyman, and gazed at him for some time wildly, and in terror. But a slight relief seemed to steal over her when she was able properly to call to mind the person whom she regarded. And then, in renewed apprehensions, she turned to the individual at her right ; and again recognising in that of her bridesmaid a face different from the one she feared to behold, partial composure calmed her brow.

Still, however, as if in the almost unalloyed apprehension of discovering a dreadful object, her glance roved from one to another of the guests ranged at the different tables, while her breath came short and loud, her bosom panted, and spasmy emotions worked her features. To every question now addressed to her she answered, hastily, "Yes—yes ;" and when, imputing to her maidenly feelings alone all this absence of manner, the loud laugh arose at her expense, she would sometimes echo it in a manner so hysterical that the mirthful became chided and silent.

Her plate remained untouched before her ; she was pressed to eat : whispering "Thankee, thankee," she snatched up a knife and fork, and put a morsel to her mouth—but it fell untasted from her lips, as she again scrutinized the features of those around her and near her.

Her allotted husband, while seemingly all-engrossed in his attentions to his crew, had kept his eye on Moya. Now he came behind her unperceived, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. Without her turning to regard him, Moya suddenly put her palms over her eyes, and shrieked so piercingly, that the roof tree of the barn rung to the sound, and then she hid her face in her bridesmaid's bosom, and clung to her in a paroxysm of terror. The guests, after vainly glancing here and there to discover some cause for her agitation, exchanged looks and whispers with one another ; and, for a moment, it was the opinion that Moya Moore was about to become a wife against the wish of her heart.

"Shiver my hulk to splinters !" cried the admiral, in explanation ; "the little pinnacle is afraid o' the sarvice ; but no matthers for that ; once launched, d'ye see me, she'll scud, sthramers mast-high."

And the former general surmise now seem banish-

ed by the seaman's words, or else was soon forgotten in the resumed gratification of palate and stomach.

The wedding-feast was over—the grace was said—the bride-cake was sliced up by the priest—he blessed it ; and then put on his stole, opened his book, and stood up ; all arising with him to yield grave attention to the marriage ceremony.

Her bridesmaid led the pallid, shivering bride closer to the clergyman. The poor girl went, pausing at every step, and feeling the ground with her feet, as if she were blind. And yet her wild eyes were distended beyond their usual compass. In fact, just as she suffered herself to be conducted from the table, her former unexplained terrors seemed to have become tenfold confirmed upon her, and now possessed her to extremity. At every unconscious move towards the clergyman, she glared—her head turned over her shoulder—towards the remote and half-lighted end of the barn ; and although her young companion held her arm, one of Moya's fingers pointed in the direction of her look. The priest spoke to her. Without turning her eyes to him, she waved her arm as if she would silence the sound of his voice, or direct his attention to whatever it was which so strangely absorbed her own.

"The name, sir ? the name ?" she said, when the priest demanded her own name, "Terence—Terence O'Brien !" in a voice of excessive fright and alarm. "Not yet, my good young friend," half-smiled the good-humoured priest—"not yet, for a little while," and there was a general titter at poor Moya, on account of—as was supposed—only her fidgetty mistake. She unbent her set glare, for a moment, as if to ascertain the cause of this mirth, which she felt to jar unnaturally on her present feelings ; and when her eyes resumed their former bent, it became evident, from their expression, that the object which had so long fascinated them, was not now to be seen where they had observed it. Then they wandered, as had before been the case at the supper-table, from face to face, all around her.

"What is *your* name ?" asked the clergyman of his old penitent, the admiral.

"Terry O'Brien, chaplain—an able-bodied say-man o' the crew i' th' ould Saint Vincent, 74."

"Take off your hat, Terence O'Brien—it is necessary you should be uncovered for this ceremony."

"My hulk to ould Davy, chaplain ! I command the ship this cruise, and no capt'n never hauls down his sky-rattlin' for no loober of a chaplain—barrin' whin there's prayers on deck."

"Well, sir," again smiled the clergyman, "and we are going to have prayers on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir ; that changes tack, d'ye see me ; ay, ay, sir ;" and the admiral stood uncovered.

The marriage service commenced. The icy hand of the bride was placed in that of the Jack, Moya not sensible of the circumstances ; for again,

through an opening in the crowded circle of guests near her, she seemed to have re-discovered, at a distance, the cause of her previous consternation, and again a finger of her disengaged hand pointed vaguely. The clergyman continued.

"Terence O'Brien, will you take Moya for your wedded wife, to——"

"Will he! to be sure he will; scuttle and sink me if he don't!" interrupted Terence.

The priest sternly commanded the admiral to abstain from all profane language, and further commanded him to answer the question properly, in the first person singular.

"That is, chaplain, I'm to make answer to your hail, yes or no, if I will take Moya Moore to be my wedded wife!"

"Yes, sir, or why are you here! why are we all here! Listen, man, I shall repeat the question."

"No use, chaplain, no use; jaw an' jabber for nothing, d'ye see me; I got your hail plain enough and here's my answer—No!" in a tremendous voice at which all started: while the guests stared, along with the priest, at the disfigured, bluff, and gruff countenance of the tar, not knowing whether to join in the grave surprise of the one, or laugh outright at what they deemed to be the sea-ocentricity of the other.

"What do you say, man?" inquired the clergyman.

"An' you didn't hear me, chaplain? Here's at you, again, thin, ould boy: may ould Davy send a rattlin' broadside into my hulk, if the little craft ever sails undher my colours!" And before any one could recover from the grand amazement he occasioned, the ould admiral, now bellowing through his fiat, went on; "Ahoy, there! namesake, ahoy! scud up my hearty! scud up, here! aft, here, the Terry O'Brien! aft here, you loober! where are you, you skulker?" And from the quarter in which Moya had been glaring, his young nephew made his way through the crowd, she shrinking down, almost double, from his near approach.

"Think 'tis a ghost of him, my little pinnace? an' that he will bite, a-boordin' o' you, like the—parley-woos in action? Never fear, howsomever; 'tis no ghost though he promised to turn himself into one, among the crew here to-night, for your divarshin. I say, chaplain, splice this young couple, an' be—to you! Here, my little galley; I resign command to the land-jack; for he's the capt'n you'd rather make the voyage with, if I hard right, alongside the ould hulk-rock, t'other night. Come, chaplain, splice 'em—splice 'em."

A word aside, and indeed something else, on the part of young Terence O'Brien, went a good way, conjointly with the admiral's assurances, in beguiling Moya of her apprehensions that she had to do only with his disembodied spirit in the present instance; and a few additional sentences made her

understand the noble, the magnanimous part which the poor old sailor had adopted towards her and her lover, as soon as, from their sad conversation at the stepping-stones, and at the granite rock, mostly overheard by him, as well as from his subsequent cross-raking of his nephew, after Moya's flight from the muslin ghost, the admiral got a clear notion of how matters really stood.

In the first reflux of the tide of happiness round her despairing heart, Moya drew back a step from the uncle and the nephew, glanced quickly, twice or thrice, from the one to the other, in a hesitating way; but soon taking her resolution, extended her arms, and threw herself on the tar's neck, crying and sobbing, and kissing his unsightly cheeks, forehead—nay, lips, and hugging him tight to her relieved bosom. Her lover, instead of looking jealous, smiled, and even shed some grateful, as well as happy tears, along with her; and the true state of the case soon becoming known through the barn, many an eye, among the generous-hearted male portion of the guests, to say nothing of all the eyes of all the womankind present, followed young Terence's example.

"Avast! avast, there, you little she-pirate!" whimpered the admiral himself, tears ("as big as peas," Murty Meehan said,) rolling through the ugly channel across his face, and making it beautiful, as doth the fresh mountain-stream the rocky gully cleft in the mountain's side; "avast, there, I say!—off wid your grapplin' irons, or sink my ould hulk to ould Davy, but I'll change the sailin' orders, and take you in tow for the cruise my own self, after all that's jawed about, d'ye see me! The young Terry, a-hoy! chaplain, a-hoy!—here, you loobers, free me of this craft—I've got enough of her."

Striding to the head of the supper-table, Terence the elder counted down one hundred guineas, as his nephew's fortune, and then scarce allowing any one including the priest, time enough to recover from their many surprises, or to know what they were doing, had him married to Moya Moore. And when all resumed their places at the nuptial board, it was not upon his own generous feelings and conduct that the ould admiral grew egotistical, but upon what he thought a great deal more of, namely, his own unsurpassable cleverness in hoaxing the young pair with an appearance of the ghost, which he had overheard them "jawin' about; and afterwards in keeping Moya in the dark—a punishment for her having hung out false colours when he "spoke her," her mother in company, on the head of their proposed cruise—as to the real Terry O'Brien she was eventually to sail under.—"An' so," quoth our ould admiral, "seein' as how I never was much a-gog myself—not half so much as my shipmit, Murty Meehan—for a new voyage, off o' all the ould tacks, an' that all I wanted an' all I want, is safe moorage

for oul' hulk, till it foundhers (and be d——d to it) an' secin' how, furthermore, the young Terry alongside never done me no spite, though his commandher, the born brother o' me, did—why, afther all this, d'ye see me, it's no great shakes if I gives up full command, for the rest o' the voyage, an'—with fair sayman's allowance o' grog, Misthress Moore, d'ye mind me—take on vid first lieutenant's berth aboard the ship."

"Here's your health, an' long life, an' may your oul' hulk niver foundher at all, my poor oul' admiral, darlin'!" cried Murty Meehan, his eyes still running over with admiration and love of his protégé; an' here's another toast to go along vid that one—here's what brought the showers o' goold an' good loock to the whole iv us—here's 'The Bit o' Writin'".

It would be doing injustice to the widow Moore not to say that, to the hour when, notwithstanding Murty Meehan's bacchanalian prayer, his old hulk did founder at last, she never infringed on the old admiral's "sayman's allowance," nor indeed, in any way upon his comforts under the family roof. Of Moya's attentions, or of her husband's, to their eccentric benefactor, nothing need be said. So that our excellent friend and hero lived happily many a long year; long enough, indeed, to instruct a very, very little Terry O'Brien in all his sea-terms—thus ensuring them fame in his third generation—and to build and launch for him, on a pond, formed by damming in a corner of the brook, at the celebrated stepping-stone, two seventy-four-gun ships. It is recorded, however, that, upon afterwards bringing those vessels into action, as separately English and French, himself commanding the one, his grand nephew the other—"the lubberly Frèneh flag" adorning the latter, the gay and gallant union jack flying over the decks of the former—it is recorded, we say, that the oul' admiral, forgetting in the heat of the engagement its mimic character, and giving way, for an instant, to all his habitual hatred and contempt of the gallic enemies of Great Britain, made real war on the Lilliputian ship of the line, and, with one kick and one dread oath, consigned and sent it "to oul' Davy."

THE SAMARITANS.

It was with no common interest that we entered into the synagogue of these remarkable people, as a prelude to which they required we should take off our shoes. Their "cohen" or priest showed us a copy of the Pentateuch on two rollers, which they maintain to be the oldest manuscript in the world, saying that it was written by Abishug, the son of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. It bears marks of very great age, and is patched with pieces of parchment. Some of the learned are of opinion that it is only a transcript from Ezra's copy, written

again in the old Hebrew or Phœnician letter, out of which Ezra transcribed it into that of the Chaldeans, then first adopted, and since commonly used by the Jews; others are disposed to regard it as an independent record which has been preserved ever since the days of Jeroboam, first by the twelve revolting tribes, and subsequently by the Samaritans. In either case it affords a remarkable testimony to the accurate preservation of the books of Moses during a period of two thousand three hundred years; for as the rival sects of Christianity have acted as checks on each other, to prevent the corruption of any portion of the sacred Scriptures, since the first schism in the Apostolic Church, so the quick-sighted jealousy of the Jews and Samaritans has proved an infallible safeguard to the text of the Pentateuch since the days of their separation. In the earlier ages of society, when MSS. were scarce, and the knowledge of letters was confined to a very few, it would have been easy for an unanimous priesthood to mutilate the inspired volume; but even suspicion itself can have no place in reference to a record of faith kept with equal veneration and care by men whose national and religious antipathies have separated them in every other respect; but who, in their agreement in that, afford incontestible evidence to its genuineness. Like the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, as to which alone their manuscripts differ, they present a front of irreconcilable opposition—but their very hostility enhances the value of their testimony, and renders them unconscious guardians of the truth of that Mosaic dispensation, a full belief in which neither party admits to be possessed by the other.—*Elliot's Three Great Empires.*

ANACREONTIC.

I.

Strike, strike the golden strings,
And to their glorious sound,
Fill, fill the red wine high,
And let the toast go round
To woman, dearest woman,
Quaff we the generous wine;
Give me thy hand, my brother,
Here's to thy love and mine,
Thy love and mine!

II.

Strike, strike the harp, that ever
Thrilled to dear woman's praise;
Of all the themes the brightest
May win a poet's lays:
To woman, dearest woman,
Quaff the warm blood of the vine;
And hand in hand, my brother,
Drink we to thine and mine,
To thine and mine!

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

BY E. L. C.

For thou that once didst move,
 In thy still beauty, through an earthly home,
 Thou know'st the grief, the love,
 The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee I come.

Many, and sad, and deep,
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast ;
 Thou too could'st watch and weep—
 Hear, gentlest mother ! hear a heart oppress !

MRS. HEMANS.

It is well known that the attempts of the English to obtain possession of the Canadas, were for a long time unavailing, and that when, after repeated efforts, success partially crowned their arms, and they became masters of Quebec, the French still maintained their claim to the unconquered parts of the colony, nor suffered their victorious enemy to remain unmolested, in his newly acquired territory. M. De Levi, the successor of the lamented Montcalm, made an effort, in the spring of 1760, to wrest the capital of Lower Canada from the English ; he was, however, repulsed, and driven back to Montreal, where the Marquis De Vaudreuil, Governor General of the colony, had fixed his head quarters ; and collecting all the military force of the country around him, resolved to make a determined stand against the farther encroachments of the foe. He heard that they were approaching, and conquering as they came—that Isle aux Noix, one of the most important keys to the province, was already theirs—that their ranks were swollen by thousands of American provincials, and that the red children of the forest had lent themselves, with all their horrid array and cruel blood-thirstiness, to assist in the subjugation of New France. Yet, these tidings but strengthened his purpose to sell dearly, if he must sell them, the American possessions of his king ; and, in silent expectation, he awaited the approach of the invaders.

It was a period of great excitement and anxiety, and, like every crisis of importance, gave rise to numerous affecting incidents, that developed the character of individuals, and which lent to that era a tinge of romantic interest, that sheds a mellow lustre over the dry and scanty detail of the historian. Among the traditions which it has been our fortune to collect, we remember none more replete with interest than the one which we now present to the reader. It was related to us one fine summer even-

ing, in view of that singular island which is the principal scene of the narrative,—and the pretty French girl, who repeated the legend, often crossed herself, as she pointed beyond the rapids to this isolated spot, whose shore no human foot invades, and whose slumbering echoes answer only to the music of the birds, or to the hoarser clamour of the elements.

• • • • •
 Towards the close of a warm afternoon in the summer of 1760, a group of gay young men, whose lofty bearing and rich attire bespoke them of the higher order of those who at that time filled the city of Montreal, issued from the church of Notre Dame, and walked leisurely away, leaving one of their number, who voluntarily remained behind, to pursue his way alone. He, who was thus left by his more social companions, looked after them for an instant as they crossed the Place d'Armes, then turned and sauntered slowly up the street, till arriving before the walls of the Recollect, then a community of Jesuits, he paused, and folding his arms, stood gazing in a musing attitude upon the sculptured emblems of mortality which surmounted the door of the chapel. Suddenly his reverie was broken by the unclosing of the gate. A monk, clothed in the long black robes of his order, girt with the cord of discipline, and wearing his cowl drawn closely over his face, issued from the portal, and passed him with the speed of one bound on some mission of importance. By accident he left the gate a-jar, and, tempted by the verdure of the spacious court-yard, and the grateful shade of those noble elms which the sacrilegious hand of modern improvement has, within a few years, levelled to the dust—the young man, touching his plumed hat, in sign of reverence to the ecclesiastic, passed on, and entered the precincts of the monastery.

The weather was oppressively warm, and lifting

his hat from his brow, and unloosing the sword which hung idly at his side, he laid both upon the grass, and was on the point of casting himself beside them, when the figure of Father Clement, the Superior, was seen approaching; and, with that habitual deference which all classes of Catholics pay to their clergy, he remained standing, in an attitude of respect, till the holy man should have passed. The monk, however, observed him, and approached.

"Heaven bless thee, my son, and have thee in its holy keeping!" he said, in a tone of fervent sincerity, and with a countenance whose mild benignity seemed to promise the blessing which his tongue invoked.

"I thank you, father," said the young man; "but I fear I merit reproof rather than this kindly greeting, for my unauthorised intrusion here."

"Thou art welcome to these quiet shades, my son; I know thee for one of the Marquis De Vaudreuil's suite—for a defender of the true faith and holy church—and to thee, and such as thee, these hallowed grounds and walls shall ever offer refuge and repose. My duty calls me hence—but thou, perhaps, art weary with the toils of council or of war, and thou art freely welcome to remain and calm thy thoughts in this unbroken solitude."

"Nay, holy father, I am neither weary nor distressed: the tempting coolness of these shades invited me to enter—but now I am refreshed, and will walk hence with you."

"I must first await the return of brother Ambrose, who just now departed to gather tidings of a dying man, to whom I, but an hour ago, administered the last rites of our religion."

"You speak of young De Bourgainville, father?"

"I do, my son,—knowest thou aught of his present state?"

"I have learned nothing since the morning, father, when it was supposed his last sands were well nigh run. But I feared lest he might, even yet, recover to meet the fate which then awaits him."

"Heaven is more merciful than man," replied the monk, "and it kindly snatches him from the ignominious doom that has been pronounced against him."

"Perhaps, father, you believe him guiltless of the crimes laid to his charge?"

"He stands convicted, in my mind, of youthful folly and ungoverned passion," returned the monk—"but of one treacherous thought or act towards his king and country, I believe him innocent—nay more, I think him true to both—true even as the brave Montcalm, who welcomed death with joy, when told that he was conquered."

Brother Ambrose at this moment returned, with tidings that De Bourgainville yet lived, but was fast approaching his last moments; and it was thought by his attendants that within an hour at farthest, death must end his sufferings.

"God speed the parting soul, and receive it to the

joys of heaven!" exclaimed Father Clement, devoutly crossing himself.

There was a solemn pause of a few minutes, when the young man, taking his hat and sword from the grass, replaced the latter, and respectfully addressing the superior:

"Father, you seem to be familiar with the history of M. De Bourgainville," he said, "and if you deem me not presuming, I would gladly learn a few particulars concerning him from your lips. I was with the army of M. de Levi in the last unfortunate expedition against Quebec, and it is only since our return that I have been placed about the person of M. De Vaudreuil. Immediately after my appointment, I was sent by the Marquis upon a secret mission, and have been absent from the city till yesterday; so that all which I have heard of this most unhappy affair, has been from the lips of prejudiced or ignorant persons,—and I would fain learn the truth from one, whose knowledge of the circumstances enables him to tell it with simplicity and candour."

"Thou shalt know all that is known to me, my son, and I esteem myself happy in being able to exculpate the innocent, even in the estimation of one individual, from unjust suspicion. But I have a duty to perform elsewhere, and as the fervour of the heat has abated, I will invite thee to accompany me in my walk, that we may discourse of this matter on our way."

The young man assented, and they issued together from the gate of the monastery. Passing down one of those narrow streets which every where intersect the city at right angles, they proceeded slowly along the irregular pavement of St. Paul street, while Father Clement, without farther prelude or solicitation, gave the following relation of circumstances connected with a young man, whose unhappy destiny had rendered him an object of commiseration to some, and of interest to all.

"Eugene De Bourgainville had the misfortune to lose his parents while yet in early infancy. They were people of family and fortune, and distantly allied to the Marquis De Vaudreuil, to whom, as a last bequest, they gave the care and sole direction of their orphan son. The Marquis received, and promised to educate him as his own; and faithfully has he fulfilled that promise—constantly treating and regarding his young charge with the tenderness of a father. De Bourgainville repaid him with filial deference and affection, and enjoyed, without intermission, the smiles of his guardian's favour, till, after a residence of some time in this country, he formed an unfortunate attachment, which M. De Vaudreuil refused to sanction.

"The object of this attachment was the offspring of a French officer and a native Indian. The young savage had been so richly gifted with beauty and sensibility, that her lover, though nobly allied, and master of an ample fortune, had yielded himself a

captivè to her untutored charms—educated her—converted her to his own religion, and married her. Soon after their union, he was sent on military duty to a distant part of the province, and, during his absence, placed his wife under the protection of the nuns of the Hotel Dieu. But he shortly fell a sacrifice to the barbarity of the savages—she too died, after a residence in the convent of nearly three years, leaving the little girl, who afterwards became the object of De Bourgainville's love, to the care and affection of the nuns.

“For two years the child was a source of delight to the whole sisterhood, when suddenly she disappeared with her nurse, an old Indian, who had evinced a decided aversion to the habits of civilised life. Two years passed away before the nuns again saw the child—when, prompted by caprice, or by some motive which has never been developed, the squaw restored the girl—sending her unattended to the door of the convent, but never appearing herself, to answer the questions which would doubtless have been asked her.

“Aimée La Voison, for so was she called, seemed not to have forgotten her former home—but its restraints appeared irksome to her, and it was evident she had acquired a strong taste for the free and roving life she had led with her nurse. She, however, remained with the nuns, till she attained her twelfth year, when she again disappeared, and returned no more till about ten months since, when the nuns found her one morning in the chapel, dressing the altar with flowers, and prevailed upon her again to become an inmate of their house. It was shortly after this period that she attracted the attention of Eugene De Bourgainville; and it was in vain that the abbess prohibited all intercourse between the lovers, or that M. De Vaudreuil forbade his young relative to cherish an attachment for one, who, from her infancy, had been designed for the cloister. They continued frequently to see each other, and to exchange vows of unalterable fidelity. The abbess feared to exercise severity towards Aimée—well knowing she would not hesitate to flee from her care to the wild haunts which she dearly loved, so soon as an undue restraint should be placed upon her person. She was, therefore, still permitted, as she had ever been, to spend many hours in the garden, and to sit with her work or book in the abbess's parlour, rather than retire to join the daily tasks of the nuns in the interior of the convent. Here she beheld all the visitors who came to the Hôtel Dieu, many of whom were attracted by the fame of her surpassing beauty—and here she often saw De Bourgainville, who had a relative among the sisterhood, and under a pretence of visiting her, gained frequent interviews with his beloved.

“It was here, too, that Aimée was first seen by Augustine Du Plessis, the friend and bosom compa-

nion of De Bourgainville. But from that hour their companionship was ended—their friendship changed to deadly hatred. Du Plessis, young and impetuous, conceived a violent passion for the fair Aimée, and a stranger to those principles of honour, those generous and manly feelings, which, in similar circumstances, would have governed the conduct of De Bourgainville, he sedulously strove, by every art, to win her love—and even when repulsed with angry scorn, still persecuted her with his inopportune suit. He quarrelled also with his friend; and, to gratify his revengeful feelings, sought to poison his peace, by insinuating doubts of the fidelity of his mistress. De Bourgainville endured these taunts, for some time, with tolerable forbearance; but when, at the table of the Marquis De Vaudreuil, Du Plessis one day uttered some unfeeling sarcasm, reflecting on the fair fame of Aimée La Voison, his indignation burst through all controul. He started from his seat, and, reckless of the presence of older and superior officers, approached the offender, with anger flashing from his eyes, with words of bitter invective on his lips, and raising his arm, would have struck the coward to the earth, had not his purpose been arrested by those around him. The voice of M. De Vaudreuil restored him to recollection; but, unable to command himself, he quitted the apartment, though it was only to summon Du Plessis to answer, in single combat, for the falsehood he had dared to utter.

“They met—and Du Plessis received his adversary's sword in his heart, acknowledging, with his latest breath, that he had acted a traitor's and a slanderer's part. But his friends, indignant at his death, demanded the blood of his murderer, and called upon M. De Vaudreuil, as the avenger of the injured, and the dispenser of justice, to deliver up his kinsman to the penalties of the law. The Marquis, however, was spared this painful sacrifice—for De Bourgainville, aware of his danger, took a hasty farewell of Aimée, and quitted the island. Whither he directed his course no one knew, but, by many, it was confidently believed that he had deserted the standard of his country, and joined that of the English. This report was industriously circulated by the friends of Du Plessis, and so many seeming proofs were brought forward to corroborate it, that even M. De Vaudreuil, who heard no tidings from the fugitive, was at last induced to credit the tale of De Bourgainville's apostacy. Neither could any intelligence be gathered from Aimée respecting him—as she disappeared within a week after her lover's departure, and has not since been seen; but a light canoe has been observed dancing over the tremendous rapids of Lachine, and approaching unharmed that lonely isle, which stands in the midst of their appalling breakers. It is believed to be hers—for that is known to be her dwelling-place, when absent

from the convent—and to no other human being, except her Indian nurse, is this solitary spot accessible.

“But to return to De Bourgainville. Thou knowest that he was recently rescued by a party of French soldiers from a band of Mohawks on the opposite side of the river, and brought hither wounded, dying, and a prisoner, and all the account that could be gathered from the Indians respecting him, was, that he had been wounded in an encounter between themselves and some chiefs of a hostile tribe. But letters were found upon his person, inviting him to join the victorious standard of the English, and these unanswered documents, where not a hint of his acquiescence can be found, are declared by his enemies to stamp him with the seal of treachery—neither are the asseverations of his servant, a faithful adherent to the fortunes of his master, permitted to have any weight. He declares that after quitting Montreal, in their progress to join the French forces at Chambly, they were captured by a party of Indians, who had ever since detained them prisoners, with the daily declaration that they should shortly take them to the British General at Quebec.

“M. De Vaudreuil, indeed, believes this statement; but he is overpowered by the voice of the multitude, and deterred from pronouncing an opinion, which, under existing circumstances, would doubtless be attributed to undue partiality. He is stricken in heart by the misfortunes of a youth, whom he regards with parental love, but he rejoices, as do I, that death is soon to set him free from all the evils of his lot. He has already seen him for the last time, but without being recognised by the unhappy young man, who, excepting for a brief period this morning, has discovered no symptoms of consciousness since his return. The Marquis dares not even receive him to his residence within the city, and as the only act of indulgence in his power to grant, permits him to die unattended, except by his servant and physician, at Près de Ville, his now deserted country-house.

“Thus, my son,” continued Father Clement, “I have given thee a plain narrative of facts; and now that we have reached the Chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, enter with me, and offer a prayer for the forgiveness of De Bourgainville’s enemies, and the peace of his departing soul.”

The monk paused, and the young man, sensibly affected by the melancholy recital to which he had been listening, made no reply, but with a silent inclination of his head, turned to follow the father through the low arched doorway of the chapel, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a gentleman of M. De Vaudreuil’s household, who had sought him to summon his immediate attendance upon the Marquis. Compliance was a

matter of course, but he first stepped hastily after Father Clement, and thanking him for the patience with which he had answered his inquiries, craved his blessing, and retired.

It was a festival day, and the chapel was still filled with the odour of frankincense, mingled with the perfume of the fading flowers that decked the shrines of the saints, and were scattered among the wax lights that yet burned upon the altar. Father Clement approached the stone chalice, which held the consecrated water, and reverently signing himself with the holy symbol of the cross, he knelt with true humility of spirit to implore the mercy of God upon the soul which was about passing into eternity. Deeply absorbed by his devotions, he was unconscious that another suppliant knelt beside him, till a low half stifled sigh stole faintly on his ear, when he rose, and cast around a glance of benevolent inquiry, to learn from whom proceeded this indication of an oppressed heart. A twilight obscurity reigned within the chapel, for the few windows that lighted it were high and narrow, and the feeble rays of the wax tapers illuminated only the pictures and images around which they burned.

But through this deepening gloom, Father Clement espied a female figure, prostrate on the steps of the altar; her forehead touching the ground, her face concealed in the folds of her garments, and her deep and profound abstraction indicative of the most humble, heartfelt adoration. The priest was a true disciple of his divine master; he had all the mild and heavenly benignity of a Cheverus or a Fenelon, and his heart overflowed with tender compassion, as he marked the emotion which, at intervals, convulsed the frame of the kneeling suppliant, and thought, as his eye traced the rounded outline of her youthful and exquisitely proportioned figure, that he recognised one, in whom a concurrence of circumstances had increased his wonted interest, even to an intense and painful degree. Her costume bore no similitude to that worn by the peasantry of the country, neither did it resemble that of the religious orders, but consisted of a loose black dress, confined about the waist by a girdle richly wrought, after the manner of the Indians, though without the usual tawdriness that marks their taste, and fastened with a clasp of gold. From her shoulders flowed a long cloak or mantle of fine dark cloth, buttoned with a golden loop, and embroidered, in an etruscan pattern, with scarlet moose hair. A transparent veil covered her head, and partially concealed her face, and from beneath it escaped a profusion of glossy hair, blacker than the plumage of the raven, and rendering more striking the dazzling whiteness of the beautiful neck and throat around which it clustered. One small hand, delicate as a snow-flake, grasped the railing which enclosed the altar, and on

it sparkled the ring, which Father Clement had often seen upon the finger of Aimée La Voison, and knew to have been given as the pledge of De Bourgainville's love.

His doubts were ended, and he stood waiting, only, till she should rise from her devotions, to address her. She had nearly finished them,—and as, in the fervour of her soul, the last words of her petition burst audibly from her lips: "Holy Father, thou canst save him! Blessed Virgin, intercede for me, and snatch him from the tomb which opens to receive him!" She rose, and throwing back her veil, turned upon the priest a face, which, even in sorrow and in tears, was radiant with almost seraphic beauty. She had believed herself alone with her God; but at the sight of Father Clement she started, and a livid paleness overspread her features. But instantly the blood rushed back with overwhelming force,—she beheld him who had been a father to herself, and to De Bourgainville,—she marked the tender compassion of his air, the pitying kindness of his eyes—and, bursting into a passion of hysteric sobs, she sank again powerless upon the steps of the altar. The kind heart of Father Clement bled for the anguish that he witnessed, and hastily approaching the object of his sympathy, he strove gently to raise her from the ground.

"Daughter," he said, "thou hast cast thyself at the mercy-seat of God, and there poured out thy soul in humble prayer and supplication, uttering the language of a meek and contrite spirit. Beware, now, lest thou pollute this hallowed spot with the tears of earthly passion."

"Father, reproach me not," exclaimed the unhappy girl, in accents broken by her sobs; "even God permits my tears; it is he who has afflicted me, and thinkest thou he will break, with his anger, the feeble reed which his hand has bruised?"

"His goodness is abundant, my daughter, and it is therefore I would have thee feel, if he has chastened thee, it has been done in mercy. Thou hast despised the privileges which he offered thee; thou hast forsaken the Christian community where thy dying mother placed thee, and hast chosen to thyself an idol, whom God has doubtless smitten to remind thee of thy dependence and mortality."

"Father, God formed my heart for tender affections; wherefore, then, should he chastise me, because I have indulged the innocent emotions which he implanted in my nature?"

"We cannot fathom his designs, my child; but perhaps thou hast indulged these emotions to excess, and, in the pleasures of an earthly love, forgotten the higher and holier object of thy worship."

"Never, father, have I been thus ungrateful to the Author of my being. To him, each morning, I have offered the earliest incense of praise; my latest prayer, at night, has arisen to him; and he

has mingled with all my hopes and dreams of future happiness."

"And yet, my daughter, thou didst voluntarily forsake the place where he is worshipped, with all the rites and ceremonies of our most holy faith; thou didst desert the altars where his image stands, renounce the offices and deeds of mercy, which, as a member of this blessed house, it was thy duty to perform, and hide thee in those wild and savage haunts, where never temple rose to the Most High, nor holy chant of Christian tongue awoke the echoes of the heathen solitude."

"Father, his temple is the universe; why, then, should his service be confined to the narrow space enclosed by mortal hands? Thinkest thou the humble offering of a contrite heart will not rise with equal acceptance to the throne of God, from the midst of his own matchless works, as from gorgeous altars, surrounded by adoring crowds?"

"My daughter," said the monk, with somewhat of sternness in his accent, "who has taught thee to believe that our religion is encumbered with vain pomps and idle ceremonies? Hast thou held communion with those heretics, who have come to invade our colony, to profane our temples, to overturn our faith, that thou speakest thus lightly of the venerable worship which thy fathers have instituted, and thy God has condescended to accept?"

"Forgive me, father, if I have spoken with seeming irreverence of what I hold most sacred. I meant but to say that God is not confined to temples made with hands, and that, in my own sweet island-home, I have knelt and worshipped him with as pure and holy fervour as ever warmed my heart before this blessed altar, and in the presence of these consecrated objects."

Father Clement gazed upon her for a moment in silence, then said, in tones of sorrow rather than of anger, "It is then true, my daughter, that thou hast been dwelling in that lonely isle! Thou hast tempted the fury of those frightful rapids, and preferred their hideous discord to the sublime peals of the organ, and the chant of those holy nuns, who have nurtured thee in their own bosoms, as a daughter."

"And I render to them, father, a daughter's love, and more than a daughter's gratitude; but my mother was a denizen of the woods, and with her milk I imbibed a love of freedom and of nature, which are inwrought with my very being. My ear is never wearied by the music of those restless rapids, of which thou speakest with so much horror,—my devotion kindles when I gaze upon the ample arch of heaven at noon-day, or at night, when glorious with its host of stars, and my eye dwells with unsated pleasure on the boundless landscape, with all its rich variety of garniture."

"My daughter, this is the romantic enthusiasm of early youth—time and the sorrows of earth will

chasten these feelings, and then thou wilt look back with regret to the peaceful asylum thou hast forsaken. Come, then, now, and let me lead thee back to the fold from which thou hast been too long a wanderer; come and fulfil the end of thy being. The ties which bound thee to earth are broken—it has no longer any charm for thee; but remember that thou art a child of heaven, an heir of immortality, and here thou may'st wrestle for the prize of eternal bliss—here thou may'st fight the good fight of faith—with God's blessing, may'st come off conqueror, and leave thy name, with other sisters of this pious house, as a sweet savour to those who shall hereafter tread in thy steps."

"Father, thou hast told me that God is present every where, and I have felt that he was with me in that island, which thou deemest desolate. Every shady alcove there has heard his praise, and witnessed my humble supplications for his mercy. My own hands have raised to him an altar of turf, like that on which pious Abel offered the firstlings of his flock, and on it fair flowers daily shed their fragrance, and wax tapers burn before the Virgin's shrine. When my nurse, in early childhood, took me from this convent, she conveyed me thither, and taught me to love each tree and flowery dingle of that silent spot; she taught me, too, to navigate my light canoe, to steer it safely through the breakers, and guide it in the only practicable track by which the island is accessible."

"But wherefore, my daughter, when she again restored thee to us, and thou didst dwell, for so many years, in the midst of Christian ordinances, and in communion with Christian souls—wherefore didst thou again desert the altars of thy God, and voluntarily return to that remote abode?"

"Father," she replied, and a vivid blush mingled with the tears which coursed freely down her cheeks, "when I first knew De Bourgainville, I had begun to love the stillness of my cloister, and to think I might be happy in a life so unvaried and monotonous. But he changed my feelings and my views. I loved my God with greater fervour for bestowing on me this new source of happiness, and I felt, that, to serve him as I ought, I must serve him in conjunction with De Bourgainville. Thou knowest, father, the progress of our affection, and the circumstances which occurred so cruelly to disunite us. When, after the death of Du Plessis, Eugene came to bid me a hurried adieu, I urged him to fly to my island retreat; but he chose rather to join the French forces at Chambly, and continue an active defender of his country, till the appeal which he intended to make to his king should be answered, favourably, as he doubted not, and permit him again to appear here in safety. In the meantime, I purposed retreating to my island. I was unhappy, and longed for its silence and its solitude—where, unmarked by

any eye, I might indulge the sorrows of my heart. De Bourgainville's return was to be notified to me by a certain signal raised upon the mainland shore, and for weary days and weeks I have watched in vain to behold it. But this morning, when despair had nearly seized me, it was the first object that greeted my waking eyes; my boat was quickly launched upon the waters, and I flew to meet—not De Bourgainville, but his faithful servant—who informed me of all the sad circumstances, which thy sympathising looks assure me, father, are already too well known to thee."

"And hast thou seen him, my daughter?" asked the good father, in a tone of impassionate tenderness.

"I have, father; and I saw him dying, as I thought. He looked upon me without knowing me, and the anguish of that moment was more bitter than death! But oh, the joy of the next!—my nurse was with me; she examined the wound, and, skilled above her race in the powers of healing, she declares that he may recover."

"Impossible, my child! the arrow which pierced him is supposed to have been dipped in deadly poison—and thy foolish nurse but feeds thee with false hopes, to lull thy present fears."

"Not so, father. She never yet deceived me, and sure I am she would not do so now. But I must be gone; the day is fast declining, and I must loiter here no longer."

"Gone! and at this hour? Whither, my daughter, dost thou bend thy course, or for what purpose quit the shelter of this sanctuary tonight?"

"Nay, father—I heseek thee, ask me nothing, and seek not to detain me. If Eugene lives, thou shalt know all; but now I would not involve thee, nor any one, in danger, by making thee a confidant of my purpose."

At this instant, a low chant of female voices, issuing from the inner chapel of the convent, announced the commencement of the vesper service; and Aimée, starting at the sound, moved hastily towards the door. Father Clement followed her.

"Daughter," he said, "I am thy spiritual director, and to me, even, wilt thou not impart thy designs? Wilt thou, in defiance of my counsel, persist in going hence, and exposing thyself, perhaps, to insult and danger, and that, too, at the very moment when the holy sisterhood are offering their evening sacrifice to the Virgin?"

"Father, strive not to weaken the firmness of my courage; I must make one last effort to save him—and if it prove vain, I solemnly vow, in the presence of God, the Virgin, and the blessed saints, to return hither, and take upon myself the vows of this holy house. Speak to me, father, for I dare not quit thee in displeasure."

Father Clement looked fixedly upon her imploring

face, and sorrow, affection and reproof were written on his brow; but the entrance of some peasants, for the purposes of devotion, forbade his reply,—and gently waving his hand, he turned from her, and passing up the chapel, disappeared through a private door that led into the interior of the convent.

Aimée, for one moment, felt inclined to follow him; but this impulse died away with the last sound of his retreating footsteps, and, anxious to be gone, she quitted the chapel without longer delay. As she issued from the door, she saw, with pleasure, that the day had not so far declined as she supposed; the sun, indeed, was near his setting, but there yet remained sufficient time for her to leave the city before the gates were closed—and with a fleet step she threaded the narrow streets, till she reached the southern gate, through which she wished to pass. But as she glided gently onward, the sentinel stepped forward, and stopping her roughly, demanded her name and purpose. She turned towards him a face of such pleading beauty, and answered him in tones so low and sweet, that his harshness was at once disarmed.

“I pray thee, good soldier, do not stay me; I come from the Hotel Dieu, and am bound on an errand of mercy to the dying.”

“Go on, then, maiden, and the Virgin be thy guide,” said the man, as he stepped respectfully back to let her pass.

With a look of silent gratitude, she slipped a small piece of gold into his hand, and bounded forward. Hurrying through that part of the thinly scattered suburbs of St. Antoine, which now forms an extensive and populous part of the city, she struck into a narrow foot-path, that wound deeper and deeper into the forests which then clothed that beautiful ridge, whose sloping gardens and orchards are now the first, after the long Canadian winter, to wake into life and beauty beneath the genial influence of spring. Gradually ascending Mount Royal, in the direction of that unfinished building, which, though commenced scarcely more than a quarter of a century ago, the hand of time, as if in mockery of man's ambition, is already crumbling into ruins—she passed on to the romantic spot, where the projector of that stately mansion chose his last resting-place, and has now mouldered into dust beneath the pompous marble which his heirs have reared, to tell the living of the vanity of mortal hopes. Then, not even the ashes of the dead had invaded that sequestered solitude; the area which is now open around the costly monument was filled with trees, and the cliffs were clothed with lichens and wild flowers, which seldom human foot, save that of the Indian hunter, crushed beneath its tread. Aimée climbed to the highest pinnacle of the rocks that rise behind the obelisk, and seated herself upon a jutting crag, to recover the breath she had lost in her rapid ascent.

The sun had set, but the long delicious twilight of that climate was tinging every object with its golden hues, and diffusing over the landscape a serene and odorous calm peculiar to the hour. Aimée gazed abroad with the rapt eye of an enthusiast, and felt its soothing influence sink into her heart. Beneath her, stretched the city, with its extended range of low grey houses, the walls of its convents rising above the rest—the venerable turrets of the Recollect visible through the gigantic elms that sheltered it with their protecting arms—and, higher than all, the glittering spire of the church of Notre Dame, surmounted with the holy cross, and pointing, like a beacon, towards heaven. The French flag, so soon to be displaced by the colours of England, waved from the citadel—a fortified eminence, at the northern extremity of the city, which has since been levelled to make way for new streets and buildings—and from various embattled points of minor consequence. Beyond, the noble St. Lawrence rolled its world of waters towards the Atlantic—its bosom purpled with the tints of parting day, and gemmed with lovely islands, that lay, like enchanted spots, upon its peaceful surface. Aimée looked far up the river for her own dear Isle of Flowers—but it was hidden by intervening forests, though the music that she loved, the tossing of the restless rapids, fell, in that distant solitude, with mellowed cadence on her ear. The opposite shore presented but a dusky and undistinguishable outline—but, far in the distance, towered the mountain of Chambly, the purple summits of Belœil, and, farther still, the eye could trace the shadowy form of that mountainous chain which intersects Vermont.

Aimée's devotional fervour kindled as she gazed, till it overflowed her heart, and burst from her lips in subdued murmurs, as she warbled the evening hymn to the Virgin. A sudden rustling in the shrubbery disturbed her vespers. She turned quickly, and caught a glimpse of some one, shrouded in a large cloak, who leaped hastily down the opposite declivity, and disappeared in the thicket. She now remembered that when she left the chapel of the Hotel Dieu, she had seen a man thus attired, standing near the door, and that once, when she chanced to look back in her progress through the street, she had observed him behind her. But in a crowded city, this circumstance seemed nothing strange, and would never have occurred to her again, had not the appearance of this very person, as she thought, at such a time, and in so remote a place, recalled it to her mind. She stood for a few moments irresolute, and unable, if the intruder intended her harm, to account for his hasty retreat, when the mystery of his flight was explained by the appearance of her nurse, accompanied by a tall athletic Indian, whom the stranger had doubtless seen, and retreated to avoid. Aimée, as she welcomed them, forgot her momentary alarm, and throwing her arms, with affectionate

endearment, round the barbarously attired person of her nurse, leaned for a moment on her bosom—then, at the solicitation of the Indian, turned to examine and praise a litter, formed of the flexile branches of the birch, which he exultingly displayed before her.

“See, my humming-bird,” said the old nurse, in tolerable French, and with a look of fond affection, “Yakoo and myself have woven it of twigs of the fragrant fern, mixed with the young shoots of the birch; and have lined it with moss, gathered from the cool stones at the fountain’s head, and strewn water lilies on the pillow, to revive him with their perfumed breath.”

“Thank thee, kind mother,” said the girl, touching with her ruby lip the wrinkled forehead of her nurse—“and here, where his heart will rest, I place this relic of the true cross, to shield him from unholy spirits; and to the Virgin I vow two candlesticks of silver, if she will guide us safely over the rapids, and diffuse a healing power into the balsams, which thou shalt pour upon his wound.”

“Daughter, there are plants of saving virtue, growing around the Virgin’s consecrated grot, upon our isle; these, when the moon rides high in the heavens, and the dew lies wet upon them, I will gather and distil, and every precious drop shall extract the venom from his blood, and fill his veins with life.”

“The saints fulfill thy promise!” exclaimed Aimée, fervently, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes, with an imploring look to heaven.

“Fear not, my daughter. But thou art faint and weary; thine eye is dim, and minds me of thy mother’s, when thy father left her to meet our chiefs in battle; thy cheek is pale, and faded like the rose-leaves which I have seen thee wear all day upon thy breast. Beyond this rock there gushes forth a cooling stream; come, then, my drooping bird, and quench thy thirst with its limpid waters. Here are fresh fruits which Yakoo has plucked for us; come, and I will spread them on its brink, and thou shalt lie there and rest thyself, while I feed thee with the ripest.”

“Nay, mother, leave me here; go thou with Yakoo, but I will sit upon this rock, and count the stars, as they come forth one by one in the heavens, and pray to the Virgin, as I am wont to do in the bowers of my island-home. It will be time to depart when the moon shall cast the shadow of those sycamores to the foot of this rock; then, if thou comest not, I will call thee.”

Maraka knew from experience that it was vain to oppose the will of her foster child, and too much accustomed to leave her in solitary haunts to fear any evil, she turned away, with a sign of assent, and followed Yakoo, to share their evening repast on the borders of the rivulet. Aimée, left once more to herself, resumed her former seat on the projecting rock. She unclosed her cloak, and threw back the

veil which shaded her features, to admit the cooling breeze of evening. Twilight had deepened fast around her, and already the tall tops of the forest trees were silviced by the beams of a full moon, that was each moment shining with brighter lustre in the east. Many thoughts crowded upon her heart; many hopes for the future, many fears for the present, which a few short hours were destined to confirm or dissipate. She was a wild, impassioned creature, full of feeling and romance, which her mode of life, the habits she had formed under the guidance of her untutored nurse, and the whole tenor of her existence had served to cherish and to heighten. While she thus sat, watching the pathway of the moon—now murmuring an Ave Maria—now, with a softened heart, recalling the tender and anxious counsels of Father Clement—then, with streaming eyes, reverting to her wounded lover, or, with hope springing in her soul, bearing him in imagination to the silent bowers of her island, feeding him with the fairest fruits, and reviving him with the odour of her flowers—she sunk gradually from her waking reverie, into a deep and peaceful slumber.

How long she slept she knew not; but when she awoke the moon had gained the zenith, and its vertical rays fell full upon the rock that she had chosen for her couch. She started up; a step sounded in her ear, and the shadow of some person moved from beside her. She believed it Yakoo or Maraka, and she turned quickly around—when she beheld the same tall figure, which had followed her from the chapel of the Hotel Dieu, now standing near, and regarding her with a fixed and earnest eye. Aimée pressed her crucifix closely to her bosom—“Holy Mother, shield me!” she ejaculated; and, at the sound of her voice, the stranger moved a step towards her. Terrified by the gesture, she darted away, and bounding over rock and crag, ran wildly towards the rivulet, calling aloud upon the names of Yakoo and Maraka. In an instant they were by her side; but, when she related the cause of her alarm, they believed she had been dreaming, or had seen a spirit. Aimée, however, was conscious that what she had witnessed was no delusion of the senses, and the incident gave a sadness to her heart, and infused into it a superstitious dread of some impending evil, which not even the immediate necessity for courage and exertion could entirely dispel.

Midnight had arrived—the time appointed for the commencement of their enterprise—and Aimée was impatient of delay. They, therefore, began silently to descend the mountain, Yakoo and Maraka bearing the litter, and Aimée walking beside them. They would fain have persuaded her to occupy it, but she steadfastly refused—and thus, without molestation, and with a rapidity almost incredible, they traversed the ground that Aimée had passed over

alone in the commencement of the evening; till, changing their course to a northerly direction, they kept for some distance along the skirts of the forest, and paused at length before the gates of Près de Ville.

But few years have passed away since this ancient mansion, that long remained to tell a tale of other days, was demolished—and now, even the boundaries of its extensive domains, the last trace of the moat and drawbridge, with which, after the manner of baronial castles, it was defended, and the site of its princely avenue of elms, is lost to remembrance. Populous streets, churches and houses, cover the space which they once occupied, and every succeeding year is weakening the interest which once attached to its name.

Gaston, the attendant of De Bourgainville, was anxiously expecting the arrival of Aimée and the Indians. At the first sound of their footsteps he hailed them, and was answered by the preconceived watchword. The drawbridge was hastily lowered, and the little cavalcade passed over it, preceded by Aimée, who, with impatient steps, bounded up the long shaded avenue, and in a few minutes was kneeling beside her lover's couch. The house had been deserted by all, save an old female domestic, since the first moment that a general expectation of the enemy's approach prevailed; for all who could crowd into the city, had sought their safety within its walls, as there was no superfluity of men to protect the country houses of the gentry. Gaston, therefore, felt himself at liberty to choose what apartment best suited his fancy or convenience; and, for the benefit of free and wholesome air, he had accordingly placed his master in the spacious hall of entrance,—and there he was now lying, wrapped in his cloak, ready for removal. He seemed to be asleep, but as Aimée leaned over him, holding to his lips one of those fragrant lilies with which Maraka had strewn his litter, its spicy odour appeared to arouse him. He strove to inhale its perfume—opened his eyes, fixed them for an instant on her face, and softly repeating her name, again sank into unconsciousness. Aimée's heart glowed with hope and gratitude. She hailed this momentary awakening as an earnest of his final restoration, and believed that heaven had interposed to reassure and comfort her.

The Indians now entered; and, without further delay, De Bourgainville was placed in the litter which had been prepared for that purpose. Gaston and Yakoo bore it from the house, while Maraka went forward as a guide, and Aimée, her eyes bent anxiously on the face of her lover, walked beside it. They passed down the avenue, crossed the bridge in safety, and were proceeding to gain the shelter of the woods, when three persons suddenly approached. Aimée looked up, and in him who stood foremost,

she recognised the same figure which had thrice before crossed her path. The drooping feathers of his cap shaded his features, but he lifted it from his brow, and gazed sternly upon her. It was the brother of Augustine Du Plessis! She knew him, and, with a faint shriek, throwing her arms across the litter, leaned in silence over it, as if thus hoping to protect her lover from his foe.

"Thy love cannot shield him from the justice that pursues him," exclaimed Du Plessis, with unfeeling harshness, "and shame be to her who can glory in her fondness for a murderer and apostate. Aimée La Voison, have I not deep and deadly cause to hate thee? Woman as thou art, I tell thee so, and to thy face—I tell thee that thou art, and ever will be, the object of my utter detestation—that even thy beauty, angelic as it is, seems far more loathsome in my sight than the most foul deformity—for it was that which lured my brother to his ruin;—it was thou who caused his death, and for it I will have revenge."

"Reproach me with all the bitterness of thy most bitter hatred," said Aimée, meekly, "and I will bear it quietly. But spare, at least, this helpless object of thy anger—I would depart with him, and go where he may die in peace."

"Go then, I reckon not where," exclaimed Du Plessis—"I have followed thee, and balked thy purpose, and now I care not to behold thee longer. But for De Bourgainville, he dies within these walls, or lives to meet the justice due to his offences."

"Barbarous, unfeeling wretch!" cried Aimée, roused from her timidity by the brutal harshness of his bearing; and boldly addressing Gaston and the Indian, who stood paralysed by this assault, "move on," she said, "we will defy him, and fly where he must need more aid than mortal man can lend him, to pursue us. Gaston, as thou dost love thy master, hesitate no longer."

"He moves one footstep at his peril!" said Du Plessis; and signing to his followers, they advanced, and strove to gain possession of the litter. Fired at this sight, Maraka interposed her aid, to repulse them, and in the struggle that ensued, De Bourgainville awoke, and audibly repeated the name of Aimée.

"I am with thee, my beloved," she cried—"in life or death we will henceforth be inseparable."

At the sound of that thrilling voice, De Bourgainville raised himself upright; his countenance was suddenly irradiated, as that of one awaking from the dead; he leaned forward, and extending his arms, again called, with tender emphasis, upon the name of Aimée.

She threw herself within them—"I am here, dearest Eugene; I will not leave thee while thou hast life—and if thou diest, I will lie down and sleep in the grave beside thee."

For a moment he strained her to his heart; then his arms relaxed their hold, his head fell back, and he sunk from her embrace, and lay a cold, insensible, and lifeless thing, upon the mossy pillow, from which, by a powerful effort of nature, he had arisen, as if to bid a last and long adieu to the chosen object of his love. Aimée's eyes were tearless, and her air that of a maniac, as she gazed in speechless anguish on the marble features of her lover. But shortly turning to Du Plessis:

"Behold thy work!" she cried. "It is thou who hast done this—who hast smitten me too with the shaft of death; and when we both lie cold beneath the turf, thy savage vengeance may be satisfied. Mother," she continued, sinking on Maraka's breast, "dear mother, take me with thee to our island-home—there let me die, and there let him be carried, that both of us may rest together in one grave."

The words had scarcely fallen from her lips, before her fleeting senses left her, and she lay motionless upon the bosom of her nurse, as pale and cold as he whom she deplored. There was a breathless pause of a few moments, for all were awed by the tragic issue of the night's adventure. But Du Plessis, shortly casting off these unwelcome visitings of remorse, stepped forward, and bade his servants lift the body of De Bourgainville from the litter, and convey it again to the house. They met with no resistance from the Indians in obeying his commands. Gaston followed, to deplore the premature fate of his master, and pay the last sad offices of affection to his remains; and Du Plessis, without waiting to witness the revival of Aimée, left her to the care of her Indian friends, and pursued his way to the house.

Maraka no sooner saw the retreat of the adverse party, and heard the drawbridge raised, as a barrier between them, than, with the assistance of Yakoo, she laid Aimée in the vacant litter—when, bearing it between them, they immediately quitted the place which had witnessed the defeat of their enterprise. Seeking the covert of the forest, they pursued their way in perfect silence, still keeping a course parallel to the city, till they at length emerged, secure from human observation, at some distance above the suburbs of St. Antoine. The moon guided them with her unclouded light; and continuing to choose the most obscure paths, they left the mountain behind them, and, crossing the intervening woods and prairies, pursued an easterly direction, till they reached the banks of the St. Lawrence. Here they paused, and rested the litter upon the ground. Maraka bent over it with fond anxiety, to learn if its pale and silent occupant yet breathed, or if she had followed her departed lover to the world of spirits. Aimée's long black hair had fallen around her face and neck; and as Maraka gently smoothed it back,

she started at the coldness of the cheek and brow beneath. Plucking, with eager haste, a handful of thistle-down, she held it to her darling's lips. She breathed—the winged seeds, wafted by her feeble respiration, rose from Maraka's hand, and floated away like glittering insects in the moonbeams.

The old nurse was satisfied, and carefully drawing the cloak around her senseless charge, arose, and stood for a few minutes in a listening attitude, bending down her ear to catch the slightest sound, and sending her penetrating gaze far back over the long, indistinct way which she had traversed. But the faint whispers of the night-breeze, and the perpetual dashing of the rapids, as, with unwearied restlessness, they foamed and tumbled over their rocky bed, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night. In the distance appeared the city, calmly reposing in the moonlight, and behind it rose the mountain, clothed with dense forests, towering height above height to its summit, whose dark irregular outline stood out in bold relief against the starry heavens. Here and there, the low white-washed cottage of a peasant gleamed through the obscurity; and on a declivity of the mountain was seen the grey walls of the country house belonging to the community of St. Sulpicius, with its formidable towers of defence, which still stand in undiminished strength, mementos of those perilous times, when this continent was the abode of savages, and the domestic hearth was often desolated with the blood of those who clustered in sweet companionship around it.

Maraka gazed for a few minutes over this widely extended prospect, then forcing her way through tangled copsewood down the steep bank to the river's brink, she drew forth, from among high reeds, a birch canoe, which had been carefully secreted there, and, speaking a few low words to Yakoo, took up the paddles, and seated herself within it. Obedient to her mandate, he approached the litter, and taking Aimée in his arms, bore her down the bank, and placed her in the bottom of the boat, resting her head, with gentle care, upon her nurse's lap. A short dialogue, in the language of the Iroquois, then ensued, and, at its termination, Maraka struck her paddles into the water, and the frail bark shot swiftly from the shore; while Yakoo, receding the bank, took up the litter, and plunged into the adjacent forest.

Opposite the point from which Maraka started, lie two small islands, at that time thickly wooded, unsought by man, and wild in all the rude luxuriance of nature. One of them has since yielded to the empire of civilisation. Human habitations, and fields smiling with fertility, reward the labours of the husbandman. But the other, cradled by the tremendous rapids of Lachine, is never visited, save by the winged denizens of air, and to them alone is it

deemed accessible. Stately forest trees, the unmo-
lested growth of ages, fringe it to the water's edge,
and the songs of the birds, that build their nests
among its impervious shades, are sometimes heard
on the opposite shore. The adventurous *voyageur*,
who trusts himself and his merchandise upon the
raft, which is borne at will over these frightful rap-
ids, turns a wondering look upon this silent spot,
as he is hurried past it by the violence of the agitat-
ed waters. The simple Indian casts a longing eye
towards it, and sighs as he pictures to himself the
treasures of its hunting grounds. And the more en-
lightened traveller pauses to gaze in admiration upon
its tenantless shores, smiling with luxuriance,
and lying, like some holy and enchanted thing, in the
midst of violence and fury—inaccessible to human
foot, and unpolluted by the wantonness of human
pride, surrounded as it is by boiling surges, which,
like the watchful dragons of fable, rear their crested
heads as if to guard it from approach. Various tradi-
tions were, and still are, current concerning it ;
but its perfect isolation, its silence and unbroken soli-
tude, have obtained for it the name of the "De-
vil's Island."

Aimée knew it as the "Isle of Flowers." She
was familiar with its secret haunts, and had learned
almost in infancy to guide her fairy skiff in safety
through the angry breakers that environed it. In
the days of savage power and dominion, Maraka's
father had been renowned as a magician, a character
held sacred by the Indian tribes. He had discovered
an accessible passage to this forbidden island, but
he communicated his knowledge to no one, and the
apparent ease with which he surmounted the formi-
dable barrier that protected it, exalted him above
mortality in the estimation of his untutored race.
He was regarded by them as a god ; and to pre-
serve his power and importance, he fixed his abode
in the deepest recesses of his island dominion, and
issued from his impenetrable retreat, only to receive
the gifts which the simple natives left for him on the
mainland shore, or the homage which they there
waited to offer at his approach. He died at length,
and Maraka, his only child, became the depository
of his secret. She imparted it to none, save Aimée ;
and though some daring individuals essayed the pas-
sage, not one who undertook the perilous adventure,
escaped the fury of the rapids, to tell of their defeat.

Towards this isolated spot, Maraka now steered
her silent course. The bark canoe, guided by her
skilful hand, danced like a creature gifted with life
and instinct, over the tossing billows—one moment
lost in their frightful gulfs, the next riding triumph-
ant on their crested summits, darting onward with
almost unimagined speed, reckless of the foaming
waves, and still more dreadful rocks that lay be-
neath them—till, at last, unhurt, it touched the is-
land strand, and Maraka, leaping ashore, fastened
it in safety to its moorings. Bearing Aimée in her

arms, she struck into a tangled path, that wound
beneath thick matted boughs, impervious to the light
of heaven, till she reached an open space in the cen-
tre of the island, where a fountain sparkled in the
moonlight, beside a rustic dwelling, which Aimée
loved far better than the narrow cells of her convent.
It was constructed much after the Indian fashion,
but with rather more regard to taste and comfort
than is usual with them. Four young saplings,
which stood at equal distances, forming a square of
thirty feet, had been chosen as the main pillars of
the habitation. This was enclosed at the sides and
top by long strips of birch bark, each strip laid over
the other after the manner of tiles, in order to ex-
clude the rain. The roof was thatched with moss,
the sweet briar was trained over its walls, and the
hawthorn and other odorous shrubs interwove their
flexile branches to form a verdant screen around it.
The interior was divided into two apartments, one
of which belonged exclusively to Aimée. It was
carpetted with moss. The couch, the seats, the table,
all were sylvan as the dwelling ; but it wore an
air of comfort and security, that one would scarce
have looked for in so rude a habitation.

Maraka paused not within its shelter, but passed
on to the fountain, and laid the still senseless Aimée
on its brink. Then stooping down, she scooped the
gushing water in her hand, and, after plentifully
sprinkling her with the cooling drops, she fanned her
with the large leaves of the sycamore, which she
plucked from a branch that waved above her head.
Her efforts were not unavailing. Aimée opened her
eyes, and sighed deeply ; then, raising herself upon
her elbow, she looked with a bewildered air around
her, murmured an ejaculation to the Virgin, and,
falling back upon the turf, threw her arm across her
face, and remained profoundly silent. Maraka, for
some time, forbore to address her ; but, at length,
impatient to express her feelings, she ventured to
speak.

"My child, knowest thou not that we are again
in our own isle," she said—"that it is the murmur
of thy own fountain which thou hearest, and the
odour of thy own flowers which perfumes this balmy
air ? Come then, my fair girl, and let me lay thee
upon thy mossy couch, that thou may'st sleep, and
be awakened in the morning by the song of thy
birds, and the hum of thy bees, as they rove from
blossom to blossom, rolling themselves in the golden
dust, and sucking honey from the flower cups.
Rouse thee, my child, for the moon is fast travelling
down the western sky, and the east is bright with
the lustre of the morning star."

Aimée sat upright, and looked with a fixed and
vacant eye upon her nurse, as, in tones of the fond-
est endearment, she thus strove to soothe and awaken
her ; but she made no reply, till Maraka renewed
her entreaties.

"Didst thou not hear me, dearest, and wilt thou

not come with me to the shelter of our dwelling, where I will watch beside thee, and fan thee with the flowers whose odour thou lovest best?"

"Mother, didst thou not say the birds would awaken me with matin songs—but *he* will not hear them; the murmur of the wild bee will never soothe *his* slumbers—nor these gushing waters, nor these odorous flowers, regale *him* with their freshness and perfume. Go, mother—*his* heart is cold, and mine will never more kindle with hope or pleasure. Go thou, and rest; I will seek the Virgin's grot, and beseech her soon to reunite me with him whom I have lost."

She rose, as she finished speaking, and Maraka led her to the recess of a rock, at no great distance from the fountain. It was lined with moss, and completely canopied with trees, that drooped their branches to the earth, enclosing a small area, which Aimée's piety had dedicated to purposes of devotion. At the remote end stood a rustic altar, adorned with flowers, and lighted by two wax tapers that burned before an image of the Virgin. Here, where it was Aimée's daily wont to seek for heavenly guidance and protection, she now prostrated herself, to pour forth the sorrows of her bursting heart; and here, when the morning sun arose, it found her still kneeling, looking, and longing to soar upward, now that the tie was severed, which had bound her with so strong a charm to earth.

She might have remained yet longer rapt in her devotions, had not Maraka's step disturbed her. The anxious nurse had remained watching the kneeling figure of her child, till, afraid that nature would be quite exhausted, she ventured to approach her. Aimée, conscious of the motive, turned towards her—and when she met those kind and pitying eyes, that looked upon her with a mother's love, the tears sprang into her own. She rose, and leaning on Maraka's bosom, went with her to their dwelling—tasted the milk and fruits with which she sought to tempt her appetite, and then, at her solicitation, reclined upon her couch—where, wearied by fatigue and sorrow, she fell into a profound sleep, from which she did not awaken till the sun had gained his meridian height. She arose, pale, calm, and silent, the image of that hopeless grief which poisons the vital current of existence, and withers, in its fairest bloom, the rose upon the cheek of beauty.

Day after day passed on in lonely, dreary, solitary woe; no light flashed from Aimée's drooping eye—no dawning hope coloured the paleness of her cheek, or lent to her languid step a portion of its wonted buoyancy. In vain Maraka strove to beguile her from her grief, by tender assiduities, and acts of never wearying kindness. She led her to those shady coverts where the music of the birds was sweetest. She sought for her the rarest flowers and mosses of every various hue, and brought her curious pebbles from the shore, which were worn by the incessant

motion of the water into a thousand differing-forms of strange grotesqueness. She loved to strew her couch with the fragrant petals of the water-lily; or to sit beside her, as she lay upon the fountain's brink, and wreath amidst her soft dark hair the scarlet blossoms of the splendid cardinal flower; or she would strive to surprise and tempt her with the sylvan dainties of their repast. She would deck her rustic board with flowers, and spread upon it all the riches that her island territory yielded—the sweet red plums of Canada, delicious berries, the milk of her goats, and fresh honeycomb taken from the clefts of a rock, or found in the hollow trunk of some decayed tree.

Aimée repaid her love with mournful smiles; but there was a blight upon her heart, and she withered like a tender flower beneath the scorching influence of a southern wind. Her eyes were bent upon the earth, her step was slow and feeble, and every wandering vein was visible through her transparent skin. She passed her days alone in the darkest recesses of the island, and at night she stole from her sleepless couch, to remain till dawn, prostrate before the image of the Virgin.

Thus wore away a month. Aimée had spoken of her dissolution as near, and chosen her last resting-place beneath the sycamore at the fountain's head. She already looked more like a beatified spirit than a mortal woman. She had lost none of the transcendent beauty that distinguished her—its character only was changed. The dazzling glow of health and happiness had fled, but there was an unearthly loveliness about her, far more touching and attractive—a seraphic charm, which even the stern Du Plessis, could he have seen her now, in all her meek and uncomplaining gentleness, must have vainly striven to resist. Maraka saw, with grief, that all her care was unavailing, to save her cherished blossom from the grave; but still she strove, as woman ever will for those she love, to comfort and sustain her to the last.

One evening, when the sun was sinking to his "golden set," with even greater brilliancy than usual, Aimée rose from her couch, where, oppressed by the heat, she had reclined throughout the day, and expressed a wish to walk along the shore, and view the western sky. Maraka, rejoicing at an inclination which bespoke reviving interest in objects once so dear, was in an instant ready to accompany her. Supporting her enfeebled steps, she led her slowly along the winding path to the river's side, which they reached in time to witness one of the most splendid sights that nature ever offered to her votaries. A momentary flush passed over Aimée's faded cheek, and her eye kindled with a beam of its wonted radiance, as she sent her gaze abroad, and permitted it to revel in the beauties of the scene before her. The sun's golden disk appeared as if resting on the verdant summit of the mountain, and the

flood of glory which, like a parting smile, he poured upon the earth, was almost too refulgent for mortal vision to endure. Every object caught the reflection of his beams; and the foaming rapids, which encircled the island, were crested with rainbow hues, that changed and multiplied with the never ceasing and restless tossing of the waves. Aimée, leaning on Maraka's arm, slowly traversed the shore, till all this gorgeous pomp of light and colour had faded to more sober tints—when, wearied by her walk, she threw herself on the soft verdure, beneath a tuft of trees, that laved their branches in the river, and was unconsciously lulled by the monotonous roar of the rapids, into a tranquil sleep. Maraka sat down beside her; and as her eye roved over her altered form, she naturally recalled the events of that fatal night, which had given the first blight to the life and happiness of her darling.

But her thoughts were shortly diverted from this painful subject, by the appearance of two persons on the mainland shore, whose regards seemed to be directed with earnest interest towards the island. Maraka rose, and advancing from beneath the trees, stood for a few minutes close to the water's edge, so as plainly to be seen by those on the opposite shore—when, almost immediately, she saw a signal raised, and it was the same as that which, on the morning of Aimée's unfortunate expedition, had notified her of De Bourgainville's return. Maraka was astonished and perplexed. Yet it might, she thought, be Gaston, who, for some purpose, wished to communicate with them, and she resolved to go to him. But then she feared to leave Aimée. She hesitated, and approached her. She was still sleeping quietly, and assured no harm would come to her, she spread a cloak over her, to protect her from the evening dews, and yielding to her anxiety respecting the cause of this unlooked for summons, she unmoored her boat, and in another minute was speeding like a sea-bird over the billows.

When Aimée awoke, she found herself alone. The west was still glowing with the crimson tints of twilight, and the evening songs of the birds had not ceased to echo through the forest. She looked around for Maraka, whom she wondered not to find beside her; and, supposing she had wandered along the shore in search of flowers or pebbles, she rose, and walked forth to meet her. But her step was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a boat, that came bounding over the rapids, as never stranger's boat had sped before. She gazed earnestly towards it, and saw that it was Maraka's own canoe, and Maraka's skilful hand that directed its course. But whither had she been, and whom was she bringing with her to the island?—for a tall dark figure sat motionless beside her, and Aimée knew that no light motive would induce Maraka to permit, and much less to aid, a stranger's approach to her dominions. As Aimée continued to watch the progress of the

little vessel, strange and undefined thoughts arose in her heart; its pulsations became painful—she trembled, and leaned against a tree for support. Onward came the boat—it touched the shore—and, with a bound, the stranger leaped upon the grassy strand. He advanced a few steps hastily towards her—then paused, and pressed his hands upon his brow—then again rushed forward with extended arms, and Aimée sank fainting upon the bosom of Eugene De Bourgainville!

* * * * *

Aimée and her nurse, in their isolated island, had remained as ignorant of the changes and events that had occurred within the last few weeks, as though they were indeed inhabitants of a world which held no intercourse with this. They knew not that the French power was annihilated in Canada—that an English banner waved from the forts, and an English governor held rule over the colony. M. De Vaudreuil, deeming longer resistance vain, had made an unreserved surrender of the French possessions in Canada to his Britannic Majesty. Those who chose to depart, received permission to quit the country; but many of the French inhabitants remained, and all who did so, were allowed the free exercise of their religion, together with other privileges, which their descendants, who form the great mass of the Canadian population, still continue to enjoy. M. Du Plessis was one of the first to flee from a country where, by his vindictive conduct, he had incurred an odium, which rendered him an object of aversion and contempt. The history of Aimée's adventure had taken wing, and every circumstance attending it was soon noised abroad. The tender attachment and unhappy destiny of the lovers, excited sympathy in every breast; and when it was known that De Bourgainville's death-like swoon, for such it proved, had passed away, and he had awakened, as it were, from the grave, many petitions for his pardon were addressed to the governor. Even the friends of Du Plessis, ashamed of his conduct, signified their willingness to bury the past in oblivion, and consider the sufferings of De Bourgainville, a sufficient atonement for his offence. The situation of public affairs was such as to render private wrongs, and individual crimes, circumstances of minor consequence. M. De Vaudreuil, accordingly, thus upheld by public opinion, gladly pronounced that forgiveness, which his heart had long since yielded to his adopted son.

When De Bourgainville, after the lapse of many days, again awoke to consciousness, he found himself in his own apartment at Près de Ville, Gaston watching by his bed-side, and his pardon, under the governor's hand and seal, lying on his pillow. Every thing was quickly explained by his faithful attendant. The city, the whole country was in possession of the English. Près de Ville was at that

moment occupied by the family of a British officer; many of his friends had already sailed for France, and he himself was at liberty, when he recovered, to go wherever he should choose. Of all that related to Aimée, Gaston gave a circumstantial detail, and as De Bourgainville, with a beating heart, listened to the relation, an indistinct remembrance of having seen and spoken with her, possessed his mind, and persuaded him that he had been conscious of her presence on the night of her unfortunate attempt to rescue him from his enemies. The certainty of her continued love, the knowledge of all it had prompted her to adventure for his sake, the prospect of a speedy reunion with her, acted with such salutary power upon his debilitated mind and frame, as soon restored him to his wonted health and vigour.

Not many days elapsed before he again went forth beneath the free blue sky of heaven, and his first steps were directed to the bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Isle of Flowers. But in vain he watched to catch a glimpse of Aimée's figure wandering on the shore; in vain he waited to behold Maraka's boat cleaving the billows, or at least to see some answering signal raised to tell him he was recognised. Day after day passed on, and still he came and went heart-sick and disappointed, till, on the evening of the sixth, he hailed the welcome bark, which came to bear him to his long lost, drooping Aimée.

* * * * *

A week glided swiftly away after the reunion of the lovers. Aimée's step had regained its elasticity, the light of hope and love beamed from her eyes, and the bloom of the long banished rose was once more glowing on her cheek. She had seen Father Clement, she had opened to him her whole heart, and received his sanction to its wishes. In the presence of God, and at the foot of that altar where she had humbly and earnestly asked for resignation to the will of heaven, she and De Bourgainville had plighted their marriage vows, and heard, from consecrated lips, a blessing pronounced upon their union. She had consented to accompany her husband to France, and had bidden adieu to all that was dear to her in Canada. She had wandered for the last time through the sweet shades of her island-home—had drunk once more the gushing waters of her fountain, and kneeled in adoration before the Virgin's solitary shrine, where, in her days of sorrow, she had found her only consolation.

And now she stood, with her husband and Maraka, on the deck of the vessel, which was bearing them from the land of her birth, sending back her tearful gaze to the spot which had been so long familiar to her eye, and dear to her affections. It is said that, after many years, she returned; and that some of her descendants are still dwelling in the province. There is also a tradition that her Indian

nurse came back, and fixed her abode again upon her favourite island; that a female figure was often observed, roving beneath the trees upon its brink, and a birch canoe sometimes seen bounding over the rapids, where none but hers would have adventured. At length, the figure disappeared from the shores of the island—the boat was seen no more; and it is supposed, she either perished in some unguarded moment among the tossing billows she so rashly braved, or that she died alone upon the island where she had so much loved to dwell. But since that time no daring foot has ever pressed its shore—no searching eye has ever looked for her remains, or traced the relics which might perhaps exist of those who once abode there. And, doubtless, now those relics would be sought in vain—for time, ere this, has whelmed them all in undistinguishable ruin, and left no trace of grotto, fount, or dwelling.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS A. E. O.

I.

I saw thee but as yesterday,
 In youth and beauty's bloom—
 Today, ah! sad and mournfully,
 We bear thee to thy tomb!
 I saw thee but as yesterday
 Young, cheerful, gay, and fair—
 Today, we follow silently
 Thy pallid and sable bier.

II.

I saw thee but as yesterday,
 A mother's hope and care—
 Today a thousand throbbing hearts
 Her grief bewail and share.
 I saw thee but as yesterday
 Pluck flowers in field and mead—
 Today we sadly bury thee
 Among the lonely dead.

III.

I saw thee but as yesterday,
 Thy playmates' guide and friend—
 Today, how slow and solemnly
 To thy last home we wend!
 I saw thee but as yesterday,
 Read strain of bridal verse—
 Today, this drooping garland
 I place upon thy hearse.

D. C.

A man should never be ashamed of owning that he has been wrong, for it is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

(ORIGINAL.)

JEREMIAH DESBOROUGH; OR, THE KENTUCKIAN:

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED CONTINUATION OF

"WACOUSTA."

BY THE AUTHOR.

OUR Canadian readers doubtless bear in mind the spot called Elliott's Point, at the western extremity of Lake Eric. Some considerable distance beyond that again, (its intermediate shores washed by the silver waves of the Eric,) stretches a second, called also, from the name of its proprietor, Hartley's Point. Between these two necks, rise three or four farms; one of which, and adjoining Hartley's, was, at the period of which we treat, occupied by an individual of which, unfortunately for the interests of Canada, too many of the species had been suffered to take root within her soil. For many years previous to the war, adventurers from the United States, chiefly men of desperate fortunes, and even more desperate characters, had, through a mistaken policy, been suffered to occupy the more valuable portion of the country, to the exclusion of the natives themselves. Upper Canada, in particular, was infested by these people, all of whom, even while taking the customary oath of allegiance to the British crown, brought with them, and openly professed, all the partialities of American subjects. By the Canadians and their descendants, French and English, they were evidently looked upon with an eye of distrust, for, independently of the fact of their having been suffered to appropriate, during pleasure, many valuable tracts of land, they had experienced no inconsiderable partiality on the part of the government. Those who believe in the possibility, not merely of attaching a renegade to the soil of his adoption, but in converting him into a servicable defender of that soil in a moment of need, commit a great error in politics. The shrewd Canadians knew them better. They maintained, with bitterness, that at the first appearance of war, they would hold their oaths of fealty as naught, or that if they did remain, it would only be with a view to embarrass the province with their presence, and secretly to serve the cause of their own countrymen. The event proved they knew their men. Scarcely had the American Declaration of War gone forth, when numbers of these unprincipled wretches, availing themselves of their near contiguity, abandoned their

homes, and embarking all their disposable property in boats, easily succeeded in gaining the opposite coast, under cover of the night. Not satisfied, however, with their double treason, they, in the true spirit of the dog in the manger, seemed resolved others should not enjoy that which was no longer available to themselves, and the dawn that succeeded the night of their departure, more than once broke on scenes of spoliation of their several possessions, that it required one to know these desperate people well, to credit as being the work of their own hands. Melancholy as it was, however, to reflect that the spirit of conciliation had been thus repaid, the country had reason to rejoice in their flight; for, having thus declared themselves, there was nothing now, beyond their open hostility, to apprehend. Not so with the few who remained. Alike distrusted with those who had taken a more decided part, it was impossible to bring any charge home to them, on which to found a plea for compelling them to quit the country, in imitation of the example of their fellows. They had taken the oaths of allegiance to England—and, although ninety-nine had deliberately violated these, there was no legal cause for driving forth the hundredth, who still kept the "sound of promise to the ear," however he might break it to the hope. Not that, on this account, the hundredth was held to be one whit more honourable or loyal. It was felt and known, as though it had been written in characters of fire upon his brow, that if he did not follow in the steps of his predecessors, it was because his interests, not his inclination, induced his pursuing an apparently opposite course. It is true, those who remained were few in number; but scattered, as they were, in various isolated parts of the country, this only rendered them greater objects of suspicion. If the enemy became apprised of any of our movements, for the successful termination of which it was necessary they should be kept in ignorance, it was at once taken for granted their information had been derived from the traitors Canada had so long nourished in her bosom; and as several of them were in the habit of absenting themselves for days

in their boats, under the pretence of duck-shooting, or some other equally plausible, nothing was more easy of accomplishment. Under these circumstances of doubt, the general secession of the Yankees, as they were termed, which had first been regarded as a calamity, was now looked upon as a blessing; and if regret eventually lingered in the minds even of those who had been most forward to promote their introduction into the country, it arose, not because the many had departed, but because the few remained. That they were traitors, all believed; but, although narrowly watched, in no one instance could their treason be ever traced, much less brought home in accusation. In the course of time, however, they committed themselves in some one way or other, and then, of necessity, their only resource was to flee, as their companions had fled before them, until, ultimately, very few indeed were left of their number. If Canada has reason to feel happy in the late war, inasmuch as that war offered a means of proving the devotedness of her attachment to the mother country, she has no less reason to rejoice in it, as being the indirect means of purging her un-republican soil of a set of ruffians who were a disgrace to any age and any country. Should she, failing to profit by the experience of the past, again tolerate the introduction of subjects of the United States into her flourishing provinces, when there are so many deserving families anxious to emigrate to her from the mother country, then will she merit all the evils which can attach, in a state of warfare, to a people diametrically opposed in their interests, their principles, their habits, and their attachments. But we think the cloven foot has been too openly displayed, to afford much chance to the Americans on that score.

An individual of this description had his residence near Hartley's Point. Unlike those, however, whose dwellings rose at a distance, few and far between, hemmed in by the fruits of prosperous agriculture, he appeared to have paid but little attention to the cultivation of a soil, which, in every part, was of exceeding luxuriance. A rude log hut, situated in a clearing of the forest, which had been the imperfect work of lazy labour, was his only habitation, and here he had for years resided without its being known how he contrived to procure the necessary means of subsistence; and yet, in defiance of the apparent absence of all resources, it was subject of general remark, that he not only never wanted money, but had been enabled to bestow something like an education on a son who had been absent from him upwards of five years. From his frequent voyages, and the direction his canoe was seen to take, it was inferred by his immediate neighbours, that he dealt in contraband, procuring various articles on the American coast, which he subsequently disposed of in the town of Amherstburgh—one of the principal English posts—to advantage, among certain subjects domiciliated there, who were suspected of no desire

to benefit the revenue of the country they called their own. So well and so wisely, however, did he cover his operations, that he always contrived to elude detection—and, though suspicion attached to all he did, in no instance had he openly committed himself. The man himself, a tall, stout, forbidding-looking ruffian, was of a fearless and resolute character, and if he resorted to cunning, it was because cunning alone could serve his purpose in a country the laws of which were not openly to be defied.

For a series of years after his arrival, he had contrived to evade taking the customary oaths of allegiance; but this, eventually, awakening the suspicions of the magistracy, brought him more immediately under their surveillance, when, year after year, he was compelled to a renewal of the oath, for the infliction of which, it was thought, he owed more than one of those magistrates a grudge. On the breaking out of the war, he still remained in undisturbed possession of his rude dwelling, watched as well as circumstances would permit, it is true, but not so narrowly as to be traced in his various nocturnal excursions by water. Nothing could be conceived more uncouth in manner and appearance than this man—nothing more villainous than the expression of his eye. No one knew from what particular point of the United States he had come, and whether Yankee or Kentuckian, it would have puzzled one of that race of beings, so proverbially notorious for acumen—a Philadelphia lawyer—to have determined; for so completely did he unite the boasting language of the latter with the wary caution and sly cunning of the former, that he appeared a compound of both. The balance of opinion, however, seemed rather, if at all, to incline in favour of the presumption that he was more Kentuckian than Yankee.

The morning was just beginning to dawn, as two individuals appeared on the skirt of the rude clearing in which the hut of the man we have just described, had been erected. The persons of both these, wrapt in blue military cloaks, reposed upon the dark foliage in a manner to enable them to observe, without being themselves seen, all that passed within the clearing, from the log hut to the sands of the lake shore. There had been an indication on the part of one of these to step forth from his concealment into the clearing, and advance boldly towards the house; but this had been checked by his companion, who, laying his hand upon his shoulder, arrested the movement, indicating, at the same time, the leisurely but cautious advance of two men from the hut towards the shore, on which lay a canoe half drawn up on the sands. Each, on issuing from the hut, had deposited a rifle against the rude exterior of the dwelling, the better to enable them to convey a light mast, sail, paddles, several blankets, and a common corn-bag, apparently containing provisions, with which they proceeded towards the canoe:

"So," said the taller of the first party, in a whisper, "there is that d—d rascal Desborough setting out on one of his contraband excursions. He seems to have a long absence in view, if we may judge from the contents of his provision sack."

"Hist," rejoined his companion, "there is more here than meets the eye. In the first instance remove the pistols from the case, and be prepared to afford me assistance, should I require it."

"What the devil are you going to do, and what do you mean?" asked the first speaker, following however the hint that had been given him, and removing a pair of duelling pistols from their mahogany case.

While he was in the act of doing this, his companion had, without replying, quitted his side, and cautiously and noiselessly advanced to the hut. In the course of a few minutes he again appeared at the point whence he had started, grasping in either hand the rifles so recently deposited there.

"Well, what is the meaning of this feat? you do not intend, Yankee fashion, to exchange a long shot with poor Molineux, I hope—if so, my dear fellow, I cry off, for, upon my honour, I cannot engage in any thing of the sort that is not strictly orthodox.

He, thus addressed, could scarcely restrain a laugh at the serious tone in which his companion expressed himself, as if he verily believed he had that object in view.

"Would you not like," he asked, "to be in some degree instrumental in banishing wholly from the country, a man whom we all suspect of treason, but are compelled to tolerate from want of proof of his guilt—this same notorious Desborough?"

"Now that you no longer speak and act in parables, I can understand you. Of course I should, but what proof of his treason are we to discover in the mere fact of his departing on what he may choose to call a hunting excursion? even admitting he is speculating in the contraband, that cannot banish him; and if it could, we could never descend to become informers."

"Nothing of the kind is required of us—his treason will soon unfold itself, and that in a manner to demand, as an imperative duty, that we secure the traitor. For this have I removed weapons which may, in a moment of desperation, be turned at backwoodsman's odds against our pistols. Let us steal gently towards the beach, and then you shall satisfy yourself; but I had nearly forgotten—suppose the other party should arrive!"

"Then they must in their turn wait for us. They have already exceeded their time ten minutes."

"Look," exclaimed his companion, as he slightly grasped the shoulder on which his hand rested, "he is returning for the rifles."

Only one of the two men now retraced his steps from the beach towards the hut, but with a more hurried action than before. As he passed where the

friends still lingered, he gave a start of surprise, apparently produced by the absence of the rifles. A moment's reflection seeming to satisfy him it was possible his memory had failed him, and that they had been left within the building, he hurried forward to assure himself. After a few moments of apparently ineffectual search, he again made his appearance, making the circuit of the hut to discover his lost weapons, but in vain; when, in the fierceness of his anger, he cried aloud, with a bitterness that gave earnest of his sincerity.

"By Gosh, I wish I had the curst British rascal who played me this trick, on t'other shore—if I wouldn't tuck my knife into his b—y gizzard, then is my name not Jeremiah Desborough. What the h—l's to be done now."

Taking advantage of his entrance into the hut, the two individuals, first described, had stolen cautiously under cover of the forest, until they arrived at its termination within about twenty yards of the shore, where, however, there was no outward or visible sign of the individual who had been Desborough's companion. In the bows of the canoe were piled the blankets, and in the centre was deposited the provision bag that had formed a portion of their mutual load. The mast had not been hoisted, but lay extended along the hull, its sail loosened, and partially covering the before mentioned article of freightage. The bow half of the canoe pressed the beach, the other lay sunk in the water, apparently in the manner in which it had first approached the land.

Still uttering curses, but in a more subdued tone, against "the fellor who had stolen his small bores," the angry Desborough retraced his steps to the canoe. More than once he looked back to see if he could discover any traces of the purloiner, until at length his countenance seemed to assume an expression of deeper cause for concern, than even the loss of his weapons.

"Ha, I expect some d—d spy has been on the look out—if so, I must cut and run I calculate purty soon."

This apprehension was expressed as he arrived opposite the point where the forest terminated. A slight rustling among the underwood reduced that apprehension to certainty. He grasped the handle of the huge knife that was thrust into the girdle around his loins, and, rivetting his sinister eye on the point whence the sound had proceeded, retreated in that attitude. Another and more distinct crush of underwood, and he stood still with surprise on finding himself face to face with two officers of the garrison.

"We have alarmed you, Desborough," said the younger, as they both advanced leisurely to the beach, "Do you apprehend danger from our presence?"

A keen searching glance flashed from the ferocious eye of the Kentuckian. It was but momentary. Quitting his firm grasp of the knife, he suffered his limbs to relax their tension, and aiming at carelessness, observed, with a smile, that was tenfold more hideous from its being forced :

"Well now, I guess, who would have expected to see two officers so far away from the fort at this early hour of the mornin'."

"Ah," said the taller of the two, availing himself of the first opening to a pun—(he was a sad punster)—which had been afforded—"We are merely out on a *shooting* excursion."

Desborough gazed doubtfully on the speaker—"Strange sort of a dress that for shootin', I guess—them cloaks must be a great tanglement in the bushes."

"They serve to keep our *arms* warm," continued Middlemore, perpetrating another of his execrables.

"To keep your arms warm! well sure-ly, if that arn't droil. It may be some use to keep the primms dry, I reckon; but I can't see the good of keepin' the fowlin' pieces warm. Have you met any game yet, officers. I expect as how I can pint you out a purty spry place for patridges and sich like."

"Thank you, my good fellow; but we have appointed to meet our *game* here."

The dry manner in which this was observed had a visible effect on the settler. He glanced an eye of suspicion around, to see if others than the two officers were in view, and it was not without effort he assumed an air of unconcern, as he replied :

"Well, I expect I have been many a long year a hunter, as well as other things, and yet, dang me if I ever calculated the game would come to meet me. It always costs me a purty good chase in the woods."

"How the fellow *beats* about the *bush*, to find what *game* we are driving at," observed Middlemore, in an under tone, to his companion.

"Let the Yankee alone for that," exclaimed his friend—"I will match his cunning against your punning any day."

"The truth is, he is *fishing* to discover our motive for being here, and to find out if we are in any way connected with the disappearance of his rifles."

During this conversation *apart*, the Yankee had carelessly approached his canoe, and was affecting to make some arrangements in the disposition of the sail. The officers, the younger especially, keeping a sharp look out upon his movements, followed at some little distance, until they, at length, stood on the extreme verge of the sands. Their near approach seemed to render Desborough impatient :

"I expect, officers," he said, with a hastiness that, at any other moment, would have called immediate reproof, if not chastisement, "you will only be losin' time here for nothin'—about a mile beyond Hartley's, there'll be plenty of patridges at this

hour, and I am jist goin' to start myself for a littl' shootin' in the Sandusky river."

"Then, I presume," said the younger officer, with a smile, "you are well provided with silver bullets, Desborough—for, in the hurry of departure, you seem likely to forget the only medium through which leaden ones can be made available: not a rifle or a shot-gun do I see."

The Yankee fixed his eye for a moment, with a penetrating expression, on the youth, as if he would have traced a meaning deeper than the words implied. His reading seemed to satisfy him that all was right.

"What," he observed, with a leer, half cunning half insolent, "if I have hid my rifle near the Sandusky swamp, the last time I hunted there."

"In that case," observed the laughing Middlemore, to whom the opportunity was irresistible, "you are going out on a *wild goose chase*, indeed. Your prospects of a good hunt, as you call it, cannot be said to be *sure as a gun*, for in regard to the latter, you may depend some one has discovered and *rifled* it before this."

"You seem to have laid in a store of provisions for this trip, Desborough," remarked the younger officer; "How long do you purpose being absent?"

"I guess three or four days," was the sullen reply.

"Three or four days! why your bag contains," and the officer partly raised a corner of the sail, "provisions for a week, or, at least, for *two* for half that period."

The manner in which the *two* was emphasised did not escape the attention of the settler. He was visibly disconcerted, nor was he at all reassured when the younger officer, whom we shall call Grantham, proceeded :

"By the by, Desborough, we saw you leave the hut with a companion—what has become of him?"

The Yankee, who had now recovered his self-possession, met the question without the slightest show of hesitation :

"I expect you mean, young man," he said, with insufferable insolence, "a help as I had from Hartley's farm, to assist gittin' down the things. He took home along shore when I went back to the hut for the small bores."

"Oh ho, sir! the rifles are not then concealed near the Sandusky swamp, I find."

For once, the wily settler felt his cunning had over-reached itself. In the first fury of his subdued rage, he muttered something amounting to a desire that he could produce them at that moment, as he would well know where to lodge the bullets—but, recovering himself, he said aloud :

"The rale fact is, I've a long gun hid, as I said, near the swamps, but my small bore I always carry with me—only think, jist as I and Hartley's help left the hut, I pit my rifle against the outside

wall, not being able to carry it down with the other things, and when I went back a minute or two ater, drot me if some tarnation rascal hadn't stole it.

"And if you had the British rascal on t'other shore, you wouldn't be long in tucking a knife into his gizzard, would you?" asked Middlemore, in a nearly verbatim repetition of the horrid oath originally uttered by Desborough, "I see nothin' to warrant our interfering with him," he continued in an under tone to his companion.

Not a little surprised to hear his words repeated, the Yankee lost somewhat of his confidence as he replied, "well now surely, you officers didn't think nothing o' that—I expect I was in a mighty rage to find my small bore gone, and I did curse a little hearty to be sure."

"The small bore multiplied in your absence," observed Grantham; "when I looked at the hut there was two."

"Then maybe you can tell who was the particular d——d rascal that stole them," said the settler eagerly.

Middlemore laughed heartily at his companion, who observed:

"The particular d——d rascal who removed, not stole them thence, stands before you."

Again the Yankee looked disconcerted. After a moment's hesitation, he continued, with a forced grin, that gave an atrocious expression to his whole countenance:

"Well now, you officers are playing a purty considerable spy trick—it's a good lark I calculate—but you know, as the saying is, enough's as good as a feast. De tell me, Mr. Grantham," and his discordant voice became more offensive in its effort at a tone of entreaty, "do tell where you've hid my small bore—you little think," he concluded, with an emphasis then unnoticed by the officers, but subsequently remembered to have been perfectly ferocious, "what reason I have to vally it."

"We never descend to larks of the kind," coolly observed the youth, "but as you say you value your rifle, it shall be restored to you on one condition."

"And what may that be?" asked the settler, somewhat startled at the serious manner of the officer.

"That you show us what your canoe is freighted with. Here in the bows I mean."

"Why," rejoined the Yankee quickly, but as if without design, intercepting the officers' nearer approach, "that bag, I calculate, contains my provisions, and these here blankets that you see, peepin' like from under the sail, are what I makes my bed of while out huntin'."

"And are you quite certain there is nothing under those blankets?—nay do not protest—you cannot answer for what may have occurred while your back was turned, on your way to the hut for the rifles."

"By Gosh," exclaimed the settler, blusteringly,

"were any man to tell me, Jeremiah Desborough, there was any thin' beside them blankets in the canoe, I would lick him into a jelly, even though he could whip his own weight in wild cats."

"So is it? Now then, Jeremiah Desborough, although I have never yet tried to whip my own weight in wild cats, I tell you there is something more than those blankets; and what is more, I insist upon seeing what that something is."

The settler stood confounded. His eye rolled rapidly from one to the other of the officers at the boldness and determination of this language. Singly, he could have crushed Harry Grantham in his gripe, even as one of the bears of the forest, near the outskirts of which they stood; but there were two, and while attacking the one, he was sure of being assailed by the other; nay, what was worse, the neighbourhood might be alarmed. Moreover, although they had kept their cloaks carefully wrapped around their persons, there could be little doubt that both officers were armed, not, as they had originally given him to understand, with fowling pieces, but with (at present close quarters at least) far more efficient pistols. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Middlemore exclaiming:

"Nay, do not press the poor devil, Grantham, I dare say the story of his hunting is all a hum, and that the fact is, he is merely going to earn an honest penny in one of his free commercial speculations—a little contraband," pointing with his finger to the bows, "is it not Desborough?"

"Why now, officer," said the Yankee, rapidly assuming a dogged air, as if ashamed of the discovery that had been so acutely made, "I expect you won't hurt a poor fellow for doin' a little in this way. Drot me, these are hard times, and this here war jist beginin', quite pits one to one's shifts."

"This might do, Desborough, were your present freight an arrival instead of departure, but we all know that contraband is imported, not exported."

"Mighty cute you are, I guess," replied the settler, warily, with something like the savage grin of the wild cat, to which he had so recently alluded, "but I expect it would be none so strange to have packed up a few dried hog skins to stow away the goods I am goin' for."

"I should like to try the effect of a bullet among the skins," said Grantham, leisurely drawing forth and cocking a pistol, after having whispered something in the ear of his companion.

"Nay, officer," said Desborough, now for the first time manifesting serious alarm—"you surely dont mean to bore a hole through them innocent skins?"

"True," said Middlemore, imitating, "if he fires, the hole will be something more than *skin* deep I reckon—these pistols, to my knowledge, send a bullet through a two inch board at twenty paces."

As Middlemore thus expressed himself, both he and Grantham saw, or fancied they saw, the blankets slightly agitated.

"Good place for a *hide* that," said the former, addressing his pun to the Yankee, on whom however it was totally lost, "show us those said skins, my good fellow, and if we find they are not filled with any thing it would be treason in a professed British subject to export thus clandestinely, we promise that you shall depart without further hindrance."

"Indeed, officer," muttered the settler, sullenly and doggedly, "I shan't do no sich thing. You don't belong to the custom-house I reckon, and so I wish you a good day, for I have a considerable long course to run, and must be movin'." Then, seizing the paddles that were lying on the sand, he prepared to shove the canoe from the beach.

"Not at least before I have sent a bullet, to ascertain the true quality of your skins," said Grantham, levelling his pistol.

"Surely," said Desborough, as he turned and drew himself to the full height of his bony and muscular figure, while his eye measured the officer from head to foot, with a look of concentrated but suppressed fury, "you wouldn't *dare* to do this—you wouldn't dare to fire into my canoe—besides, consider," he said, in a more supplicating tone, "your bullet may go through her, and you would hardly do a fellow the injury to make him lose the chance of a good cargo."

"Then why provoke such a disaster, by refusing to show us what is beneath those blankets?"

"Because it's my pleasure to do so," fiercely retorted the other," and I won't show them to no man."

"Then is it my pleasure to fire," said Grantham. "The injury be on your own head, Desborough—one—two—."

At that moment the sail was violently agitated—something struggling for freedom, cast the blankets on one side, and presently the figure of a man stood upright in the bows of the canoe, and gazed around him with an air of stupid astonishment.

"What!" exclaimed Middlemore, retreating back a pace or two in unfeigned surprise; "has that pistol started up, like the ghost in Hamlet, Ensign Paul Emilius Theophilus Arnoldi, of the United States Michigan Militia? a prisoner on his parole of honor! and yet attempting a clandestine departure from the country—how is this?"

"Not this merely," exclaimed Grantham, "but a traitor to his country, and a deserter from our service. This fellow," he pursued, in answer to an inquiring look of his companion, "is a scoundrel, who deserted three years since from the regiment you relieved—I recognized him yesterday on his landing. Let us secure both, Middlemore, for, thank Heaven, we have been enabled to detect the

traitor at last, in that which will cause his final expulsion from the soil, even if no worse befall him. I have only tampered with him thus long to render his conviction more complete."

"Secure me! secure Jeremiah Desborough?" exclaimed the settler, with rage manifested in the clenching of his teeth and the tension of every muscle of his iron frame, "and that for jist tryin' to save a countryman—well, we'll see who'll have the best of it."

Before Grantham could anticipate the movement, the active and powerful Desborough had closed with him in a manner to prevent his making use of his pistol, had he even so desired. In the next instant it was wrested from him, and thrown far from the spot on which he struggled with his adversary, but at fearful odds, against himself. Harry Grantham, although well and actively made, was of slight proportion, and yet in boyhood. Desborough, on the contrary, was in the full force of a vigorous manhood. A struggle, hand to hand, between two combatants so disproportioned, could not, consequently, be long doubtful as to its issue. No sooner had the formidable Yankee closed with his enemy, than, pressing the knuckles of his iron hand which met round the body of the officer, with violence against his spine, he threw him backwards with force upon the sands. Grasping his victim with one hand as he lay upon him, he seemed, as Grantham afterwards declared, to be groping for his knife with the other. The settler was evidently anxious to despoil one enemy, in order that he might fly to the assistance of his son, for it was he whom Middlemore, with a powerful arm, had dragged from the canoe to the beach. While his right hand was still groping for the knife, an object which the powerful resistance of the yet unsubdued, though prostrate, officer rendered somewhat difficult of attainment, the report of a pistol was heard, fired evidently by one of the other combatants. Immediately the settler looked up to see who was the triumphant party. Neither had fallen, and Middlemore, if anything, had the advantage of his enemy; but, to his infinite dismay, he beheld a horseman, evidently attracted by the report of the pistol, urging his noble steed, with the rapidity of lightning, along the firm sands, and advancing with wild cries and vehement gesticulations to the rescue.

Springing with the quickness of thought from his victim, the settler was in the next moment at the side of Middlemore. Seizing him from behind by the arm within his nervous grasp, he pressed the latter with such prodigious force as to cause him to relinquish, by a convulsive movement, the firm hold he had hitherto kept of his adversary.

"On, boy, to the canoe, for your life," he exclaimed hurriedly, as, following up his advantage, he spun the officer round, and sent him tottering to the spot where Grantham lay, still stupefied and half

throttled. The next instant saw him heaving the canoe from the shore, with all the exertion called for by his desperate situation. And all this was done so rapidly, in so much less time than it will take our readers to trace it, that before the horseman, so opportunely arriving, had reached the spot, the canoe, with all its inmates, had pushed from the shore.

Without pausing to consider the rashness and impracticability of his undertaking, the strange horseman, checking his rein, and burying the rowels of his spurs deep into the flanks of his generous steed, sent him bounding and plunging, like a deer, into the lake, in pursuit of the fugitives.

He himself evinced every symptom of one in a state of intoxication. Brandishing a stout cudgel over his head, and pealing forth shouts of defiance, he rolled from side to side on his spirited charger, like some labouring bark careening to the violence of the winds, but ever, like that bark, regaining an equilibrium that was never thoroughly lost. Shallow as the lake was at this point for a considerable distance, it was long before the noble animal lost its footing, and thus had its rider been enabled to arrive within a few paces of the canoe, at the very moment when the increasing depth of the water, in compelling the horse to the less expeditious process of swimming, gave a proportionate advantage to the pursued.

No sooner, however, did the centaur-like rider find that he was *losing ground*, than, again darting his spurs into the flanks of his generous charger, he made every effort to reach the canoe. Maddened by the pain, the snorting beast half rose upon the calm element, like some monster of the deep, and, making two or three desperate plunges with his fore feet, succeeded in reaching the stern. Then commenced a momentary but extraordinary conflict. Bearing up his horse as he swam, with his teeth, the bold rider threw his left hand upon the stern of the vessel, and brandishing his cudgel in the right, seemed to provoke both parties to the combat.

Desborough, who had risen from the stern at his approach, stood upright in the centre, his companion still paddling at the bows; and, between these two, a singular combat now ensued. Armed with the formidable knife which he had about his person, the settler made the most desperate and infuriated efforts to reach his assailant; but, in so masterly a manner did his adversary use his simple weapon, that every attempt was foiled, and more than once did the hard iron-wood descend upon his shoulders, in a manner to be heard from the shore. Once or twice the settler stooped beneath some falling blow, and, rushing forward, sought to sever the hand which still retained its hold of the stern; but, with an activity remarkable in so old a man as his assailant, for he was upwards of sixty years of age, the hand was removed—and the settler, defeated in his object, was amply

repaid for his attempt, by another severe collision of his bones with the cudgel. At length, apparently enjoined by his companion, the younger removed his paddle, and, standing up also in the canoe, aimed a blow with its knobbed handle at the head of the horse, at a moment when his rider was fully engaged with Desborough. The quick-sighted old man saw the action, and, as the paddle descended, an upward stroke from his own heavy weapon sent it flying in fragments in the air, while a rapid and returning blow fell upon the head of the paddler, and prostrated him at length in the canoe. The opportunity afforded by this diversion, instantaneous as it was, was not lost sight of by Desborough. The horseman, who, in his impatience to save and avenge the injury offered to the animal, which seemed to form a part of himself, had utterly forgotten the peril of his hand; and before he could return from the double blow that had been so skilfully wielded, to his first enemy, the knife of the latter had penetrated his hand, which, divided and powerless as the muscles now were, had relinquished its grasp. Desborough, whose object—desperate character as he usually was—seemed now rather to fly than to fight, availed himself of this advantage to hasten to the bows of the canoe, where, striding across the body of his insensible companion, he, with a few vigorous strokes of the remaining paddle, urged the lagging bark rapidly a-head. In no way intimidated by his disaster, the courageous old man, again brandishing his cudgel, and vociferating taunts of defiance, would have continued the pursuit—but, panting as he was, not only with the exertion he had made, but under the weight of his impatient rider, in an element in which he was supported merely by his own buoyancy, the strength and spirit of the generous steed began now perceptibly to fail him, and he turned, despite of every effort of his rider to prevent him, towards the shore. It was fortunate for the latter there were no arms in the canoe, or neither he nor his horse would, in all probability, have returned alive; such was the opinion, at least, pronounced by those who were witnesses of the strange scene, and who remarked the infuriated but impotent gestures of Desborough, as the old man, having once more gotten his steed into depth, slowly pursued his course towards the shore, but with the same wild brandishing of his enormous cudgel, and the same rocking from side to side, until his body was often at right angles with that of his jaded but sure-footed beast. As he is, however, a character meriting rather more than the casual notice we have bestowed, we may take an early opportunity of again introducing him to our readers.

We should never dispute if we can fairly avoid it—especially with a man more than seventy year old, or with a woman, or with an enthusiast.

(ORIGINAL.)

GALOP.

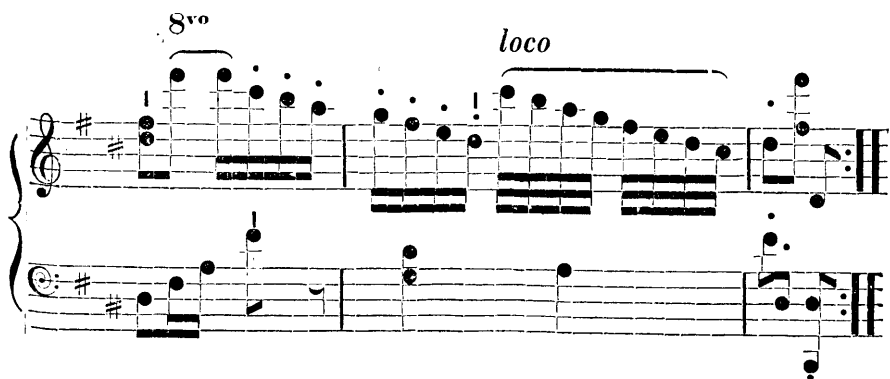
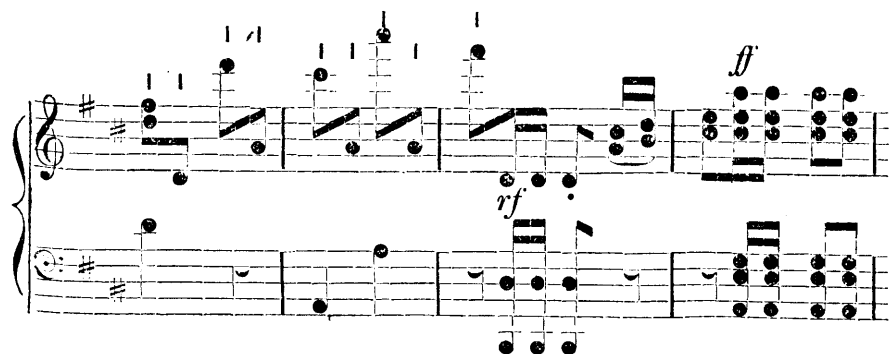
COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN,

OF THIS CITY, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO SUPERINTEND THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The music begins with a half note chord in the bass staff, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble staff. A dynamic marking of *mezzo* is placed between the staves. The system concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The music continues from the first system with various rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *fr* (forte) is placed above the treble staff. The system concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The music continues with more complex rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the treble staff. The system concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.



TREAD LIGHTLY HERE!

WRITTEN BY THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT WEIR.

Tread lightly here!
 Where the lone dead is sleeping,
 No eye is near,
 Save His, who, vigil keeping,
 Speaks in the moaning wind, whose murmurs say,
 To all who hitherward, in wand'ring, stray
 Tread lightly here!

Oh! lightly tread!
 A lover to his bridal speeding,
 Might wait to shed
 A tear—where Nature, pleading,
 Speaks with a voiceless tongue, whose echoes steal
 To the heart's centre with their sad appeal,
 Oh! lightly tread!

Tread lightly here!
 No kindred heart was near him,
 With pitying tear,
 In death's lone hour to cheer him,
 But circled round with foes the soldier fell,
 The clang of war and arms his dying knell,
 No friend was near!

Oh lightly tread
 Where his sad comrades bore him,
 And mourning shed
 Big tears of anguish o'er him,
 Theirs was the spirits' woe—the bitter pang
 When through the armed ranks the whisper rang,
 Oh! lightly tread!

'Tis hallowed ground,
 And a deep stillness dwelleth
 On all around,
 Which to the mourner telleth,
 Of broken hearts and hopes—of joyless hours
 Of bosoms, chill as the scentless flowers
 In churchyards found.

Tread lightly here!
 Unnumbered hearts shall weep him
 With grief sincere!
 And shrined in memory keep him,
 While Nature in her sleepless watch will cry,
 In her still voice to every passer by,
 Tread lightly here!

OUR TABLE.

THE world has for ages looked on in wonder at the rapidity with which the Isles of Britain have won their way to empire. Themselves scarce more than specks upon the measureless ocean which they sway, and comparatively insignificant as they appear, beside the continents of the old and new worlds, it would seem as if their language was itself the talisman of conquest, as the genius of their people is the spell to render conquest useful. With steady and unwavering speed, they have progressed in greatness, until, at the present day, we may look upon them as the nucleus around which the grandeur of the world is clustered, and from every clime the people point to England as to their home.

There is no more legitimate fountain of national prosperity than the colonization of new and fertile countries; and to this source is mainly attributable the unprecedented splendour to which the British empire has attained; and in proportion to the enlightenment, vigour and success of her colonial policy, will be the respect in which she is herself held among the nations of the earth. Independently of the markets which they form for the manufactures of the parent country, and the inexhaustible mines of wealth which they supply, in the natural and necessary produce of the earth, they will ever be immense fields for the industry of the surplus population of the metropolitan states, which, without some such outlet, would, long ere this, have been so overpeopled, that their inhabitants could not have existed in their own fertile but narrow isles. In addition to this, the colonists, looking upon themselves as part and parcel of the empire, retain through ages the pride of birth, which particularly belongs to those who can point to the long page of unsullied history, and say that their country and their fathers stand distinguished there; and these feelings, nursed from generation to generation among the young, grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, ever preserving a phalanx of noble hearts, which, wherever a foeman dares to strike, are ready to assert the honour of their fatherland.

A liberal encouragement to emigration, as being necessary to the prosperity of her provinces, should never, then, be neglected by those who rule the colonial destinies of England, resting assured, as they may well do, that whatever outlay is so incurred, can never fail of securing a large return—it being, in fact, only extending, and rendering available, the Imperial dominions. It is even of comparatively little consequence how remote the colonies which may be so founded—for towns and cities will there spring into existence, and the wilderness will learn to “blossom as a rose.” Commerce will there find its way, and the parent state will derive from them all the benefits of an unshackled trade; and, by imparting to them her experience in arts and arms, they

will speedily become not unworthy scions of the mighty isles to which they must look for their nativity.

From emigration and colonization in general, we shall be forgiven, should we briefly turn to the American provinces, looking upon them as more especially lying within our legitimate sphere; and we would, in all sincerity, as far as our limited ability permits, impress alike upon government and people, the necessity of encouraging, by every means, the influx of a trustworthy and industrious population, whose energy alone is wanting to develop the immense capabilities of these extensive countries, and to change their weary wastes into gardens of bloom and beauty.

The magnificent seas which traverse the Canadas in particular, from the ocean to their remotest bounds, fit them alike for agricultural industry or commercial enterprise; and the myriads of acres of fertile lands, yet untouched, on their shores, are of themselves sufficient for all the uses of their inhabitants, however dense their population may in the course of ages become.

It is indeed too true, that the events of the last year are not calculated to add to the esteem in which the Canadas have hitherto been held. The outrages of which their frontiers have too often been the scene, are, we fear, sufficient to deter many from seeking in them that prosperity and happiness, which cannot be obtained unless they are secured from the intermeddling of their officious neighbours. This misfortune, however, can only have a very temporary influence upon their condition. It need not be denied, that until very lately, (perhaps until now) the statesmen of England have never attached their true importance to the Canadian provinces, and they have been often neglected among the manifold subjects which demanded the attention of the Imperial Government. But this can scarcely be the case in future. They have now been forced prominently forward, and the national honour demands that measures should be taken effectually to guard them against the encroachments of those, who, whether falsely deeming that we require their aid, or only aiming at enriching themselves by the spoils of the land, must be alike taught that we are the only judges of our own wants, as we are able and willing to defend ourselves from outrage and aggression; they must learn that WE ARE FREE, and that we know it; and that if, by a high sense of national and individual honour, the Canadian people have been so far preserved from being betrayed into revenging the injuries and insults they have so grievously felt, they must not calculate upon a continuance of such lofty forbearance—holding themselves, as our injured countrymen may now do, wherever the aggressors are really known, at full liberty to visit those who wrong them with the most direct vengeance.

Far be it from us, to counsel this, feeling, as we do, in common with the people of Canada, that it would be impossible, in carrying the war into the enemy's country, to separate the few innocent from the many guilty; and we would not that one whose voice has been raised against these lawless excesses, should feel the wrath of an injured people. Besides, our quarrel is not with the *Americans*, as a people, nor with the governments, general or local, although we confess we cannot find tenable ground for defending them from covertly aiding in the outrageous proceedings of their barbarian citizens.

Forgive us, gentle reader! we have wandered from our subject; but, with many others, we have seen that which has caused the glow of indignation to burn in our cheeks, chilled as they are with many a winter's snow. We have seen the tear dim the eyes of earth's fairest ones, when those they loved girded on their swords for battle; we have felt—deeply felt—what it is to hear the wail over the slaughtered brave;—and none will wonder, if a passing thought might have urged us to bring the same feelings to the hearts of those who wronged us, by carrying desolation among their own household gods. Such feelings, we thank heaven, have been brief in the breasts of the people of Canada—hearts generous as theirs could not long hope to alleviate the sorrows of the mourner, by spreading woe round the firesides of their enemies, and teaching women to weep over desolated and ruined homes.

Enough, however, upon a subject such as this, which has been forced upon us by associations intimately connected with our theme. We now revert, for a few moments, to the subject from which we have digressed.

The advantages to both the Mother Country and the colonies, to be derived from the settlement of the latter with an industrious and loyal people, are so self apparent, that we deem it wholly unnecessary to dilate upon them. The rapid advancement of the Canadian provinces, when comparatively without people, or, at most, without an adequate population for one-twentieth of their extent of territory, is of itself sufficient to show of what they are capable when they shall be inhabited in a ratio equal to their means of production. Our only wish, at present, is to prevent the public mind from becoming apathetical, amid the excitement of military duties, with respect to a question upon which, to a great extent, the permanent welfare of their native or adopted country is hinged.

The character of the people of these colonies, with exceptions so few as scarcely to merit the distinction of being called a party, is such as to render a sufficient guarantee for their ultimate security against internal convulsion, or invasion from foreign lands, so that the arguments, which, during the past year, were most influential in deterring emigrants from seeking our shores, will soon, by the evidence of

facts, be proved utterly baseless, and, with due encouragement, we do not doubt that many whose means would make them desirable settlers, will be found crowding towards these fertile climes. This is a consummation we most devoutly pray for; satisfied as we are, that their own condition and that of their posterity, will be benefited by the exchange, in at least an equal degree to that experienced by the colonies at large, from the settlement of such inhabitants within their confines.

We are well aware how difficult it is for those whose affections have become rooted by years to their native land, to leave the scenes so well and so dearly loved; and we would counsel none whose day is beyond its prime, to seek for graves in, to them, a foreign land; unless, as is the case in thousands of instances, they have stalwart and sinewy sons, whose elastic spirits can, without parting with their hallowed affection for their native land, transfer a portion of their "hearts' love" to another clime, at the same time that their earthly prosperity can scarcely fail to be materially increased.

We would not conceal from the agricultural emigrant, that he will have many difficulties to encounter and to overcome,—*but he will overcome them*—and after one, or, it may be, a couple of years of discontent, he will find himself comparatively easy and affluent, if he is sufficiently aware of the importance of his own exertions, and willing indomitably to apply them. It will be understood that we offer no hope, save to those who are constitutionally industrious and persevering—who can good-humouredly laugh at the obstacles which crowd his path, and enjoy, with a double relish, the good things which he has himself so nobly earned.

Upon this subject, we for the present close our remarks, trusting that no means will be left untried to set the true position of these colonies before the public in Britain; so that those who are willing to come among us may be no longer deterred by false notions of insecurity and distrust, from bettering their own condition, and adding to the welfare alike of their native and adopted country.

PICCIOLA—OR CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE.

THE character of the lighter literature of France has long been considered too lax in its morality to answer any good end by translation into the English tongue. This is a subject matter of deep regret, causing, as it does, the loss or worse than loss of much splendid talent, which might otherwise adorn the page of tale and song, but which now too often only blazes to destroy.

This reproach, however, which it is to be feared, too justly attaches to French authors in general, renders it more delightful to meet with one whose conceptions may be perused not only without danger, but with profit to the reader, and among this

class may be placed, the beautiful tale of "*Le Povera Pucciola*." The story is most ingeniously written, and purports to exhibit the gradual conversion to Christianity of an advocate of the debasing doctrines of Atheism, by the development of leaf and flower in a lovely plant, which he has sufficient leisure to contemplate as a lonely captive in the gloomy fortress of Fenestrella. This is decidedly an interesting little volume, and abounds in gems of natural eloquence, which will well repay the short time required in its perusal.

WINTER STUDIES, AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA—BY MRS. JAMIESON.

WE have not as yet seen this work entire, but the language of the English reviewers, as well as the extracts we have seen in the Metropolitan magazines, lead us to anticipate a rich mental banquet from its perusal. It is said to be in every respect a worthy successor of the splendid conceptions embodied under the title of "*Characteristics of Women*," which have stamped Mrs. Jamieson as one of the foremost writers of the age. We wait anxiously for its appearance among us, when we shall revert to the subject.

OLIVER TWIST—BY BQZ.

THIS tale is now completed, and is one of those which may be confidently recommended to the reader. It is true that a good deal of the character it delineates, is not such as to impart much benefit, except by teaching to shun those whose portraits are exhibited; but for interest, mirth or pathos, no pen surpasses that of Boz, and no production of that pen surpasses "*Oliver Twist*."

To the courtesy of the author, we are indebted for a glance over some portions of the MSS. of an unpublished Continuation of *Wacousta*. The high reputation which has already been won by the pen which produced this thrilling tale, will be well sustained on the publication of its sequel; and should it issue from the Canadian press, we shall look upon it as an epoch in our history, well deserving of record in our annals; not that we deem such an event unlikely, for we are certainly justified in the hope, that the press of these colonies will soon teem with works of merit. The host of authors of eminence at present amongst us, will warrant us in this expectation; and we have no doubt that, with proper encouragement, others might be induced to step into the field. The *Garland* itself, humble as it is, has already been the medium of communicating much that is beautiful, to the world—the existence of which might never have been known, had it not opportunely offered a means of publication. There is an ample field for the cultivation of literature in the

Canadas—let us hope that it may no longer be called a barren one.

The chapter headed "*Jeremiah Desborough*," which we have obtained permission to extract, will shew that the author's pen has lost none of its vigour since it last commanded the attention of the literary world.

WE have much pleasure in returning our thanks to a number of patrons in town and country, who have remitted the amount of their year's subscription with their orders for the *Garland*. This is the more gratifying, from its being wholly unexpected and unsolicited—the terms upon which the magazine was issued requiring no payments until towards the close of the year. It shall be our study to deserve the confidence placed in us, by using every exertion to render the *Garland* deserving of the kindness it has universally experienced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Confided*," becomes gradually more interesting. To the generous authoress we are greatly indebted, feeling, as we do, that much of the pleasure with which the *Garland* has been received by a tasteful public, is derived from the chaste and beautiful tales of my "*Aunt Mary*"—which, alike elegant in style and diction, cannot fail to impress the reader with admiration of the genius of the authoress, and respect for the high tone of religious and moral feeling with which every production of her pen is imbued.

"*A Canadian Legend*," by "E. L. C." with which our pages are enriched, is not now published for the first time. It appeared, about ten years ago, in the first volume of the "*Token*," an annual published in the United States. Nothing, however, of the charm of novelty will be lost from this circumstance—very few copies of that elegant production of the press having reached the Canadian provinces, and these few having, most probably, in accordance with their ephemeral character, long since been forgotten and lost among the host of newer and more splendid volumes, which have been given to the world since then. The scene of this interesting tale will particularly endear it to the Canadian reader.

"*A Dramatic Sketch*," by the author of the above tale, will be given in our next number.

The humorous story of "*Dick Spot, or Six and Four make Ten*," is postponed to another number.

"*Albert*" was received too late for us to offer any opinion of it in this number.

"*Junius*" will find his "*sorry tale*" at the office of the publisher.

"*Antony*" is declined.