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THE

LITERARY GARLAND;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c.

"A fragrant wreath, composed of rarest flowers,
Culled in the wilds of Nature's rude domain,
Yet redolent of sweets."

NEW SERIES—VOLUME I.

Montreal:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LOVELL & GIBSON,
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1843.

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MUSIC.

ENGRAVINGS.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1843. No. 1.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW SERIES OF THE GARLAND.

" A fragrant wreath, composed of rarest flowers,
Culled in the wilds of Nature's rude domain,
Yet redolent with sweets."

WITH this number commences a New Series of the *Garland*, and we avail ourselves of the brief respite which has been afforded us, to enjoy the luxury of a retrospective glance. Even the galley slave will sometimes rest for an instant upon his oar, to look upon the past—so shall we take to ourselves a holiday. We have alluded to the galley slave, but the allusion is scarcely an appropriate one. It is true, that, like him, we sometimes snatch a moment, to cast a longing, lingering look behind; but to him the retrospect, pleasant though, in a moment of forgetfulness, it may be, is ever deeply tinged with melancholy. He sees the green fields he never more may tread; he dreams of the liberty which for him now only exists in memory. To us, as to him, the past is pleasant; but with us it does not wear melancholy as the prevailing hue. And the present and the future, which to him are bleak and barren, to us are brilliant and joyous, if not with fruition, at least with hope. He weeps as he turns him again to his oar—we smile when we address ourselves again to our labour. Hope smiles upon us, and our toil is at least cheerful toil. There are many who will smile at us when we speak of toil. The light-hearted, who indulge their senses with the fragrance and beauty of the *bouquet*, cast small thought on the task of preparation. It may be that weary feet wandered from garden to garden, culling blossoms the rarest and fairest, and that tastes long cultivated were necessary to form the wreath, and to render it a meet offering for the divinities of perfumed boudoirs; yet how few there are who give to such matters e'en a careless thought! We allude to them now, not because they are likely to interest the reader, but because they forced themselves upon us, while reviewing, with the mind's eye, the four years which have passed since our labours were begun.

But, enough of this, let us turn to subjects more interesting than those which immediately concern ourselves.

We have been often told that Canada is not a literary country—that the people have neither leisure nor inclination for the pursuits of literature. There was a time—perhaps some twenty years since—when such an assertion might have been truly made; when the poor emigrant, yielding to the stern laws of necessity, was forced to devote his time and energies to obtain a provision for his family. That time has gone, and we hail a new era, more favourable to the diffusion of polite and useful literature. The industry of the older settlers has placed many of them in

easy circumstances, and the wealth which their hands have earned has supplied them with the wished-for leisure. They have opportunities afforded them to cultivate their mental powers, and they are not backward in availing themselves of the blessed privilege. The fact that the *Garland* has met with their generous support and approbation, is an ample proof that they are not indifferent to the literature of their rising country. The fact that it has been sustained from original sources is proof sufficient that the germ exists among us, and that it requires but careful cultivation ultimately to produce abundant and tempting fruit.

We are indeed gratified that so much has been accomplished; and we are more gratified to know that much more will yet be done. The whole Province has been traversed in quest of the mental treasures of the land. And it has not been traversed in vain. We have gathered flowers for our *Garland* by the brookside, in the depths of the mighty forests, and on the rocks that girdle her inland seas. We have sought for, and we have found them, among the romantic islands that gem her blue and beautiful waters. We have essayed to weave them into wreaths to grace the domestic altar, when the blasts of winter held their wild revel round us, and the world of fragrance and of flowers lay buried beneath its snows. Our wildings of nature may have lacked much of the delicacy and beauty of the rarer blossoms produced in other and more favoured climes; and the hands that gathered them may have been less skilled in arranging and calling into poetical existence their exquisite hues; but Time, as it matures the genius and the mental energy of our infant country, will yearly add fresh buds of beauty, and render our *Garland* a more worthy offering.

We have said that we are gratified that so much has been accomplished. Well may it be so; for, strong as was our hope when we undertook this work, deep as was our conviction that there was treasure in the soil, great has been our surprise to find so much. It must be very gratifying to the Canadian born, or to him to whom Canada is Home, to know that the progress of literature has been co-equal with that of the settlement of the wilderness; and that if the latter has been made to bloom and blossom as the rose, the literature of Canada likewise blooms and blossoms beauteously. We are proud that we have aided in establishing the fact.

For ourselves, we have never doubted it. We were certain that the seed of Old England and of New England, which had been sown in Canada, could not be unproductive. To the pages of the *Garland*, for the last four years, the incredulous may turn for proof that our judgment was correct. It would be easy for us to give the names of those by whose generous aid we are enabled to make the assertion felt. But it is unnecessary. They are familiar as "household words" in the homes of Canada. We are proud to add that some of them are not unknown beyond the limits of our Colony, and that their names occupy places not altogether undistinguished among the ornaments of literature both in England and America. In the number now laid before the public is evidence that we may still reckon upon their support.

But we have been told also that Canada is not a land of flowers—of love—or of song. That the flowers we have are without perfume—that the melody of birds is unknown in our vast and silent forests—that the menial employments of the Canadian hinder him from indulging in the finer passions and feelings of the heart. All these assertions are libels upon one of the most beautiful and promising countries of the world; but, happily, they are assertions which the progress of improvement for a few years will amply refute.

The flowers with which the Great Author of Nature has garlanded her desert places are not inferior in hue and odour to the wild flowers of Britain. The rose of the islands, and the lilies of the field and wave, are scattered profusely every where, and in the warm evenings of summer fill the air with delicious perfume. The woods of Canada are not without their song. The blackbird, the robin, and a numerous family of lovely finches, on the fine spring mornings, discourse sweet music among the lofty branches of our forest trees. As cultivation advances, and the produce of our fields and gardens become more tempting, these

"Light winged wanderers of the pathless air"

will take up their summer residence among us, and reward our industry with their grateful songs.

Nor is the ennobling sentiment of Love less warmly felt by the Canadian, because necessity obliges him to employ his thoughts in providing for the dear objects of his affections. These are labours of love—a love proved by actions, not by words—which boasts less, but achieves more—a healthy, vigorous stimulant to present and future exertion. A love, devoid of selfishness, because its very existence depends upon severe self-denial, and the sacrifice of the luxuries, and indeed of many of the comforts which are deemed indispensable by Europeans.

Canada is a noble country; and the lover of Nature need not wander into foreign lands to gratify his taste for the sublime and beautiful. All that the regal hand of the Great Author of the Universe has deemed necessary for man are here—a fine climate, a serene atmosphere, a rich and productive soil. Lofty mountains lift up their craggy crests to heaven, and magnificent woods and waters lie cradled at their feet. Here, flows a mighty river—there, the silver lake expands into a mimic sea. The cataracts thunder into the dark profound, and the rapid dashes on, bearing its crown of foam far above the course of the tranquil stream. Wild and rugged as when she first emerged from the hand of Nature, there is an awful beauty in her solitary grandeur, which fills the mind with devotional wonder—an eloquence in the deep silence of her pathless woods. We feel, in the dense, unpeopled forest, our own helplessness—our insignificance in His sight, to whom the populous city and the untrodden wild are alike familiar.

We very much fear, however, our digression is becoming somewhat too extensive. We had almost forgotten that the subject of our remarks was the *Garland*, and connected with it, the literature of Canada, of which the *Garland* is almost the only representative. But far in the distance as, to many, the time may seem, when Canada shall become known as a literary country, the experience of our Anglo-Republican neighbours is proof sufficient that the predictions we have ventured may very soon be verified. It is not many years since some English Reviewer, Jeffrey or Gifford, or some one of their fellow-critics, exclaimed contemptuously: "Who reads an American book?" The taunt was felt—but it was a spell to wake the sleeping energies of that giant country. It was like the Enchanter's Wand. It called spirits from the deep, and they came. Poets and novelists sprang into being as if by magic. Now no such reproach can justly cling to the country which numbers a Sprague, a Halleck, a Percival, and a Bryant, among its poets—a Cooper and an Irving among its novelists and historians.

The example is one it may be our pride to follow. Perhaps there is small danger that such a question should be asked in reference to Canada. But, were it asked, in a malicious or contemptuous spirit, what would the answer be? We leave

to others the task of fashioning a reply. But, it becomes us, one and all, to assist in calling out the energies of *our* country. And it is by united exertion only that we can succeed. The whole history of our race shows that great things can be accomplished only by a union among many. Around us, every day we see evidences of this. Whenever individuals wish to accomplish a public object, they associate themselves together. Witness the multitude of National, Charitable, Political, Scientific, and Literary Associations which abound in the cities, towns, and villages of Canada. Even so must it be if we would nurture and cultivate the infant literature of our country. United in a cause so sacred we can accomplish every thing. Already the corner stone is laid. It has been proved that there is in the soil no lack of the precious ore. It is the labour of many to work the mines. We trust that labour will be cheerfully performed.

Let any one who thinks we attach too much importance to this subject, ask himself the question, and, when asked, reply to it; "What is it of which nations are most proud?" He will then feel the importance of literature, if he have national pride within him, (and if he have not he must be less or more than man.) Ask the Portuguese to name the gem of Portugal. Will not the name of Camöens be first upon his lip? The Spaniard's eye will sparkle as he utters the sound of Cervantes and Lope de Vega. The Italian proudly points to Petrarch, Tasso, the immortal Dante, Ariosto, Alfieri. Invoke the spirits of the old Greeks and Imperial Romans. Demand of them upon what their countries prized themselves. The first will tell you of her poets, her philosophers, and her orators—her Homer, Euripides, Aristotle, Demosthenes; the second will inscribe the names of Virgil, Horace, Cicero. The son of La Belle France will delight in the glowing pages of Molière and of Rousseau, when her warriors and conquerors are no longer remembered. So it has been in all ages and in all countries, and so will it ever be. England is before us as an example. Her aristocracy are impersonations of wealth and splendour. Where'er they tread the earth is sown with pearls; where they repose, cushions of down from the cygnet's breast receive the impression of their limbs; obsequious crowds bow before them in homage. Yet, is it of these, or such as these, of whom the Briton's heart is proud? No. When the Briton boasts of his country, the names of Shakspeare, Milton, come trippingly to his tongue. And who were the owners of these names? Poor men; humble men; men who could hardly venture within the gorgeous homes of the possessors of mere wealth, and the rank which kings can give. And yet—such are the godlike properties of Genius—the tomb of Shakspeare is visited by kings and queens, and by votaries from the remotest ends of the earth. Do any enquire where moulder the bones of the great and the rich and the powerful cotemporaries of Shakspeare? None. They died and made no sound. Here, then, is evidence of the strongest character, of the importance of the cultivation of literature. "Many a gem of purest ray serene," that now beams from the tiara of England or of Rome, dazzling the eye with brilliancy, but for the encouragement of literature, would yet be hidden in the mine. These are facts to which we call the remembrance of the literary circle of Canada. We think they will be powerful enough to induce many who read to give aid and assistance to her literature. It is not less on public than on personal grounds that we ask support for the only representative of Canadian periodical literature. It would be as vain to expect the earth to yield the golden harvest, and yet not sow the seed, as to expect the flowers of literature, unless literature be encouraged.

HEART POND.

BY E. L. C.

Pure gleam thy crystal waves,
Pure as when first from the deep springs of earth
They gushed to light, throwing, in diamond showers,
Their feathery spray bright o'er the emerald turf.
Silent and beautiful around thee stand
Green circling hills, within whose loving arms,
Thou, like a cradled babe, dost lie at rest,
Save when the gentle kiss of wandering breeze
Plays o'er thy face, and dimples it with smiles.
Legends are told of thee most wild and strange,
And he perchance, who, in thy lucid breast,
Pauses to gaze, may read the mystic page
Of thy past history.

THE blue heavens never bent over a lovelier object, nor ever saw their noonday splendours, and their midnight glories, reflected from a more translucent surface, than that of beautiful Heart Pond. Like a stainless mirror, set in a rich frame of wooded and encircling hills, it lies calm and lone in the stillness of nature's most delicious solitudes. Many a man of taste, doubtless, would gladly exchange a heap of his sordid gold for this natural basin of pellucid waters and for the old trees, which, in picturesque groups, clothe the steep acclivities that surround it, crowning even their topmost heights,—where they stand out in bold relief against the soft blue of the distant sky. The softest herbage carpets the earth beneath these ancient trees, and low grey rocks, overlaid with velvet moss of the richest and the greenest hue, or wrought in rare mosaics, with lichens of strange and various forms, offer, here and there, beneath the tasselled larch and fragrant birch, seats, luxurious as the drawing-room ottoman, for the loiterer, whom love of solitude or of nature allures to this sweet spot.

How various and how beautiful are the wild flowers that inlay with their glowing hues the rich turf of these sloping hills! The violet there first looks forth from her shelter of autumnal leaves to catch the earliest breathings of the spring—the delicate trillium, or wake-robin, as with pretty significancy it is called, blushes into bloom before the last snow-wreath has melted from its roots, and is hailed by the glad whistle of the red-breast, which it is said to arouse from his winter's torpor by its beauty. Gorgeous are the crimson columbines that hang nodding from every cleft, and exquisite the wild roses which scatter their leaves like snow upon the emerald sod, while, fast as they fall, new blossoms open to flush the parent bush with their loveliness.

Nowhere grows the wild balsamine in such profusion; its frail stalks, and frailer flowers, that seem as if they would dissolve at the gentlest touch, hanging over the brink of the Pond, and dipping the ends of their trailing branches in its limpid wave. Beautiful, too, are the beds of water-lilies that spread themselves at intervals upon its surface, with their broad and circular leaves, and their full snowy flowers, within whose deep cups seems garnered a world of never-wasting fragrance,—and among them come up from the clear depths below, shoals of glittering gold-fish, to disport themselves in the sunlight, that shoots down, warm and bright, through the matted chesnut boughs.

The green hollow, in which is set this crystal Pond, seems sacred from vulgar intrusion. The foot of homely labour never invades it—the velvet turf remains unbroken by the spade—and year after year the trees spread out their broadening arms, and shoot up to a statelier beauty—and no axe is laid to their root—no wanton hand mars their symmetry, or disturbs, in their leafy recesses, the homes of the wild birds, that there in multitudes hatch and rear their progeny. All the long summer day, the murmur of the bee, busy at her sweet toil, falls soothingly upon the ear; and the varied notes of the birds, the short quick chirp, the shrill whistle, the loud call, the liquid trill, the mocking-bird's mimicry of all, combine to form a perpetual concert, more ravishing to the untutored ear than the full chorus of artificial melody, bursting from the united voices and instruments of the first performers in the world.

How sweet it is to sit upon the smooth bank just raised above the margin of the beautiful Pond, beneath the leafy canopy of the wild grape, which hangs its rich festoons from tree to tree, and look forth through the opening vista, over green and undulating fields, to the distant village, half buried in deep embowering shades—to catch, borne on the still air, its low hum of life, and see the tall spire of its church, silently pointing the thoughts to heaven. For long years, one ministered within that sacred edifice, whose image, pictured with life-like vividness upon the soul's tablet, will glow there undimmed, while that soul retains its consciousness. One, whose rest is now amid the glories of the spirit-land, but who performed his earthly pilgrimage with sandaled feet, and a lamp ever trimmed and burning, ready to do his Master's will—breaking the bread of life to humble souls—bringing with his smile new gladness to the festive circle—and shedding peace and consolation, like rays of golden light, through the gloomy chamber which suffering and death had darkened with their presence. He was in truth a faithful minister of Christ, and as such forbore not, where need was, either counsel or reproof; yet he ever remembered his own erring humanity, and so, dealt gently with the sinful and the wayward, winning them with love, that "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Turning now in an opposite direction, the eye loves to linger along the many woodland paths, that, diverging from the Pond, lead off among deep woods, or between high rocks, whose bold summits tower to heights that, in a more level landscape, would entitle them to bear the name of mountains; yet their very topmost crag has been a trysting place for friends, now severed and dispersed. Rough paths there are which lead to it—paths where the foot in its ascent crushes the sweet and fragrant fern, and where the hand grasps for support the wild whortleberry, the sapling oak, or the unyielding stem of the dog-wood, which shoot from the fissures of the rock, clothing with their verdant beauty its seamed and arid sides.

Classic feet, too, have trodden these mountain passes—minds, rich with lettered lore, have meditated in their solitudes—and tongues, skilled in the language of ancient Greece, have borrowed some of her sweetest names, with which to baptize these haunts of their early love—haunts sought seldom, save by the poetic and refined—scorned for their remoteness and isolation by the utilitarian—and thus left unviolated by the deafening clangor of machinery, or the swift passage of the fiery car, hissing along its iron course, and crushing life from all that threatens to impede its progress—left unsought by the worldly sons of Mammon, in pristine and delicious beauty, for their enjoyment, to whom untutored nature offers charms superior to all that art the most elaborate can lend.

Climbing, then, these rugged rocks, by a path precipitous and wild, a smooth flat surface is attained, over which the beautiful ground-laurel grows in rich profusion, its small pink blossoms, bell-shaped and odorous, hanging thick among its ever verdant leaves, that, closely matted, spread out beneath the feet a soft luxurious carpet, rivalling in beauty the richest fabrics of the Persian loom. The extreme edge of this platform is fringed with trees, whose trunks are often grotesquely intertwined, and, from their close vicinity, twisted into strange and fanciful shapes, while their interlacing boughs form a lovely and verdant screen, varied with all bright hues; the deep unchanging green of the fir, blending harmoniously with the glossy foliage of the oak, the softer tints of the birch, and, lighter and more delicate still, the pale leaf of the cornel, which lends, too, at certain seasons, its multitude of snowy flowers, and then its crimson berries to enrich and beautify the whole.

Sheer down from the outer edge of this leafy barrier descends the precipice, hundreds of feet, its sides hung with rich forest trees, and wild vines, that veil each bare and rugged point, with a garniture of beauty, casting deep shadows upon the bosom of the lovely Pond, that glitters in the emerald glen beneath. From a wider range of vision the eye turns willingly away to look from this laurel crowned height down upon the tranquil mirror at its foot, on whose breast perchance, the sun-light sleeps quietly; or the moon gladdens it with her beams, making its small waves to answer in low sweet ripples to her wooing smile. But again the gaze is sent abroad, roving unwearied over the wide-spread and delicious landscape, embracing hill and vale, forest and stream,—peaceful villages, and the far-off city with its many spires, and its broad harbour gleaming like a blue cloud in the distance, and filled with stately ships, that have come from every clime to traffic in its ports. Not a breath of its busy life reaches the ear on this serene and quiet mount, over which the calm heavens bend in their holy beauty, shedding down their dews and their sunshine, to gladden the thousand existences, that make populous its teeming solitudes.

Like a broad map are they there unrolled to the wondering sight, beautiful in all their aspects—but when the blazing constellations shine out, and the stars, those "fire-ships of God," as one indued with eloquence hath said, sail through the

mysterious depths of ether, glorious are they indeed. Sometimes the moon hangs in their midst, brighter, as she seems to the low dwellers on our earth, than the brightest of the glittering host around her, though but an atom in comparison with the smallest star whose far-off glories she dims with her lesser light. It may be, that our feeble sight would be blinded by the blaze of that remote star, should it approach near our globe; praise, then, to Him who holds the planets in their course, who marks the orbits of each, and obedient to whose mandate, which first kindled them to light and glory, they all move, in a mystic but harmonious maze, on their appointed paths.

Where are those who in other days loved to sit through the sweet summer eve upon this rocky eminence, calling each constellation by its name, following the pathway of Orion through the glowing skies, and penetrating that divine science which unfolds the mystery of the starry heavens? The moon, sinking behind the crest of beautiful Nonantum, was ever the signal for departure, and then in converse, the memory of which is like far-off music to the soul, those lovers of nature, wound down the rocky path from their high observatory, and through the still glen, and by the quiet brink of the clear Pond, loth to exchange those pleasant shades, and those dear companions, even for the cherished circle, gathered around the altar of home. Where now are they? Those to whom those mountain walks, those calm communes with nature and her God, were once so dear? Oh, who shall answer where?

Yet, to the mental sight, are they not ever present? The soul asks no magnetic touch to quicken its clairvoyance—it wills, and with the speed of thought, its glance pierces into the far past, and before its vision arise the forms of those whom ocean has buried in its secret depths, whom distance has long severed from our embrace, or who have passed away in silence, to join the mighty multitude that earth enfolds within her breast. Save in some fond hearts their memory may have perished, but there are few with whom we have held close communion, amid holy influences and affections, in the unclouded spring-time of our lives, whom in after days we can recal, without a yearning of the spirit to retrace our backward path and renew the fellowship which lent joy and gladness to the sunny morning of our lives. They might have had faults that pained us then, but how does time dim the remembrance of all, save the virtues that we loved—how does it seem to straiten the links that bound us to them, and if death has been there, how has it hallowed the slightest object of their love, and consecrated the scenes which their living presence once irradiated, and which henceforth speak to us of them.

And thus is it, beautiful Pond, as we look into thy transparent face, thou dost reflect back, like the magic glass of memory, many a bright passage of the past. Smiles that once beamed like light upon thy bosom, and graceful forms that haunted thy borders, are again revealed to us in their beauty. Canst thou not recall some few of those, thy votaries? Methinks, as the ear bends over thee, it hears thy murmuring wave syllable the name of one who loved thee well, but who, alas! shall never more see her gentle face reflected from thy depths. Quietly as an infant to its sleep, she hath sunk to her rest, and in the green vallies of the far West her cherished form is laid in its last repose. She was one of earth's purest and most loving spirits, and he, who lived for her, for whom she wished to live, stood not beside her to receive her dying sigh. The children of one mother were they, yet bound together by no common affection,—the haunts that she loved were dear to him, and he, the gay, the high-souled, the generous, was a constant pilgrim to thy waters. When will he stand beside them again? He sails now in a proud battle-ship, beneath his own broad pennant, yet doubt not, that upon the deck of his gallant vessel, his heart often turns yearningly to thee, sorrowing that the golden chain of friendship, which once united those who circled thy borders, is broken—its links scattered—lost—and never to be reclasped, save in another and a brighter sphere.

There are traditions connected with this Pond, which invest it with the charm of poetry and romance, but they are interwoven with the early history of a country, which is little known beyond its boundaries, and, consequently, a relation of thrilling events and circumstances connected with its first settlement, might fail to awaken in most minds the interest they actually deserve. Nevertheless, the purpose with which this sketch was commenced shall be fulfilled, trusting that the incident about to be related, may win the passing attention, when a mere record of reminiscences would be left unnoticed.

New England owes much of her civil, as well as religious prosperity, to the efforts and sacrifices of those self-denying and godly men, who, for conscience sake, first sought its shores, and planted there the word of life, to illumine its dark and desert places. Among them is not one more worthy of grateful and holy remembrance than John Eliot, who left the halls of an English university, and the comforts of an English home, to sow the seeds of eternal truth in the savage haunts of an unexplored and frightful wilderness,—labouring with such zeal and fidelity in his righteous cause, that he obtained the name of the first Apostle to the Indians, by which he is to this day known.

Patient and constant was he in this labour of love. "Never deterred by the dark squalidness of barbarity; never daunted by the fierce threats of men who knew no law but their passions; never moved by exposure to storm and cold, and the various forms of physical suffering, this man of God, with his loins girt about with a leathern girdle, and a pilgrim's staff in his hand, penetrated the dark abodes of savage ignorance, and fearlessly proclaimed to the sensual and wondering Indian, the unsearchable riches of Christ."

It was he, too, who, through toils and difficulties, of which the modern scholar can know nothing, gave to the untamed denizens of an American forest, the word of life, in their vernacular tongue, and, though that tongue, like the language of ancient Etruria, has now become extinct, and its characters, like that too, "the very despair and reproach of modern ingenuity," yet some few of the dark old copies of the translation, which was prepared, with so much labour, still remain in the hands of the curious,—a sealed book—but an eloquent memento of the love which that good apostle cherished for the human soul, a symbol of the holy benevolence which no hardships or discouragements could chill, "and a venerable manifestation of the power of spiritual truth and spiritual sympathy.

It was on a mild spring day, that, in returning from Nonantum, the scene of his Christian labours among the Indians, this faithful apostle paused to rest a while on the banks of the beautiful Pond we have attempted to describe. The day was long past its meridian, and he had been since morning spending his strength among his converts, going from wigwam to wigwam, speaking persuasively of themes high and holy, and striving to raise the grovelling affections of those poor children of nature, up to the source of all goodness and purity, and to enlighten their rude and gross minds, by the clear rays of that divine revelation, which the Son of God came upon earth to dispense. In the prosecution of this work, he had traversed the damp and slippery forest-paths for many a mile; the melting snow, that remains long in those dense shades, sliding from beneath his feet, and the matted leaves of the preceding autumn, covering frequent pools of water, into which, ancle-deep, he had more than once been betrayed. And he was glad now to pause for a brief space, beside this bright water, which, in his many wanderings to and fro, was to him a familiar and a favorite resting place.

It was quiet then as now,—beautiful in its transparent depths, its overhanging trees, its mossy banks, tinted with April's tender verdure, and gemmed, where the snow had left them bare, with knots of pale hepaticas, that stood trembling as with joy, while the soft air played lovingly among their silken leaves. But not then as now, did the eye look forth from its borders, to behold the rich fields and clustered habitations of civilized man—the village spire, the smiling farm-house with its sloping orchards and capacious barns,—and the graceful villa of the "merchant-prince,"—its smooth lawns, its extended gardens, its shrubberies and conservatories lending elegance and variety to the picture. Instead thereof, dense forests stretched on every side, with here and there a small and partial opening, whence from an Indian wigwam, or the log hut of some adventurous settler, the blue smoke curled upward through the trees.

Yet as the holy man sat alone in this wild solitude, his thoughts were busy with the future, and millenial visions of goodness and happiness, when the axe of the European should have levelled the wilderness, and the ploughshare should have broken the virgin soil, dawned as with prophetic truth upon his soul. Refreshed by his brief rest, he took up his staff, which he had cast on the turf beside him, and was rising to depart, when a rustling in the bushes on a cleft above, and a step falling on the moist earth, met his ear, and he paused, expecting each moment to see the form of an Indian hunter start out to view, as he knew the precincts of the Pond were well stocked with the smaller animals, and often resorted to, for their pursuit, by the natives. While pausing in an attitude of doubt, he was suddenly startled by the tones of a clear manly voice, which burst abruptly forth, carolling the air of an old English song, and awaking all the echoes of the forest with its melody. The words, too, were English, and ran thus:—

'Tis sweet through the greenwood to rove,
And watch where the fallow deer lies;
But sweeter to gaze on thy smile, dearest love,
And drink the soft light from thine eyes,—
From thine eyes—
And drink the soft light from thine eyes.

"Wild maiden, I would thou couldst comprehend me," said the same voice, ceasing the oft repeated chorus of his song, and addressing some one by his side. "Yet, look upon me, wilt thou not, for those same lustrous eyes, hold a language which thy tongue knows not, and thou hast not a woman's heart, if thou failest to read the meaning written in mine."

A low sweet laugh, accompanied by a few half whispered words, were uttered in reply—he to whom they were addressed, understood them only from their tender intonation, but the ear of the good apostle took in their whole impassioned meaning, which lost nothing, from being expressed in the soft dialect of the Massachusetts tribe.

"Thy tongue discourses sweet music, my forest flower," said again the voice of the singer; "but the mystery of thy speech, I may strive in vain to unravel. Come, now, let us descend this rock, and sit down beside yon bright water—thou shalt make thy toilette, at its mirror, while I replume these arrows, with feathers which I have stolen from thy hair."

Immediately the boughs were parted, and a youth, grasping a bow, and wearing a dress which partook almost equally of the European and savage costume, leaped directly on to the margin of the Pond, near the spot occupied by Mr. Eliot, followed by a young Indian girl, of exceeding grace and beauty, who bore in one hand a bundle of arrows, and in the other waved a slender branch of the birch, which, covered now with new and tender foliage, sent forth at every motion an aroma of spicy and delicious fragrance. The stripling was tall and well made, with a complexion truly English, and a fine ingenuous face, shaded by dark chesnut hair, that clustered in short thick curls around his head. He started and changed color when he found himself in the presence of a stranger—his air seemed troubled and embarrassed, and he retreated a step or two as if irresolute whether to remain or fly. The Indian girl, with the quickness of observation belonging to her race, marked his disorder, and gently laying her hand upon his arm, she attempted to draw him towards the pastor. He slightly resisted her effort, and she said, pleadingly,

"It is the good teacher—speak to him, he will not harm thee—he will tell thee of the Great Spirit, and speak to thee words of comfort."

"She bids thee fear naught from me, friend," said Mr. Eliot, "and why shouldst thou? Art thou not of my own country? But wert thou even mine enemy, if I could serve thee in this wilderness, I would do it right heartily."

The bland tone of the good man's voice, his benign countenance, and venerable figure, reassured the youth, and stepping forward and stretching forth his hand to grasp that of his new friend, he said with characteristic frankness,

"I give thee thanks from my heart, kind sir; my name is Richard Ormsby, and proud I am to call myself thy countryman, for there is that in thy aspect and bearing which tells me thou art not slow to pity the misfortunes, and forgive the faults of thy fellow-men, wherever thou mayst find them."

"He who needs pity and forgiveness for his own imperfections, should not withhold it from others," said the meek apostle; "and I should ill obey the precepts and example of our divine Teacher, Master Ormsby, if I could judge my fellow-sinner with harshness, or refrain from stretching forth my hand, to aid in his distress, the most guilty and miserable outcast that ever bore the image and abused the gifts of his Maker."

"I recognize thee now," said the youth, a sudden gleam lighting up his eye, as he fixed it earnestly on his companion. "Surprise, and perhaps fear, at the consequences of meeting a civilized being in this wilderness, dimmed my perceptions when I first saw thee, or I should have known the good apostle who consecrates his great wisdom and attainments to the work of christianizing the savages of these wilds; and if for them thou hast so deep a care, surely I may trust that a persecuted man of thy own race will not be left to fall into the hands of his enemies, and perish without thy aid?"

"Surely not, young man; explain thyself, and if I can render service to one who suffers unjustly, I shall have fresh cause for gratitude to that good Being, who is pleased to make me an humble instrument of his beneficent will towards his creatures. In what straits art thou placed, and how may I best serve thee?"

Richard Ormsby hesitated a moment, and then asked, doubtingly:

"What if thy conscience forbids thy lending me such aid as I require? Wilt thou then forbear to betray me, and leave me at liberty to depart when, and whither I see fit?"

"God help thee, young man! of what art thou guilty?" asked the good pastor, in dismay. "Speak freely; it is not for me to betray him that wandereth, let him have erred even as he may. Daily do all need pardon for sin, and blessed are his words who said: 'As ye forgive, so also shall ye be forgiven.' Unburthen to me thy mind, and hold back nought through fear."

A bright flush passed across the youth's face, as he replied:

"Thou dost misapprehend me greatly, sir. I am, thank God, guiltless of crime; but one is with me, for whose safety I am, perchance, periling my own. One who was hunted from his country, and now from the homes of civilized man, because he joined the common cry against the tyranny of an unrighteous monarch, and signed, with others, the death-warrant which doomed the oppressor of a nation to the scaffold."

"Speak lowly and with reverence, my son, of the unhappy prince, who, whatever might have been his errors, expiated them with his life. His last hours proved that he had the heart of a man, the tried and stedfast soul of a Christian, and doubt not he wears in Heaven a crown of joy, more glorious than the thorny diadem which was rent from his brow on earth."

"Far be it from me to impeach him," said the

youth; "I was too young when he met his fate to know if it were justly or not decreed. But I have been reared to honour the Protector, and I can think with little reverence of kings."

"Thou art, if I mistake not, the kinsman of William Goffe, one of the exiled judges of this same unhappy Charles," said Mr. Eliot. "I remember now that I met him one day at the table of Governor Endicott, and thou, I believe, wert with him."

"I was, and I recollect thee well, though in the first moment of our meeting I was too much confused to recognize thee."

"And how is it that I find thee now a fugitive, my son? Thy grandfather, I think he stands in that relation to thee, was well received at Boston by the governor and others; wherefore, then, is he now forced to secret flight?"

"Because," answered Ormsby, "an act of indemnity has reached America, offering pardon to all therein named, who were in any way accessory to the death of Charles the First; but neither my grandfather's name, nor that of one or two others appear in it. Of course the king's vengeance still rests upon them, and the governor and his assistants, alarmed at the idea of harbouring one under ban of the royal displeasure, were secretly planning measures for the security of my kinsman's person, when a true friend made known to him his danger, and forthwith we effected our escape. Night overtook us when we reached this spot, but our guide found us a shelter in the wigwam of a friendly Indian, the father of yon maiden, where now for nearly a week we have remained; weariness of body and anxiety of mind, producing in my grandfather serious illness, which has rendered him unable to prosecute his flight."

"And whither does he purpose to direct his course?"

"He knows not; but, I trust, in thee we have found a friend who will advise us," said the youth.

"And art thou willing to cling to the fortunes of this old man?—thou in thy youth to give up all youth's hopes, and bide with him in the silence and solitude of this stolen retreat?"

"I came to these shores in pursuance of my mother's wish, that I might aid and comfort him in his exile, and while I can do so I will remain. I have slept in his bosom, and he has led me by the hand when my step was feeble and tottering, and I will not desert him till I see him at ease in mind and body, when, if he so permit, I will return to my home and to the duties which I owe my widowed parent."

The young man spoke with an earnestness that flushed his cheek, and called the kindly moisture to his eyes; and the good apostle reverenced the pure feeling, and the holy motive, that bound him to the side of his proscribed and deserted relative. With a benign smile he grasped his hand, saying, in a voice that trembled with its own earnest utterance:

"God bless thee, my son! thou art surely in the way of thy duty, and great shall be thy reward. Faint not, nor fail. There is One in whom thou mayest put thy trust; One, who watches all thy steps to direct them aright. The day wanes apace, and I must be gone; but tomorrow at noon I will meet thee here, and thou shalt conduct me to thy kinsman. I will ponder this night on what can be done for him, and we will decide together on the course that seems to us best."

He uttered a parting benediction, and was turning away, when the Indian girl, Neruya, or the Evening Star, as she was called by her people, arose from the side of the Pond, where for the last few minutes, she had sat dipping the sprig of birch into the clear water, and sprinkling the bright drops around her, and placing herself beside the youth, gently laid her small brown hand in his, as though to win back again his truant thoughts to herself, and lifted her soft eyes to his face, with a gaze so full of love's impassioned eloquence, that none, who saw, could misinterpret it.

The grave apostle could not; he had looked back for a moment, and as he caught that glance, it fixed his attention, and recalled the words which passed between the maiden and the youth when he first heard their voices behind the trees, which had then given him uneasiness, though it was banished, by the subsequent conversation, from his mind. Fixing his eyes steadily upon Ormsby,

"Thou art not—no, thou canst not be playing upon the guilelessness of that simple child," he said.

"I should scorn myself if I were," returned the youth, with a burning blush. "She is pure as the dews and flowers among which she dwells, and far be it from me, to harm her even by a thought of ill."

"Is it not ill, think you, to win her love, and then leave her to sorrow hopelessly for thy absence! Savage though she is, yet these young blossoms of the forest have hearts as fond and tender, even, as the maidens of our island home; and she who stands in her wild and touching beauty by thy side, fixing on thine the melting glance of her dark and speaking eye, has she not within her as deep capacities for enjoyment, ay, and for suffering too, as any whom the refinements of education, teach to draw a veil of decorum over the inward workings of passion and emotion?"

"Doubtless she has," returned the youth; "and knowing, as I do, the feelings with which she regards me, touched, as I confess myself, by her beauty and her innocence, I am free to declare, that did not many circumstances oppose it, I would not hesitate to make her mine by the holiest bonds, to bear her with me to my country, and trust to future training and better influences, to form her character into all that I could wish."

The good apostle shook his head with an incredulous smile, as he replied,—

"Utopian dreams that never could be verified. These free children of the forest cannot, and will not, in any situation, wholly conform to the restraints and requisitions of civilized life. The love of nature is inborn with them, and, surrounded by luxury and splendour, they would yet pine for the wild solitudes, where they have known no law but their will. Let them live and die in their own land, and among their own people; they love not to assimilate with us. They are a distinct race—a people set apart, and, as some believe, and not without cogent reason, a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel,* who have been mysteriously preserved in this wilderness, and to whom as God hath given a covenant of rich promises, we may humbly hope, through the labours of Christian hearts, they will finally be gathered into the fold of the good Shepherd whom their fathers despised and rejected."

The holy man, with a slight obeisance, turned and departed as he finished speaking, the recurrence to this his favourite and cherished opinion, completely absorbing his mind, to the utter forgetfulness of the subject with which he had commenced his homily.

The following noon saw Richard Ormsby waiting beside the Pond for the coming of his new friend. He stood there alone, but at no great distance, on an elevated and shelving cleft, sat the Indian girl, Neruya, peering through the matted boughs of a broad cedar that screened her retreat, while ever and anon her silvery laugh rung forth, as with childish grace she cast down handfulls of young leaf buds, just bursting from their unctuous cerements, and tufts of bright moss, that fell softly at his feet. He seemed less gay than on the preceding eve, for the caution of the apostle still rested on his mind; but he turned towards her many a gentle smile, and, gathering the smooth and variegated pebbles from the margin of the Pond, he cast them playfully into her lap, amused by the passionate delight with which she caught, and separately examined them.

Suddenly a step was heard to fall on the crisp moss of the forest path, and then the figure of Mr. Eliot emerged from the deep shadow of the trees. The youth advanced to greet him, and at the same moment, the rustling of the cedar boughs above, proclaimed the flight of Neruya.

"I have lost no time in coming to thee, master Ormsby," said the good man, "for sore perils environ thy kinsman, and it will be wise for him to lie close in his covert for the present—he cannot quit it now in safety. When I reached my home last eve, I heard that a warrant had been signed by the governor for his arrest, and that two zealous loyalists were already scouring the country, even to the borders of Manhattan, in search of him."

"They will surely find us here then,—it is impossible to evade them,—and should ill betide my grandfather——" the youth's tone was deeply agitated, and he paused abruptly, unable to proceed.

"Be calm, young man—where is thy faith? In a wilderness like this it is no easy matter to track a fugitive. Without God's permission not a hair of his head shall perish. Lead me now to thy kinsman; I would speak to him of this matter."

The youth obeyed, and pursuing a narrow path, which wound round the western extremity of the Pond, it led them to a lonely glen, deep within the purlieus of the forest, and watered by a sparkling stream, along the brink of which was scattered a settlement of Indian wigwams. To the most remote of them, Ormsby directed his steps, and, raising the thick buffalo hide, which hung before an aperture intended for a door, he entered, followed by his venerable friend. The interior of the dwelling was lined with every variety of skin, from the wolf, down to the mink and the weasel, and as richly decorated with sylvan spoils as the hall of a highland chieftain. The antlered horns of the deer, the claws of the wild cat, the quills of the porcupine, the plumage of the eagle, and the polished bones of strange and curious fish, were interspersed, and arranged with a degree of taste and order, that would have charmed the eye of a naturalist.

A woman of middle age, tall and with a look of proud command, sat upon a pile of rich furs, threading upon a long string, a quantity of gay beads, the fruits of Indian traffic with the English. Apart, stretched on a rude couch, lay the proscribed Goffe, one thin hand shading his face

*This was a favorite opinion with Mr. Eliot, as it has been with many others since his time. Some rites observed by the Indian tribes, similar to those practised by the ancient Jews, tended to strengthen it. His desire to prove it true, arose from his strong anxiety for their conversion, since if they were descendants of the ancient people of God, "It would furnish a ground of faith to expect mercy for them," for as he says, "Jehovah remembereth and giveth being to ancient promises," and thus would his heart and hands be sustained in his great labour for their redemption.

from the sunlight that streamed through an opening in the roof, while the other held a small Bible, which he was so intently perusing, that he marked not the entrance of the intruders, till roused from his deep study, by their voices at his bedside. Then raising himself upright, he gave cordial greeting to the kind pastor, thanking him with earnest utterance, for seeking him in this hour of darkness, when every man's hand was against him, and even the light of God's countenance was obscured by clouds.

"Let thy faith pierce the cloud, my brother," said the apostle fervently, "and thou mayst behold the glory, not now revealed to thy doubts. In the blessed volume which thou art perusing, are precious promises, able to sustain the soul and lift it from darkness into marvellous light, even in in a day of trial more deep and hopeless than is thine. That God hath not deserted thee, is made evident by the good Providence, which yesterday revealed to me thy sore straits, and has now led me hither to lend thee such Christian aid and counsel as I may."

"Nay, I spoke in the bitterness of a wounded spirit," said the regicide, "and I pray thee pardon me. God hath truly been ever better to me than my deserts, and why should I repine, because he hath called me to suffer in a righteous cause? Did I not his will, when I raised my voice against the ungodly, and lent my aid to set in high places a candle of the Lord, which sent its light through the length and breadth of the land, guiding all in the way of holiness?"

"I pass no opinion, my brother, on the act which has made thee a houseless and a homeless man," said Mr. Eliot. "If thy motives were pure, thou mayst have peace of conscience, but judgment belongs to God, and with him thou must stand or fall. I bring thee new tidings of no pleasant nature; but the cloud may shortly pass over, and the sun shine again as heretofore."

He then detailed the intelligence already communicated to the youth, and urged the fugitive's remaining, till the excitement of pursuit was over, in his present concealment. The advice was gratefully received and acceded to, and Goffe informed his kind friend and counsellor, that he had intended to seek a refuge in New-Haven, where, it had been suggested to him, were many who sympathised in his trials, and were ready to lend him aid. Mr. Eliot approved the plan, and promised to write in his behalf to his friend Mr. Davenport, the zealous and faithful minister of the flock in that young settlement.

The interview was long, and when at length it terminated, the good apostle took his leave with the promise of soon returning. And so he did—a fortnight wore away, and again and again his visits were repeated, and each time they brought more comfort and content to the proscribed Goffe. The two new friends found many topics of mutual interest to discuss, for both cherished an ardent love of their country, and in its present prospects, both saw much cause for dread and lamentation. The regicide mourned over the decay of its spiritual life, unwilling to see in the monstrous fanaticism, the overstrained enthusiasm, which had been nourished under the auspices of the Protector, any thing at variance with the spirit and simplicity of the Gospel, the calm, the pure, the blessed teachings, of the meek and lowly Jesus. And he augured all misrule and godless anarchy from the accession of Charles, whose dissolute character and licentious court, furnished, indeed, small ground of hope, for moral advancement, or national prosperity.

From these gloomy prospects, the faithful apostle delighted to turn for refreshment to his own vineyard in the wilderness,—where he toiled patiently and gladly through the burden and heat of the day—and a long day it proved for him. Yet when at last the burden of four score years weighed heavily upon him, he did not faint, but stood firmly at his post, calling unto the weary and heavy laden to come and drink freely and without price, from the fountains of life which he had opened for them in the waste places. "And thus," says his eloquent biographer, "the red race did not pass away, carrying with them no remembrance but that of defeat and wrong, and submission to overpowering strength. The Christianity of the white man formed a beautiful, though transient, bond of interest with them. The light which Eliot's piety kindled, was indeed, destined soon to go out. But his work stands for ever on record, a work of love, performed in the spirit of love, and designed to effect the highest good which man is capable of receiving. Nonantum will ever be a name of beautiful moral meaning in the history of New England."

But where, during these long interviews of the new friends, where was Richard Ormsby, since he was rarely seen, sharing and listening to their serious converse? The forest was day by day flushing into richer beauty, the bright streams were leaping joyously within their flowery banks, the time of the singing of birds was come, and the voice of universal gladness filled all nature with its music. And through the fragrant woods he was wandering with his bow,—climbing with agile feet the green heights, crushing beneath his light bound the glowing flowers that seemed to have changed the earth into one blush of loveliness, or lying on the grassy sward beside the waters of the beautiful Pond, looking upward through the gothic arches of overhanging boughs, and the

delicate tracery of their young and tender foliage, to the deep azure of the sky, that nowhere embraced beneath its ample arch, a scene more prodigal of beauty.

And ever by his side, sat or roved the Indian girl, leading him to where the choicest flowers sprang earliest to bloom—to the clear stream which the finny tribes best loved to frequent,—to the hollows where the partridge reared her covey, and the hare made her secret burrow in the earth. With the opening season a richer bloom flushed her cheek—her soft eyes beamed with liquid light, and her girlish form expanded into fuller and more perfect beauty. In the presence of him, who had awakened her to a new existence, joy was written on her smooth brow, and dwelt on the smile of her ripe lip, and if his voice addressed her but in common tones, a thrill of delight ran through her frame, and her low tones were breathed forth like music from the inner chords of her soul. But apart from him, she was silent and abstracted, sitting with folded arms upon the ground, her eye bent on vacancy, but her colour varying with every sound which might betoken his approach.

Week after week passed thus away, and the hue and cry which had been raised after the proscribed Goffe was drowned in the louder murmur which rose on the solemn proclamation of Charles the second, as their sovereign, by the sturdy colony of Massachusetts. Dreading invasion of its privileges, and hating and contemning the new king, it had delayed this customary act of allegiance till it was safe to do so no longer. The displeasure expressed by Charles, for conduct so disloyal, occasioned much excitement and discussion, and the public attention thus diverted from the subject of recent interest, the exile and his young kinsman deemed it prudent to avail themselves of the interval, when the search was suspended, and depart to a more settled abode. Mr. Eliot had fulfilled his word, by writing to Mr. Davenport in behalf of the fugitive, and through his influence, arrangements were made for his secret reception at New Haven; and thither, accompanied by two trusty guides, chosen from among the Christianised Indians, he was now to direct his course.

June had already come, clothing the forest with summer beauty, and filling its leafy solitudes with the melody of tuneful birds. The bland air bore upon its wings, tribes of glittering insects, and every fluttering leaf opened its bosom, to enfold a universe of life. It was nature's holiday; and, equipped for their journey, the old man and his youthful grandson came forth from the wigwam, and accompanied by Mr. Eliot and the guides, quitted the glen, and plunged into the forest. The youth indeed lingered a moment behind, for it seemed as if some fond remembrance chained him to the spot, and then the Indian girl, who, stupified with grief, had passively beheld his departure, awoke from her trance, and bounding towards him, cast herself at his feet, and raising her tearful and entreating eyes to his, said in the wild and plaintive melody of her native tongue,—

"Canst thou leave me? Canst thou turn away thy steps from my side, knowing that I shall die when thou art gone—the green earth will hide me from thee, and the Great Spirit will give me to thee no more! No more!" she thrillingly repeated, and sank prostrate on the earth.

The youth's eyes were wet with tears of tenderness and pity, and raising her from the ground, he pressed his lips passionately upon her brow.

"Precious wild flower, I will cherish thee in my heart;" he said, "and surely as my life is spared, I will come again and ask thee of thy father. Yes, thou shalt go with me to my own land, for why should false shame hinder me from wedding, where I love?"

He spoke partly to himself, but the tones of his voice were understood by her, and the few words which she comprehended were words of comfort. She dried her eyes with the long tresses of her soft hair, and smiled upon him,—and when again he turned away, she remained fondly, yet tearfully gazing after him, till the shadows of the trees hid him from her sight.

He shortly overtook his companions, and was permitted to indulge his own thoughts till they reached Nonantum, where Mr. Eliot parted from them, and they were left to pursue their way together, journeying on through the deep and wild passes of the boundless forest, till they reached in safety their place of destination. The exile was kindly received, by the few who had interested themselves in his misfortunes; and history has informed us, how for many years he lived secreted from the knowledge of the world,—sometimes abiding in caves, whence on one occasion, he suddenly issued, and joining those who were attacked by savages, put himself at their head, led on to the onset, and when the enemy were routed and dispersed, as suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him, with the English, a belief that an angel had interfered in their behalf.

Soon after his arrival in New Haven two of his former associates, proscribed men like himself, and for the same act, sought him out to share his exile; and, cheered by their presence and companionship, he no longer thought it right to detain his grandson from the duties which he owed his mother. Accordingly, towards the close of the summer, young Ormsby returned to England.

But left he no lingering regrets for the gentle

forest maid, who had lavished upon him the boundless flood of her innocent, impassioned love? Long, long, her image haunted him, but he lacked that moral courage which would have fortified him against the silent sneer, and the open ridicule, that awaited him, should he return to his civilized home with a wild denizen of the forests as his bride. And yet the young Neruya, was lovely as the loveliest daughter of refinement, and had, folded up within her, the germ of an exalted and most noble character.

But such is man's fidelity,—such his love,—fashioned and guided by the notions and opinions of society, while woman, in whatever station, if she truly love, lavishes her affections with perfect self-abandonment upon the object of her choice, "caring not and thinking not," what others say of him, clinging to him through weal and woe, through praise and blame, and but the more closely, if ill betide,—

"Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him."

Day after day watched the fond and trusting Indian girl for the returning step of him she loved —day after day in vain. Balmy June had passed away—bright and burning summer ripened the golden maize around the Indian settlements, and broadened the young leaves of the forest, till perpetual twilight reigned beneath their impenetrable masses. And then came sober autumn with its brief cool days, its gorgeous sunsets, its evening skies sown thick with countless stars, and strangely bright with the shooting coruscations of the mystic aurora. But as the living garniture of hill and forest faded beneath the chill touch of the icy frost, and through many lovely changes, fell at last, despoiled and withered on the damp, cold earth, so was it with the poor maiden, who, through fierce conflicts of hope and fear, changed and faded, till sorrow had stricken her soul, and the doom of an early death was written on her pallid cheek.

After the departure of Goffe and his young relative, Mr. Eliot had not failed to visit weekly the scattered dwellings among which they had found a shelter, sowing, as he found opportunity, the good seed whose fruits are eternal life. On the mind, however, of the Indian maiden, his teachings failed, for a time, to produce the desired result. Joyous expectation, and tender hope, seemed to absorb her being; and to linger in the haunts, which she had trod with the absent one, and deck her flowing hair with the blossoms he best loved, was her constant occupation and delight. And so weeks elapsed, and then a sadness stole over her spirit; doubt usurped the place of hope, but in gentle silence she nursed the flame that was consuming her, feeding it ever with fond remembrances that hallowed the treasured past, and deepened indelibly its impression on her soul.

As autumn advanced, she began to lend a more docile ear to the spiritual lessons of the good apostle. He had told her, gently as he could, of Ormsby's departure, and she heard him in passive silence, yet with an inward agony, a struggle as for life, that could not escape his pitying observation. Her last faint hope of again beholding him she loved, on earth, was crushed; and now she hung upon the pastor's words, as he spoke to her of that heaven, where the good shall dwell in blessed reunion with those whom they held dear below.

Returning one bright October evening from the field of his missionary labours, he found her, as he drew near the Pond, sitting in her favourite place, on the mossy root of an old oak, that twisted itself almost into the form of an uncouth chair, directly upon the edge of the bank. Approaching, he addressed her in the Indian dialect, which had become nearly as familiar to him as his own:

"I was about to seek thee, my child," he said. "I have but a few brief moments to spend in converse with thee now; yet I would fain pause to ask, if thou hast treasured up the lessons from God's word, in which I instructed thee on my last visit?"

She bowed her head in gentle, yet silent acquiescence.

"And canst thou now feel, my child," he asked, "that if thy Heavenly Father hath afflicted thee, it hath been done in love—to wean thee from perishing objects, and lead thy affections and thy hopes beyond the grave? For in that gloomy bed, as thou knowest, only thy mortal body is to lie down—the soul which lives within thee, will ascend to Him who gave it, and endowed it with capacities for endless progress and enjoyment."

"Thy words bring me much comfort, father," she said, in low and plaintive accents; "they have taken fear from my heart, and I no longer shrink from the dark pit, in which I have seen so many of my race buried from the light of day. Wilt thou not sprinkle my brow with water, father, as thou hast done to others, who learn of thee, that when I rise from the grave, God may know, by this sign upon my forehead, that I am one of his children?"

The good man was touched by her tender simplicity, and he said, in the fulness of his soul:

"If thou dost believe with all thy heart, come and thou shalt be baptised."

She bowed her head reverently, as she replied, in the words of the Ethiopian eunuch, which narrative she had conned in her Indian Bible on that day:

"I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

It was enough—and, giving her a signal to kneel upon the turf, the venerable apostle, with fervent prayer, and solemn consecration, admitted that young convert by the holy symbol of baptism, to the communion of the church militant upon earth, and, as he humbly hoped, to the higher communion of the church triumphant in heaven. The dolphin hues of sunset were fading from the surface of the water, as, with mingled awe and love impressed upon her features, the maiden arose from her knees, and again seated herself upon the gnarled root of the oak. The full harvest moon was beginning to ascend the eastern horizon, and the changeful waves that had just reflected back the gorgeous tints of twilight, were now burnished with her silver beams. Silently, like a pure and holy influence, they fell through the forest boughs, tipping each slender spray with light, and pouring a flood of glory upon the mirror, that, set in the deep hollow of the hills, had, for ages, perchance, smiled up in answer to the beaming smile that shed light into its darkened breast.

There sat the Indian girl, when uttering his parting blessing the apostle left her, and pursued his homeward course. But in the morning her place was vacant,—vacant in the rude home of her childhood, and vacant in the seat she loved beside that beautiful and quiet Pond. The wailings of her kindred resounded along its borders, and when with a wild shriek the frantic mother pointed towards the large leaves of the water-lillies, that spread themselves over its surface, the maiden's form was found hidden beneath them, her long hair twined around their pliant stalks, and her outspread hands, swaying up and down with the gentle undulation of the waves.

None could tell if she had sought the death she found, or if, oppressed by sleep she had fallen unawares, from her insecure seat into the watery depth below. Her brief days were ended, and they buried her with Christian rites beneath the shadow of the tree she loved. They named it the Maiden's Oak, and it was long regarded as a consecrated spot.

From that time also, the lovely sheet of water, was called the Pond of the Broken Heart; but gradually, as the tradition now recorded, became more and more remote, a shorter name was substituted, till it came at last to bear the simple and unromantic appellation of Heart Pond, by which it is still known.

THE GARLAND.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Come, ye, who rove in fancy's bowers,
The bowers for ever fresh and fair;
Come, twine with me a wreath of flowers,
To deck old Winter's frosty hair.
What shall our grateful offering be,
To crown with joy the infant year?
Nor leaf, nor bursting bud I see,
On drooping Nature's snowy bier.

What shall we bring, my mates, to deck
Time's stern unyielding brow?
Of warning winds the fading wreck
Of leaves swept from the naked bough?
The lovely blossoms that we prize
Lie closely wrapt in earth's cold bed:
Fair children of unclouded skies,
On dainty dew and sunbeams fed.

Say, shall we bid the rose awake,
And don her vest of crimson hue?
The lily pure her slumbers break,
And gem her pearly crown with dew?
Or to the modest violet say,
Unclose thine eyes of purple light,
The spring is here—rise—come away—
The air is calm—the skies are bright?

We cannot bid these sleepers rise—
But we can cull from fresher bowers,
A wreath, whose fragrance never dies,
A garland of unfading flowers.
Come ye, whose spirits love to bask
In climes where fairer blossoms shine;
Come, aid me in my welcome task,
Another wreath of song to twine.

The land of our adoption claims
Our highest powers—our firmest trust;—
May future ages weave our names
With hers, when we shall sleep in dust.
Land of our sons!—last born of earth—
A mighty nation nurtures thee;
The first in power and moral worth—
Long may'st thou boast her sovereignty!

Union is strength—whilst round the boughs
Of thine own lofty maple tree,
The threefold wreath of Britain flows,
Twined with the graceful fleur de lis—
A garland wove with smiles and tears,
In which all hues of glory blend;
Long may it bloom to future years,
And vigour to thy weakness lend!

Belleville, 1842.

WASTE NOT.

Oh! waste not thou the smallest thing
Created by divinity,
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies infinity.
Waste thou not, then, the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity;
For well thou know'st (if aught thou know'st)
That seconds form eternity.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

BY E. L. C.

That pale, young face!
How sad its glance. It haunts me piteously
With its wan look of silent wretchedness!
Want with its iron finger on her brow
Had writ deep lines, of meaning sad and strange,
And oh, how fearful on a child's glad face!
Sunk was her eye—filled with the anxious care,
The misery of years,—years not of life,
But of stern suffering that in narrow space,
Had crowded pain, which might have spread itself
Through length of days, and coloured all with woe!
Her shivering form scarce veiled from sight,
Or from the bitter wind, by the torn cloak
Whose scanty folds she grasped, shewed not a touch
Of childhood's rounded grace, or healthful hue,—
But shrunk and lifeless seemed each little limb,
Quite stiff with cold, as in the autumn blast
She patient stood, asking in low meek tones,
Some trifling dole, for Charity's sweet sake.
'Twas pitiful to see that timid child,
Gentle and young, cast in such helplessness
On the cold world, that all unheeding, marked
Her misery.

Yet such a daily thing
It is, to meet abroad these wretched ones,
That oft regardlessly we pass them by,
Deeming it wrong to foster idleness
By alms, on vagrants often ill bestowed.
And thus I might have done, stilling my conscience
With this empty plea, but for the touch
Of a small hand, that earnest clasped my own,
And the sweet tones of a low pleading voice,
That fervent prayed, she might her little all,
Hoarded so long to purchase tempting toys,
Lavish on this poor child. And when I looked
On her dear face, shaded by sun-bright curls,
Read joy in her dark eye, health on her cheek,
And in her step the buoyant happiness,
That sheds its light o'er childhood's early day,
The contrast sad which to that wretched one
Her brightness made, smote with a bitter pang
Upon my soul.

Who maketh thy fair child,
To differ from this outcast?—were the words
Which murmured on my lip; and with a gush
Of tenderest sympathy, struck from the chord
That ever vibrates in a mother's heart,
I paused to listen to the low-breathed plaint
Of the poor wanderer.

'Twas a common tale,
Oh, that it should be so! of woe and want;—
The father ill,—the mother, with a babe
Whose utter helplessness asked all her care,
And hindered her from toil—and then the child,
With tears fast falling from her hollow eyes,
Told of her island home, far o'er the waves,
Where she had sat beneath the spreading tree
Close by her cabin door, or strayed at will,
Where the bright king-cups and primroses grew,
Nor e'er knew hunger—no, nor there e'er shrunk
From the fierce blast that with its icy breath,
Pierced her in this cold clime.

All day she roved
From house to house, asking for charity,
Spurned by the many, pitied by the few,
And wending back her weary way at night
To the cold shed, where those who bore her watched
Her late return, eager to grasp the alms
Her toil had won,—while she, poor innocent,
Chidden, perchance, that she had brought no more,
Crept wearied to her bed of littered straw,
Too sad for food, crushed to the earth with grief,
Pining with hopeless want.

And yet of such,
The Saviour said, God's holy kingdom is,—
And such he took within his tender arms,
And gently blessed; rebuking those who spurned
Their humble claim. 'For who so e'er,' he said,
'One of these little ones with love receives,
Receiveth me.' And wo, the stern denounced,
'Gainst all who suffered in those tender souls
Sin or offence—precious to him they were,
Fair types of heaven's own purity and love.
Warning most solemn! Let them heed it well,
Who, blessed with wealth, and with the mind's rich gifts,
Are pledged to use them at the thrilling call
Of human woe!—and, oh! beyond all else,
Use with free hand the bounties God hath lent,
To snatch from want, and from example dire,
More fatal still, these young immortals,
Whom the Saviour loved.

SONNET.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Mysterious visions of the silent night,
That when the frame is wrapt in deep repose,
Dost visit man, and in such forms bedight,
Strange and fantastical! Yet, fancy throws
The light of truth o'er each successive scene;
And oft in sleeping hours we live again,
Through joy and wo, and feel the sense as keen
As when reality made dreaming vain.

How blest the power that calls the past to view—
The days, the pleasures, now for ever fled!
Wearing a semblance to the mind as true,
As when in youth sweet flowers their perfume shed
Around our path, then by no trials cross'd,
By which we clasp again the loved and lost.

MUSIC.

I.

Oh! give me sweet music—her loved mystic measure
Dies deep in my soul whatsoever the air;
The past she restores—paints the future at pleasure,
Doth cherish a joy or now soften a care.

II.

Breathe, heavenly gift, thy soft symphonies now;
With gushings of beauty enrapture mine ear,
And thy trembling strains, should they mournfully flow,
Shall summon a sigh—melt my heart to a tear!

III.

Should the theme of thy warblings a gladness instil,
And happiness grow with thy whispering voice,—
Oh! let destiny frown o'er me dark as she will
Sweet music in unison—then I'll rejoice.

IV.

Wake, Queen of the senses! thy harmonies speak
Hope, love, social joyance, affection and bliss,
Call Fantasie forth—gentle cadence awake—
Transport me to worlds yet more happy than this!

H. C.

SCENES ABROAD.

BY ONE OF US.

NARRATIVES of travel and adventure are read by the majority of readers with greater zest than any other of the multifarious productions of the Press. They unite the charm of romance to the fidelity of fact. They address themselves to the feelings, and enchant the imagination. We know that the simplest melody will still the largest audience into silence the most profound, when the finest harmonies are disturbed by noise and disregarded. The chords of the heart are touched in the one case; the chords of art, only in the other. Narratives of adventure are allied to the marvellous; and where is the man with soul so dead, who has not responded unto that? Love of the marvellous is innate. Even in the bud of life, it is perceptible. With what rapt attention the child will listen to the legend of the crone. Robinson Crusoe enthralls the youthful imagination. The "Arabian Nights" are equally pearls of price now, as when the Caliph listened to the wondrous tales of the artful Scheherazade. It accompanies us in manhood, and abandons us not in age. As we drop into the grave, the love of the marvellous lights up momentarily the palace of the soul. In it is concealed the secret of the great popularity of books of travel and adventure; and the popularity of a narrator is in the precise proportion of his capacity to enliven his page. Some books of travel are tedious as a thrice told tale, whilst another shall take the reader over the same ground precisely, and be pronounced charmingly felicitous.

I know not how pages from an old journal may suit the fastidious taste of the day. To know whether they do or not, requires a trial, however. The robe of novelty is often a protection against criticism. The following pages are stripped of that; and if, thus unadorned, they please, kindred pages shall appear in succeeding numbers of this periodical.

To the trial:

It was before cock-crow of a day in June, many years since, I was awakened from a sweet sleep by the loud tones of a rough voice, exclaiming: "Senhor, Senhor!" accompanied by a rude shake of the shoulder. I started up, and in an instant or two, *realized*, (in American phrase) that my guide for a journey to Cadiz stood before me, urgent I should be *en route*, to make the most of the cool hours of the morning, ere the ardent sun poured his furnace heat upon the earth. My resting-place for the night had been the mean little town of Los Barrios, not far from Algeziras, in Andalusia. The getting up before day-light to address one's self to travel, is a comfortless thing. Broken sleep, broken light to equip by, and broken shins by tumbling over broken chairs, all tend to break one's humor; and when I put foot in stirrup that morn, mine was very much broken indeed. My bad-humor fled away, however, with the darkness; the sun chased that out of sight, and *riant* nature chuckled as it retreated. I imitated the example of nature, and became *riant* likewise. I spoke gaily to my guide, and cheerily to my horse, and we all had a gallop. There's nothing like a gallop for chasing away the Blue Devils. It drives them before it, as briskly as a rapid advance of battalions drives in the enemy's skirmishers; or, as a rattling norther dispels the mist of the morning. I strongly recommend those "out of sorts" to try the influence of a gallop, before they try the blue pill.

A few minutes of wild exercise and the blood was coursing through my veins almost as quick as I myself was borne onwards by my gallant bay. I called a halt. It was a wild bandit looking spot, and I wheeled round to survey it. Precipice and hill and dark ravine were on all sides. There was not a living being in sight; it was very early morn, and scarce a sound was heard. A spot better adapted for the attack of banditti, or the massacre of trained soldiers by a bold peasantry, there could not be. A small stream forced its way deep down the gloomy ravine, and the gurgling, rushing sound of its waters fell on the ear harmoniously with the impressions made on the mind by the scene. The guide just then muttered a Spanish oath, Carambo, or Carahon; the favorite objurgations of the unrefined Iberian, when very indignant. "Malditos Franceses," exclaimed my Palinurus,—and I at once felt, his thoughts had wandered in the same direction as mine own. I had been thinking of the French in Spain during la guerra de Napoleon, and I fancy the fellow had seen something in mine eye that gave the complexion of my thoughts; in truth, just at the moment he made the exclamation, imagination had made the echoes ring again with the wild shout and the yell, and dropping fire of musketry, from a guerilla band, during

that war of massacre, when the soldier of France refused quarter to the peasant of Spain, and the latter, ever, when he dabbled in the blood of the expiring Legionary, (and that was often,) sent forth a wild shrill cry of joyous and exquisite revenge. "Yes, Antonio," said I, "this is a famous spot for Guerillas to set upon veteran soldiers; discipline's of no avail here; and striplings might deride the best efforts of the soldiers of Eylau and Wagram." Antonio's eye glistened like a basilisk's, as he told me he had lent a hand towards the expulsion of the French; and I did not disbelieve him, though he could not have been a man at that time; for boys, and even women, then fought with desperate fury. Such was the character of that war, and yet the Spanish armies never encountered the French battalions but to experience murderous defeats. Repeated lessons taught the Spaniards never to meet the invaders in what is called, fair fight;—but they gathered together, as Guerillas, and watched and waited for the conquerors, as a tiger crouches in the jungle 'till his prey's within the fatal spring; the spring that seldom, or never misses. None asked for quarter in that war; none got it. In such a spot as that I then surveyed, it was most easy to imagine the fierce and war-familiar veterans of Napoleon discomfitted, defeated and destroyed by the fanatic, exasperated, peasantry. Having exhausted my morning's stock of enthusiasm, I turned my horse's head, and onwards we went.

A Canadian who, from earliest boyhood, has only heard of Europe as the "old countrie," will be at a loss perhaps to know why I travelled with a guide, in a country as old as the hills, and celebrated for battles and sieges in the days of Hannibal; so populous too as to have colonized more than one half of the vast continent of America; but his surprise will vanish when he learns from me, if he knew it not before, that one may journey half a hundred miles in Spain, and see no other mark or sign of road of any description other than a mule-track. During the entire day in question, I met not a single vehicle, and the same has occurred to me in other parts of the same country, than Andalusia. It must not, however, be supposed from what I've said, that there are no roads; there are fine carriage-roads;—the Camino Real, for example, traverses Spain from the Pyrenees to Cadiz, and it is a splendid road; but there are sections of the country, and the one I travelled over on the day in question was one of them, where the only road in sight was the mule-beaten track we followed. Mules and donkeys are the beasts of burden chiefly in use. I have frequently met convoys and cavalcades of them; for it is not in Spain as in America, where "forwarders" have canals and rivers and lakes to facilitate the transport of merchandize. Mules and donkeys constitute the *materiel* of their "Lines for Transportation." Often have I met brigades of these patient quadrupeds following each other in Indian file, whilst the muleteers trudged by their side, enlivening the march with song, accompanied by the sound of the tinkling guitar. The guitar! (may perchance exclaim the boarding-school miss of Canada) surely, the drivers of donkey and mules, muleteers, don't touch the guitar,—the gay guitar,—the instrument of the boudoir! But they do, young one,—perhaps not such splendid guitars as your pursy and heavy pursed papas buy for your use, but Guitars which tinkle admirably to the musical and sonorous tones of sturdy muleteers, under the touch of rough muleteers' horny hands and fingers, all innocent of rose and jasmine soaps.

The first of these guitar-tinkling cavalcades I encountered, brought vividly to my remembrance, the mimic scenery of Spain as displayed on the boards of the Montreal Theatre of the olden time, long before Her Majesty's most faithful subjects hereabouts, even dreamt of Theatres Royal. The roof of the "Old Distillery" then sheltered the Thespian corps: the "Old Distillery," which has served so many purposes in its time. Who would ever think, that now looks at it, its chambers had ever been filled with music from Shakspeare's lute and lyre! But, to my theme. In those days, the play of the Mountaineers was of frequent representation. In one of the scenes is introduced a band of Spanish Muleteers, *en route* with bale and box, from some *entrepôt* of merchandize. As soon, therefore, as the head of the column of mules and muleteers emerged from the grove of cork-trees, and I heard the accompaniment of song, the light, tinkling guitar,—the mimic scene at the "Old Distillery" far away in an obscure town of a remote colony, flashed across my memory, and made the passing incident in the wild Sierra of Spain, thrillingly interesting. Such is the influence of home over the loyal and true;—*à tout cœur bien né, que la patrie est chère.*

A few hours after our departure from Los Barrios, we came in sight of the venta, (Anglicé, the inn,) in use by travellers this *route*; it was the only house we had seen, if such a miserable apology for a house, were worthy of the name. Antonio gave me to understand there was no other "accommodation for travellers" for many hours to come; so I was fain obliged to dismount, as a rough ride over a wild country, had given piquancy to my gastric propensities. I gave my beast in charge to Antonio and walked in. Such a place as it was, to be sure! no more like a tavern than the light of a filthy tallow candle is like a beau-

tiful planet. I started back in a rage, and a pang shot through the region of contentment; id est, the home of roast-beef and plum-pudding. It was not one half so nice as the dirtiest shanty in use by the roughest lumber-men of the remotest Ottawa; nor yet a negro-hut in the West Indies. However, an instant's reflection, and I turned me round again, with as smiling a face as I could contrive to throw on in a hurry, for I knew I could not better my condition, and ill-temper might make it worse. So I sat down, and enquired of an old quean, with a skin as brown and dirty as a Potowattomy savage, if there was any thing to eat in the house. Such a thing as a breakfast, I did not dream of; what a desecration of that word, that reality of comfort, it would have been to have applied it to any meal in such a place! Above my head, perched on some hoop poles, were a dozen or two of cocks and hens, and I thence drew a conclusion there were eggs to be had. Hens will lay eggs, thank Fortune, any where;—in a palace or a cabin; their "equal justice" is not an imposture. Accordingly, I asked for eggs, and eggs I got; spoons there were none; salt there was; but such salt, in such grains, I never salted eggs with before. Necessity has no law, and so I continued to make myself comfortable on such *provant*. But such a hostelrie as the one I was in, I never have seen *the beat of*, any where. The floor was hard with little round pebbles, worn smooth by constant friction, and embedded in mud or dirt; there was nor table, nor chair; but round pieces of the cork tree nailed one on the other, like the plates of a galvanic pile, served in their stead; on the rafters above, roosted a bevy of fowls, and in the corners growled and grunted porkers and pointer dogs. As may be supposed, I was glad enough to seek the open air, and console myself with a cigar that made the mouths of the surrounding Espanõles water with envious desire.

The country became level a few miles further on, and the plains presented numerous herds of cattle, multitudes of black swine, and flocks of sheep, under the charge of herdsmen, swineherds and shepherds. There was not a striking approximation to the appearance of those gentlemen of Arcady, called shepherds, in the look or costume of the latter; and the former had evidently been brutalized by constant companionship with their foul charge. They were abject-looking indeed. The sight of them brought to my recollection the parable of the "Prodigal Son." Poor Prodigal! he must indeed have regretted his father's hall, if he were like one of those before me; and glad enough he must have been when his father received him back, and killed the fatted calf. A lesson such as that would assuredly cure a Prodigal, if any thing would. He must indeed be a desperate ne'er do weel, whom it would not.

Although the face of the country was covered by these animals, not a trace of cultivation was to be seen, nor a farm-house. The by-gone history of Spain was forcibly illustrated by the absence of those marks of man's quiet abode. The rule of the Goth and the Moor was but ill-adapted to secure to the peasant the fruits of his industry. It was a rule based on feudalism and war. The strongest o' the arm was lord. In such times, the peasants sought shelter 'neath castle-wall and fortalice. They went forth at early dawn to plough their distant fields; their weapons of defence slung at their sides; and returned at curfew, as to a nest, to sleep secure from the land-pirates and free-companions who over-ran Europe in the dear, delightful, olden time. The feudal system, as it prevails among the French of Canada, is a much improved system, compared with the feudalism of Europe of old. The Canadian peasant is a prince in comparison with the victims of *la main forte et dure*, crushed into the mire, as they were, some centuries since, i' the old world. The cultivators of the soil of Andalusia, in those days, clustered round the towers of the great feudatory, to obtain the protection of his men-at-arms. Those towers were usually built on hills and heights. Hence it is that the eye of the traveller often catches the view of a distant hill, crowned with houses, when not a dwelling is to be be seen by the road-side. Hills and eminences were selected in those days, as positions of strength, and the violence of that dreadful period congregated "the people" around and beneath the walls of the tyrant's strong-hold.

About two o'clock, we reached Vejer, (in Spanish pronounced Veheir.) It is a town of no inconsiderable size, seated on the crest of a steep and rocky height. In appearance, impregnable; but appearances are deceitful: a small French force got possession of it without difficulty. The *prestige* of the French arms in those days made meaner foes quail like spaniels. The road winds round the foot of the hill, and a posada, (as a tolerable public-house is termed,) was our resting-place for an hour or two. It was too hot, and I was too tired, to think of ascending to the town, so I took a bird's-eye view of it from below. There seemed naught to compensate the fatigue of a visit, and I sought the court-yard of my *chateau en Espagne*. This was the station of a *douanier*. All the peasants who travelled that *route* were brought to, and searched by the man clad in a little brief authority. Bless me; one would have fancied the fellow had been born and bred an hidalgo of the highest rank, such was

the importance of his carriage; and the lordly and magisterial manner of his speech to the peasants, or the contrabandistos, was an admirable imitation of some youthful subalterns of Her Majesty's army, addressing the humble private, or,—as it may chance,—a spaniel. I bethought me of divine Will Shakspeare:

> "The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

He was a cross-grained animal, that officer of the customs; snappish as a dog over a bone, and arbitrary as the proudest lord that ever brought ridicule in a shower on aristocracy. I approached the fellow, and as my style of dress and gait was more *imposing* than what he was accustomed to, he made me a half military salute, and became as civil as he had just been insolent. It's always thus with ignoble beings, whether nobly born or otherwise. I asked him a few questions about his occupation, and the laws against contraband trade. He recognized some English indications in me, (as indeed was not difficult,) and pointing to some needle-worked letters on his coat, informed me he had won the distinction at Talavera de la Reyna; and poured encomia like rain on "los soldados Ingleses, valorosos;" and vituperated "los Franceses," to my heart's content. So much so, indeed, that I gave the petty tyrant a cigar or two, which was no trifling matter to Spaniards of his class, to whom a cigar is as a Sunday among week-days. His thanks were given in the usual grandiloquent style of noble Espanõles, and I turned away to address myself to my dinner. Hardly had I sat down, than I heard the Talavera man as furious and arbitrary as ever. My landlady was a dowdy of a woman; I'll venture to say she had never seen a pair of stays in her life. A Spanish woman, beyond a certain period of life, resembles, more than any thing else I can compare her to, a bundle of dirty linen, tightly corded round the middle. She was very loquacious and inquisitive, and quite in raptures with a shawl, I used as a belt. She gave me a tolerable dinner, and being in the country of olives, there was no lack of them. After eating, I signified to her my wish to take my *siesta*, or afternoon's nap, and she showed me a chamber and couch, where the absence of her tongue was fully made up by the presence of fleas. What a country that Spain is, to be sure, for fleas! They are so abundant, that the people no more think of killing them than we Canadians do, the flies. Wo betide the stranger when first he touches Spanish ground. He soon learns, then, if he never knew before, what flea-bottomy is. I knew there was no use in searching for the little freebooters, and lay imperturbable, though many a pang shot through my quivering flesh. After an uneasy doze of an hour or so, Antonio intimated he was ready for a move, and we said good bye to Vejer.

I had noticed during the day several rude crosses by the way-side, but they had attracted little of my attention, as a Canadian eye is familiar with the sight of similar objects. I took them to be, what they are here, evidences of a *tant soit peu* ultraism in piety; and it was not until late in the day that I learnt each of them indicated the spot where foul murder had been committed. It was the custom in Spain, and doubtless is yet, to erect such a memento on the spot where the body of a human being is found stabbed or shot to death; and as murder and assassination are by no means of unfrequent occurrence in the Peninsula, such mementos frequently meet the eye. Whatever may be the cause, there can be no doubt of the fact, that there is no particular horror at assassination in Spain. The people are ignorant; the morals necessarily are lax; the government despotic; and the sun hot: these, conjoined, explain the fact. All travellers are armed. In the days I speak of, travellers and guides had abundant occasion to discourse of robbery and murder. Antonio asserted that he had himself been fired on and pursued by robbers the year before. According to his showing, he had been coolness itself amid the whistling shot. Probably he romanced a little; but what of that? Romance is the very cayenne of existence. Without it, what should we be but a vast community of common every day folk? What should I be, but for my proficiency as an architect of those magnificent chateaux en Espagne, which embellish the champagne track of life? So, I said not a word doubtingly, but encouraged Antonio to believe I esteemed him another Cid.

What a burning hot day that was I travelled 'tween the Rock of Calpe and the city of the Gaditani. Whew! It almost stews me to think of it. Bless me! the heat came down as from a brazen furnace. I felt as if baked to a crust. There was no sheltering grove or copse; a wide and apparently interminable plain was before us. Had I been native to the British isles, fresh from their humid atmosphere, I never should have stood it; but, being British American, I contrived to preserve the indifference of one of those children of the sun, a Creole. Sterne has said, when speaking of poor Maria of Moulins: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and certainly Nature has qualified the Canadian to endure the wildest extremes of temperature. Polar cold or equatorial heat, we face with equal bravery. But never got I such a baking as on that day. I fancy it must have been the heat that heated my thoughts, for sud-

denly, at the hottest, I bethought me, it was not very distant from Cadiz that Sir Thomas Graham beat the French Marshal Victor, in the bloody battle of Barossa. I enquired of Antonio if he knew the "battle ground," as our Republican neighbours style the site of a fight. To be sure he did. Antonio never said nay, when information was sought. He was one of those bold hearted and brazen faced fellows who never plead guilty to inferred ignorance. He knew *el campo de battalia*, without any doubt. I expected to hear him declare it was he who decided the victory; but he contented himself by digging his spurs into his horse and leading on to the field of battle. We travelled briskly, for it was out of our road considerably, and it was desirable to reach Chiclana early in the night. Towards evening, Antonio pointed out the space where raged the conflict. I pulled up; let the bridle fall, and was soon in a reverie. Antonio saw my humour, and, like a man of tact as he was, left me to my meditations. My horse addressed himself to the burnt grass, whilst my memory addressed itself to the past. I recalled the eventful day, and, having a vivid imagination, the ground was soon covered by hostile squadrons and battalions; whilst, from the ranks of blue and red, came forth the wild hourra, the maddening cheer: bayonets glistened as the breeze dispersed the smoke of the battle; now cannon thundered from their brazen throats; now cavalry dashed past to their quarry, the infantry, who awaited their approach, and then sent in, 'mong horse and rider, the murderous volley. Now, I almost believed I heard the appalling cheers of the 87th, as, under their gallant Major, Gough, (he who is now carrying all before him in China,) they charged a column of the French; I saw the latter broken, and flying before their thirsty bayonets. I heard the wild-exulting cry of the brave boy-ensign, who, catching a view of a French Eagle near him, called out to his sergeant, "Masterman, do you see that!" then dashed like a young panther at the Eagle-bearer. The poor lad fell as he seized the staff, but the sergeant grappled with its bearer, and soon had the Eagle in his possession. He revenged his ensign's death, by sending the Frenchman's soul to its account. It was a bloody field that of Barossa. Had the Spaniards been brought up by La Pena, the French army must have been totally dispersed or destroyed. As it was, they were signally beaten; but want of cavalry, and the exhausted condition of our heroic infantry, prevented pursuit. Thinking over all these by-gone events, I became excited. It was not to be wondered at. I was English-Canadian, and, of course, a fervid loyalist. From earliest childhood I had been taught to look upon the red-cross banner as the emblem of honour and glory; from boyhood, I had passionately loved to read of feats of arms; and finding myself suddenly upon one of England's fields of fame, I was intoxicated, as it were, with national pride. "It was here," I exclaimed, "on the very ground I tread our heroic soldiers crimsoned their bayonets in the best blood of France." Excitement grew too strong; I could no longer sit quietly in the saddle, but, putting spurs to my horse, gallopped furiously over the field. When I reined in, my thoughts had become cooler and calmer. They took another direction. I saw the vanity of pride, in the solitude of a spot, once the theatre of the most violent human passions. I bethought me, that beneath that parched soil slept the brave fellows who had emblazoned the colours of various regiments. Oh! Glory! methought, brilliant art thou in thine hour of pride! electric is it to young manhood's fevered blood, to gaze on thy blood-stained ensigns, to hearken to the thrilling trumpet! —and at thy call, how men will spring up joyously to rush on the almost certain death of the forlorn hope; yet, behold! look around! where are the desperate soldiers of Barossa? where, the men, by thee inspired? Beneath this sun-burnt sod, their bodies, once the tabernacles of such inspiration, moulder. I look around, and cannot even discern their resting-place. Where is their wild excitement now? Where, their bold companions, survivors of the fight? Gone—all gone! They sleep, forgotten and neglected. Silence reigns around; no living creature is seen or heard; not even green fields enliven the scene; all looks parched and waste; yet, this is renowned Barossa! "Such is glory! such is glory!" I exclaimed, as a bitter sneer chased away my enthusiasm.

Sir Thomas Graham commanded the British army; the same who afterwaads directed the storming of Saint Sebastian. His name is embalmed in the verse of Scott:

"Never from prouder field arose the name
Than when wild Ronda heard the conqu'ring shout of Græme.

* * * * *

Yes, hard the task when Britons wield the sword,
To give its chief, and ev'ry field its fame;—
Hark! Albuera thunders Beresford,
And red Barossa shouts for dauntless Græme!

I turned mournfully from the spot I had so joyously reached an hour before;—and, after a tedious ride, about nine o'clock entered the town of Chiclana; distant about twenty miles from Cadiz.

LIFE.

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.

SONG.

I.

We were happy—we were happy
When the glows of youth were ours,
And we wandered—and we wandered
'Mong green shades and leafy bowers,
Then soft breezes and blue sunny skies inspired each merry heart,
And we revelled in the pleasures that the summer sweets impart

II.

We have often—we have often
Roved along that shrub-clad hill,
When the even—when the even
Closed o'er Nature hushed and still,
There no breath disturbed the silence, save our loving whispers low,
Or the dew drop falling softly from the verdant hawthorn bough.

III.

Then I woo'd thee—then I woo'd thee
And I fondly pressed thy brow,
Then I loved thee—how I loved thee
Yet adore thee dearly now—
And thy voice still cheers my doting soul as oft it thrill'd before.
Oh, I would not change the present for those happy days of yore.

IV.

Time has frosted—time has frosted—
He has blanched, our once bright hair,
And the furrows—and the furrows
Trench the cheeks that once bloomed fair,
Yet we long not for the merry days when life was in its spring,
For we never yet have felt one grief that fourscore years could bring.

V.

I'll ne'er leave thee—I'll ne'er leave thee,
Jean, to weep one care alone,
Nought shall part us—nought shall part us
Long as life's brief lamp shall burn.
And as the heavenly orb of light sets in glories, as he rose—
So, *one* day ne'er shone more beautiful or bright than doth its close.

H. C.

Montreal, 1842.

A HOME TRUTH.

Ay, if you wish to taste the sweets
Of loneliness' withering power,
Pace but this city's glittering streets
For one short hour:
And mixing in the bustling throng
Whose varying features gaily blend,
Search closely as you pass along
To meet a friend.

A friend who'll seek you joys to share
And mourn with you when sorrow falls,
Who'll smooth the trace of furrowing care
When anguish calls:
Man, plunged in business, heeds you not—
Woman bright pleasures still allure;
Others in turn will have forgot
Their ills to cure.

What are we all the air that fan?
Shadows that flit before the sun,
Who only yesterday began
Our race to run:
Well need we quickly pause to think
That while thus hurrying heedless on
We're treading on life's treacherous brink,
And all but gone.

Then why not journey hand in hand,
And on our way soothe each distress?
Thus gathering round a friendly band
Our path to bless.
Oh! if men knew the deep delight
Of mingling closely *soul with soul*,
The human race would soon unite,
And form one whole.

Montreal, 1842.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Oh! wonder not I love to gaze
Upon the sun's last parting rays
For then, my thoughts delighted roam
To thee, to thee, my mountain home,

Oh, could you hear the wood-lark's song
Ringing the vault of heaven along,
Or watch the eagle in his might,
Trimming his plumes on the mountain's height.

And could you feel the train of thought
Amid such scenes of grandeur caught,
You'd wonder that I e'er could quit
These scenes so dear to memory yet.

Oh! give me back the forest shade,
Oh! give me back the woodland glade,
Oh! give me back my native hills,
Their fragrant heaths, their sparkling rills.

Give me the swans at eve that rest
Upon the smooth lake's glassy breast,
Give me the bounding skiffs that glance
Along its bright and blue expanse.

I cannot love the gaudy flowers
That deck these gay and gorgeous bowers,
Give me the heath and the heather bell
On the mountain land I love so well.

For fair and lovely though they be,
These foreign lands are not for me;
Nor can their glowing charms impart
One ray of joy to warm my heart.

Tho' you may think me strange and wild
I can be naught but Nature's child,
Then let me still unnoticed gaze,
Upon the sun's declining rays:

For at this hour my native land
Comes o'er my heart in visions bland,
And memory then delights to roam
To thee, mine own loved mountain home.

R. S.

Montreal, 1842.

ERNEST VON WEBER.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"With light tread stole he on his evil way;
And light of tread hath vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands—alreay dark behind him—
And one step more, he shudders in her grasp!"

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1673, Leopold, Prince of Saxe Nawemburg, had long been a voluntary exile from his country. His name had stood foremost in the lists of glory during the Thirty Years' War that convulsed the states of Germany, and he had enjoyed the favour of several successive Electors. His renown, as a warrior, had been attested by the world; and his popularity was such, that he looked down with secret contempt on more than one crowned head, whose actual power was far less than his own. Yet he, the pride and glory of Saxony,—he who had been foremost in the cabinet and in the field,—was fighting, as a volunteer, in the cause of Christendom, under the banners of John Sobieski, and adding lustre, by his exploits, to a foreign crown.

It was said that the jealousy of his wife, a haughty and beautiful princess, to whom he had, early in life, united his destiny, was the cause of his self-expatriation. The marriage had been a match of interest on the prince's part, and one of passionate regard on that of the beautiful Helena Saxe Altenburg, on whose charms kings had gazed with admiration, and whose beauty had been the theme of many an inspired lay. The bridal wreath was yet fresh upon the brow of the fair and beautiful princess, when the man on whom she had bestowed her hand, and lavished the fond idolatry of her affection, slighted the treasure which so many princes had in vain tried to possess, to sigh at the feet of a nameless foreigner, whom victory had made a captive to his arms. His attachment to the Swedish lady was boundless; and he left his palace, at Dresden, to enjoy, in the solitary vale of Saxe Nawemburg, his illicit passion.

No sooner had the tale reached the ears of his wife than she undertook a secret journey to Saxe Nawemburg, leaving her son, an infant in the cradle, to the care of a trusty domestic. Fatally determined on the scheme of vengeance that had tempted her to brave so many dangers, she sought the lovers in their retreat; but heaven, in mercy or in anger, spared her the actual perpetration of the crime she meditated. She sought a living rival, and found her husband weeping in agony over the cold form of the unfortunate Anastasia Carlsheim.

On the birth of her first-born son, that lady had, on her knees, implored Leopold to make her his wife. He clasped the lovely suppliant in his arms, and, in a paroxysm of remorse, implored forgiveness for the fraud, and confessed that he was the husband of another.

The deep sobs that had convulsed the bosom of his victim were suddenly hushed—her heart no longer throbbed against his. In the annihilation of hope her existence terminated. He removed, with a trembling hand, the bright golden ringlets that shaded her face. The rigidity of her features—the marble paleness spread over her cheeks—the closed eyes, in whose dark lashes the tears still lingered—and the inanimate expression of her countenance, too soon convinced him that her spirit had for ever fled. To heighten his misery, the wife whom he had injured stood before him, full of reproaches—full of bitter mockery for the past.

"Have you found me—O mine enemy!" murmured the conscience-stricken Leopold, burying his face in the dead bosom of his once beloved Anastasia. Then, starting from his knees, he turned fiercely to the unwelcome intruder; but his eye sunk beneath the contemptuous glance of the haughty, but justly incensed Helena, and he exclaimed, in broken accents: "Woman! what brought you here?"

"Revenge!" was the brief reply, but it was spoken in tones which chilled the heart of the enquirer.

"Your errand is accomplished! Your premeditated victim is now beyond the reach of your malice."

"Heaven has removed the object of my vengeance," replied the scornful Helena; "but has not quenched the spirit that gave it birth. My hated rival is indeed no more; but her paramour

still lives! and it shall pursue him to the uttermost corners of the earth!"

"Leave me!" returned Leopold, putting her hastily back, as she attempted to approach the couch on which the dead body of Anastasia Carlsheim lay. "These relics are sacred. You come not here to triumph over the dead."

"Nay, I will look upon the cruel woman who robbed me of my husband's love—who has frozen the genial current of natural affections—who has turned my brain to fire! and my heart to marble."

"She was guiltless of crimes like these—I only was to blame. She knew not that I ever was the husband of another. She never wronged you, Helena! She was only too true to her betrayer, and the word that confirmed his guilt broke this gentle heart."

"She trusted in your honour, then," returned Helena, with a ghastly laugh—"the simple fool! she leant upon a broken reed—a rope of gossamer—and trusted all her treasures in a bark that was not proof against the smallest wave. Ha! ha!—she loved you, Leopold!—she trusted you, and you have murdered her!"

"Hence, mocking fiend!" exclaimed the prince, "nor add to the horrors of this dreadful hour with taunts like these!"

"Is it meet that the adulterer! the betrayer, and murderer! should enjoy the sweets of repose?" said Helena. "Brutus was haunted by the spectre of his murdered sire—Nero with Agrippina's gory phantom, which called upon him, in unearthly tones, an uninvited guest at masques and festivals. These were imaginary terrors—unreal apparitions. But I will be to you a living fury! a corporeal curse! an active instrument of human vengeance!"

"Indifference has disarmed your malice of its sting, haughty, unrelenting woman!" said the prince. "I heed not these unnatural maledictions—my punisment is already greater than I can bear. This pale form contained all that was dear to me on earth. She is dead—and I can suffer nothing of deeper anguish."

"Heartless and ungrateful Leopold!" exclaimed Helena, and, for a moment, emotions, long banished from her heart, asserted their empire, and the indignation that had blazed in her eyes was quenched in tears. "Is it thus you requite the love of a noble and high-born lady, that you dare prefer to my very face yon dead piece of frailty? Am I not your wedded wife!—the mother of your infant heir?"

"Your frantic jealousy wrenched these ties asunder, Helena—drove me from home, and made me the wretch I am. We part here for ever!"

"Not yet!" said Helena, stifling a cry of anguish. "We part not so soon. Nay, shrink not from me, my lord, for I will be heard. Answer me one question, and I will leave you in the undisturbed possession of your *fair haired bride!*" She paused—then added, in a softer tone: "Leopold—did you ever love me?"

A crimson flush spread over the countenance of the prince. The arm she held trembled beneath her grasp, but he remained silent.

The question was again repeated, and was still unanswered. Leopold's silence was more eloquent than words; it went home to the heart of his wife. She flung back his arm, and dashed her clenched hand against her beautiful brow, now swollen and distorted with the vehemence of contending passions, while the convulsive motion of her quivering lips rendered her words almost unintelligible to her distracted auditor.

"Fool! idiot! that I was ever to love this man—and I have loved him. Oh! how fondly! how truly! Oh! that I could find language to express the bitterness of my soul! The fount of natural affections is tried up—the feelings of humanity are extinct and dead within me. Had you only said that you once viewed me as an object of affection, I could have forgotten—could have forgiven all. But now, I cannot tell you all the scorn, hatred, and contempt I feel for you. This dagger would have written my wrongs in the heart's-blood of your mistress. My revenge would have found a voice in her dying groans—would have been satiated in your despair. But even in death she is triumphant, and possesses her empire over a heart which nature and heaven pronounced mine!"

The prince was touched with the vehemence of her grief; he attempted to take her hand, but she shrunk from him with abhorrence.

"Calm this frantic passion, Helena," he said; "give me time to recover from the effects of this heavy visitation, and we may yet be happy."

"Happy!" reiterated Helena, with a ghastly smile; "indulge not in such an idle fantasy. Neither in this world, neither in the world to come, can happiness ever be yours again. Upon your guilty soul I fling the weight of my own tortured spirit. Your days shall be consumed with anxious and tormenting thoughts; your nights shall be sleepless, and your couch shall be haunted with the dreary spectres of the past. And thou, pale piece of beautiful and inanimate clay," she continued, turning to the dead, "may the curse of a forsaken and heart-broken woman cleave to thee and thine for ever! May the guiltless fruit of your guilty love brand your name with infamy. May his house be desolate—and his light be quenched in utter darkness, and may no man lament for him. Is it not written in the

book—the sacred book—that the fruit of the adulterous bed shall perish. Heaven shall attest my wrongs, and the cup of vengeance shall be full."

She would have quitted the room, but Leopold detained her. A dark cloud rested on his brow, and he said, in a stern voice: "Woman! revoke these dreadful words?"

"Never! they are registered in heaven against you! Let me pass hence?"

"You have a son!"

The crimson glow mounted to the cheeks, and flushed the hitherto pale brow of the mother. She folded her arms across her bosom, as if in the act of protecting her child, and turning on the prince her flashing eyes, she faintly murmured: "You will not surely deprive me of my child?"

"Go!" said the prince, "and reap the reward of your horrible denunciations. Your own house is left to you desolate. The boy shall go with me."

He attempted to pass her, but she knelt before him, and intercepted his path. The angry glare that had flushed her countenance yielded to a paleness more unnatural and livid than that which rested upon the features of her insensible rival. Her eyes, which had flashed fire while under the influence of jealous fury, were expanded and tearless, and as rayless as the eyes of the dead. Her hands were tightly clasped together, and raised in the attitude of supplication, but when she essayed to speak, her quivering lips could only give utterance to one long, wild, and appalling shriek, and she sank senseless at his feet.

Days, weeks, and months passed away, before the recollection of that fearful hour returned to the bewildered mind of the unhappy Helena. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in her own apartment, in her palace at Dresden, and attended by two of her favourite women, who were anxiously watching beside the couch on which she was reposing.

The past appeared like a frightful dream, and, putting back the curtain, she said:

"Theresa, is it only a fearful coinage of my brain, that I travelled alone to Saxe Nawemburg, and beheld my hated rival dead, and saw my husband spurn me from his feet?"

"Your highness has been very ill," returned Theresa; "and these are but the visions of a distempered fancy."

"You would persuade me that I have been mad," said the princess. "This has been a long dreary night, but a horrible light is flashing upon the darkness that has so long enveloped me." A sudden thought appeared to pass like an arrow through her brain, and she sprang up in the bed: "It is no dream! Nay, do not deceive me, Theresa, and glance so suspiciously on Catarina. I remember it all too well now. I have traversed since the bowels of the earth—I have visited the kingdom of darkness, the cities of the dead—I have stood in the adamantine halls of the damned—I have echoed the howlings of those condemned spirits, whose hearts have been made the living sepulchre of their earthly hopes—but in all my horrible wanderings, I can recal no scene like that! Who brought me hither ?"

The women shuddered and exchanged glances, as Catarina replied: "His serene highness."

"Did he betray any remorse for my situation?" asked Helena, in an eager tone.

"None, my lady."

"Did he imprint no kiss, at parting, on lip or hand?" said the princess, covering her glowing cheeks, as she spoke, with her hands.

"He lifted your highness from the carriage, and bade us take care of you."

"And this was all ?"

"He is not worthy of your love, dear lady," exclaimed both women, bursting into tears; "do not regret his unkindness; it is beneath contempt."

"Did he not ask to kiss his babe, Theresa?" The women now exchanged looks of alarm. It did not escape the quick eyes of the mother, and she cried out in a tone of agony: "Fetch me my child! He surely has not fulfilled his unmanly threat—the monster has not robbed me of my child!"

The women were silent.

A deep groan burst from the lips of the princess; she buried her face in the bed-clothes, and her frame writhed with intense agony; the big drops of perspiration gathered thick and fast upon her brow, but she shed no tears.

"What pretext did he give for taking the child?" she said at length, in a calm tone, which appeared like a solemn mockery of despair.

"A father's authority. He wished the young prince to be brought up under his own care."

"And whither is he gone?"

"To join the Polish army, as a volunteer, it is reported, under the banner of the great Sobieski."

"Then he will murder him! will murder my beautiful! my princely boy!" exclaimed the distracted Helena. "Oh! my son! my son! who will now restore you to the arms of your unhappy mother!"

"Oh, hush, dear lady," said Theresa; "check these useless lamentations. Is it probable that the brave Saxe Nawemburg would destroy his son? his only son!"

"He has another son!" murmured Helena, internally; "the offspring of the woman he loved. My boy will die, that his bastard may usurp his place, and I shall never more behold my beautiful Conradin again. But I will publish the impostor to the world!" Europe shall echo my wrongs—and the whole world shall tremble at my revenge!"

While the princess yielded herself up to uncontrolled grief, one of the women presented her with a letter, which Leopold had entrusted to her care, and which, till this moment, had been forgotten. Helena hastily broke the seal, and read the following words, traced with her husband's own hand:

"You need not entertain any apprehensions for the safety of your son. His life is as precious in my eyes as in your own. At the court of Poland he will receive an education worthy the princely heir of the Ernestin line.

"LEOPOLD."

That night the Princess Helena disappeared. Her death was soon after reported to the prince; and his enemies did not scruple to affirm that she had not filled a bloodless grave.

CHAPTER II.

A stranger in this goodly earth,
Distinct from all I stand;
An unknown lineage gave me birth,
Then left to fortune's hand.

Strickland's Worcester Field.

THE death of the Princess Helena had no sooner been announced than her son was produced, and the prince, who had lingered on the frontier, immediately quitted Saxony, accompanied by the child, on whom he lavished the most passionate caresses. Many, who remembered his hatred to the mother, were not a little surprised at his attachment to her son; and they, whose vocation it was to marvel, and to wonder, pondered ever these things till they found themselves bewildered amidst their own conjectures.

The unfortunate Anastasia had scarcely been consigned to the grave, when, at the castle of Saxe Nawemburg, the suspicions of the prince's vassals were increased by the arrival of his confidential friend and confessor, Father Augustine Ebenstien, accompanied by one domestic, and a male infant. The child he represented to be the son of a Saxon officer, named Von Weber, who had lost his life while endeavouring to save that of the prince, who, out of gratitude to his generous preserver, had promised to bring up his orphan child.

For a time, this tale gained credence; but as the boy grew up into the man, the strong personal resemblance which he bore to Leopold, opened the eyes of the old vassals, who whispered among themselves that the young Weber was the son of Anastasia Carlsheim.

During the gay and joyous season of youth, Ernest Von Weber felt not the slightest anxiety respecting his dependent situation. Father Augustine lavished on him the most tender affection, and he was almost worshipped by the vassals, who in secret regarded him as their future master. He enjoyed liberty, without the restraint which exalted rank would have imposed, while he received homage which a higher station could alone have claimed.

For some years, Weber never formed a wish to roam beyond the limits of the beautiful valley, over which the castle towered in rude magnificence; but as manhood advanced, a thousand ambitious hopes and speculations took possession of his mind. These were strengthened by an insatiable desire to become acquainted with his own history, over which an impenetrable veil appeared to rest.

He applied to Father Augustine, but the only answer he received was: "My lips are sealed—wait patiently, my son, and God, in His own good time, will overturn the machinations of wicked men; and restore you to your lawful inheritance. Trust in Him."

This speech, so full of dark insinuations, only served to increase the anxiety of Von Weber. His quiet mind forsook him, and he became restless, dejected and unhappy. Loathing his life of inactivity and ease, he secretly envied the high reputation, which the young Prince Conradin was earning under the banner of Leopold, whose noble qualifications were generally the theme of his father's letters to the monk.

In despite of the remonstrances of Father Augustine, he wrote a letter to the Prince Saxe Nawemburg, entreating his permission to join him in the Polish camp. His services, however, were peremptorily declined; and the youth saw no prospect of mingling in that world in whose busy scenes he panted to be an actor.

From these melancholy reflections he was at length aroused by a trivial incident, which diverted his thoughts into a different channel. One violent passion yielded to another, and love reconciled him to his present lot.

One fine spring evening, fatigued with the chase, he gave his steed to an attendant, and wandered on at random, down the wild and broken glen, to enjoy the refreshing breeze that wafted on its viewless wings the perfume of a thousand flowers. A magnificent sunset glowed like molten gold, and the waters sparkled with the gorgeous hues of reflected brightness. The forest was filled with the soft warbling of birds; and the blithesome song of the shepherds, tending

their flocks on the hills above, rose and died away upon the whispering wind that scarcely stirred the foliage of the old willow, at the foot of whose hoary trunk the youth had thrown himself down, to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The lulling sound of the waters had soothed him into a state of waking forgetfulness, when his thoughts were recalled from the regions of romance, by a voice more musical than the sighing of the breeze, or the plaintive murmurs of the rippling stream, and he beheld a beautiful girl, leaning over the margin of the river, in the act of gathering some water lilies that grew near the bank, and as she wove them into a garland, she poured forth the eloquent feelings of her heart in song:—

Here beneath the linden tree,
Twine a simple wreath for me;
Form the braid of wilding flowers,
Culled in Nature's woodland bowers;
Buds that grace the gay parterre
Shall not bind my flowing hair!

Bring me here, the primrose mild,
Cowslip gay, and harebell wild,
Purple heath and golden broom,
And mallow tall, that loves the tomb,
And blue-eyed violets that recline
Where the dew-drops brightest shine.

The daisy, with its snowy blossom,
Well may deck a virgin's bosom;
The orchis, with its splendid dyes,
The pansy, with its azure eyes,
And wilding rose, whose pale red streak
Seems stolen from her blushing cheek—

Here beneath the drooping willow,
Whose branches bend to kiss the billow,
With a branch of eglantine,
Into one this garland twine,
And I will keep the wreath for thee,
While leaves shall deck the linden tree!

Ernest continued to gaze on the lovely vision before him with feelings he had never before experienced, and to listen to the soft tones of her enchanting voice, in breathless transport, when these delicious reveries were suddenly dispelled by a wild and piercing scream, followed by a heavy plunge into the river.

Ernest sprang to his feet—his soft dream vanished—and his eye regained all its eagle-like fire, as leaping into the stream, he succeeded in rescuing the beautiful girl from death, who, by the beetling verge of the bank receding from her feet, had been precipitated into the river. The exquisite loveliness of the being whom he had thus providentially saved, made a deep impression on his heart. Few men could look upon Frederica Arnheim without admiration—no one could know her, without loving her. She was the only child of a veteran officer, who had retired from the service, to end his days in the tranquil bosom of his native vale. Colonel Arnheim received his daughter from the hands of her youthful preserver, with tears of gratitude; and, from that hour, the quiet home of Frederica became a paradise, beyond whose hallowed bounds Ernest felt no wish to stray. It was theirs to love with all the fond idolatry of a first passion, alive to the raptures of the present, but reckless of the future. But Ernest's dream of happiness was rudely dispelled by the authoritative interference of Father Augustine, and by Colonel Arnheim's positively refusing to bestow his only child on a nameless stranger.

"Colonel Arnheim, is this your only objection to my union with Frederica?" asked the agitated youth.

"Were the mystery that involves your birth, Ernest, removed," said the Colonel, warmly shaking him by the hand, "I should be proud to call you my son."

"Colonel Arnheim! it shall be removed," replied Ernest, "the secret rests with the Prince of this proud domain; I will seek him in person, and demand an explanation, and if he returns me an unsatisfactory answer, I return to Saxe Nawemburg no more, till I have earned a name with my sword, which the noblest Princess in Saxony might be proud to bear!"

"Shame on the villain! be he prince or peer!" muttered the old colonel, as the youth left the house, "who could disown you, noble boy. Were it not for the fear of dishonouring the untainted line of my ancient house, and you were the son of a beggar, I would bestow my daughter upon you. Go, and pursue the path of glory—return with the laurel in your helm, and Frederica shall be your bright reward."

Ernest returned to the castle, and instantly sought Father Augustine. He found the monk in the library, in his accustomed nook, seated in the deep recess of one of the high Gothic windows, busily engaged in poring over the contents of a ponderous tome of ancient history; at the sound of his pupil's step, he rose, and laid aside the book."

"Ernest, are you ill?" he said, contemplating with some degree of alarm, the anxious expression of Von Weber's countenance.

"I am sick at heart, my dear and venerable friend," returned the youth, sinking into a seat, and burying his agitated face in his hands. "Change of scene is as necessary to the health of the mind, as change of air is to the body. I shall die if I remain here."

"A few hours ago, Ernest, returned the monk, and a command to leave Saxe Nawemburg would have been received by you with the deepest anguish. What has effected this sudden change?"

"The mystery which involves my birth. Tell me, Father Augustine, and tell me truly, as you value my eternal peace and future welfare. Who was my father?"

"It is a question which I cannot resolve."

"What hinders you?"

"A solemn oath, given in a guilty and unguarded hour."

"And do you consider such a promise binding, when the happiness of a human being depends upon your non-performance of it?"

"I do—because the happiness of many individuals depends upon my secresy. Have patience, and time will reveal all. A disclosure at this moment might draw upon you certain destruction."

Ernest paced the spacious apartment with rapid steps, and he often paused and gazed earnestly on the mild face of his kind instructor—at length he said. "Augustine, was I born in wedlock?"

The monk remained silent.

Ernest drew nearer, and fixed his eyes with a piercing glance on the monk, but the old man betrayed no emotion of anger at the stern scrutiny. "Who was my mother?"

"These questions are useless, Ernest—and will only increase your present misery. I cannot answer them."

"Tell me if my mother is living, and I will be satisfied?"

"She is dead," replied the monk.

"And my father?"

"Is dead to you."

"It is enough," returned the youth, and his eye flashed, and the color rushed to his face. "I leave Saxe Nawemburg tonight."

The monk rose in great agitation. "Ernest Von Weber, you cannot for a moment seriously contemplate so rash a step. You have no home beyond these walls—without money—without friends—whither would you go?"

"To seek my father."

"Ungrateful boy," exclaimed the monk, "have not I been to you a father? What parent ever lavished on a child, affection more devoted or sincere than that I bore for you?"

"Augustine," replied the youth, flinging himself into the extended arms of the venerable priest, "I am not ungrateful for your kindness. Never shall I entertain for these unknown parents, the tender and devoted love I feel for you. But the heart has other and even dearer ties."

"Alas! my son!" said the monk, "that union can never be. A barrier more insurmountable than the mystery which involves your birth, will separate you for ever."

"Do you mean to drive me to despair?" said Von Weber. "O, torture me no longer with these distressing doubts. Reveal the fatal secret—though it should crush for ever my dearest hopes, and dash the cup of happiness from my lips, I could bear with fortitude the worst. Yes, even death would be welcome, if it relieved the fever which is consuming me."

"Your wishes shall be complied with," said the monk, after a long pause; "but only upon one condition."

"Name it!"

"That you remain a week longer beneath this roof."

"Most willingly!" exclaimed the youth.

"This day week meet me at midnight in the chapel, and I will not fail to answer your minutest enquiries."

"Von Weber respectfully pressed the monk's hand to his lips. A sudden chill came over him—the tears rushed to his eyes, and he turned away and wept. The hour he had so long desired, the hour that was to confirm his misery, or render him the happiest of men, was at hand—but there was no joy in his heart. A thousand gloomy misgivings filled his mind, horrible doubts and heart-sickening apprehensions.

"That hour will reveal my fate—will determine my future destiny."

As he spoke the sudden stroke of the death bell seemed to freeze the current of his blood, and he rushed from the apartment.

In a state of mind bordering upon phrenzy, Ernest sought the dwelling of Frederica Arnheim. She was seated within the ivy covered porch, singing a plaintive ditty to her lute.

A stifled groan burst from the lips of her auditor as she concluded her song. The lute dropped from her hand—the colour receded from her cheek—as her eye glanced on her lover's agitated countenance, and she hastily rose to meet him.

"You are ill, Ernest. Sit down, and I will sing a joyous air to dissipate your melancholy."

"Frederica, your father has rejected my suit, and I am overwhelmed with despair."

"Be of good cheer, my Ernest," she replied, tenderly pressing his hand. "I have not rejected you."

Ernest folded her in his arms, and his tears fell fast on the lovely cheek that rested upon his bosom. "Frederica," he said in a broken voice, "a dark cloud is on my spirit—a presentiment of approaching ill presses out my heart—a horrible picture of futurity is before me; and I struggle in vain against its influence. Did you ever experience what I describe?"

"Yes; but, believe me, Ernest, these dark forebodings are self-created spectres, that we conjure up in solitude to destroy our peace?"

"Oh! they are not imaginary, Frederica!

Their agency, though invisible, is true. Why should I feel this sudden chill—this fearful looking forward—but for some potent cause? The warning voice within me lies not."

"If you value my peace, Ernest, let not these dreadful thoughts oppress and weigh down your spirit—I have often seen you sad—but never did your melancholy take a form like this. Fortune has yet a thousand gifts in store for you. Hark! let the sound of these merry bells dismiss these ghastly phantoms!"

At this moment the bells from every steeple in Saxe Nawemburg burst forth into a jocund peal, and the air was filled with the tumultuous shouts of a gathering multitude. The castle gates were thrown open, and the retainers of Saxe Nawemburg advanced towards the astonished pair, bearing wreaths of laurel, while the deepening crowd rent the welkin with their exulting cries. "Long live Leopold of Saxe Nawemburg! Long live Conradin, his princely heir!" and before Weber could demand an explanation of the extraordinary scene, he was surrounded and carried off in the arms of his father's vassals.

At the entrance of the castle, Ernest was saluted by Father Augustine, who came forward to meet him with an unsealed packet. His cheek was deadly pale—the ghastly expression of his face startled his pupil.

"Time has worked a miracle in your favour. Your father has at length done you justice, my noble boy. The youthful hero, who has so long supplanted you, fell at the bloody battle of Chockzim, in the moment of victory."

"He was my brother then! Oh, how I envy that gallant Conradin his glorious death! But how, and in what manner, does the loss of this young warrior make me Prince Leopold's heir?"

"I would tell you all, my son, but a higher power fetters my tongue," exclaimed the monk, growing yet paler, and sinking into the arms of the astonished prince. "The time for concealment is past. Yet, take my dying advice, Ernest; question not the motives which actuated your father's conduct, but rest contented in the assurance that you are his son."

"This will not satisfy me, returned the youth, "I must know all!"

He spoke in vain—the lips that could have satisfied his doubts were silenced for ever!

"Your Highness!" said one of the old domestics, advancing and looking upon the face of the dead, which the prince supported in speechless anguish on his bosom, "that livid countenance tells a strange tale—the monk has died by POISON."

The joy which had been kindled so lately in Ernest's breast yielded to an accumulated weight of misery.

"For what am I reserved?" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and raising his tearless eyes to heaven, in unutterable anguish. "Accursed be that exultation which has murdered my friend!"

CHAPTER III.

"List, oh, my son, to this thy awful fate—
Fate that will pass thy grave, and blast thy name."
LORD DILLON.

THE last pealing notes of the organ had ceased to vibrate through the pillared aisles of the Gothic chapel attached to the castle. The service for the dead was concluded, and the monks, who had attended to consign the body of Father Augustine to its kindred dust, slowly left the sacred pile.

It was midnight, the moon was up, and walking in brightness through the broken clouds which the autumnal blast continually hurried before her face. Her partial beams shed a flickering light through the half-leafless trees that shaded the burial-place of the proud Ernestin line; and cast on waving banners and sculptured effigies, a thousand strange and grotesque shadows. All was silent, except the shivering of the cold wind through the forest, and the sullen murmurs of the river Saule, forcing its way through the deep valley beneath. The awful stillness of the scene was at length broken by a deep sigh, and Ernest rose from the steps of the altar, before which he had prostrated himself, in anguish and bitterness of spirit.

"You are, indeed, gone from me for ever," he said, "my father! my councillor! my best and dearest friend. Methinks, if I could see you again all would be well with me. The secret your dying lips refused to utter would doubtless have removed this heavy weight from my mind. Till this burden is diminished, the rank to which I have been so suddenly elevated only serves to increase my misery."

He paused, and looked long and earnestly on the stone that had closed over his friend.

"It is no fable that the dead have appeared to the living; it is a fact which has been attested by all ages; and why should this mystery, which has been revealed to others, be denied to me? I loved you, Augustine, living, and would not shrink from you when arrayed in the shadowy garment of immortality. I charge you by that invisible world of which you are a member! by that love which you ever professed to bear me while on earth—to appear to me on this spot, and satisfy my doubts! 'Tis midnight. Nature sleeps—the blast lulls, and the hoarse murmurs of the stream

are scarcely audible. You, too, sleep. I call upon you—and for the first time you do not answer me. I pour out the anguish of my spirit, and the silent tomb sends forth no voice to comfort me. Your ear is closed for ever, and deaf to my sorrow."

"Ernest," whispered a soft voice near him, which sent an icy shiver through his frame. His cheek grew pale—his lips quivered—but his eye was steady, and his brow firmly raised. He had invoked the dead—yet was surprised that a voice from the grave answered him.

"Speak on!" he cried, in a determined tone. "I am here to answer you."

"Will not your courage fail you?" returned the same voice. "You tremble at the apparition your daring invocation has conjured up."

"I hear a voice," said the prince, glancing somewhat fearfully round him—"but no form is visible. Hide not yourself in darkness, Augustine. Appear! and, face to face, answer me!"

"He sleeps," returned the voice, "on whom you call, and will sleep till the Archangel's trumpet shall break his slumbers, and call the children of dust to judgment. It is only the souls of the guilty that find no rest in the tomb, and wander continually through the valley of the shadow of death—who, to expiate the crimes they committed while on earth, are condemned to haunt the spot that contains their mouldering ashes, and feel all the horrible changes of mortality, till the soul becomes as corrupt as the body that it is forced to inhabit."

The prince shuddered; a sudden horror came over him. A conviction that he was in the presence of one of those lost spirits unnerved him—all his boasted courage fled. At length, ashamed of his weakness, he made a desperate effort to command his feelings, and sent a hurried glance around. The moon was in her splendour—every object in the chapel was distinctly visible, and the heads of saints and warriors seemed to frown upon him in the shadowy light. He started as the silken banners waved to and fro in the breeze with a motion of life.

"This is some horrible illusion!" he cried. "Fancy that can conjure up imaginary forms, has peopled the air with sounds. If I am not under the influence of magic, or of a dream, assume some form, and answer me. Speak yet again! and tell me who and what you are?"

"Your mother!"

"Mother!" reiterated the young man, with a cry of agony that returned, in hollow echoes through the pillared aisles of the chapel, to his ear. "Mother! if you are indeed, my mother—wherefore do you walk this earth like a troubled spirit? or why do we meet only in an hour like this?"

"That my wrongs may be avenged; for then, and then only, will my soul find rest."

"And do you expect me to be your minister of vengeance?"

"I do, Ernest Carlsheim. I charge you by my sufferings on earth, by my torments in hell, by the ceaseless woe that condemned spirits feel, to mitigate my present agonies, by the death of the guilty being who occasioned them—who broke the solemn oath he swore to my dying father, to be a protector to his child—who plunged the friendless orphan committed to his care in infamy, and covered her offspring's name with dishonour! His lawless passion has not alone destroyed my earthly peace—it has slain my soul. To fill up the measure of his crimes, he has given you a name which is not your own, and invested you with titles which you cannot lawfully claim. Accept the honours he offers you, to cover his infamy, and the curse—the bitter curse of your wretched mother—shall cleave for ever to you."

"Oh, woe is me!" exclaimed the prince, "why should I suffer for my parent's guilt?"

"Is it not written in the Book that lies not, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation? Can a corrupt tree, my son, bring forth good fruit? or will base metal bear the test of the furnace? Heaven has appointed you to be its minister of vengeance, and the fate that it has marked out must be accomplished."

"What would you have me to do?" said the prince; "would you bid me lift my hand against my father?"

"It was his crime to be your father. Did he consider your mother?"

"Most wretched son! Unhappy mother! Let this cup pass from me; the contents are bitter, I cannot swallow them!"

"You doom me, then, to endless misery?"

"Will this dreadful deed redeem your soul from everlasting punishment?"

"It will."

"But mine?"

"You are but a passive instrument in the hands of a higher power, the guiltless agent of retributive justice."

"Your wrongs shall be avenged—your soul find rest. But then my father."

"Your resolution wavers. You must swear to perform this; and bind your soul with an oath that may not be broken."

"By whom shall I swear? Whose name shall I invoke? To mention the Eternal One, would be blasphemy, and call down upon my guilty

head a fiercer punishment than that which I am commanded to inflict."

"Swear," said the voice in a solemn tone, "by that unfathomable abyss that burns for ever—by those torments which may not be repeated to human ears—to avenge your mother's wrongs!"

The youth trembled and was silent.

"Hesitate another moment, and that immeasurable gulph will flow for ever between us.

Ernest dashed himself to the earth, buried his face in his mantle, and pronounced distinctly the dreadful oath.

Deep silence succeeded. The yelling of the autumnal blast was hushed, and no sound but the violent beating of his own heart was audible.

"Mother," at length he said, "your dreadful mandate is accomplished. Nothing in the visible or invisible world can terrify me now! Let me look upon your face, before I curse my God and die!"

A cold hand was laid upon his temples; the pressure, though slight, sent an icy shiver through his brain; he raised his eyes with a desperate effort from the earth. A female figure stood before him, her flowing white garments glistened like silver in the moonbeams; a glorious halo encircled her head; but her countenance, though exquisitely beautiful, was pale as the marble pillar against which she stood, and was marked by the deep traces of earthly passion, and earthly care. Her large lustrous eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy, and were fixed with a triumphant expression on the horror stricken features of her unhappy son.

Ernest threw himself at her feet, and would have clasped her knees; but the vision was unsubstantial air. A black cloud floated before the moon, and the scene was involved in darkness.

"The freshness of the coming morning calls me hence," said the voice, which now floated towards him from a distance, and seemed in the air above him. "I must obey the summons, and return to that place of woe from which your arm alone can liberate me. Farewell, my son. Remember your oath. Be firm—we shall meet again to-morrow!"

"Stay! in mercy, stay!" cried Ernest, rushing forward; but the sullen echoes of the vaulted pile alone answered him. The beautiful vision had vanished, and the chapel appeared to swarm with demoniac spirits, who grinned upon him, and repeated amidst shouts of laughter and hideous blasphemies, the horrible oath by which he had bound his soul. A dark mist floated before his eyes, as a dreadful consciousness of his awful situation rushed over his mind. He struggled for a few minutes with the ghastly dream; then, uttering a deep groan, he sank senseless on the stone that covered the mortal remains of his friend.

Their young favourite's exaltation was matter of public rejoicing to his father's vassals, by whom he was tenderly beloved; and though the old domestics shook their heads, and augured no good from the deception that the prince had practised against his lawful heir, that the son of the woman he had so fondly loved might fill his place, yet every face wore a smile, and all hoped for the best.

Frederica Arnheim alone was sad. The sudden and unexpected elevation of her lover had thrown an insurmountable barrier between them; and though she endeavoured to rejoice in his good fortune, her tears flowed unceasingly. She had not seen Ernest since the death of Father Augustine. He had not even sent her a line to bid her participate in his joy, and hope sickened under the withering influence of anxiety.

It was towards the close of the day after the funeral, that the poor girl, her mind oppressed with gloom, and full of dark forebodings, took her seat in the vine-covered porch, that fronted her father's dwelling, and fixed her tearful eyes on the path that led to the castle, and which had often echoed to the bounding step of her lover.

She had not long indulged in melancholy reflections, when the being who engrossed her thoughts stood before her.

His cheek was deadly pale, his hair dishevelled —his eyes bloodshot, and sunk in his head, yet constantly wandering from side to side, as if in quest of some dreadful object. The wildness of delirium was in his unsettled glance; and, when it encountered the trembling, terrified Frederica, he burst into a phrenzied laugh. She shuddered and turned from the frightful vehemence with which he regarded her. "Frederica!" he said in a voice that seemed to echo from a sepulchre, "do you love me?"

"Why that question, Ernest? Can you doubt the sincerity of my affection? You are the rock on which I build all my hopes. Oh! let me not find that I have founded them on sand!"

"We reared them on a verdant plain covered with flowers," he whispered in the same frightful tones; "but hell yawned beneath; the flowers lie dead, the grass is withered, and we are both plunged into perdition!"

"Ernest, you are ill. The death of your friend presses upon your heart. I read it in your countenance. Be of good cheer, my love! he is gone to a better world."

"I am *too* well, Frederica. My brain burns, but I am not mad. Look at me stedfastly!"

"Alas! what mean you?"

"Kiss me, dearest! Nay, shrink not from me,

Am I already loathsome to you? Give me one more.—Another. Oh, I am happy now!" he exclaimed, sinking upon her bosom. "The die is cast—my fate is accomplished."

"Ernest, you frighten me," returned the terrified girl. "Sorrow has disordered your reason. Your eyes roll wildly—compose yourself to sleep, my love! Hist! lie down on the couch within, I will sit beside you, and sing you to sleep."

"Sleep, Frederica! I cannot sleep. Methinks I shall never sleep again! I have sworn an oath that I must seal with blood. Ha! she comes. Do you not see her? She would glide in between us—but I hold you fast. Hark! do you not hear her whisper VENGEANCE?"

His head sank over the knees of the agitated Frederica; his dark locks hid his face from her view; in their rich masses her tears hung like dew-drops on the bosom of night. For a while no sound broke the silence round them, but her passionate weeping. Exhausted with the conflict of feeling, sleep was already descending upon the weary brow of the unhappy prince, when a voice whispered near him, "Awake! the hour of vengeance is at hand!" He started up—no object met his enquiring glance, but the tearful eyes of Frederica.

"Did not you hear a voice call me?"

"No, no, Ernest, you were dreaming!"

"I thought I dreamt last night—but it was true—that horrible vision floats still before me—my brain maddens when I recal it—Frederica," he continued with solemnity, "we must part for ever!"

"Oh, woe is me!" exclaimed the weeping girl, burying her face in her hands, "and can all your vows of eternal love end thus? but why do I blame you. I know your present exalted station forbids you to mate with an untitled and portionless girl like me."

"Alas, Frederica! I am one whom an unrelenting destiny has marked out for misery. This earth is no abiding place for me. Weep for me, my gentle girl, for I am like a leaf torn untimely from its parent branch, and made the sport of every wind. I shall go hence like a shadow, and those who saw me in my strength will rejoice in my fall."

"You speak in riddles, Ernest; I cannot comprehend you. Some dreadful secret presses on your heart, and disturbs your reason. Unburden your soul to me, and we will gather consolation from each other."

After a desperate mental struggle, the prince revealed to his astonished and horror-stricken auditor the events of the preceding night.

"You labour, Ernest, under some dreadful illusion," she said, when he had concluded his narration. "You must elude the strong temptation by which you are assailed, by leaving for a time, this spot."

"But whither shall I go? All my hopes—all my apprehensions—centre here; without you, life would be burthensome. I cannot leave Saxony."

"I will be the partner of your flight. In some lonely and sequestered spot we will forget our past miseries, and live only for each other."

"Repeat those blessed words!" said the prince, starting up and seizing both her hands; "tell me that in spite of my birth of shame—my present forlorn condition—you will indeed be mine—mine for ever."

"I will."

"And when shall we fly?"

"Meet me by the ruins of the old church on the hill by daybreak. Under the great yew that shades the chancel windows lie the earthly remains of your unhappy mother! Oh! believe not, Ernest, that she, who was all meekness while a sojourner here, would ever tempt you to perpetrate a deed like this! Some demon has assumed her form to lure you to destruction!"

"But my oath!" replied the prince, recoiling as though he had been stung by a serpent; "my dreadful oath?"

"Is registered in heaven against you!" said a voice near them.

Frederica uttered an involuntary scream, and breaking from the arms of her lover, proceeded, with desperate eagerness, to search the neighbouring thickets; but no living creature was visible. A sudden panic took possession of her senses. She turned her tearless and expanded eyes on the wan and convulsed countenance of her lover, but spoke not.

"This is no deception," he said. "That which I have sworn I must perform."

"No! I charge thee! no!" said the agonized girl, kneeling frantically at his feet. "Leave this accursed spot tomorrow, and let the penalty of your broken faith be visited on me!"

"May the horrible doom I have invoked descend speedily on my head, if I suffer the vengeance of heaven to fall upon you."

"I fear it not. My trust is in a merciful God, through whose aid I will fearlessly bid defiance to the works of darkness. Let your father live to repent, and fly tomorrow with me. It will be moonlight till four o'clock. We must not let the day break on our path till we are far from Saxe Nawemburg.

"My guardian angel! you shall guide me hence," said the prince, as a ray of hope once more darted through his breast. "Farewell! I will be punctual."

She threw herself into his arms. He held her a moment to his breast, then tore himself away.

CHAPTER IV.

"All yet is still
In deep night mantled, when the son, aghast,
In speechless horror sees his mother's form."
LORD DILLON.

As Ernest approached the castle, his mind seemed more at ease, and the heavy load that had burthened his spirit was removed. As he passed into the spacious hall, the old grey-headed seneschal would have detained him; but he rushed hastily past him, and entered the apartment which he generally had occupied with Father Augustine. It contained a noble library, and was adorned with many fine pictures of the Flemish school, and the portraits of his ancestors.

The apartment was lighted up with unusual brilliancy, and a tall and majestic figure advanced to receive him. His gorgeous breast-plate, gold chain, and crimson scarf, richly embroidered, bespoke his high rank, and Ernest drew back, as the conviction struck him that he stood before his father.

There was such dignity in his deportment, and so much courtesy in his whole demeanour, that the youth, in despite of himself, felt a reverential awe fill his breast, as he raised his eyes, and for a moment contemplated, with intense interest, the noble features of the warrior's manly and energetic countenance. Grief had subdued the fire of his dark and piercing eye; and the lofty brow, that was partially shaded by clustering masses of raven hair, bore the impress of passions, whose fires, though extinguished, had left indelible traces written there. He remembered his vow, and shrunk from the arms that were open to receive him.

Leopold regarded him with surprise. He had injured him; but still, from Father Augustine's report, he had anticipated that the youth would easily forget his wrongs in his present unexpected good fortune.

"My son!" he said, "is it thus we meet? Have you no word of affection for your father?"

"I am no hypocrite!" returned the youth. "I owe you no affection, and cannot express emotions which I do not feel."

A dark shade passed over his father's brow, but it was more an expression of sorrow than of anger, as, turning to a shrouded figure who sat leaning against the table, and who had escaped the observation of Ernest, he said:

"Ladislaus! how much of his mother's spirit was in that speech?"

The monk smiled sarcastically beneath his cowl, as he replied:

"It inhabits his father's body, then, your highness. Methinks I behold your youth renewed in this stripling."

The prince sighed heavily, and, turning towards his son, who was leaning against the wall, his arms folded, and his eyes bent on the ground, he said:

"Ernest, I have injured you! and it is with bitterness of spirit that I acknowledge my guilt. God has heavily visited my transgression, by removing the innocent cause of it. Heaven has deprived me of one son—let not your indignation render me childless."

"Were I indeed your legitimate son," returned Ernest, fiercely, as the colour rushed in a burning flush to his hitherto pale face, "as by this base subterfuge you would have me believe, I would scorn to acknowledge a father who for so many years deemed me unworthy to be his son. As the offspring of that unhappy lady, who fell a victim to your base and heartless passion, I can behold with contempt the titles which you cannot lawfully offer me. For the life you gave me, I thank you not. Did I feel towards you the affection of a son, I should become a sharer in my mother's shame, and exalt myself upon my father's infamy." He turned away, and before the prince could bar his passage, had left the apartment.

"Fly Ladislaus! overtake him! Tell him he labours under a frightful error! Convince him that I am indeed his father! by every sacred, by every holy tie. Alas!" he continued, sinking into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, "this is the just reward of my evil deeds! Oh, conscience! conscience! thou art roused at last. My son! my son! I cannot, will not, lose my son!"

The monk gazed on the conscience-stricken prince with a glance of cold contempt; then slowly left the apartment to execute his mandate.

He found Ernest traversing his own chamber, in a state of mind nearly bordering on madness. Galled by a witness to his mental agony, the youth turned fiercely to the intruder, and in no courteous tone bade him depart.

"Let me first deliver your father's message," said the monk, in a sarcastic tone.

"Father!" returned the young man, with a bitter laugh, "I have disowned all ties of kindred with Leopold of Saxe Nawemburg. I charge you leave! in my present state of mind I cannot answer for my actions."

"The less fitting to be left to the guidance of your own distempered reason," said Ladislaus. "Why meet your smiling fortunes with so cloudy a brow? If you rise to rank and fame the world will never question the steps by which you as-

cended. The Prince has sent me to assure you that you are his lawful heir. Is your conscience too tender to receive these good tidings?"

"Methinks he has chosen a fit agent for his lying message," cried Ernest, reddening with passion; for, though the monk's face was concealed in his cowl, there was a mockery in his tone and manner which roused his utmost indignation. "Back to your employer, and tell him that the son of Anastasia Carlsheim cannot give credence to his specious tale."

"Your mother was not so scrupulous."

"Or she had never been betrayed," returned Ernest, glancing towards his pistols, that were loaded on a table near him. "Hence! vile hypocrite! or, by heaven! I shall be tempted to forget the respect I owe to that sacred habit. Away! and leave me to myself."

"To your worst enemy," rejoined Ladislaus, as he turned to depart. "Look to yourself, young man! This night is yours. Tomorrow the prince may find some means to enforce obedience."

He laid a stress so peculiar on the last sentence, that Ernest started, and, for a moment, thought the tone in which it was spoken was familiar to his ears, yet could not trace them to his memory.

"Tomorrow! Why does that word strike like a knell upon my heart? Tomorrow! He said well. It has reminded me that this night is my last on earth. That the sun will never again rise for me!"

The castle clock struck twelve. He seized one of his pistols, and cast a hurried glance round the apartment.

"Aye, 'tis midnight. Why do I tremble? Why do I feel this fearful strife within? Surely, it is an act less criminal to slay myself than to murder him! Let his crimes be what they may, I cannot be his executioner. I could not look upon his princely face, and strike the blow! Poor Frederica!" he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, as the thought of her agony rushed over his mind. "You will seek me in the morning, and I shall not be! Farewell life! Welcome eternity!"

He raised the pistol steadily to his head—his finger already pressed the trigger, when his glance was arrested by a shadow reflected in the large mirror opposite, and he again encountered the lustrous eyes of the phantom that had haunted his memory since the preceding night. They were bent scornfully upon him. The weapon fell from his grasp, as the sweet tones of that voice again met his ear.

"The hour of vengeance is at hand! He sleeps. Your sword must seal for ever his earthly slumbers!"

"My heart has changed its purpose. I cannot do this deed."

"Hell yawns beneath you! Within this hour your oath must be accomplished."

A dreadful vision floated before his sight. He already imagined himself in the situation of a lost and condemned spirit. A horrible and hitherto unknown feeling took possession of his soul, and he laughed with frightful exultation, as though he already triumphed in the dying groans of his victim. His look became steady, and his countenance composed; but it was the fixed and determined coldness of despair, that had reached its climax, and had nothing left to fear or suffer.

"Follow me!" said the phantom, as he grasped his sword. "This night my soul will find rest."

Ernest followed his unearthly guide, as with noiseless steps she glided through the long gallery that led to his father's chamber, and, pointing to the door, vanished from his view.

With a mind determined to execute the fatal errand which had carried him thither, Ernest approached the couch where his father lay in perturbed slumber.

The light burned feebly on a table before him. One hand rested on a book of devotions, and the other was held tightly over his breast. He had sunk to sleep without changing his clothes, and nothing but the steel corslet and helm had been removed. On his countenance was reflected, as in a mirror, the working of the soul within. The expressions produced by love, terror, and remorse, alternately succeeded each other, and were accompanied by the deep sigh, the convulsive start, or the gasp of agony. It was a fearful thing to look upon his face, and to watch the strong man in his slumbers.

"What am I about to do?" said Ernest, recoiling involuntarily. "Murder my father! Does no angel warn thee of approaching danger? Is there no pitying spirit in heaven to plead for thee? Must thou die—and by my hand? Die, without one prayer for mercy—one appeal to that awful Judge, before whose dread tribunal thou must shortly appear! Had I been thy humblest vassal, I could have loved thee; but now an insurmountable barrier is placed for ever between us. Die!" he continued, raising the weapon; "and may God have mercy on your soul!"

As he was about to strike, the countenance of the sleeper became violently agitated, and he exclaimed, in broken and hurried accents:

"Have mercy on me! Wherefore pursue me with this deadly vengeance. He lives. I did not slay your son!"

"This is too much," said Ernest, dropping the sword. "The voice of heaven was there, and

these broken accents have dispelled the charms of hell. Awake!"

The prince started up, and his unclosing eyes were rivetted on the pale and ghastly countenance of his son.

"Surely I dream," he said, "can this be indeed my son? Speak, Ernest; what means that unsheathed weapon? Why do you stare so vacantly upon me? What brought you to my couch at this unseasonable hour of night?"

There was a frightful calmness in the young man's voice, as he replied:

"I came to murder you."

"To murder me! Gracious God! What could tempt you to perpetrate such a dreadful deed?"

"The powers of hell. The delusion is past—my eyes are opened to my guilt—and thus I expiate the premeditated crime," returned Ernest, as, turning away, he sheathed the weapon in his own breast! "Unhappy father of a most unhappy son! Let his blood be a sufficient atonement for his guilt." He ceased speaking, and laid the reeking weapon at the feet of the horror-stricken Leopold.

A violent struggle was heard in the gallery—the door was burst open, and Frederica Arnheim rushed into the chamber, followed by the monk.

"Where is the Prince Leopold?" she said. "I must speak instantly to the Prince!"

Her eye fell on the bleeding prostrate form of her lover, whose dying head supported on the knees of his agonized and guilty parent. A dart seemed to transfix her brain, and benumb every vital faculty. She neither advanced nor retired—no cry burst from her lips—no tear moistened her fixed and rayless eyes. She appeared a statue, whose breathing was a mockery of its cold and death-like appearance.

The tears of the father were flowing fast over the pale brow of his first-born, as, raising his streaming eyes towards the monk, he said, in a tone of anguish:

"Speak! in mercy speak! Tell me what hand has wrought this fearful tragedy?"

"Mine!" cried the pretended Ladislaus, stepping hastily forward, and throwing back the cowl that shaded his features. The light fell upon the fair pale face and flowing tresses of a female of exquisite beauty. "Leopold! behold your wife!"

The prince uttered a deep groan, and buried his face in the bleeding bosom of his son; while, in a tone of triumph, she continued:

"You deemed me dead, and falsely concluded that the grave covered my injuries. My lord, vengeance never sleeps! Years have past vainly over me—they have not obliterated the memory of my wrongs. The blow has fallen short of the mark, and claimed a guiltless victim; but at least it is a satisfaction to behold the son of my detested rival bleeding at my feet."

"Woman!" said Leopold, raising his hand towards heaven, "tremble at your fearful work, for you have slain your son!"

Ernest raised his dying eyes to her face—murmured in broken accents the name of "Mother!" and instantly expired.

"Speak that word again," said Helena, "that word of misery! Did not you murder my lovely boy, my sweet Conradin, that he—that another might fill his place?"

"Do you know this mark?" returned Leopold, removing the masses of raven hair that shaded the left temple of his son. "Is this red stain a forgery, or can you for a moment doubt lineaments that so strongly resemble your own?"

"I have dug a pit, and fallen into the snare that I so dexterously laid for another," said Helena. "My son! my son! my beautiful, my noble boy! have I slain thee? Oh! he is cold—is dead—is gone for ever! Hark! did he not curse me? Did he not invoke heaven to call down vengeance on the heads of his guilty parents? Away!" she cried, striving to raise Frederica Arnheim from the body; "he is not thine. Thou shalt not hold him thus. Alas! she, too, is cold! Death has finished his work, and we are childless and alone upon this goodly earth."

Years rolled on in their silent course. Leopold fell in a bloody engagement, battling against the Turk, and his hereditary towers passed into the hands of another branch of the Ernestin line. Helena did not long survive the death of her son. She assumed a religious habit, and spent the residue of her days in penitence and prayer.

AN IMPROMPTU.

ON HEARING THAT CHANNING DIED AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Go, glorious spirit, to thy destined rest,
Where, with the saints of Heaven, thou shalt be blest—
Where Sin and Death exert their power no more,
Where souls like thine shall joy to touch the shore
Of that bright land, where life and love shall reign,
Where thy great mind shall wake a nobler strain,
Than all that here called forth thy country's pride,
And bade a people mourn when Channing died.

'Twas meet thy soul should soar to Heaven away,
In that sweet hour in which the sun's last ray
Doth shed a light and beauty, holier far
Than e'er have come from moon, or lonely star—
Like that resplendent orb's, *thy* path shall shine,
And e'en though dead thou shalt illumine mine.

He is unfit to rule others who cannot rule himself.—*Plato.*

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

A TERRIBLE catastrophe had well nigh terminated at this period the life and sufferings of Napoleon. His departure (from Fontainbleau) for Elba had been fixed for the 20th of April; and, in the interim, while he was totally deserted by all but a few domestics and his faithful guards, it became evident to those around him that some absorbing idea had taken possession of his mind. He recurred constantly to the last moments of departed greatness; his conversation to his intimate friends was entirely upon the illustrious men of antiquity who, in circumstances similar to his own, had fallen by their own hand. In the close of his career, as at its outset, he dwelt on the heroes of Plutarch, and their resolution not to survive misfortune. The apprehensions of his attendants were increased when they learned that on the 12th, the day of the signature of the treaty, he had directed the Empress Maria Louisa, who was on her way from Blois to join him, to delay the execution of her design. On taking leave of Caulaincourt that night, after a mournful reverie, he said: "My resolution is taken;—we must end:—I feel it." Caulaincourt had not been many hours in bed when he was suddenly roused by Constant, the Emperor's valet, who entreated him to come instantly, for the Emperor Napoleon was in convulsions, and fast dying! He instantly ran in; and Bertrand and Murat were already there; but nothing was to be heard but stifled groans from the bed of Napoleon. Soon, however, his domestic surgeon, Ivan, who had so long attended him in his campaigns, appeared in the utmost consternation, and stated that he had been seen, shortly after going to bed, to rise quietly, pour a liquid into a glass, and lie down again; and Ivan had recognized in the phial, which was left on the table, a subtle poison—a preparation of opium and other deadly substances —which he had given him during the Moscow retreat, at his desire, and which, as long as the danger lasted, he had constantly worn round his neck! When Caulaincourt seized his hand it was already cold! Caulaincourt," said he, opening his eyes, "I am about to die! I recommend to you my wife and son—defend my memory. I could no longer endure life. The desertion of my old companions in arms has broken my heart." The poison, however, either from having been so long kept, or some other cause, had lost its original efficacy; violent vomiting gave him relief, he was with great difficulty prevailed on to drink warm water, and after a mortal agony of two hours, the spasms gradually subsided, and he fell asleep. "Ivan," said he, on awaking, "the dose was not strong—God did not will it;" and he rose pale and haggard, but composed, and seemed now to resign himself with equanimity to his future fate.—*Alison's Europe during the French Revolution.*

WOMAN'S LOVE OF APPROBATION.

WOMAN was not made to live alone any more than man: and the absence of the natural assistant of the gentle sex was felt in ways separate from protection and support. All the actions of a woman, whether of useful industry or of ornament, are subject to the approval and pleasure of the other sex, to which their own are subordinate, and on which they are founded. To descend to the humblest form of this feeling, every one knows that when a fair girl has arrayed herself in a new gown or ribbons, or any finery put on for the first time, although the admiration of her female acquaintance may give a degree of pleasure, the applause or compliment of one man is more valued than that of a thousand women; and this feeling, modified by the circumstances of individuals, runs through the whole sex, and is part of the nature of the human being, implanted in the heart by the Divine artificer, to produce the most delicious fruit that grows in the garden of human life. Women, by themselves, require little to be comfortable; they can live without bustle and without form; neither in beauty of raiment nor in delicacy of food can they find happiness, so long as they have it to themselves alone. They require to please the other sex before they can please themselves. A knot of old maids may, to be sure, be bitterly merry over their tea and scandal, and despise the other sex with profound disdain; but there is something unnatural in that enjoyment; nor does anybody suppose that the respectable spinster's heart bounds with such a sweet human delight at the compliment of her female friends on her neat room, darling spaniel, and strong tea, as the heart of the cottager's wife when her tired husband tells her how nicely she has cooked his bit of supper, and how pretty she looks in her clean cap. It matters not whether the husband be the master of a palace or the occupier of a hovel—whether his day be spent in the sports of the field, the drudgery of a profession, or the labour of a farm: the pleasure of the wife and the object of her labour is to have a table comfortably spread at his return, and to see that he enjoys the delicacies or the necessaries which she has provided for him; whether the provision be merely a piece of bread and cheese and a snow-white table-cloth on the deal table, or the rich soup, the superb joint, and the bottle of exquisite wine laid out in the magnificent dining-room, the feelings of a woman relative to man are the same. —*The Herberts.*

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," ETC. ETC. ETC.

It was on one of those intense sultry mornings, so common to a North American summer, the thermometer varying from ninety-six to an hundred and twenty Fahrenheit, that Frederick Delmar, in his little bark canoe, crossed the river Richelieu, to seek, in the woods on the opposite shore, that shelter from the overpowering rays of the sun, which was denied upon the "little Isle aux Noix," where, with his regiment, he was quartered.

The young ensign, for he had scarcely attained his twentieth year, accompanied by his faithful dog and early friend, *Lima*, had risen with the dawn, and, taking with him some biscuits and a volume of Byron, set out with the intention of exploring the woods on the opposite shore, which, from its rich shade, variegated and brilliant foliage, held out temptation to those who would escape the enervating effects of heat, to which all are exposed on the before-named island, where the bird can scarcely find a tree on which to build its nest, or the lamb shelter from the storm.

Frederick Delmar was the son of a British officer, who had served with honour during many a campaign; had fought his country's battles; had gained laurels of distinction, and had obtained the rank of major, previous to his quitting a service to which a long life had been devoted.

This meritorious officer had sustained a disappointment, which cast a shadow over his fondest hopes.

Early in life he had formed a matrimonial alliance with one whose surpassing virtues and rich mind amply compensated for the want of fortune. Their marriage had been consummated two years, each of which increased their happiness by the birth of a child; the eldest a promising boy, and the second a lovely girl; but scarcely had they returned thanks for the last blessing, when the angel of death snatched the mother from her offspring, and bereaved the agonized husband of his treasured wife! What pen can portray the deep-felt sorrow of such a moment? For a season the major was inconsolable; but as reason regained its empire, he reflected on the assurance that the ways of Providence, although inscrutable, are ever guided by wisdom, that in our greatest calamities we have much cause to be thankful, the chastening hand from which they flow is ever directed by mercy! While he deplored his irreparable loss, he knew that for some wise purpose it had been ordained, and pressing the innocent pledges of their mutual love to his aching heart, he offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving to that God who had yet spared him such blessings, to the care of which he vowed his future life should be devoted; and never did parent more faithfully fulfil the duties which so imperatively devolved upon him.

A few years had glided on, when Frederick, his boy, was placed at a public school, and duly prepared to enter that profession in which his father had gained so much honour, and for which nature seemed so truly to have designed him; for she had given him an undaunted spirit, a generous and benevolent heart, and a mind capable of all that is noble in man!

Matilda, for so the little girl had been named, was a pretty, interesting, intelligent child. Being a perfect resemblance to her mother, it is no wonder that she gained a complete ascendancy over the affections and feelings of her remaining parent. To him she seemed a being whom to look upon was to love; who would find sympathy in every heart, and succour in every arm. How often, as he gazed upon her intelligent eye, removing with his fingers the auburn ringlets from her snowy brow, upon which he would imprint the warm kiss of paternal love, exclaiming: "My darling Matilda! sweet image of your sainted mother, to supply her place in my lacerated heart. Heaven has in mercy sent you, as a source from which I shall derive my greatest earthly comfort. Your brother's profession will necessarily call him from me—his pursuits—his intercourse with the world, blended with the promotion of his prospects, must lead to other connections, and although they will not rob me of that portion of my boy's affections which nature has so strongly implanted; yet they will, in a great measure, deprive me of that tender intercourse and sweet sympathy, so grateful to a parent's heart, and which my darling girl will have so much in her power to bestow; 'tis the balm that alone will heal my wounded spirit; 'it droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven,' affording the unction of consolation to my wounded soul, and the hope of my declining years."

Although the major would frequently indulge in such a rhapsody when alone with his Matilda,

he was not usually depressed. His sorrows, though deep, were silent and unobtrusive. If he wept, his tears were shed in the sacred recesses of solitude, and where no earthly eye beheld them. From a sense of duty he made every effort to rouse his latent energies, and hide his aching heart under an assumed cheerfulness and serenity. Although the furrows of grief were visible on his manly brow, it was seldom unadorned by the smile of benignity and goodness.

Neither time, talent, nor expense, had been spared to render Matilda all her fond parent could desire. Her perfection in the most graceful of female accomplishments realized his sanguine wishes. In disposition she was affectionate; in temper mild and amiable. Her features perhaps bore no particular stamp of beauty, yet her countenance beamed with intelligence, purity, truth, and goodness, which would seem to defy the powers of evil, and place her among beings of a superior caste. Her figure was light and airy—

> "She was as sportive as the fawn,
> That wild with glee across the lawn
> Or up the mountain springs."

How often has the tear of joy been seen to sparkle in the major's eye as he beheld his little sylph, as he would call Matilda, bounding over the green sod, to meet him upon his return after a temporary absence—her silken ringlets floating in the winds—her cheeks vying with the rose—her countenance resplendent with health, and beaming with delight; for Matilda dearly loved her father—his absence was painful to her—and she hailed his return as a moment of purest joy.

After the death of his wife, Major Delmar no longer felt that military zest and devotion to his profession, which had hitherto gained him so much distinction; and as his services were not at this crisis demanded by his country, he determined to sell his commission, and retire to some salubrious spot in England, where he hoped, in retirement and tranquillity, to repair a constitution which had been somewhat shaken by the fatigues of war, and the transition to various climates; for this brave officer had not only distinguished himself in the Peninsula, but had been at the capture of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and St. Lucie; he had also served in the East Indies, in the Ionian Islands, and in Canada. In the latter climate he had suffered both ague and fever, from which he had scarcely ever perfectly recovered. He had also another, and perhaps a stronger motive for retirement—that of devoting his time to the education of his little Matilda, being not only desirous that she should excel in external accomplishments, but was doubly solicitous that her mind should be formed on the model of excellence, which he thought he could more securely depend upon under his own immediate eye and guidance than by placing her at school, which he must have done had he continued in his profession.

Years winged away in their happy retreat. Matilda, cheerful as the lark, and blooming in health, knew not a sorrow or a care, unless she chanced to see, which would sometimes happen, a tear rest on the bronzed cheek of her father; for the hopeless, cureless sadness of a heart which droops with regret and disappointment may be disguised, but not always concealed, nor easily banished. Upon such occasions this child of innocence and love would with her white arm encircle his neck, and kissing away the involuntary tears, assure him how dearly she loved him, while the doting parent held her to his bosom, as though he would have folded her into his inmost heart, and hidden her there for ever.

His son Frederick was progressing rapidly in his studies. He left Harrow, and was then removed to Sandhurst, in expectation of soon procuring a commission. His occasional visits to his family were ever a season of rejoicing to them all, for Matilda dearly loved her brother, and the good old major, very naturally, thought his son the finest fellow in the world. He would often say, while gazing upon his children: "I have sipped deeply of the cup of affliction, but God has mercifully sent me these treasures, to comfort and console my declining years." Frederick's departure was ever a day of sorrow, as his arrival had been one of joy. He was always accompanied on part of his route by his father and sister, and when the last shake of the hand was given, and the painful word "farewell" uttered, a copious flood of tears from all the party closed the scene, and their separate journey concluded in silence and depression.

There were a few families in the immediate neighbourhood of Major Delmar's residence whom he visited on terms of intimacy, but one, only one, for whom he had imbibed the strictest friendship. This was Captain Brown, with his two daughters, residing in a delightful little retreat, separated only from Major Delmar's by the latter gentleman's garden, and a small meadow, through which had been formed a gravel walk, terminating in a thickly planted shrubbery, part of the major's property. Here it was that the young ladies delighted to meet, for they had imbibed as kindly a feeling towards each other as existed between their parents. Their evenings were generally passed together.

The major and the gallant captain, who was also a military man and a widower, would sit each ensconced in his easy arm chair, sip his

port, and recount ever and anon the numerous campaigns in which they had each borne an honourable part. While they were relating many a story of "flood and field," discussing politics, or deciding upon a Tory administration, their daughters were less importantly, although perhaps equally agreeably, engaged in amusements suitable to their years. They were fond of music, drawing and dancing. Matilda excelled in these accomplishments, and had taken great delight in instructing her young friends, who were making rapid improvements under her agreeable mode of tuition. They also frequently took long rambles together, or rode by turns. The captain had no horse establishment; but the major had presented Matilda with a beautiful little ambling poney, which was always at the command of his young mistress, and held undisputed possession of the meadow.

When Matilda had just about entered her eighteenth year, the regiment to which her father formerly belonged came to be stationed in their immediate neighbourhood. This event was a source of much delight to the worthy major, who, although he had withdrawn himself from his profession, had never lost sight of the happy days he had passed in his corps, where he had been beloved by his brother officers, and revered by his men. Nor had the lapse of time nor the rod of affliction caused the least diminution in that brotherly affection which he had ever felt towards his brave companions in arms. He had often mourned his long separation from them, and now thought of their approaching reunion with most-pleasurable feelings. Every demonstration of joy was evinced on each side. The officers, many of whom had been his former companions, were delighted to shake the major by the hand, while in the midst of this sunshine of the heart, the doors of his cottage were thrown open, and the hospitality of his table evinced the genuine sentiments of his noble mind. He did not confine his friendly attentions solely to his old associates, but all who held a commission in the regiment shared alike his confidence and friendship.

Among the number was a young ensign of the name of Lisle. He was the natural son of a nobleman, who, having given him a gentlemanly education, and provided him with a commission in a good regiment, considered his parental duty fulfilled, and had communicated to the young man his intention of doing no more for him, except that of promising his interest in forwarding his promotion, when an opportunity to that effect might offer. Charles Lisle commanded a pleasing exterior: his figure was tall and graceful; he possessed a certain degree of good birth, which is always easy and polite. On his dark brow was stamped a melancholy care, softened by resignation; there was something in the expression of the eye, betraying that his mind had been torn by early storms, for he had evidently not exceeded his twentieth year. His manners were mild and unassuming. He had been but a short time in the regiment; but that time had been sufficiently long to gain him much esteem; in fact, he was a general favourite, not only with his brother officers, but also with the men, towards whom he invariably conducted himself with so much consideration, that their services were ever unreluctantly at his command.

Lisle became a frequent guest at the table of Major Delmar, who received him as he did the other *junior* officers of the regiment, more from good fellowship, than from any particular pleasure he took in their company—for it was with more staid and early companions he delighted to associate; these brought reminiscences of more happy days to mind, recalled the joyous revels of the mess table, to which he had in his time contributed so ample a share of amusement, for although, like Mrs. Pammel, the Major had been a staunch disciplinarian, yet he had been considered by every member of his corps a "thorough good fellow," and now he dearly loved to travel through the past, in company with his old friends—to fight their battles over anew—to dwell on pleasant recollections, fondly cherished, of what had been —never to be again, and to be thought of only when the heart rejoices in holiday gaiety! But alas! how often does memory reverse the scene, and awaken "thoughts, that lie too deep for tears."

At gentlemen's dinner parties, which frequently took place at the cottage, Matilda invariably excused herself from appearing at table, but made a point of being in the drawing room to receive her father's guests, to perform the honors of the tea-table, and distribute coffee and hyson when required:—Lisle generally contrived on such occasions to be her aide-de-camp. No sooner had the health of the King, the Commander in Chief, their worthy host, and noble selves, been drunk in "Bumpers of Burgundy" than the young officer made his escape from table, and we will not say unexpectedly, for we firmly believe his footstep was attentively listened for by a certain little "sylph," who always received him joyfully in the drawing room; the story is, that Lisle was desperately entangled in Cupid's snare, and that Matilda, in endeavouring to unravel its silken cord, had herself become equally involved,—that while the gallant major and his brother officers were quaffing with glee the sparkling bumpers, the young lovers were sipping a draught not less intoxicating or delusive.

Charles Lisle had doubtless fallen desperately in love with the fair daughter of his host, whose sensitive heart did not allow her long to remain insensible to the involving passion—she listened to the warm protestations of her lover, whose sanguine disposition threw a bright halo round the vista of his future prospects; possessed of an ardent mind and fervid imagination, Lisle indulged in the most fascinating views of future happiness and glory, to which Matilda listened with an infatuation resembling enchantment.

Memory could not present to her any moment of her life, that had been fraught with such pure, such entire, such unalloyed felicity as she had experienced in the society of her beloved ensign —to think of any future separation was quite impossible; her heart, which she believed could not err in its dictates, pointed out the impossibility of living without him—nor could she imagine that her father, who had never opposed her wishes on any subject, however trifling, would on a matter of so vast importance to her happiness, offer the least obstacle to the request Lisle was about to make in soliciting the hand of his daughter, when he would be assured that her future felicity entirely depended upon his consent.

The young soldier, however, was not quite so sanguine; he foresaw there might be many difficulties to surmount, one, not the least of the number was, that he had no fortune. And could the pay of an Ensign afford to support a wife in that comfort and respectability to which Matilda had ever been accustomed? Alas! that was impossible. It was almost equally impossible, that he could solicit from the major a boon, for which in reality he could hold out no pledge, or security of being able to support. What could he therefore expect but a positive refusal, which must annihilate all his hopes, and destroy that phantom of happiness which, like an ignisfatuous, was leading him into an abyss of painful and contending struggles? Lisle told his fair mistress "it was impossible that he could make application to her father on the subject of their marriage—every day's dawn brought to his imagination fresh difficulties, which could not be surmounted, and to which he was sure the Major would never be prevailed upon to yield. There, is therefore, my dear Matilda but one road to our happiness, which is immediate elopement—the marriage once over, your father will no longer contend with what he cannot prevent, but, upon your supplication, will forgive, and bless our union."

"I would rather ask his consent myself, dearest Lisle," replied the trembling girl. "I never committed any act of importance without his knowledge, and I am sure he will not refuse any thing upon which my happiness so much depends."

"Alas! my beloved Matilda," continued Lisle, "you do not see the insurmountable difficulties which would present themselves to your father's imagination, and which would certainly urge him to oppose our union; but the marriage once over, the natural affections of his heart towards you, his darling child, would prompt him to pardon, and receive you to his parental bosom, whose feelings are too pure and generous to engender any serious displeasure—we will together throw ourselves at his feet, our mutual tears and prayers will not, I am sure, prove unavailing;—if you consent to my proposal, dearest, you make me the happiest man upon earth, but your refusal will at once condemn me to misery, and banish me from your presence for ever. Yes, my Matilda, for *ever!* Can you consent never to see me more? Or will you become my happy bride—my darling wife?"

The last appeal and the energetic manner in which it was expressed, had its effects. With a fevered pulse, tearful eye, and trembling hand, the agitated girl bent her forehead on the palpitating breast of her lover, and sobbed aloud: "O, yes, dearest Lisle, I must and will be your wife! Although I feel the most painful reluctance in becoming so, without the consent of my kind and dear father—but, should he be a little angry at first, he surely will soon forgive, and restore me to his love—for, dear as the happiness of my husband will ever be to me, the displeasure of that excellent parent would be overwhelming. I could not, I think, exist, knowing that I had inflicted an irrecoverable wound in his generous and noble heart." The eloquent protestations of eternal love from Lisle quickly dispelled all gloomy apprehensions on the part of Matilda, who, having once given her consent, offered no opposition to the preparations suggested by the young ensign, to effect their immediate elopement.

A few days subsequent to this arrangement, the Major dined with his late brother officers at their mess, to meet some persons of distinction, who were to be of the party that day. This was too favourable an opportunity for Lisle to pass over; he could not consistently absent himself from the dinner table, but no sooner was the cloth removed, than he contrived to make his escape, having previously arranged with Matilda to meet him at the end of the shrubbery, farthest from the residence of Captain Brown, where he had a post chaise in readiness to convey them on the route towards Gretna Green, where so many had tied the irrevocable knot, which, to their sorrow, could never be unloosed! It must be confessed that it was with a trembling, and somewhat irresolute step that Matilda quitted her father's roof, before doing which, she retired for a few seconds into

his study, and there in the fervour of her heart breathed a prayer for the happiness of that parent whom she was about secretly to desert, and who for her sake had lived a life of almost perfect seclusion, forsaking the world, its allurements and pleasures, looking only for the reward in this life which her happiness and society could afford him, mingled with feelings the most consolatory to his own heart, that he had religiously and conscienciously discharged his parental duties, and that in the most affectionate and tender manner. Alas! how great the disappointment to his cherished hopes, remains to be shown!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

"Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom?
We strew the pathway to the tomb."

I HAVE often said within myself: Surely, if there be one of our natural tastes and affections more refined from the dross of sin that mixes in the thoughts and feelings of man in his fallen state, than another, it is the LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Next to the instinctive love of the parent, and the domestic animals that find their place beside the hearth of the household, the love of flowers manifests itself in the heart of the child. I regard it as the earliest development of the purely intellectual faculties—an untaught admiration for beauty of form, and harmony of colours, uninfluenced by what philosophers have written and poets sung.

Flowers are among the first steps by which the infant mind is led upwards to adore the manifold works of the Creator. They are indeed meet emblems of man's frail, corrupted nature. Like him they grow up—they blossom—they bring forth good and bad fruit—they wither—they die. They are the natural types of his resurrection. Like him, they are destined to rise again from the dark confines of their earthly tomb, renewed in fresh loveliness.

How poetical are many of the passages in Holy Writ, which liken man to the flowers of the field:

"And the voice said, Cry! and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand fast for ever."—*Isaiah* 40—5, 6, 7.

How strikingly pathetic is that part of our burial service:

"Man that is born of woman," &c.

How deeply did the affecting truth of these words enter my heart, as I stood, with my weeping sisters, beside the grave that had been opened to receive the mortal remains of a dear and much lamented father. It was a May morning, of surpassing beauty—not a cloud obscured the deep blue of the sky—and the solemn pauses between the impressive words of the minister were filled by the voice of the cuckoo, from the thick grove that skirted the romantic church-yard of L——, and the full joyous notes of a blackbird, in the hawthorn hedge that skirted the enclosure. The broad gay sunshine, and the cheerful melody of birds, seemed but a mockery to our sad spirits; but the withering flowers and grass that had been untimely cut off by the spade of the grave-digger, and which lay in profusion beneath our feet, spoke to our hearts with meek eloquence; and we beheld in the withering herbage a meet emblem of the frail existence of him whom we had seen cut off in the pride and strength of manhood.

There is something in that, now almost obsolete, custom of strewing flowers on the graves of departed friends, and hanging garlands of that fadeless flower, that we call Life-everlasting, at their tombs, that harmonizes far more with our feelings than all the sable mockery of woe displayed in city burials, where empty carriages and liveried servants are sent to swell the shew of outward respect for the memory of the dead.

The custom of planting flowers and decking the graves of friends still continues in remote villages in Wales, and in the northern parts of England, but it is entirely discontinued in the more civilized counties. I would it were otherwise; for it speaks more certainly to the heart than storied urn or animated bust. The holy, the beautiful, the simple language of nature is hushed into silence—a foreign and artificial one is heard in its place.

I know not a more pleasing sight than a group of happy, careless children, on a bright spring day, seated on some green waste by the road-side, or in some bowery lane, each with its chaplet of daisies, and its lap full of cowslips, celandines, and sweet violets. What pretty rosy groups have I seen, sunning themselves in front of cottage doors, or delightedly roaming over the green meadows, or wide-spread heath, gathering flowers. In every cabin window the neat housewife finds a place for the handfulls of primroses and cowslips, plucked by the children's hands in their daily rambles; and, though arranged with little attention to taste or elegance, I still love to look upon the cottager's bean-pot, for the love of flowers inclines the heart to the love of God.

If there be one study I would recommend to

the attention of the female portion of my readers, it is the natural history of the vegetable world. I do not mean botany as it is generally taught in schools—a mere acquaintance with the Linnæan classification. The bare knowledge of names and classes can confer little real pleasure, or enlargement to the mind. But this forms but a small part of botany; and in the attentive study of the habits and natures of plants there is a fertile field for intellectual enjoyment. Whether our attention be directed to the simple star-eyed daisy—"the little flower that loves the lea"—or to the magnificent dahlia, in all its gorgeous hues—to the green moss, that vivifies the rude bark, and triumphs 'mid decay, on the fallen timbers that strew our forest wilds—or to the majestic pine, that towers above his brethren of the woods. From the first wonder of the bursting seed, ere even the tender leaf bud appears above the soil, to the perfection of the noble tree, or the expansion of the lovely bud, all is admirable—all is beautiful—and well fitted to awaken thoughts of holy contemplation in the mind—to lift it in grateful feeling towards that Almighty Being, who has graciously strewed the sinner's path with flowers, to cheer, to soothe, to delight, to win him back from the vexatious cares of life to better and holier things. Has He not given us flowers, to teach us an humble reliance on His care, whose fatherly goodness extends even to the lilies of the field?

The study of plants has this great advantage over many other pursuits connected with natural history—it is easy of access to all. The conchologist and the mineralogist must have costly specimens to assist their studies. The botanist may walk forth into the fields and woods, the garden, nay the barrenest road-side, to obtain his cheap treasures—heathy common land will contribute something to his collection and to his amusement. The "hortus siccus," neatly and carefully arranged, grows daily beneath his hand, affording a constant supply of interesting matter to the lover of flowers.

The entomologist must inflict pain, or at all events, deprive happy creatures of a life of enjoyment, before he can perfect his studies. The ornithologist must pursue the beautiful objects of his admiration with difficulty, and often amid perils, from which the boldest might shrink back; but the love of flowers may be pursued without incurring such risks, and the most feeling heart may delight itself in the occupation, without fear and without reproach.

It is now the season of apparent death in the vegetable world in these latitudes, and the seeds and roots of plants lie buried deep beneath a pall of snow. The slumber of death seems to brood over our vast forests; every future leaf and bud and flower lies locked within a scaly prison. In Canada we have no Christmas rose—no pure chaste snow drop—no winter aconite, to peep above the snow, and cheer us with the sight of verdure or fair colours. Not here, as in Britain, are seen, as early as the month of March, in sheltered gardens or green mossy hollows, knots of these sweet flowers, "the tender primrose that forsaken dies"—the powdery catkins, waving to every breeze—and the rich crimson tassels of the hazel, with the soft velvety buds of the osier and palm willow, that lures by its rich scent the cautious bees. The bursting buds of apricots and peaches come forth on sunny walls in mild seasons, and March suns perfect, and March winds scatter them abroad.

The pink, white, and azure blossoms of the *Hepatica*, that ornament of our Canadian woods, comes forth in sunny borders, and stores of bulbs are bursting from the shroud, within whose silken folds their beauties lay buried.

There are a thousand lovely sights to be seen at this season in the floral world, but none that used so to fill my young heart (I speak of childhood) with such unalloyed delight as a rich bordering of newly opened Crocuses (those so aptly termed the cloth of gold) on a bright March morning, with the newly awakened inmates of the hive, making sweet melody within their glowing cups—sweet sounds in happy unison with happy hearts.

Though no longer able, with my outward senses, to behold and enjoy the lovely flowers that make a British spring the fairest season in the year—an exile from the old affectionate haunts of my childhood—I can still think upon the flowery meads and woodland glades, thickly embroidered with stores of choicest flowers—flowers whose very names unlock a thousand memories of the past—the early happy springtime of our lives.

These have a language all their own—and eloquently does the simple language of the home flowers speak to the heart of the British emigrant. But it is not of British flowers I purpose treating in future. I shall endeavour to select for the *Garland* an offering of native Canadian flowers, described, as they appear in their seasons, by the pen of the

CANADIAN FLOWER GATHERER.

INDEPENDENCE.

ONE man may be less dependent than another; but absolute independence, even were it desirable, is a *moral* phenomenon, nay, rather a moral impossibility.

OH! HAD SHE LOV'D,

A BALLAD.

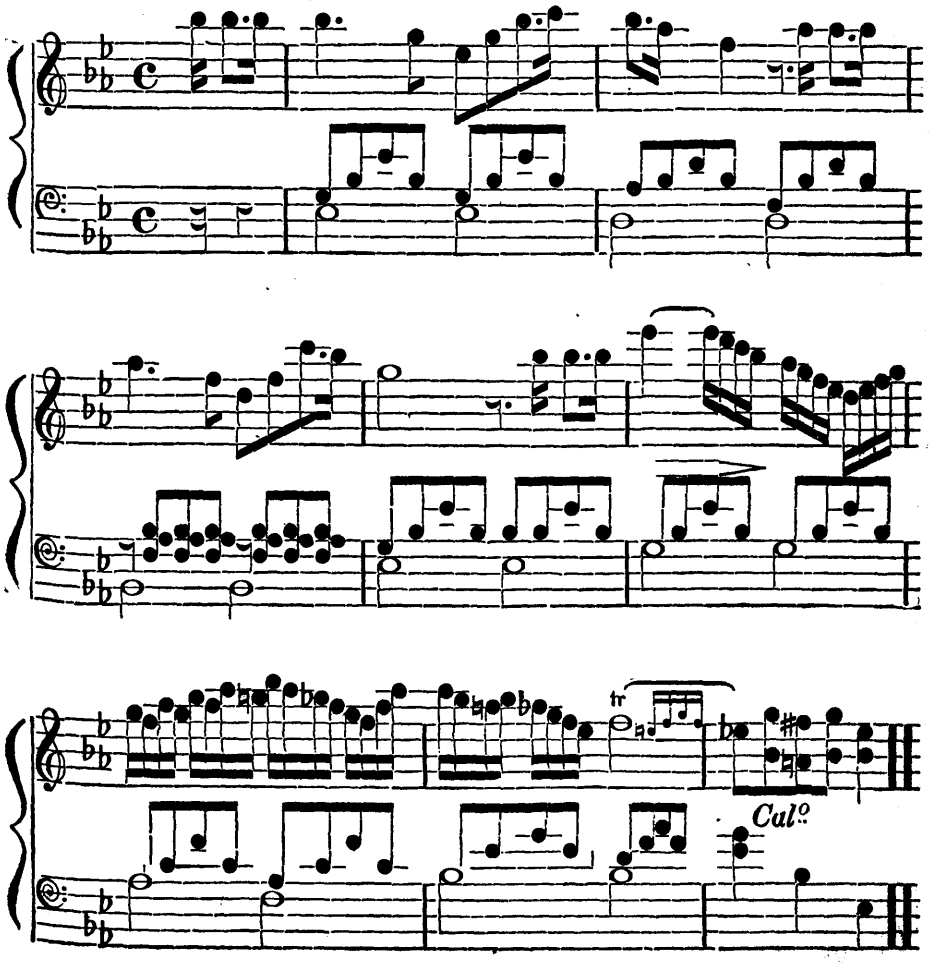
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY J. H. WILLIS, ESQUIRE,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED, FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND,

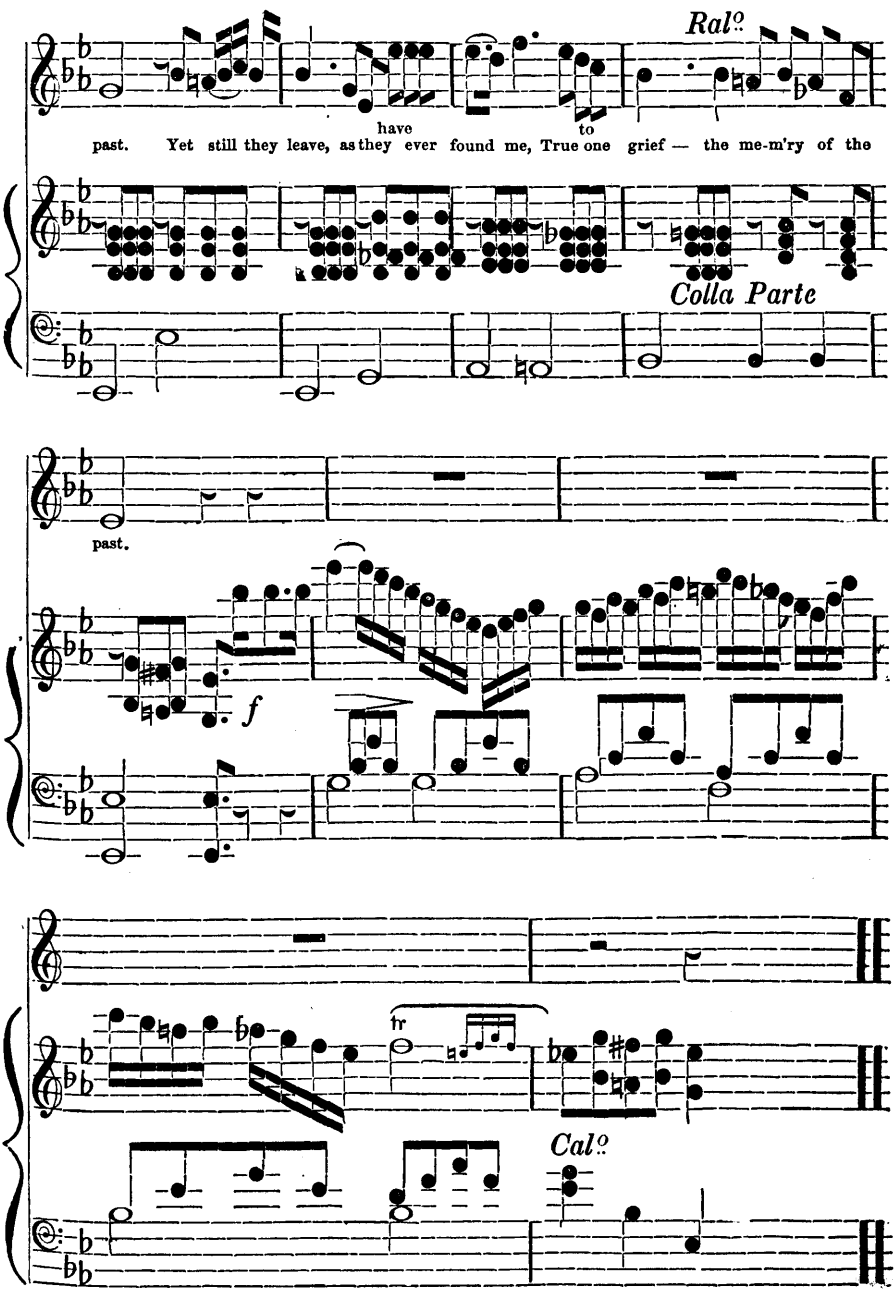
BY

FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

DOLCE E PIACEVOLMENTE EXPRESSIVO




Oh! had she lov'd—and lov'd me but sin - cere - ly, I had not been, what now I weep to
Ralenº.
be,— Oh! had she lov'd—as I lov'd her, so dear - ly, Life had not been gloom and tears to all
Colla Parte
eyes voices
me. Bright may smile in scenes of joy a - round me, Sweet spells of melody may
cast,—Yet still they leave as they have ever found me, True to one grief—the mem'ry of the



2D VERSE.

Vainly I woo—to cheat my bosom's sadness,
Revel and wine that I may all forget,—
Wine-cups and mirth wake not my soul to gladness,
While thoughts of her so wildly haunt it yet.

Oh! had she lov'd—and loved me but sincerely,
I had not been what now I weep to be.—
Oh! had she lov'd—as I lov'd her so dearly,
Life had not been all gloom and tears to me.

LINES TO AN OLD TREE.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Old tree, in childhood's sunny hours,
I've played beneath thy shade,
Weaving bright wreaths of summer flowers—
I thought they would not fade!
And then I've watched above to see
The robin build her nest,
And laugh aloud, with noisy glee,
When warmly made and drest.

Old tree, when somewhat older grown,
With book in hand, how oft
I've sat me at thy foot alone,
Whilst sung the lark aloft:
And many a lesson conn'd with care,
And many a tale well read,
Bore witness to the hours that there
So pleasantly were sped.

Old tree, beneath thy faithful shade
Confiding friendship grew—
O! couldst thou tell of all that made
Youth clothed with gladsome hue:
Thou would'st a lengthen'd tale reveal
Of happy days now flown—
Of joys that I no more can feel,
Of friends from earth now gone!

Old tree, sad changes have been made,
And others are to come,
Since one who dwelt beneath thy shade
Has gone to his long home!
At early morn or eve, no more
His steps to thee shall wend—
Earth's joys and sorrows now are o'er,
To thee, my earliest friend!

Old tree, the home, where year to year,
Thy branches waved above,
Made sacred by affection's tear,
Where children dwelt in love,
Is home no more, and strangers' feet
Have trod those much lov'd halls,
And unknown voices come to greet
The traveller to its walls.

Old tree, they say thou too must fall!
I would it were not so;
For O! to me thou dost recall
Deep thoughts of joy and woe!
I would that thou might'st still remain,
Though all is changed around—
I would that we might meet again
On that much hallowed ground!

Old tree, farewell! for never more
Mine eyes shall love to see
Thy branches waving proudly o'er
The home so dear to me.
Well, be it so, for thou wert part
Of what is passed away,
And though thy fall makes sad my heart,
I will not bid thee stay.

ERROR.

It is common to men to err; but it is only a fool that perseveres in his error; a wise man, therefore, alters his opinion, a fool never.—*Latin Proverb.*

INDIAN'S SACRED SONG.

BY H. J. K.

God of the Light!—who never tires—
Thy blessed rays are good,
Sent from thy sacred Council-fires,
To gladden lake and wood!
Immortal One! whose altar stands
High o'er the mountain's brow,
Thine eye is bright o'er many lands—
The red-man's Manitou!

God of the winds! whose misty form
Is seen in summer cloud—
Before the pinions of thy storm
The lofty pine hath bowed;
The flash that leaves yon airy halls
Bears mandates from thy throne;
We hear thy voice in waterfalls,
And in the thunder's tone!

God of the rains! Thy summer showers
Refresh our Indian maize,
And change to fruit the forest flowers,
And cool the sultry days.
God of the night! whose golden bow
Is hung upon the cloud,
O'er all Thy shadows softly flow,
And wake the starry crowd.

We have the sacred dance at spring
Around the feast of flow'rs;
The solemn first-fruit offering,
And thanks in harvest hours.
We still retain the virgin feasts,
As taught us by our sires;
And still the prophets and the priests
Dispense the holy fires.

God of the wild and gloomy wood!
Accept our solemn fast;
Whose rod before our fathers stood—
Great Spirit of the Past!
God of the future! teach the road,
By which in death is found
The land of souls! that bless'd abode—
The happy hunting ground!

BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.*

BY M. A. N.

The maiden stood
Within the shadow of her leafy bower,
And round about her, in a joyous group,
Her sportive playmates gathered. Bright flowers were there,
Wreathed with the summer foliage. But in vain
Their hues, though born of Heaven, might seek to vie
With the rich delicate bloom upon her cheek,
Where Care had never for a moment stamp'd
A trace or furrow.

How fair is youth
With its bright robe of sunny Innocence,
Bidding the laughing hours speed gaily on!
The world has many joys, but none so pure
As those which have their home within the heart
Of happy buoyant girlhood, ere the pulse
With one emotion throbs that might not dwell
Amid the dreams of angels.

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* See Plate.

OUR TABLE.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY—BY JUSTUS LIEBIG—TRANSLATED BY DR. LYON PLAYFAIR.

THE vast importance of the subject upon which this book is written, has secured for it the attention of the intelligent and enlightened inhabitants of England and America. The theories it propounds have been experimentally tested, with such results as to prove the thorough knowledge possessed by the author of the subject he has undertaken to elucidate. But not only have experiments hitherto untried proved the Professor's knowledge of his subject—it is now evident that he has clearly illustrated, accounted for, and explained many agricultural processes which have hitherto been conducted merely by imitation, or as an empiric administers his potions, without a knowledge of the reason why certain results will follow.

The better class of agriculturists in England —the observant, reflecting, and intelligent farmers—occupy almost universally the same ground with Mr. Liebig. True, they have reached it by very different paths; but the goals at which they aimed were precisely the same. And the theorist has not only explained what the experiments of the farmer had already shown, but he has also afforded him that knowledge of the operating causes, which alone can guide him with any degree of certainty, in their practical application, and guard against the probabilities of failure. The truth of the observation, "that every discovery, legitimately inferred, from observed facts, will sooner or later be found to coincide with the best practice, and to explain it," is thus rendered evident.

Agriculture, in many parts of Canada, has hitherto been conducted in an unworkmanlike and unprofitable manner. It is only within a few years, and in the neighbourhood of towns, that the value of manures has begun to be understood. There are thousands throughout the country, at the present day, who have in their farm-yards mines of wealth, which have year after year been accumulating, and left to lose their substance by exposure to every species of weather—the extremes of heat and cold—without a single regret on the part of their owners. There is little wonder that the crops are in many instances too small to remunerate the workmen for the labour expended on them. It will always be so until the farmer applies the knowledge daily laid before him, (and which he ought to acquire,) to the cultivation of his fields, determined to do his best to deserve the mercies with which a bountiful Providence is able and willing to supply him, *if he will only adopt the means.*

Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, to the enquiring Agriculturist, will be of eminent service. It would have been better for common every day use had the terms been more generally simplified, few of the uninitiated having a very perfect knowledge of the technicalities made use of by chemists in describing the ingredients of which the different varieties of soil are composed. To remedy this, however, a glossary is appended to some of the editions, and the really anxious and sincere enquirer will not be daunted by any trifling difficulty in the way of acquiring knowledge so essential to his prosperity.

THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME—BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THIS distinguished scholar has produced a new work under that title. Mr. Macaulay assumes that the lost ballad poetry of Rome was transformed into history by chroniclers, for want of more authentic materials. That this might happen at Rome, he asserts, for something very like it has happened in several countries, and among others, in our own. Hume's History exhibits proofs of the practice. He cited William of Malmesbury, as his authority for two tales introduced into his history, but he neglected to remark that William of Malmesbury gave distinct notice, that they rested on no better authority than that of ballads. It is certain, says Macaulay, that the oldest annals of the Commonwealth of Rome were compiled more than a century and a half after the destruction of the records, and these were entirely destroyed by the Gauls more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city. Ballads, then, it would seem, were the source, and the only source, from which was drawn the history of Rome for a period of five hundred years. As the lost ballad poetry of Rome was transformed into history, Mr. Macaulay's present attempt has been to reverse the process, and transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made. He presents us, accordingly with the "Lays of Ancient Rome." It is to be regretted that so refined a scholar as Macaulay, likewise a poet and philosopher, should ever have left the garden of literature to follow the game of politics. If his object be fame, to be remembered when the present generation and many succeeding generations shall have passed away, he should not relax his hold of literature. Politics may give a man power, but they seldom or never transmit a name of purity. We hope Macaulay has abandoned the game of politics for ever. His powerful intellect and delightful pen should be confined to those subjects which they are so well calculated to adorn.

FRANKLIN EVANS, OR THE INEBRIATE.

An American novel, written with a view to further the cause of temperance, and of the Temperance Reform. It pourtrays in a lively manner the terrible evils flowing from an indulgence in the vicious habits which have for centuries warred against the welfare and the happiness of the human race. As an assistant in so good a cause, we cannot look without interest on this unpretending story, and we but perform a duty when we recommend it to the perusal of all, and more particularly to the serious attention of the young.

THE NEIGHBOURS, A TALE OF EVERY DAY LIFE—BY FREDERICA BREMER—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

This is a very interesting, and to some extent, a useful work, particularly as it will probably be the means of opening up a new source of literary entertainment. It is translated from a work originally written in the language of Sweden, a country the literature of which has hitherto been almost altogether unknown. Indeed, up to the present time, attention has rarely been directed to it. The mine, however, is now discovered, and while so many are looking after novelty, it is scarcely probable that there will be experienced any lack of travellers in this hitherto unbeaten track. The Neighbours is said to be a very fair specimen of Swedish literature, and if, as the fair translator says, there be many such, the intellectual markets of the world will, it is not unlikely, derive from this new source, for some time to come, enough to supply the deficiency which of late has begun to be experienced.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Natural History Society.—This Society, numbering among its members many of our most intelligent and respectable inhabitants, pursues the even tenor of its way, quietly and unobtrusively gathering up rich and varied stores of valuable and curious information respecting the Colony—its present condition, and former history and inhabitants. Among its members are several gentlemen whose names are associated with whatever advances have been made in science and literature in Canada. They have done their share of the goodly work. We gladly note that the number of their followers and assistants is increasing. We learn that a Committee of Members has been appointed to revise the Transactions of the Society and the papers which have been laid before it, with a view to their publication. We are certain that when the book is laid before the public it will be found to contain much varied and useful as well as curious information.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec has for many years been a beacon light for those who hope to see the Colony one day occupy its proper sphere in the world, as a country where the arts and sciences are cultivated and flourishing. There are connected with this Society many gentlemen eminent for their talents, and for the persevering exertions they have made to rescue the Province from its almost nothingness in the literary world. They have not laboured altogether in vain, as may be seen by their published "Transactions" during former years. We have heard it stated that some further publications are in contemplation. We hope it may be so, assured as we are that such efforts will do much to stir up the active minded to the completion of the task already so well begun.

Mechanics' Institute.—This Association, which has been in existence only about three years, has already done much towards the achievement of those purposes for which it was originally designed. The winter season, in particular, is dedicated to the advancement of its members in all necessary and useful knowledge. They have been favoured with several courses of valuable Lectures, on subjects peculiarly interesting, which, if not so well attended as they might have been, have yet afforded evidence that there are among the industrious working classes a fair proportion who are anxious to avail themselves of such means as are afforded them, for mental improvement. The Library connected with the Institution is furnished with many valuable works, the privilege of access to which is highly and universally valued. The reading room is indifferently attended, the members generally appearing to prefer their own residences for the perusal of the books at their command. This Institution deserves the support of every individual, whether mechanic or not, who desires the mental and moral improvement of his fellow men.

The Mercantile Library Association is another Society, the intention of which is to afford to the future inhabitants of the city such instruction as is best calculated to add to their respectability and usefulness. The spirited managers of the Association are well seconded. Many valuable Lectures have already been delivered—many are yet in store, to be given during the long winter months. These Associations deserve well of the community, and we are glad to learn that, generally speaking, they are well supported. It speaks well for the philanthrophy of the inhabitants that they are so, and we trust they may long continue to dispense their blessings, and to derive a cheerful support from the classes for whose benefit they are more particularly designed.