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THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. I.

AUGUST, 1843.

No. 8.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA,

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY T. D. P.

CHAPTER I.

"Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance;
Nor shakes her crimson plume in the skies;
Now on the smoke of blazing belis she lies,
And speaks in thunder, through yon engine's roar,
In every peal she calls "Awake! Arise!"
Say is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war song was heard on Andalusia's shore?"

No event of modern times has excited a more intense interest in the whole world, than that which was aroused by the Peninsular war—when two great nations met hand to hand, on a foreign battle-ground, and the sierras and the olive groves of Spain were deluged with alien blood, and her rivers crimsoned with the tide that courses through patriot veins; when the military talents of a Napoleon, a Wellesley, and a host of names but just inferior, were tested—while the fair and beautiful country of Spain, the seat of the desolating war, was made the sport both of friend and foe. But fatal as was the effect of this war upon the Spaniards, it aroused the spirit of Gonzalvo and the Cid, which was not yet quite extinguished in the bosoms of their degenerate descendants; it only lay dormant, smothered by the sloth and indolence of ages, and the cruel and unjustifiable oppression of Bonaparte kindled it into a flame of patriotism and bravery, which, though untaught and unguided, did much towards the salvation of their country, and the final defeat of the French conqueror. When Napoleon, fearful of the influence of a Bourbon dynasty, so near his own imperial dominions, and led on by his insatiate thirst of power, determined to obtain the control of Spain, as he had of almost the whole of Europe, he little thought of the opposition he would have to encounter. He knew the Spanish Court was harrassed, and divided by the domestic broils and dissensions of the Royal family, and that the influence of the infamous Godoy, over

the weak Charles, had rendered him exceedingly unpopular among his subjects, and he therefore imagined, they would willingly receive from his hand, a new king, and a new order of government. He dreamed not of the spirit hid beneath the heavy cloak, and dark sotaberrero of the Spaniard, which needed only a little more oppression, to be exercised from its inner life, and to emerge forth with new energy, robed in the panoply of war, and with the sword of patriotism unsheathed to resist his all-defying power. The people rebelled in heart against their own weak and effeminate government; but they were too haughty, too proudly jealous of their own rights, to allow foreign dictation, even from him who had portioned his own family with the crowns and sceptres of half Europe.

Exasperated by the unexpected opposition he encountered, the Emperor bent all his energies to accomplish his will, and the Peninsula must have inevitably been crushed, and its neck bent to the French yoke, in spite of its newly awakened life, had it not been for the timely assistance of England, who stretched forth her hand to the aid of the suffering nation. The sea was soon covered with the vessels that bore her gallant army to the shores of Spain, from whence many were destined never to return, but to consecrate by their death the banks of the Ebro and the Duero, Coruna and Ciudad Rodrigo—for who can think of, or visit unmoved, the places where so many brave ones died, fighting for the oppressed?—where a Moore lies buried, his martial cloak his only pall, and the booming guns of the enemy his last sad requiem.

Of all the brilliant achievements to which this campaign gave rise, none remain more prominent on the page of its history than the gallant defence of Saragossa, the beautiful and heroic city, which, though desolated and almost destroyed, rose Phoenix-like from its own ashes, successfully combated the invader, and waved the ban-

ner of triumph and victory over its broken ramparts, ruined churches, prostrate convents, and the thousands of its slain who filled the breaches; men, women and children, who, falling with arms in their hands, testified to the general feeling which animated them. This siege gave room for the display of many daring and heroic deeds, which the cold historians of the Peninsular war have passed over in silence, or with that slight mention which is even worse than silence. The romance of history, which could illuminate its dark pages, and brighten even the sad details of blood-bought victory, are excluded from the matter-of-fact histories of the officers, who, themselves actors in the great panorama, could only see what was immediately about and around them, and were not always conscious of the hidden springs which put in motion some of the cumbrous machinery of the war. But there is one of these events which not even the silence of historians could consign to oblivion, but to which enduring fame has been given by the pencil of Wilkie, and the glowing pen of Byron. Who that has ever looked upon the speaking face of the fair "Maid of Saragossa," the Spanish "Joan of Arc," as sketched by that master hand, she stands in the freshness of her youth and peerless beauty, Minerva-like, hurling the thunderbolt of war, and inspiring the drooping soldiery, while with moistened eye she turns a lingering gaze upon her dead lover, without wishing to know more of her eventful history? A leaf or two only has been gathered; but they cannot be gazed at too often, or preserved in too many ways, and we would now endeavour to trace the outline of the gallant deed of this heroic girl, to which Saragossa owed her first deliverance from the invading French.

At the close of the 4th August, 1808, the besieged city of Saragossa was in a most distressed state, completely overlooked by the French, who had gained possession of Monte Torrero, an eminence which commanded the whole city, and from whence they poured a raking and destructive fire, for the defence and support of the troops they had sent to storm a breach in the convent of St. Engracia, through which they hoped to effect an entrance into the city, which had now held them at bay for several weeks. But the Spaniards, fighting for their homes, their lives, their liberty, had met and driven back the assailants with desperate energy; hand to hand they had grappled with the foe, and succeeded in repulsing them, though a few of the most determined of the combatants had obtained and kept possession of the Cosso, the public walk formed on the line of the ancient Moorish rampart, just without the walls of the city. A few

ful scene had closed the day, and added to the devastating horrors which already surrounded the devoted Spaniards. A discharge of the French howitzers had set fire to a Spanish magazine of powder, which blew up, destroying many houses, and burying under their ruins hundreds of the inhabitants. And, as if this were not enough to complete the terrible picture, which Death, with skilful hand and blood-red palette, was sketching, a more fearful feature was added to the scene, by the firing of the public hospital, from whence the wretched inmates, making their escape, mingled with the combatants, and the ravings of madmen, and the feeble cries of drivelling idiots, swelled the discordant sounds, which ever follow the stern spectre of carnage and war, that was now stalking through the stately streets of Saragossa, and bathing in the rivers of blood which deluged the olive grounds and vineyards of its beautiful country. The day, which had opened with the early attack of the French, seemed interminable; but at last Night drew her friendly curtain over the heated sky; the sounds of the fierce conflict ceased, the lightning flash of the iron-mouthed cannon faded away in the darkness; the French withdrew silently to their camp, many a one bearing a wounded comrade on his breast; the fearful din of strife in the beleaguered city was hushed, and nought but the low groan of the dying, or, at times, the shrill shriek of the roaring maniac, rose on the still air. All who had homes left, sought them, and the women and children were ready to welcome their hardy defenders with all the soothing cares which the weary and heart-sickened soldier requires.

At the door of one of the humblest houses in the city, stood, straining her eager eyes as if watching the approach of some one, a young girl, her mantilla thrown back, her dark hair falling loosely about her pale and anxious face. To a question asked by an individual within the house she replied: "No, mother, he comes not: my heart misgives me, he is among the slain. Would to 'Our Lady of the Pillar,' I knew where he had been stationed—I would seek him there." She pressed her hand heavily upon her heart, as if to still the rising emotion; "Ah! well," she added, "he has fallen in a noble cause. I would he could have been spared a little longer, that he might have seen his country saved, or we might have fallen together in the general ruin." She gave one more piercing look into the thick darkness, which had settled like a brooding cloud over the city, then re-entered the house, and busied herself in aiding her mother, who was binding up the wounds, and attending to the wants of some half-dozen soldiers who lay stretched upon

the floor. As if to forget her own cause of anxiety in aiding others, she brought wine and bread for the fainting and suffering men, and moistened their parched and feverish lips with the grateful juice of the grape.

"Where is Pedro?" asked one, as she gently lifted his head, to give him the refreshing draught.

"I fear he is with the dead," answered she in a low, hoarse voice, struggling with her emotion. "Could he have crawled hither, he would have been with us, knowing our anxiety, and that we have none but him. Have you seen him today?"

"Late this afternoon I saw him fighting at the convent of St. Engracia; he was with Palafox, and was then unharméd. I was just fainting from the blow I had received; but I thought I saw Our Lady with her angels, warding off the strokes which were aimed at him, and the balls which flew whistling about his head. Ah! there he comes!"

As he spoke a tall figure entered the room, so begrimed with smoke, and dust, and blood, that none but the eye of lover or friend could have recognized him. The girl sprang forward with a cry of delight, and almost fell at his feet. The young cannoner raised her, and as he did so, she felt drops of warm blood fall upon her face. Starting up, she looked hurriedly at him:

"You are wounded!" she cried; "why did you not come before?"

"I could not, dearest Agostina," he replied. "I have but just received my orders from our Captain-General for tomorrow's duty; but, come, you must dress this wound upon my head—nay, pale not so; it is a mere scratch, that I shall be well repaid for, by your care of it."

Agostina led the way to a small inner room. She found, on examination, a long but not deep sabre-cut upon the head, which Pedro told her had been received in warding off a blow from Palafox. He was exhausted from the fatigues of the day; but the caress of his lovely nurse, the bread, olives, and cooling grapes, which she gave him, soon revived him.

"Ah, Agostina," he said, "could I have had such refreshment as this from your dear hand today, I could have battled more vigorously with the enemy. I was faint and weary, and nothing but the remembrance of you sustained me. It has been a fearful struggle; at times, I thought we must give way. It chills my blood to think of the gallant fellows cut down by my side, rank after rank, till the breach was filled with the bodies of the dying and the dead; fresh supplies of the French poured in; and they would have gained possession of the city had they not got entangled in the 'Arco de Cineja,' which was so long and crooked they could not find their way

out; thanks to our blessed Lady. Our people then rallied, fell upon them, hemmed them in and scarce left one to return and tell the tale to those without; this slight success encouraged us, and we fought like brave men; but this cannot last long; our resources are becoming exhausted, our men weary and dispirited, and I fear we must soon yield unless succour is sent us. Palafox hopes for a reinforcement; his brave spirit is never prostrated; and Father Consolacion too, he puts new life into us; with the image of our Lady in his arms, he passes from one part of the city to another, encouraging the combatants, relieving the wounded, and shriving the dying, and he bears a charmed life; balls are flying around; sabres clash about his head, but he escapes. And the women, Agostina, they have been ministering angels today, with their baskets of wine and fruit, their cheering words of hope; they have mingled among us, giving new strength to the wearied arm, and adding fresh fuel to the fire of our patriotism. I looked for you, dearest; I thought your brave and impatient spirit would lead you forth among our ranks."

"I deemed it no place for women, Pedro, where blood and carnage were, and I thought it would better please you to have me remain at home, and tend the fainting and wounded who were brought to our threshold; but tomorrow I will be by your side, and far happier shall I feel than in this weary watching,—ah, you know not—you cannot tell, how long and dreary this day has been; the dread booming of the cannon, every shot from which, we knew was the messenger of death, the thrilling, heart-rending sounds of strife, have rung in my ears, and a thousand times have I fancied I heard thy death-cry rising above the warring sounds; but angels have protected thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee. The right, the truth is on our side, and can we doubt that we shall have a heavenly host to aid us. When did the Holy Virgin ever fail to bless the righteous cause? she has been seen more than once leading on her angel army to our aid, and she will not now desert us. But what is to be done tomorrow?"

"That depends upon the point of attack chosen by the foe; Palafox will take his station, at the Portillo, and has assigned me my post there also, as chief cannoner; ramparts of sand bags are to be placed there, and I hear even now the preparations for the morrow's defence going on, in the low murmur, and the heavy footfall; those who are not too weary with the day's exertions are repairing the outposts, filling up the gaps, raising barricades, and putting up all impediments in

the way of the invaders. A proposal has been made to lay a mine under Monte Torrero, and explode the French camp, but it is too rash an experiment, we have not men to spare for so dangerous an undertaking, we must confine ourselves to the defensive, besides in its explosion it might destroy half our city, and we have already suffered enough. Our trust must be in our righteous cause and our Lady, who will not permit her chosen abiding place to be destroyed. But heard you, not, sweet one, the rumour of surrender? The insulting Desmottes sent to our noble captain a demand for the giving up of the city; on the plea that as it could not possibly resist much longer, it would save many lives and much destruction of property, if it were quietly yielded, and he pledged himself to allow us great privileges, and almost the honours of conquerors, if we would submit."

"What was the answer of our general?" said Agostina, with an emotion which showed how dear was the honour of her native city to her proud Spanish heart.

"He drew his sabre from his belt, and holding it menacingly before the messenger: "Say to your leader 'War to the knife!'" this was all the reply he vouchsafed, and, turning away, he resumed the directions he was giving for the erection of the palisades, and the mounting of the howitzers, on the side of the Ebro, for a rumour has reached us that Napoleon disapproves the mode of attack pursued by Lefebvre, and has ordered him to cross the river and attack us where we are supposed to be the weakest. The fell tyrant has been heard to say 'Saragossa must fall; he has decreed it, considering it the point of union for the three provinces; he feels that its possession is essential to secure his position, and I confess, Agostina, when I think what he is, who has said it, I tremble. What did he ever will yet, that failed? Every thing he looks upon becomes his prey, and nought can oppose him. My heart sinks at the dreary prospect for my country, Evil light upon the feat Godoy, who has brought this ruin upon us."

"Hope, hope, dear Pedro; trust in God, the right, and our Lady, we shall yet live to see tranquil days. A prophetic spirit seems to come upon me, showing me, as in a magic glass, the end of this struggle. I see you, dearest, sharing the honours with Palafox, welcomed with loud vivas wherever you appear. Saragossa is once more free, she raises her head triumphant; her vineyards and olive gardens flourish, and the sound of joyous revelry is heard where now echo the groans of the dying and the wail of the mourning. But it is time for you to seek rest, I will call you at day-break. Till then sleep in peace.

With graceful care she arranged a light couch which was in the room; her lover threw his wearied frame upon it; she knelt for a moment at his side, uttered a fervent prayer for his protection and safety, then noiselessly gliding from the room, she left him to that repose he so much needed. She herself slept not; her excited spirit could find no rest, and she listened to the many sounds, which rose from the different parts of the city, indicating the preparations which were going on for the morrow's combat. The hum and buzz grew louder and louder as the day dawned; and with the first grey light, the drums and trumpets sent forth their stirring appeal, rousing the sleeping soldiers, and summoning them to another day of bitter strife, where most of them were to lay down their lives, a willing sacrifice for their country's good. Refreshed and full of ardour, Pedro bade farewell to Agostina and her mother, and to relieve their anxiety and shorten the day, to them, he promised, if it were possible, he would come to them at noon, to tell them how the fight was speeding with them.

With sad heart and tearful eye, Agostina watched his departing form, till a turn in the street hid him from her view; then prostrating herself before the image of the blessed Virgin, she poured out her full heart in an agony of supplication and prayer. Soon wild cries rose in the air; the roar of the cannon, the shouts of "Viva el Rey," "Avancé tirailleurs," "Viva Fernando Septimo," "Viva l'Empereur," "Morte, Morte;" the tramp of the cavalry as they forced their way down from Monte Torrero; the clashing of sabres; the shrieks of the wounded; the maddening yell of raging strife, grew hour by hour more fierce. The timid, appalled, crowded into the darkest corners of their homes, endeavouring to close their ears against the dread tumult, but in vain.

With feverish anxiety, Agostina waited for the promised visit from her lover; but he came not, and as the day wore on, remembering the half expressed wish of the day before, that he had had bread and wine from her hand to refresh his weary spirit, she filled a basket with delicious grapes and wine, and drawing her mantilla closely about her face, with a beating heart sailed forth to the gate of the Fortillo.

CHAPTER II.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal part;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career,
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host;
Who can appease like her, a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve, when man's flushed hope is lost,
Who hung so fiercely on the flying Gnat,
Fell'd by a woman's hand before a battered wall?"

"Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye, that mocks her coal black veil,
Heard her light lively tones in lady's tower,
Seen her long locks that fall the painter's power:
Her fairy form, with more than female grace —"

"By our Lady of the Pillar! I leave not this post
till we conquer, or I die!"

As these words broke the dread silence of fear, which had nearly paralyzed the defending army of Saragossa, the few remaining soldiers grasped their sabres with renewed fervour, and responded their loud vivas; the wounded raised themselves to look at the speaker, and the fire of hope and courage sparkled once more in the eyes of the dying. And who was it that produced this electric effect on the heart-weary patriots, who were hopelessly struggling for their freedom and their homes? Was it their leader Palafox, inspired with fresh zeal? Was it *Cuesta* with a band of reinforcements? or, was it *Julien*, the *Guerrilla* chief, who was known to be lurking in some of the neighbouring sierras? No, it was a woman, who with the heart of a *Cid*, beating beneath her heaving bosom, thus put new life into the discouraged soldiery of Saragossa. A woman, young and beautiful, who, but the day before, would have shunned to look upon the dying, and whose cheek paled at the sight of the flowing blood which, mingling with the waters of the *Ebro*, had dyed its pure stream with the still purer current of patriotism. She looked the very genius of her country, as, standing upon the cannon, the blazing torch with which she had that moment fired it, held in her right hand, while with eyes uplifted, she made the vow to conquer or die. Once more, loud pealed the battery about her; soldiers, who, wearied and dispirited, had cast away their arms and given up all hope of victory, now seized them again. On they rushed, gathering strength with every step, they poured through the gate of the *Fortillo*, cheered by the flash of the cannon, which the heroic girl still fired, and whose death shots, falling thick and fast among the enemy, did fearful execution; their sortie was irresistible; animated by no common impulse, as they bore down upon the flying foe, their victorious shout rose above the din. On they pressed, trending beneath them, hundreds of the light soldiers, who, unprepared for such an attack, were borne down by the resistless onset. They pursued them almost to the verge of their camp, when the French recovering themselves, commenced a destructive fire with howitzers, which drove the Spaniards back within their own defences; but the result of the day was glorious, hundreds of the French troops lay on the field of blood, while comparatively few of the Spaniards

had fallen; and from this moment they considered themselves the conquerors.

That night the name of *Agostina* rang from one part of the city to the other. The soldiers carried home the tale of her intrepid daring. Mothers and children blessed her. "Viva el *Agostina Saragossa!*" mingled with the midnight shout of encouragement and defiance, as the freshly inspired patriots repaired again their breaches, and added new defences to their battered walls. But where was she, the heroine of the day—heard she those shouts? Did her heart swell within her, with haughty triumph, as she found herself hailed as the deliverer of her native city? Did this proud-consciousness rejoin the broken chain, from which the brightest link had that day been wrenched? Ah, no! Any one who had passed through the narrow street where she lived, and paused at the door of her mother's house, might have heard the low wail of a woman's sorrow—the subdued sobs of that bitter anguish, which can never be felt but once in our short lives, for the deep agony of such a trial makes all after ones seem light in the balance. There, when her name was wafted to the skies, in shouts of triumph, knelt *Agostina*, by the lifeless body of her lover, her hand upon that pulseless heart, whose every beat through life had been for her; but which now, unconscious of her presence, sent back no answering throbs to her fond pressure. What to her blighted hopes were the tones of victory? What cared she for the applause of the nation, when the ear to which it would have been sweetest music was deaf to the sound? For a brief time she felt as if her country's slavery could have been nothing to her, had her lover been spared; and she chid, with bitter lamentations, the gallant leader, for not yielding to the demand of a surrender, which had been made upon him; better to have had a French governor, she thought, and spared the blood of our bravest and best, than thus to gain victory by the desolation of our hearts. But this mood of mind did not continue long; even the dead face upon which she gazed seemed to reprove her for it, and ere the dawn she could look upon the lifeless patriot, and feel it was a glorious fate which had snatched him from her, a martyr to the cause of liberty, who would be canonized in the hearts of his freed countrymen.

For several succeeding days the Spaniards waited not for the attack of the French, but made vigorous sorties upon them, till wearied and exhausted, by continual conflicts, in which they gained not a step, *Lefebvre Desnouettes* determined to raise the siege, and, accordingly, as a cover to his escape, on the night of the 13th, he kept up a vigorous discharge of cannon and shells

upon the city, which terrified the inhabitants more than the conflicts of the day. What then was their surprise and delight, when the sun rose, to see its beams reflected from the lances of the retreating foe, who were already far off on the road to Pampeluna. Then burst forth the sound of acclamation and rejoicing: this first great triumph was looked upon as the herald of brighter days, when the conqueror of the world, vanquished, the usurper hurled from his seat, their own beloved king restored, they should stand forth among nations, the proud defenders of their own liberty, the only ones, who had dared defy the scourger of the earth, and who had stopped with their own bodies the wheels of the triumphal car, in which he had proposed to ride over their crushed liberties. And under God and our Lady, they felt they owed this great deliverance to the hand of a woman; had not Agostina at the very moment when the most contagious depression had seized upon the soldiery and people, when the cannon, deserted by their cannoniers, kept no longer, by their threatening fire, the enemy in check—had she not, as if heaven sent, appeared among them, their dread foe would have inevitably obtained possession of the city. And what was it that led her thither: was it the eager spirit of the Amazon, or anxious patriotism? No, it was the ministering and loving heart of a woman, which enabled her to face danger and death, to bring refreshment to her lover and his weary comrades. And what was it nerved her hand, and steeled her heart? It was the sight of that lover dead at his post, the torch in his stiffened hand. No one had filled his place, she stooped over him, not to shed a tear, but to take the burning torch with which she lighted the most magnificent pyre ever offered to the manes of the loved and lost.

The events which followed the raising of the siege of Saragossa have been truly chronicled. On the 20th, Ferdinand, amid the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, was proclaimed king. The infamous conduct of Godoy, the weakness of Charles, having so disgusted the people that they willingly accepted the abdication of the feeble father, and hoped in the youth and energy of the young Ferdinand to find a protector, and one who would gallantly espouse the cause of the people, who had been so long oppressed: drive out the intruding foe, and restore the liberties and privileges which had been taken from them. It was well no prophet rose to tell them of the vainness of their hopes, and to show them the seas of blood through which they were destined to wade, ere the foreign foe was quelled; and even then, not peace but internal dissensions were to continue their rack and ruin, till their fair country

became a bye-word in the mouths of nations. Could they have foreseen this, the words of joy and revelry which ushered in the day of proclamation, would have died away in sad murmurs, and the joyous shouts would have ended in groans of despair; but the cloud destined to overspread their horizon with thick darkness was unmarked, because it was no bigger than a man's hand, and that day was as bright a one as was ever recorded in the annals of Saragossa.

Fernando Septimo was proclaimed king. Agostina, before the assembled crowd gathered to witness the honors paid to their king, received the reward of her heroic daring, in a pension for life, and a small shield, on which was wrought in golden letters, the word "Saragossa." On the people too was conferred a general boon, through the hands of their chieftain, Palafox. In the name of Ferdinand, the inhabitants of the city, and its suburbs, of both sexes, received the magnificent immunity of entire freedom from any disgraceful punishment, except for the crimes of treason and blasphemy.

Thus ended the first siege of Saragossa; and thus, almost for the first time, were the Imperial armies foiled; but Napoleon had said "Saragossa must fall," and in obedience to the mandate, ere four months had passed, another French army presented itself before the walls of Saragossa. After two months of the most exciting warfare, unparalleled bravery, and prodigious feats, the noble and heroic city was compelled to surrender to superior force, and just six months from the day on which Ferdinand was proclaimed king, with such outpourings of hopeful enthusiasm, the brave garrison marched out with the honours of war, and Marshal Lannes took possession in the name of Joseph, of the noble city.

But though conquered, like Troy, the gallant defence of Saragossa has given it a name and place in history, which will ever remain, growing brighter and brighter as time throws its halo of romance and traditional lore around it; and long after Napoleon's fame has become like a "a tale that is told," or is viewed like the dim shadow of some majestic tree at twilight hour, shall the story of Saragossa's glorious defence glow from the canvas of Time, and serve as a beacon light, like Marathon and Thermopylae, to kindle the patriot's fire, and support the sinking courage of the oppressed.

WHAT we want in natural abilities may generally and easily be made up in industry; as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster. "Mother!" said the Spartan boy, going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply.

THE SUICIDE.

A FRAGMENT.

"Put out the light and then!"—SHAKESPEARE.

He roamed, an Arab on life's desert waste—
Its waters fleeting when they seem most near—
Love's phantom leaving, when long vainly chased,
No aim to animate, no hope to cheer.

His was a heart where love, when once it sprung,
With every feeling would its tendrils twine;
And still it grew, though baffled, crushed and wrung,
Rankly, as round an oak some noxious vine,—

Within the poisonous folds of whose embrace
Withers each generous shoot that quickened there,
Till the proud features we no more can trace,
Which once that noble stem was wont to wear.

And Time passed on—old Time who joy and grief
Bears on his tireless wings alike away,
As storms the bursting bud and withered leaf
Will sweep together from the fragile spray.

Her form matured, with all its girlish grace;
A woman's richer, full proportions wore;
And none could gaze upon that radiant face,
And not the soul enthroned there adore.

Her eye was bright, or should a thought of him
Its laughing lustre for a moment shade,
'Twas but a passing cloud, which could not dim
The buoyant spirit in its beams that played.

And others bowed where he before had knelt,
And she to one, who even at such a shrine
Could only feign what he alone had felt,
Did the rich guardian of her heart resign.

* * * * *

We love, we know not why—in joy or sadness
We waste on one the fountains of the heart,
The mind's best energies, the—psaw!—his madness—
'Tis worse than frenzy—'tis an idiot's part.

This Bertram knew—for his was not the dreaming,
Cherish'd delusion of a feeble mind:
He knew, too, that in hours there's no redeeming
A soul like his from bonds which years have twined
That she ne'er loved him, came the cold assurance
Home to his heart when all its springs were wasted;
He felt that his had been the vain endurance—
The waste of pangs by her unshared, by her un-
tasted.

Dazzled by the prize, his soul, his senses ravish'd,
 rashly he ventured on a dangerous game;
Lost, beyond hope, the stake so madly lavish'd,
And felt his folly was alone to blame.

And then he knew they had not each been weighing
An equal hazard in the chance game by:
She had but been with the hearts counters playing—
He, he had set his all upon the die.

But to what purpose now availed the seeing
That love, such as ne'er did human pulses stir—
Which was to him the very food of being,
Was but a pastime and a toy to her?

Her empire o'er his his soul had been too deeply founded
Too long established to reconquer now;
Still was she doomed to be the heaven which bounded
The world of all his hopes and fears below.

And were it not so, could the charm around him
Even by a word of his at last be broken,
Fain 's as then that spell would yet have bound him—
That magic word would yet remain unspoken.

One night it chanced, when homeward sadly straying,
Beneath her window that he paused unmoved,
To watch the light, which thro' the casement playing,
At times was darkened by the form he loved—

When through the half-raised sash the summer air
Brought, through the blind which screened the
lady's bower,
Words to the throbbing ear which listen'd thro',
That told him, first, it was her bridal hour!

The sounds of revelry had ceased—the lights
Were all extinguished except one alone;
'Tis that—'tis that his straining vision followed,
Dimly as through the half-shut blind it shone.

That little light! The burning Afric sun,
Which poured its fierce and scorching noon-day
blaze
The heroic Roman's lidless eyes upon,
Was not more madd'ning than that taper's blaze.

The light's removed—but still a shadow dim
Upon the curtain's fold reflected falls!
The light's extinguished—and the world to him
Is now a thing upon the sense that falls.

He dies!—by his own hand is snapp'd life's brittle thread!
In a lone nook they dug for him a grave—
The lady lived to mourn the lover dead,
Who, living, she deserted—would not save!

C. F. H.

LOVERS must not trust too implicitly to their vi-
sual organs. A tender swain once reproached
his immorata with suffering a rival to kiss her
hand, a fact which she indignantly denied. "But
I saw it." "Nay, then," cried the offended fair,
"I am now convinced that you do not love me,
since you believe your eyes in preference to my
word."

PRACTICE—does not always make perfect. Cur-
ran, when told by his physician, that he seemed
to cough with more difficulty, replied—"That is
odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

THE most honourable kiss, both to the giver and
receiver, was that which Queen Margaret of
France, in the presence of the whole Court, im-
pressed upon the lips of the ugliest man in the
kingdom. Alain Chartier, whom she one day
found asleep, exclaiming to her astonished at-
tendants—"I do not kiss the man, but the mouth
that has uttered so many charming things." Ah!
it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

PEN, INK AND PAPER.

BY PAPAS.

How much of mischief, and yet how much of good, have these simple implements furnished to the world. "Black and white" are familiar words, and have much to do with the transactions of life; but how seldom have attempts to impose upon our credulity resulted in *blank* discomfiture.

Perhaps there is no luxury affords more enduring enjoyment to the epicure than Pen, Ink and Paper to the man of taste and education. They are his feast, and staff of life; without them how soon would the elements of his nature perish for want of their only sustenance! As easily could the body subsist on air, as the intellect exist, deprived of the power to speak the "fertile, exhaustless treasures of his mind." A man of learning, with such weapons, is in himself a tower of strength. It was well remarked by Lord Brougham, that, armed with these, he feared not, he envied not, Wellington, backed by his triumphant hosts from Waterloo—he, also, could go forth conquering and to conquer. In such hands it is that a *feather* is strikingly resistless, and exerts its amazing qualities; it can cut, thrust, or parry, with more unerring effect than any two-edged sword. How many have felt the critic's power, and quailed under the strokes of a Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Hood, or Hunt!

We conceive not the transcendent influence of its use, because it exists; of its actions, on men and the world, because we possess it. Can we believe that Homer, Phidias, Shakespeare or Milton, while dawning existence, with words flowing almost by inspiration through their pens,—while tracing these forms of being and embodiments of power which have held nations in wonder, and impressed lasting grandeur on the world—that they themselves were possessed with the conviction of the immensity of their ideal creations, and that their august conceptions of the passions and characters of men would endure as long as men lived, moved, and had their being?

How impossible then would it be to define its bounds; its influence, like the arched canopy of Heaven, is boundless. On this expansive ocean, girdled only with the sky, the mind of man may cradle; our limits will but allow us to skim along its surface, ever and anon dipping our *feather*, like the petrel, in the tumultuous wave.

And, letter writing!—what is more calculated to accommodate itself to the multifarious passions, imaginations, and thoughts of our private moments than a letter? it is also an imperishable material, necessary for the human intellect, by which we interchange "baubles that float at random in our minds," or the more serious workings of our thoughts.

To lovers, between whom the ocean rolls, and distance separates, to receive glad tidings of each other's constancy—to whom "First partings are a lesson hard to learn"—the only link between them they are content to receive, is the little folded treasure; with what a rapture of delight do they welcome it, what emotions thrill every nerve, in moments so momentous to each other's happiness. A ring, a lock of hair, a picture, can be cherished with an almost holy passion by a solitary heart, that mourneth over the former possessor; but a written word of love is felt and acknowledged as the true and certain bond of connection.

But it may be asked why all this trade on a mere mechanical contrivance? We answer because we look upon it as having preserved to us, like the Egyptian embalming, the treasured writings which, but for its retaining virtue, might have been for ever lost; because it is the faithful voucher, the unsatisfying witness of the sacred records, developing with historical fidelity the most minute incidents connected with the past and present condition of mankind. The conservator of associations which grow more and more valuable as they grow older; and however much hieroglyphics might have been valued by the ancients, whom we are so frequently disposed to imitate, we must be aware and remember that symbols are not words, nor pictures alphabetical characters. These may delineate external objects, a momentary definition; but words alone can delineate all the qualities, characters and events, anterior and posterior to such metaphors.

Pen, Ink and Paper have awakened the lethargic spirit that for ages had slumbered. Their use has aroused men's thoughts, enlarging their ideas in all the walks of intellectual and mechanical improvement; like the powerful effects of steam, (which they have helped to invent, expand, and prove successful,) from small beginnings they have gone on increasing and extending in power, until the habitable world has universally adopted them to encircle and pioneer the onward road to *Emue*.
Quebec, 1843.

MILITARY obedience must be implicit and unreasoning. "Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I do not ask your opinion; I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." It might have been difficult, however, to yield a literal obedience to the adjutant of a volunteer corps, who, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out—"All you who are without arms will please to hold up your hands."

THE PIANO;

AN EMIGRANT TALE.

BY H. P.

But for the frowns of fate in Putterbant,
America's rich fields had never smiled:

EMIGRATION is often the last resource of those who have "seen better days;" of many, anxious to escape from the scene of their reverses, with a view not merely to the amendment of their fortunes, but to avoid the notice of those who knew them in more prosperous times. Few persons of the better class of emigrants, who commence a new era in their existence on this shore of the Great Water, but could tell a tale of misfortunes, the result in too many cases of imprudence and error.

The following circumstances in the history of a family long since settled in Western Canada, may not be uninteresting nor altogether without a moral.

At the age of thirty-eight James Pargiter was a thriving and prosperous farmer, the tenant of four hundred of the richest acres in the beautiful agricultural county of Berkshire, England, and could boast the possession of the finest team, and the brightest brass'd harness for miles around. The King's state coachman, in his lace-covered suit, could not be a prouder man than was farmer Pargiter's head carrier, when, in his best smock-frock, finer, he would boast, than the parson's surplice, and with a whalebone whip of the greatest manageable length, he drove his load of the choicest wheat in England to Reading market.

Pargiter was a fine specimen of the true English yeoman of thirty years since; a plain, intelligent man, hearty in body, cheerful in mind—a good neighbour, a kind husband, and a liberal master—a sociable fellow, too, and would sing at his annual Harvest Home—

"Ere around the huge oak,"

with the greater glee, from the fact that

"The farm he now held on his Honor's Estate,
Was the same which his grandfather till'd."

Still, though his cellar afforded the strongest ale in Berkshire, and he drank his grog at market once a week, James was never known to be tipsy on a less occasion than a yeomanry dinner, or a general election—no small testimony to his temperance at a time when teetotalism was no more thought of than our Atlantic steamers.

A call on Mr. Sharpe, an attorney in N——, relative to the disposal of a considerable sum standing to James' credit in the country bank, resulted in a pressing invitation to stay to dinner. Hospitality is very condescending to the rising man, and Pargiter's increasing wealth made him a person of importance in the eyes of the shrewd lawyer, and for the first time the farmer made his bow among the aristocracy of a county town. He was pleased and flattered by the ceremonious kindness of his reception, and the very considerable attention shown him by Mr. Sharpe and his stately lady; but when, in the course of the evening, the accomplished Miss Sharpe displayed, for his gratification; her vocal powers, accompanied by her piano, an instrument to which James was a stranger, accustomed heretofore to the plectrum fiddle and clarionet, the good man was perfectly enchanted—he clapped his hands in great earnestness, and expressed his delight in the strongest terms.

"But don't your daughters learn music, Mr. Pargiter?" asked Mrs. Sharpe.

"No, ma'am; indeed I never thought of their learning."

"My dear Mr. Pargiter," returned the lady, "so fond as you seem to be of music, 'tis a pity that they should not be made capable of contributing to your amusement and gratification."

"But, ma'am, my mistress tells me they must leave school next quarter, as she says it is time they made themselves useful at home—they have pretty voices, too, and sing nice little ditties," said the farmer, thoughtfully.

Pargiter had been compelled, on account of his distance from a town, to send his children, two daughters and a son, to boarding-schools in ——. The "Seminary for Young Ladies" is sometimes a description of school at which the plain mannered couple are fortunate if their children acquire nothing worse than romantic high flown ideas, and a thorough contempt for their parents, anxious, poor people, to make their children cleverer than themselves.

As James rode homeward, much pleased with his new friends, whistling one of his favorite

tunes, he pondered upon Mrs. Sharpe's remark respecting his little girls. "Surely," thought he, "my Bessy and Ellen are as pretty as Miss Sharpe—they are pretty behaved too, and if they had the same expense bestowed upon them, there's no fear but they would be quite as clever as she is. Suppose I am a farmer,"—and here he thought of the thousand pounds he had that day invested in a mortgage—"perhaps I am as well able to afford it as he. I can do it, and I will too."

Such were the farmer's cogitations, and who shall blame the fond father for wishing to advance his dear ones in the social scale—to desire that they should enjoy the means of becoming in mind and manners equal to those to whom he felt himself inferior? In the attempt, however, to raise them above his own level, the ambitious but ignorant parent, often commits the error of merely making his progeny capable of aping the most objectionable points in the manners of those above them; in place of that refinement of mind compatible with the duties of even the humble walks of life, their superiority is limited to the partial acquirement of useless accomplishments or an initiation into frivolous conventionalities.

"Susan," said the farmer to his wife, on his arrival at home, "I have been asked to dinner at Mr. Sharpe's—they were uncommonly kind to me, and Mrs. Sharpe, who is an amazing nice woman, sends her compliments to you, and hopes you will favor them with a call the first time you go to N—."

"Indeed, James," said his wife, (an excellent woman,) "I shall do no such thing; they are very different folks from us, and I don't wish to visit them to be laughed at afterwards."

"Another reason," thought Pargiter, struck with his wife's remark—"if they laugh at the mother, I'll be hanged if they laugh at the daughters. Do as you like," said he, "but they treated me like a king, I can tell you; but harkce, Susan, you will have to do without the girls—they shall not leave school yet."

"And why not?" said Mrs. Pargiter.

"I am determined that my daughters, Susan, shall not be outdone by others no better than they."

"You have got some strange notions into your head, all at once," returned Susan. "You know well I have got more on my hands than I can do."

"Get another servant, my dear, and say nothing more about it."

"Well, do as you please," replied the wife, seriously,—"*I hope you may not repent it.*"

Instructions were forwarded to the Misses Filagree to add music ("an extra,") to the studies of the little Misses Pargiter; and about a week

before the holidays, John brought home a huge deal packing case which had been left by the London road waggon, at the King's Head. John was an accomplished carter, for he could read, and he gave a nondescript grin at his master as he eyed the direction—"James Pargiter, Esq.," in great black letters on the box. The unwonted addition to his name raised an uncomfortable blush in the farmer's face, and in five minutes the unlucky direction was behind the kitchen fire.

Bessy and Ellen, on coming home for the holidays, were surprised and delighted to see a splendid new Pianoforte added to the furniture of the old fashioned parlor. Sundry parties were invited to be astonished at their proficiency in "God Save the King,"—"In my cottage near a wood," and other elaborate pieces. James was delighted, and his good wife was pleased. After the holidays the girls returned to school, and strict charge was given to the governess to pay every possible attention to their improvement. The Misses Filagree quickly discovered that the young ladies showed great signs of genius for drawing.

"By all means let them learn," was the father's orders. French too, (an extra,) would be very desirable. "Let them be taught French," said the farmer, only pleased to think that his daughters were so clever. So that the little misses were soon on the high road to be finished for—uselessness.

Pargiter soon became very intimate with the Sharpe family, and the lawyer took an opportunity of remarking that George Pargiter, the only son, a lad of fifteen, was a very promising boy, and asked James' intention as to his future calling, adding very disinterestedly, that he should be proud to receive a bright lad like him as an article clerk. James nibbled at the flattering bait, and poor George, happy in being just freed from the surveillance of birch, was sent back to school, to be crammed, turkey like, with his abhorrence, the Latin Grammar. Here, however, the father was balked—George was contumacious, and in a few weeks broke bounds, and fairly ran home, declaring he would be hanged if he would meddle with any tongue but plain English—a farmer he would be, and nothing else. As to being made a lawyer of, lawyers were a set of rogues—grandfather always said so; and Pargiter was compelled to console himself for his son's repugnance to law and Latin, by the assurance of the Misses Filagree that his daughters were likely to prove the best French scholars in the establishment. In other branches of "polite literature," they likewise made surprising progress.

In due time they were fairly launched from their genteel guardianship, and it must be acknowledged, did very great credit to their precept-

resses. They were indeed handsome and amiable girls, happily uninfected with the affectation and pride so characteristic of the Boarding School Miss. Ellen, it is true, was rather delicately sensitive, inclined to poetical imaginings, and blest with a sentimental correspondent in a late schoolfellow. As may be easily imagined, but little of plain domestic duty was exacted from them. Idolized by their father, and treated, unconsciously, with a tenderness, mingled with something approaching to deference, by the kindly mother, they were left to cultivate, at pleasure, the tastes engrafted upon them. George, by this time, became a firm manly young farmer, who, though he loved his sisters, despised their *parley rous*, and was once heard most irreverently to d—n their piano.

The Willow Farm now became quite a new place. Pargiter was hospitable in the extreme, but his flourishing circumstances had led him into an intimacy with persons of a different class from those he had been accustomed to in early life, and the long standing intimacy with some of his old-fashioned neighbours dwindled down to something like distance, as people of higher pretensions became his frequent guests, and a gradual change was wrought in the manners and domestic economy of the family. New and stylish additions, dictated by the taste of Bessy and Ellen, began to be made to the furniture, and a spare room, which for forty years had been a receptacle for household stores and lumber, was transformed, by the aid of the upholsterer, into a handsome sitting apartment for the young ladies; the style and quality of their entertainments was altered, and James became more distinguished for his "fine port" than for the stout home-brewed, while the farmer's Old English songs were superseded by fashionable airs and duets from his daughters.

Beautiful and intelligent girls, with, as their father proclaimed, five hundred pounds a-piece, were not likely to want suitors, and overtures were frequently made to Bessy and Ellen by several of the substantial yeomen of the neighbourhood, and by divers unsubstantial lawyers, doctors, &c., from Reading. Ellen, too fastidious to be won by the rough and unenlivened manners of the former class, was possessed of sufficient good sense to perceive the interested motives of the needy "professional" man. The son of a wealthy brewer in Reading, succeeded in acquiring the good graces of her sister, to the bitter mortification of Ned Warner, an old companion and playmate of their brother, who like Young Edwin, "loved, but never talked of love."

Too shy and diffident to make any advances, and fearful that his more gay and dashing rival

would bear away the prize, Ned could think of no expedient but to beg his friend George's vote and interest in the matter, who, after an unmerciful quizzing, promised to do his best—"though I tell ye," said George, "I don't think 'twill be of any service to you—she's a good girl—they are both good girls—but father has done his best to turn their heads, and I think you had better look for a wife somewhere else; but, however, that puppy Griggs, shall not have her if I can help it."

George kept his word, and with honest earnestness set forth his friend's claims and good qualities; but to little purpose.

"You're a foolish girl," said he at last:—"suppose he don't talk all sorts of fine stuff, or turn music leaves, he's a worthy good fellow, and can do well by ye. As for Griggs, I went to school with him, and know what he is too; he only wants your money, and if father goes on at this rate, there will be none to give you, and then your fine sweetheart will leave you to whistle. Mark my words, there's trouble in store for us yet. I see pretty plainly what will be the end of these goings on."

Bessy laughed unthinkingly at her brother's serious warning; Mr. Griggs maintained his advantage, and in a short time was known as her "intended."

George had latterly expostulated with his father in strong terms, particularly on one occasion. The long lease by which Pargiter held his farm, had just expired, and a considerable advance on the rent had been demanded on its renewal, which he, though much chagrined, was compelled to submit to. "Do you think," said the prudent son, "that Lord G— doesn't consider that the money that you throw away might as well come into his pocket? The steward said as much to me the other day." Farming produce at that time commanded extremely high prices; still one hundred pounds added to his yearly rent, exasperated the farmer exceedingly, and an opportunity soon offered which enabled him to show his resentment.

Among the condescending people who honored Pargiter with their acquaintance, was a Mr. B., a gentleman of reduced fortunes, who, denied the importance he courted, among the leading people of the county, sought to create influence with the inferior classes. He flattered the girls, and complimented the mother—an infallible method of winning the good will of the farmer. He professed to be a Reformer in politics, and succeeded in convincing James that unless better men were sent to Parliament, the country would assuredly be ruined. In fine, he started for the county, and so well had he played his cards, that

he managed to resist the nominee of Lord G. Pargiter was one of his most active partisans, and consequently drew upon himself the displeasure of the surrounding gentry, and the indignation of his landlord. The honest farmer did not care—he paid his rent, and asserted his right to act as an independent freeholder.

The Peace of 1815 wrought a speedy and disastrous change in the condition of the English farmer; prices declined rapidly, while rent, taxes, and poor-rates, (the last especially, from the numbers of men thrown back upon the soil,) were ruinously high; and our farmer, amongst others, soon found himself a loser by the operations of the year. He had drawn considerably on his capital to establish his son on a small farm at some distance from his own, and by the expiration of four years from the close of the war, the last shilling of his savings was called for to enable him to meet the audit of his landlord, while poor Bessy's marriage was delayed on various pretences, for the farmer was too proud to acknowledge his inability to give her the portion he had promised. James was a falling man. Retrenchment and economy were indeed attempted; but Pargiter, unaccustomed to struggle against adverse fortune, lost in a great measure the energy and judgment so much needed in his situation; and a recklessness of conduct which grew upon him, led him into occasional fits of intemperance. All things seemed combined to accelerate his fall. His imprudence and carelessness—termed by himself, "ill luck"—assisted by two bad harvests in succession, soon placed him several hundred pounds in arrear with his landlord.

A singular circumstance occurred to accelerate Pargiter's ruin. Lotteries were common at the time we write of, and Molly, an old servant of the family, was tempted one fair-day at N—, to risk part of her wages in the purchase of the sixteenth of a ticket, and at the drawing she received her share of a prize of £30,000. This incident took a strong hold of her master's mind. He had yet one resource—at a great sacrifice he realised the utmost amount of his small freehold, and, without consulting his family, determined to take Fortune by storm. He selected the luckiest numbers he could think of, and invested the whole. Several months of feverish excitement passed, when he found himself the winner of a prize of five pounds. The issue of this desperate act of gambling soon became known, and in a few days he received the following note from Lord G.'s steward:

"It is my unpleasant duty to inform you, that I have received his Lordship's orders to enforce the settlement of the arrears due him. He will not listen to anything I can say in your behalf, and the only thing I can advise is to apply to him personally. "J. T. WOODLEY."

To add to the distress and anguish occasioned by the above communication, he was waited on the same day by Mr. Griggs, who, with a very business-like air, requested to know if he was prepared to fulfil his engagement respecting the portion promised to him with his daughter, adding that it was high time the matter was arranged. Pargiter's brow darkened: his anxiety on Bessy's account had, in a great measure, driven him into the lottery speculation.

"Suppose, sir," said he, scornfully, "that I tell you that I cannot give her a shilling—what then?"

"Why, Mr. Pargiter, I shall consider myself released from my engagement," replied the discreet wooco, with some hesitation.

"You are released, Sir!" exclaimed the farmer: "Mean-spirited scoundrel! quit the house instantly, or, by G—I'll set my dogs at your heels."

Astonished by this reception, Mr. Griggs departed, with no little trepidation.

Pargiter had endeavoured as much as possible to conceal his difficulties from his wife and daughters: he could do so no longer. With bitter tears he unfolded to them the state of his affairs. Though shocked and alarmed at their situation, they exerted themselves to cheer and console him. And is it not ever seen that in the time of actual suffering, either bodily or mental, our chief support is found in the superior endurance and fortitude of woman?

"They yield, 'tis true, with every breeze that blows,
But never snap assunder in the gale."

"Keep up your spirits, dear father," said Bessy: "things may not be so bad as you suppose; and grieve not on my account; I am glad of my escape from a cold-hearted, mercenary man. You must go to Lord G——"

"And, James," said his wife, interrupting her daughter, "I am sure, if he is like his father, he will not be so hard upon you; and 'twill be the first time you have asked a favour of him."

James had no alternative; but he remembered the part he had taken in the election, and feared to face the offended landlord; besides, his naturally independent spirit had been fostered by many years of prosperity, and he endured a hard struggle with shame and pride before he could bring himself to ask a favour of the Peer. However, urged and assured by his wife, he rode to the Mansion House, and asked for an interview with his lordship.

Lord G. was a haughty and dissipated man; he had inherited all the pride of his ancient family, without the benevolent kindness so general among the English aristocracy; and, though pos-

sessing a splendid income, his temper was soured by pecuniary embarrassments. With a chilling "Well, Sir?" he demanded Pargiter's business.

"I thought your Lordship had been informed of my case," said James, dejectedly.

"Oh, yes, Sir!" returned the Peer; "and pray what do you expect of me?"

"I am in hopes——"

"In hopes! Indeed! Your assurance, or rather, Sir, your impudence, must be great, if you imagine you deserve either consideration or lenity at my hands."

James saw that his case was hopeless.

"My grandfather, my father and myself have been good tenants of the family."

"Your grandfather and your father, Sir, were quiet and industrious men, who knew their duty to their landlords. You have forfeited any claim on their account, by your conceited assumption of independence. You made yourself, Sir, the tool of levellers and demagogues; and now, take the consequences."

This was hard to bear. The feelings of the English yeoman were aroused. He reflected an instant upon his desperate situation—and, with tears in his eyes, begged Lord G. to consider his family. The worst was yet in store.

"Your family, you say!?" exclaimed his lordship. "Those fine ladies of yours! After spending your means in unfitting them for their proper station, how dare you talk to me of your family? I have long observed your proceedings, Sir."

James quivered. He was struck on the tenderest point; but, like animals which, finding escape impossible, turn on their destroyers, he boldly defied his unmerciful superior.

"You might have been better employed, Lord G.," he said. "Part of the means you speak of have been spent in helping the poor labourer who drudges to raise the income you squander at the gaming table. I have observed as well as you."

Astonishment at the audacity of his tenant bound Lord G. an instant to his chair, while Pargiter confronted him with desperate boldness. He at length rose, and, speechless with rage, stepped with a menacing gesture towards the farmer.

"Keep off!" cried the latter. "Lay a hand on me, and, lord or no lord, I'll wring the nose from your face. Do your worst—I defy you! I can but be ruined." With these words he strode from the apartment.

It is impossible to describe the farmer's feelings; as he hastily mounted his horse after this unfortunate interview. Goaded by the reproach cast upon him on account of his daughters, the idols of his heart, he had sealed his fate by re-

sending it in the manner we have described; and though without repenting that he had so done, he felt that he had violated the instinctive respect the English farmer entertains for his superiors in station. Something like shame at his temerity mingled with his wounded feelings as a parent, added to the ruin he had now made certain, had the effect of producing a bewilderment of mind approaching madness. Unconsciously he drove his spurs into his horse's side, and dashed through the park with fearful speed. About a mile from the mansion, he had to pass a bridge built over a deep stream which ran through the grounds: he had just reached it when the thought of self-destruction occurred to him. In an instant he jerked the rein—the slight parapet was cleared—and horse and man were struggling in the water.

Pargiter, who was an excellent horseman, had retained his seat. The love of life, which generally succeeds the rash attempt of the suicide, prevailed, and the gallant beast soon gained the bank of the river. Filled with gratitude to the Providence which had frustrated his sinful attempt, and thankful that there had been no human witnesses of the net, the farmer reached his house, sorrowful indeed, but penitent and resigned. He related, without reserve to his anxious family, what had befallen him, concluding by expressing his determination to quit the farm forthwith.

"After what has passed," he said, "I will not attempt to remain here: at the worst there must be more than enough to satisfy all demands upon me; and with the little that remains we will go elsewhere—perhaps leave England altogether," he added with a sigh.

In a few days the Pargiters left the happy home of many years, and, till their affairs could be settled, took their abode with George.

The sympathy of their neighbours was not wanted in this reverse of fortune. "He had held his head a little too high," it was said; "but he was always a kind good man, and the best master and tenderest hearted overseer in the whole parish." Edward Warner, who had long been a stranger, came forward—not merely to pity—but with generous offers of assistance. The effects at Willow Farm were sold by auction, realizing a sufficient sum to answer all claims, and leaving a decent surplus. Warner was a large purchaser; and, much to the amusement of his acquaintances, the Piano was knocked down to him.

The saddest part of our story has yet to be told. The farmer, had lost home and station, and, towards the decline of life, had but a pittance with which to commence the world again; he felt that he had been imprudent—that he had

not provided for the "rainy day," and he bore up against his ill fortune with fortitude and composure.

But a new and deeper affliction yet awaited him. A distant relation, the proprietor of a hotel at the West End of London, hearing of their troubles, kindly invited Ellen to spend some time in town. The offer was accepted. Alas! she fell in the way of a gentleman of rank, who, gifted with the qualities fitted to win the affections of the refined and sensitive girl, was cruel enough to use his power to her ruin. For some time she eluded the enquiries and search of her agonized father, but was at last conveyed home, where, in a few months, she died of consumption—or a broken heart. Parents, brother and sister, bowed alike in bitter anguish and shame at this last calamity. The keenest feelings often dwell in the rudest forms. George, the sturdy and unsentimental George, was even more afflicted than the rest. Up to this time he had resisted his father's proposal to leave the country. His answer to such suggestions had hitherto been—"Times will be better yet, and we can rub on as well as our neighbours." Now his mind was altered. He wound up his affairs, and made preparations to embark for Canada, of which country he had heard favourable accounts. No sooner was their intended departure made known than Warner, in alarm, attempted to dissuade them from taking such a step.

"If you are in want of means, George," he urged, "do not scruple to tell me; I have some money to lend, and you shall have the use of it as long as you wish."

George was grateful for his kindness; but told him he had made up his mind—leave England he would. Not, in despair, screwed up his courage and begged Bessy to be his wife:

"You shall never want a good home, Miss Pargiter," he said; "and I'll be as kind as man can be."

"Oh! no, Mr. Warner," was the reply; "I will not leave my poor father and mother—I must go with them."

"Say but the word," cried Warner, eagerly, "and if you must go I will go with you: for me there is no happiness where you are not."

Bessy had refused him for another who had deserted her; and though touched with his disinterested affection, her sense of propriety compelled her to decline such an offer from the man she had once slighted.

* * * * *

They arrived in Canada in the fall of the year, and with little delay, George obtained, on easy terms, a lot of land on which considerable clearings had been made. The Emigrant to Canada

is apt to indulge in vague anticipations of something rich and romantic, and often experiences a feeling of disappointment on reaching the scene of his future labours. Perhaps this is felt in a greater degree by the farmer than by those who have not been accustomed to till the soil. The uncouth-looking log house and barn, surrounded by the blackened stumps of a recent "clearing," affords a chilling contrast to the substantial homesteads and unbroken surface of the snugly hedged fields of Old England.

With a distrustful feeling the new settlers cast their seed into the rudely prepared soil. The long and severe winter was rendered more gloomy by desponding anticipations as to the future, and regrets at leaving home. Spring, however, soon wrought a change. The crop they had half despaired of surprised them by its luxuriant promise. George and his father laboured with cheerfulness and spirit, and the family began to feel themselves once more at home.

One evening, shortly after their little harvest had been gathered in, the door of their humble, but comfortable dwelling, was quietly opened, and Ned Warner made his appearance. The welcome he received may be imagined; his errand was soon told. Need it be said that the honest fellow was not the third time disappointed?

Ned had not come empty-handed. Regardless of expense, every article bought by him at the sale at Willow Farm, was brought over and was restored to the former owners.

"Take it all, farmer Pargiter," said he; "but as I am to have Bessy, of course I shall keep the Piano."*

TRIFLES may be not only tolerated but admired, when we respect the trifle. Little things, it has been said, are only valued when coming from him who can do great things. It has been affirmed that trifles are often more absorbing than matters of importance; but this can only be true when said of a trifle—of a mean mind pursuing mean objects. Mirabeau maintains that morality in trifles, is always the enemy of morality in things of importance; a position not less untrue than dangerous; for it is precisely in trivial affairs that a delicate sense of honour and rectitude is most certainly exhibited, as we throw up a feather and not a stone to ascertain the direction of the wind.

*This story originally appeared, several years ago, in an excellent Provincial Journal, the Sherbrooke Gazette, but as its circulation was necessarily local, we have, at the request of the author, and because we think it well worthy of preservation, transferred it to the pages of the Garland, in which it will be followed by some other articles from the same pen.—Ed. J. G.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE LATE RESIDENCE OF A
FRIEND, SHORTLY AFTER HER DECEASE.

BY E. L. C.

Come, lady, forth!

The Earth hath waked to beauty from her night
Of wintry sleep, and breezes bland and light
Steal through the woods—sweet wanderers from far isles,
Cradled in Indian seas, where changeless summer smiles.

Why stays thy step?

Thou, who dost love so well the greenwood glade,
When spring's glad voice first wakes in its deep shade,
The violet dim—come, gaze on the soft hue
Of its young flowers, gleaming through fragrant dew.

The emerald turf

Is wrought with bright mosaics, whose rich dyes
Stain with their rainbow tints, the gorgeous eyes
Of the proud peacock's train:—sweet floral gems,
Gleaming with changeful beauty on their stems.

Countless their forms,

And of each varied hue. Ere to the north
Stern winter fled, came the pale snow-drop forth,
And in her train, sweet primrose buds unfold,
And purple pansies, fringed and veined with gold.

Lovely they are,

Bathed in the sunshine and the balmy dew,
Till every delicate cup expands to view
A world of beauty; and upon the air
Pours out its incense like the breath of prayer.

Not one so meek

But thy eye rests upon its fairy bell,
With glance of love, and plucking, thou dost tell
Of its rich odour, or of virtues hid
By Ilian, who bade it bloom, its perfumed leaves amid.

They call thee now

From every forest-dell and green hill side;
And from thy garden bowers, where in their pride
They flush in beauty forth, *concoeth a voice*,
Hidding the heart in their brief life rejoice!

Thou hear'st them not,

For thou hast passed from earth—but memories sad
They wake, yet sweet—making the lone heart glad
E'en in its grief, by recollections of the dead,
Traced on each flower that springs beneath our tread.

Like theirs, thy life

Was one of joy and love—calm with content,
And bright with angel ministries, that blent
Heaven's holy pity with Earth's tenderness,
Blessing thyself, while thou didst others bless.

Where dwel'st thou now?

In the dark grave? Oh, no! a living light,
'Tis thou that's there, thy pale brow, e'en when the spirit's flight
Lifts it but clay—a ray of glory flung
From that bright land whence thy glad welcome rung.

There angel bands

Thy loved and lost on earth, waited to greet,
And bear thee to a rest glorious and sweet;
Where the all-perfect, and the beautiful,
Beam with unshadowed splendour on the soul.

Yet still with us

Thou walk'st below in love;—still as we trace
Thy once familiar paths, thy beaming face
Meets us with smiles, and the low breezy sound
Of whispering leaves scatters thine accents round.

Long in our hearts

Shall thy dear memory dwell—a holy thought
Forbidden to fade like some brief tale, or night
That dazzles and is gone—leaving behind
No golden link of love, the heart to bind.

And long the shades

Of lovely Piedmont, holier shall seem
To those, who saw thee, like a passing dream,
Fade from their sight,—and flower, and shrub and tree,
And green o'er-mantling vine wake tender thoughts of thee,

And of that realm,

Where never bright falls on the fadeless flowers,
And never shadow dims the radiant hours.
Joy, yearning heart! Lift thy firm trust above!
There shall be joined each severed link of love!

BLOSSOMS.

[THE following lines were written by Robert
Herriek, who was born in the year 1591, and
who was the author of a number of pleasing ly-
rics. He seems to have had a keen perception of
the beautiful, and was esteemed as one of the fa-
vorites among the rural poets of "merric Eng-
land" in the olden time. One of his admirers
will be gratified to see these leaves woven into
our Canadian Garland.—W.]

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,

Why do ye fall so fast?

Your date is not so past,

But you must stay yet here a while,

To blush and gently smile,

And go at last.

What! were ye born to be

An hour and half's delight,

And so to bid good night?

'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,

Merely to show your worth,

And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves where we

May read how soon things have

Their end, though we'er so brave;

And after they have shown their pride,

Like you, awhile, they glide

Into the grave.

THE VIRTUOUS DEAD.

How sweetly sleep the virtuous dead,

Life's woes and perils past;

Like fragrant flowers, by Summer shed,

Or sown by Autumn's blast;

The fruit is garner'd safe on high,

Cleans'd from all earthly blight,

As stars that light the wintry sky,

Sink but to rise more bright.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF PLANTS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A BOTANIST.

There is no study to which we can devote our leisure hours, which will so well repay us as the search into the mysteries of the floral world.

How beautifully is the wisdom of the Creator seen in the economy of nature with respect to the reproduction of plants. Some are retained in the regions suited for them, by the weight of the seeds, which year after year drop round the parent stem, forming an assemblage at once ornamental and useful; others are wafted on the winds to many a far-off clime. Plants on the margins of rivers, throw their seeds into the current, which bears them off to become the ornaments of other shores. By these beneficent provisions of nature, the earth is clothed with vegetation; even the seemingly barren rock is not exempted from her bounty. In every rent she places the climbing plant, which, extending its tendrils, forms a verdant carpet, on which may be seen in the desert, the flower waving its beautiful head, secure alike from the foot of the wild animal or the hand of man. Nature opens up to the patient inquirer, discoveries sufficient to reward his industry, and to prove the incentive to new exertions; but she conceals enough to convince him of his ignorance, and of the power of her Omnipotent author.

Nature has endowed plants, to a certain degree, with a vital power, which resists the extremes of heat and cold. The sap of a tree, growing on the margin of a lake in a cold region, withstands the effects of congelation which forms the water into a solid mass. In warm climates, plants preserve a cool temperature when every thing around is in a blaze of heat. Fines, in our northern summer, with their needle-shaped leaves, acting like reflecting mirrors, throw round an increased quantity of heat; palms, and most trees and shrubs, on the contrary, which are peculiar to warm climates, form, by their branches and leaves, a shade where plants and animals find a cool retreat; and as if this were the intention of nature, she plants in hot countries, trees, whose branches, taking root, become stems, and these in succession produce new branches and new stems, extending in circumference like the rippling waves, occasioned by a pebble thrown upon the surface of a pool.

Plants, like animals, know how to defend themselves from whatever is injurious to their nature. On the side of the tree which is most exposed the roots extend, and the bark thickens, in order to resist the storm. In a cold climate the germs which expand in spring are formed in autumn, and Nature, in order to preserve them from the

effects of cold, surrounds them with scales as a defensive armour. In hot countries the same indulgent precaution is not extended, because the same necessity does not exist. The economy of nature is the same with the animal kingdom. The richest and finest furs are those in which the animals inhabiting polar regions are clothed.

The laws which regulate the vegetable creation announce to us the wisdom of Supreme intelligence. The root of a plant in its course shuns whatever is injurious to it, and seeks out the soil which is congenial to its growth. Creeping plants throw out their tendrils in the direction of the object which is to support their fragile stems. In the parched desert, Nature has infused into plants a store of juice to enable them to resist the powerful action of the sun; plants growing on the margin of rivers, as their roots are bathed in moisture, require no such provision. Water-plants, from the pliancy of their stems and leaves, overcome the current by yielding to its force. An economy somewhat similar, may be remarked in trees with respect to the wind. Every leaf occupying a different position, presents a different surface; hence the column of wind, on reaching the branches, is fractured into a thousand minute columns or streams, which destroy each other's effect, and the tree, instead of bending in a straight line, is agitated with a kind of rolling motion.

Providence has not confided to man a control over the vital and internal movements of his frame, because his neglect or caprice might fatally derange them; but over the laws of the material system man has considerable influence. This power, however, is granted only to his industry; for, let him change the course of a river, or adorn his ground with the choicest plants, and then give himself up to inactivity—the river will return to its ancient channel, and Nature, resuming her empire over the fields, will sow them with the seeds which are congenial to the soil.

Light and heat are necessary to organised existence; and every plant, equally with every animal, enjoys in the degree adapted to its nature. Many plants and many animals delight to bask in the sun—numerous others enjoy the shade—most of them droop as the day declines. Exceptions there are, however, as well in the vegetable as in the animal kingdom. Twilight calls many animals from their haire, and there are many flowers which delight to drink the heavenly dews of evening.

Aylmer, July, 1843.

SATIRE is a glass in which the beholder sees every body's face but his own.

THE OUNCE OF SNUFF,

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALTAROCHE;

BY HUGO MONT.

My Uncle Maurice is an agreeable old man, of sixty-three years of age, and my aunt, his wife, a good old lady of sixty,—more or less. Neither of them has any fault that I am aware of, unless we rank under that head a kind of mono-mania which possesses each: My uncle never takes a pinch of snuff (and he takes a good many) without heaving a sigh of contentment and satisfaction, glancing at the same time at the lid of his snuff-box, which is adorned with a highly finished portrait of a fair and handsome girl. My aunt's whim consists in gathering carefully together all the scraps of paper that may be left lying about, and consigning them, without exception, to the flames, whatever may be the season or the hour, even should she have to light a taper for the purpose. If you ask my aunt why she takes so much trouble about such apparently insignificant articles, you will in all probability receive this answer: "In these little pieces of paper that through carelessness or negligence are allowed to litter the floor, or are tossed into some corner where they are never looked for again, who knows but there may be some important secret, the possessor of which thinks he has destroyed, when in fact he has perhaps lost the leaf which contains it? If people only knew what occasion for scandal the malice of our neighbours may find in the most insignificant letter, or even an account of household expenses, they would take more care of their scraps of paper. Ah! what disagreements may be occasioned by the misinterpretation of some stray note which may have fallen into the hands of a busy-body. I tremble to think of it. I was myself once caught in that way, and though I had reason to congratulate myself on the issue, yet things might have turned out differently: It was only by the merest chance that I had not to mourn my negligence for many a year, instead of being shamed by it for a few hours. Leave none of your papers lying about, my children; burn them all, I beseech you, even the most unmeaning. The room will look much the neater for it, and you yourself will feel much more secure."

Thus replies my aunt, and if, quitting her, you proceed to question my uncle concerning his snuff taking pantomime, he will answer you with, "Ah! you have no idea what an important place snuff deserves in the history of my life. It was snuff

that fixed my destiny, and I can never take a pinch of it without remembering that adventure with satisfaction and pleasure." You know my uncle to be fond of talking, and you feel yourself therefore in duty bound to request the recital of this adventure. You could not possibly please him better, for the dear old man is as fond of relating what follows, as he is of taking Macouta. He tells it at least once-a-day, and invariably in the same manner. He commences most promisingly with a clear strong cough; my aunt, accustomed to this practice, takes a seat beside him, and M. Maurice commences:

At twenty years of age, I was a tall, stout young man, and, as the portrait hung up between these two windows may perhaps convince you, richly enough gifted by nature; but on the other hand, I was very severely treated by fortune. I was an orphan, and as my father, an old naval officer, had destined me to enter the same service, I was placed with Admiral Villaret, an old friend of the family, who made me his secretary, and whose vessel was soon to set sail on a cruising voyage. Whilst awaiting in Paris the order for my departure, I passed all my leisure time in the family of M. Roubard, an extensive ship-owner, in the making of whose fortune my father had had it in his power to assist greatly. M. Roubard had retired from business for some time and was now living with his wife in Paris, where his chief care was the education of his daughter Elise, a girl of 'sweet seventeen.' I was quite at home in M. Roubard's house, and having been brought up along with Elise, considered her almost as my sister. Elise was young, handsome and charming; and to spare you a more detailed description, I shall merely say that I had never seen a more accomplished beauty. I experienced for her a vague affection, which I had never examined into; I was always happy in her presence, and when detained from her for any length of time, by my employments, I felt that there was an indefinite something wanting. All this, however, I thought was to be attributed to friendship, a very natural feeling between two young persons, who had grown up together under the eyes of their parents, and who from infancy had had almost every thought in common. I never even suspected that this sentiment was love, and might have lived

on in perfect tranquillity, but for the prospect of a departure, which every thing betokened to be close at hand. In fact, Admiral Villaret was already at Brest, awaiting the orders of the Convention; and a report was abroad that the fleet was destined to protect a convoy of vessels bringing cargoes of grain from the United States for the relief of the famine then prevailing among us. One evening I called at M. Roubard's to conduct his wife and daughter to the theatre. Elise, while getting ready, let me hear for the thousandth time a philippic against snuff, in consequence of mistaking a little sugar-plum-box which I had in my hand for a snuff-box; for I ought to have told you that if there was one thing more than another that Elise detested, it was snuff. She never lost an opportunity of inveighing against it, and whoever took a pinch of snuff in her company exposed himself to an attack of good-humoured railleury; but as these onsets were generally witty and spirited, every one laughed and applauded the charming speaker. Elise was animated by this success; she redoubled her zeal, and unfortunate was the mortal who exposed himself to her caustic remarks. These were so forcible, that she induced her father to forsake snuff altogether, and more than one of the beaux who fluttered about her, had sacrificed to her eloquence the public use of their snuff-boxes. It is needless to say that, for the sake of quiet, I always carefully abstained from tobacco; in fact I had no reason to make a merit of it, since this abstinence was perhaps caused more by natural antipathy than by the denunciations of my pretty friend. This evening, while Elise was putting on her cloak and at the same time lecturing with great spirit against the use of snuff, I amused myself with sketching in pencil a man in the act of taking a pinch, which when finished I presented to her.

"How gallant you are," said Madame Roubard. "Now, Elise, I think you ought to reward Maurice with the album in which you were drawing the other day." I noticed that Elise blushed.

"We haven't time just now," she replied, "and besides it is not in a presentable state; I have scribbled a thousand foolish things in it since you saw it."

"Never mind that," said I, laughing. "let me entreat you to bestow it upon me."

"Come, Elise," said her mother, "you need not be on ceremony with Maurice: I see what it is," she added, turning to me, "Elise has been drawing your portrait there and does not wish to let you see it."

"My portrait! then I must beg it of you still more earnestly."

At last when Elise could excuse herself no

longer, she took the album from her escritoire and presented it to me. She did so however with such evident reluctance, that I could not help watching her movements, and remarked, that before handing me the note-book, she quickly tore out three or four leaves which she threw down on the shelf of her escritoire; they did not remain there, however, but slid off and fluttered down to the floor, and I hastily stepped forward to pick them up, moved perhaps as much by curiosity as gallantry. So rapid had been my movement that Elise could not prevent it, and she had scarcely time to push them back with her foot, crying out at the same time:

"Don't trouble yourself, Maurice, these are only a few spoiled leaves that I have taken out of my album; the servant will burn them when she sorts the room."

And so saying she hurried us away, hardly giving me time to look at my portrait, which was indeed a striking likeness. I put the album in my pocket, after thanking Elise for her present, and we set out for the theatre.

During the play, Mademoiselle Roubard's mind was evidently pre-occupied; she paid no attention to the acting, and often replied to my remarks with something quite foreign to the subject. I was puzzled to account for the uneasiness which this gave me. It could hardly be curiosity, for curiosity would never have tormented me so much; had I suspected myself to be in love, I would at once have attributed it to jealousy.

M. Roubard having joined us at the theatre, I soon took leave of the ladies, pretending a severe headache. These torn leaves still weighed on my mind, and I hastened to M. Roubard's, in the vague hope that by strictly questioning the servant, or by some other means, I might possess myself of them. I was drawing near the house and arranging a plan of attack against the waiting maid, when I heard her voice in a grocer's shop, disputing with him the price of a packet of manuscripts and blank paper which he was weighing. The bargain was at last concluded to the satisfaction of both parties; the servant came out of the shop with a handful of coppers, and the grocer set himself immediately to twist his new purchase into sugar-papers. It suddenly struck me that the leaves of which I was in search might have been picked up by the servant and sold to the grocer along with the other papers; and I accordingly walked in under pretence of purchasing an ounce of snuff. While the man was weighing it out, my eyes were keenly searching the pile of papers on the counter, and my heart beat strongly when I recognised the handwriting of Elise upon some scraps of paper about half way down. I pulled out three of them as if by

mere chance, and continued rolling them between my fingers as mechanically as possible. The dealer never noticed it, and if he had, he never would have thought them worth the trouble of stealing, and after paying for my snuff, I carried off my spoil in triumph. When I reached my own room, I unfolded the papers with an emotion which I could not overcome,—my hand trembled—I thought all this was very like jealousy. Here is what I read; I know it all by heart; I have been able to repeat it for forty years:

"23d—10 o'clock, A. M.—My secret weighs upon me; but I shall take care that he himself never knows it; to paper alone can I trust it. I never thought that I would really love him as I do.—It is now eight days since I have seen him, and I now feel that my existence depends on his.—Would that I could devote to him my whole life!

"24d—Soon.—I was at a ball last night where he was also—I have dreamt of him all night; I can only think of the looks and the compliments which he addressed to me. Oh! if he loved me! if he loved me alone! I should be too happy; but I dare not hope it—he never will love me.—25d—10 o'clock, evening.—I had made a resolution to write no more on this subject; but I know not what attracts me towards these pages. I hardly know what I am about when in his company, and when he is absent it is still worse.—I am by turns happy, and unhappy—pleased—vexed—foolish—gay—melancholy.—My poor head! how it is racked! and how my poor heart throbs!—But I will have done with this—this love is perfectly unreasonable—I will love him no longer.—but then what would be my future life,—what would be even existence without him? Can he ever love me? In the world he will meet with many more beautiful, more handsome, and more amiable than I am and who cannot fail to please him more. What anguish the thought causes me! I will forget it in sleep; but even there I will meet him in my dreams.

"26th—9 o'clock, morning.—I slept very ill last night, and have a dreadful headache this morning.—I can hardly speak or even think.—There is but one word that I can pronounce; and that word is a name—and that name is —"

Here the three leaves ended. Was ever anything more unlitte? The words "*that name is —*," finished the last line. The name,—that name which would give me the key to this mystery; that name which I would have given all I possessed to ascertain, was to be found at the commencement of another leaf, of a leaf which was still awaiting—a leaf which was perhaps already out of the grocer's shop, and even if it were still there, I could not go to seek it without playing a suspicious or ridiculous part. My forehead was burning—the perspiration rolled down my cheeks. I was now convinced that it was jealousy that so afflicted me. Yes, I loved her; I knew it by the dreadful anguish of my heart. Until then my love had always slept in the bosom of our intimacy without commotion. It needed this terrible check to awaken it. Who was then this man that she loved with so much ardour? Without doubt one of those coxcombs whom she sometimes met at a

ball or an evening party, who addressed to her a few trivial and common-place compliments, which had such an impression on her. Ah! if I but knew him, I would seek a quarrel with him and punish him for his audacity or impudence. As for her I would never see her more. Consideration and reflection calmed me—I explained to myself logically, that I had no right to be angry with Elise, merely because she was not in love with me. I myself had never spoken to her of love. What title had I to constitute myself censor of her affections? My duty, as a friend, would be to watch over her, to warn her if she made a bad choice, to commiserate her if she persisted. As for me, I might be unhappy, but it would not be her fault.

The next day, however, I found that my wrath was not quite allayed. I was tormented by love despised and self-love wounded—I suffered dreadfully. I was childishly selecting a method of repaying to Elise some of the uneasiness which she was causing me, though innocently, to suffer, when the ounce of snuff I had purchased the evening before caught my eye: "I have it now," I exclaimed, "here is my revenge. I cannot quarrel with Elise foolishly and without cause; but what is to hinder me dosing myself with snuff in her presence; she cannot fail to attack me on this bad habit; I will persist; she will see that I do it on purpose and will be piqued at it. Who knows but an explanation may be the result? Besides, it will show her at any rate that I do not care for her opinion." I seized on this plan as an admirable stratagem to bring on an engagement.—What childishness!

At breakfast a letter was handed me from Admiral Viletet, which announced that the fleet was almost ready to set sail, and instructed me to set out in three days or sooner for the port of Brest, where it was collected, and there embark on board the Admiral's ship, the *Vengeur*. In any other circumstances, the order for this sudden departure would have caused me much vexation; but in my present state of irritation and ill-humour, the prospect even gave me pleasure. "So much the better," thought I, "I will be the sooner separated from her; but still I will quit her with regret."

In the forenoon I called on M. Roubard, and being shown up to the drawing-room, found Elise there alone. I settled myself into a stiff deportment and maintained as distant an air as possible.

"M. and Madame Roubard are not at home?"

"My father is gone out on business, but my mother is, I believe, in the house."

"I came to bid you good bye."

She started and exclaimed:

"You are going away then, Maurice?"

"Tomorrow or the next day at farthest." Here I took a pinch of snuff; but Elise was too much engaged to notice it—and demanded:

"And when do you embark?"

"As soon as we arrive at Brest, Mademoiselle." I took an enormous pinch, of which half fell on the breast of my shirt—I was sure that Elise would have remarked it this time; but it was my ceremonious tone and not my snuff which took her attention.

"Mademoiselle!" she repeated. "What do you mean by that? Why not call me Elise as usual? Do not I call you Maurice?"

"Still I cannot permit myself to — there are circumstances in which —" I did not know what to say, and to conceal my embarrassment, I snuffed up five or six pinches one after another. This was too much for me, and I began to sneeze most vigorously. Elise perceived it at last.

"What! do you snuff too? For shame! how detestable! But really, I don't know what to make of you today, my dear Maurice."

"Your dear Maurice! (here I sneezed.) Reserve your sweet words (I sneezed again) for some other person (another sneeze). Dear Maurice! It is not I who am dear to you." (The sneezing continued till I was almost out of breath.)

"I do not understand you," said Elise, rather agitated. "Explain yourself."

I told her by what means the leaves of the album had fallen into my hands; she blushed and cast down her eyes, while I was struggling against another fit of sneezing.

"Take care, resumed I, when I was able to speak, "a love like yours is rather dangerous. I am sorry for you, Elise." She raised her eyes and fixed on me an indefinable look: it was a singular compound of confusion, astonishment, and vexation; she did not speak, but there was something interrogative in this look. I continued:—"The esteem which I have — I mean, the interest that —, that is, what I formerly —" I betook myself to my snuff-box to finish the sentence, or rather to relieve me from finishing it. Elise frowned, and in a tone in which anger now predominated, she said:

"Your conduct is quite unaccountable, sir: allow me to thank you for your good advice, and at the same time to compliment you upon the new habit which you have contracted. Snuffing has certainly had the effect of making you very amiable."

She rose, and quitted the room abruptly, leaving me to sneeze in solitude. After having seen Madame Roubard, who engaged me to pass the evening with them; I left the house, congratulating myself on what I then called my firmness.

In the evening I found the mother and daugh-

ter engaged in a game of piquet, and I took a hand along with them. The demeanor of Elise was cold and reserved, not to say scornful. As Elise treated me so cavalierly I resolved to be quits with her by having recourse to my former means of annoyance; but unfortunately I had no snuff. I rang the bell and asked the servant to purchase some for me.

"Did you say snuff?" exclaimed Madame Roubard, "you surely want to quarrel with Elise."

This perplexed me a little, but I replied. "I merely follow the doctor's orders—I have a very bad cold in my head." Elise shrugged her shoulders and turned away her head. Soon after M. Roubard entered, rubbing his hands, and exclaimed:

"How are you, Maurice? Glad to see you—I was tired of doing nothing, and have just entered into a speculation which promises most splendid results." Then, after a pause, he added: "Have you a great desire to enter the navy, Maurice? Would you not rather stay in Paris?"

Before answering, I looked towards Elise. Just then the servant entered and addressed me with:

"Here is your snuff, M. Maurice."

At that unlucky word "snuff," the pretty lips of Mademoiselle Roubard formed themselves into a disdainful smile; this decided me at once, and I replied: "My course is fixed—I set off tomorrow."

"I am sorry for it, my dear Maurice—I require for the speculation of which I told you, an assistant, a man whom I can thoroughly trust, and I had fixed on you—you would have suited me better than any one else, and we would always have been together." (I could not repress a sigh at this.) "But let us drop the subject; your inclinations must not be thwarted."

I opened the paper of snuff and saw—the handwriting of Elise. If it should be—yes—it was the fourth leaf of her album—I trembled as I looked at the first line and, pale as death, read—*Maurice!* "and that name is—Maurice!" It was myself, then, that she loved so passionately; I thought I would have fainted. Elise, who had followed all my motions, started on recognizing the leaf. Pointing with my finger to the important word, I fixed on her a look, which if translated into language would have signified: "You see, Elise, why I was so sad and peevish. Pardon me for not guessing your secret sooner, and forgive me for having behaved in so unamiable a manner." Then turning to M. Roubard, I added aloud: "I have changed my mind, my dear sir, I will stay with you at Paris."

"So much the better," replied he; "I will myself write to Admiral Villaret, tomorrow, to

inform him of our new arrangements. You will reside with me for the future, and I will instruct you in your new business; so, every thing is settled."

I was intoxicated with joy, and Elise looked still more beautiful from the pleasure which beamed in her countenance. It was too much happiness; I could contain myself no longer; I rose up from the chair, like a madman; I embraced Elise, I embraced Madame Roubard, I embraced M. Roubard, I believe I even embraced the servant. This decisive action was equal to the most complete avowal of our love. To give an explanation of it, however, I related every thing, and produced, as exculpatory evidence, the leaves of the album. The worthy old gentleman, when he had got over a fit of laughter, said:

"There's no great harm done, my children. Elise is yours, Maurice. I have seen for some time the feelings with which you have regarded each other, and did so with the greatest satisfaction. I wished only to wait till you were farther advanced in life; but chance has decided otherwise, and a little sooner or a little later matters not."

I did not embark on board the *Vengeur*, which was sunk about a week afterwards, in an engagement with the English fleet. I got Elise's portrait painted on the lid of my snuff-box, and she permitted me to use it, on condition that I should use no other. Elise and I have been married forty years, and I need scarcely add to you who know us both, that we have passed that time very happily together.

My uncle finishes by embracing his wife, and is quite willing to repeat the history next day.

DESIRE OF CHANGE.

THE desire of change betrays itself on our very entrance into life, and continually operates in us until we die. We desire change of posture, of action, of food, change of all objects affecting the senses, for the eye cannot long remain fixed upon one object, and the mind still less upon one idea. Nature seems to have implanted this desire in us in order timely to arrest us in the midst of our labours and our pleasures, lest we should continue either of them to our prejudice; and happy is he who early acquires the habit of most commonly obeying her gentle admonitions, without waiting till she upbraids him more or less loudly, for unreasonable and repeated procrustinations. By doing so, he escapes numerous evils, not only temporary, but permanent; for seasonable changes are indispensable to the well being both of the mind and the body.

TO ADELAIDE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Yes—thou art young, and passing fair;
But Time, that bids all blossoms fade,
Will rob thee of the rich and rare—
Then list to me, sweet Adelaide:
He steals the snow from youth's brow,
From soft, bewitching eyes, the blue;
From smiling lips their ruby glow;
From velvet cheeks their rosy hue.

Oh! who shall check the spoiler's power?
'Tis more than conquering love may dare;
He flutters round youth's summer bow,
And reigns o'er hearts, like summer fair.
He basks himself in sunny eyes,
Hides 'mid bright locks and dimpled smiles;
From age he spreads his wings and flies,
Forgets soft vows and pretty wiles.

The charms of mind are ever young,
Their beauty never owns decay;
The fairest form by poets sung,
Before their influence fades away.
The mind, immortal, wins from Time,
Fresh beauties as its years advance;
Its flowers bloom fresh in every clime—
They cannot yield to change and chance.

Even over Love's capricious boy,
They hold an undiminish'd sway;
For earthly storms cannot destroy
The blossoms of eternal day.
Oh! deem these charms, sweet Adelaide,
The brightest gems in Beauty's zone;
Make these thine own—all others fade—
These live when youth and grace are flown.
Bellville.

TO THE SAME.

BY J. W. D. MOODIE.

While others seek thy gentle hand,
And waste their nights in sighs,
Thy ripening charms I can withstand—
I'm bound by other ties.
It is not that my heart is cold,
That I so stubborn prove;
I am not cold—nor yet too old
To feel the power of love.

You'll think perchance that I'm a priest
Of orders white or gray;
Bound to say grace at every feast,
While I must fast and pray.
Ah, no! fair maid—though cold to thee,
Less holy is my life;
To other shrine I bend my knee,
For I have got a—wife!

A DEMENT Scottish lady having been introduced to the Persian ambassador, when in London, exclaimed with an incredulous air, "Is it possible that ye are such idolators in Persia as to worship the sun?" "Yes, madam," was the reply; "and so you would be in England, if you ever saw him."

BONAPARTE'S FIRST VICTORY.

FROM A LECTURE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE first decisive exhibition of that force of character and prodigious military talent which enabled this person—the most remarkable that has ever appeared in active life—to determine for many years the destinies of the civilized world, was made at Paris, on the 5th of October, 1795, in defence of the Convention against an armed insurrection of sections, or wards of the Capital. After the fall of Robespierre, the party which had brought it about, and which consisted, as I have remarked, of men not much better than himself, were led by the re-action of public feeling to pursue a rather more moderate course. The form of Government under which the horrors of the *Reign of Terror* had been perpetrated had become odious, and it was determined to establish another, the particular arrangements of which, as of all the ephemeral constitutions that so rapidly succeeded each other at this period, are too unimportant to require a recapitulation. But in carrying these arrangements into effect, the members of the Convention, for the purpose of perpetuating their own power, decided that two-thirds of the principal Legislative Assembly which was to act under the new constitution, should consist of persons to be chosen by them from their body. This act, sufficiently exceptionable in its own nature, was rendered still more so by the odium which naturally attached itself to all the members of the Convention who had been either actively or passively concerned in the sanguinary scenes that had just terminated. Every extensive feeling of discontent with the conduct of political affairs, regularly manifested itself at this disturbed period in the form of open insurrection. On the day I have just mentioned, the National Guard of Paris actually assembled in arms to the number of thirty thousand men, but without artillery, and marched upon the Tuilleries for the purpose of overpowering the Government which had been organised under the new Constitution and which was then in session at the Palace. It is proper to remark that although the ostensible, and one of the real objects of this movement, was to get rid of the obnoxious Convention, it is also known that it was the intention of the leaders, had they succeeded, to restore the Monarchy in the person of the Bourbons. The Government relied for their defence upon a regular army of about five thousand men provided with two hundred pieces of artillery, in which consisted their principal advantage. After having successively made trial of two or three persons to command this little force who proved inadequate to the trust, they had, fortunately for them; before the day of the decisive action, cast their eyes upon a young

Corsican officer of about twenty-five years of age who had attained the rank of Brigadier General, but had been withdrawn from active service on account of his real or supposed connexion with the party of Robespierre, and was now at Paris without employment and in very narrow and embarrassed circumstances. This officer was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was then wholly undistinguished from the crowd of Brigadier Generals; but had accidentally made himself known by his conduct at the siege of Toulon by the English, to Barras, one of the chiefs of the new Government, who had been present there, and who now recommended him to his colleagues as a *little Corsican who would not stand upon ceremony*. The suggestion was adopted: and it is easy to conceive that the future conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, with two hundred pieces of artillery at his disposal, found no great difficulty in dispersing the militia of Paris. A battle of one hour's length decided the quarrel, and with it the fortunes of Europe, for had the insurrection succeeded, the monarchy would have been restored. Bonaparte would have lost his position in the army—and the course of subsequent events must have been entirely different. His easy and brilliant success on this occasion recommended him of course to immediate promotion. He was forthwith appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Interior; shortly after exchanged this command for that of the army of Italy, and in the spring of 1796 departed from Paris to enter upon that astonishing campaign from which he returned the virtual master of his country and a great part of Europe.

PASSIONS.—Were it not for the salutary agitation of the passions, the waters of life would become dull, stagnant, and as unfit for vital purposes as those of the Dead Sea. It should be equally our object to guard against those tempests and overflowings which may entail mischief, either upon ourselves or others; and to avoid that drowsy calm, of which the sluggishness and *inertia* are inevitably hostile to the health and spirits. In the voyage of life, we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by a light from above!

St. Evremont compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run; a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. Much better to restrain and conquer them before they get head; for if they do not obey, they will be sure to command you.

MARCO VISCONTI.

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

BY HUGGOMONT.

CHAPTER XIX.

HERE our history, passing over the space of a month, transports us to Lucca, of which, during this time, Marco Visconti had obtained the lordship; a change which fell out thus:

The emperor, constrained to abandon Tuscany, from his ill success there, had set himself to make what advantage he could, of the country, before leaving it, and, amongst other schemes, hit upon that of selling to the highest bidder, the lordship of the several cities still adhering to him. Having thus disposed of Lucca to Francesco Castracani, he had deprived the sons of the former Lord, Castruccio—one of his principal partisans—of the investiture; but the Luccese, indignant at being thus bought and sold like a herd of swine, immediately sent to Marco, entreating his assistance. That leader, who had completed his project of gaining over to himself the rebellious Germans encamped at Ceruglio, marched at their head to Lucca, chased Francesco Castracani from his ill-acquired dominion, and freed the city from all foreign yoke. The grateful citizens immediately elected their deliverer Lord and Captain of Lucca, rejoiced to find one to fill that office, of such high birth and such extended fame—of such tried courage and military skill—and one, besides, who had been so intimate a friend of their great Castruccio, under whom they had acquired such power and grandeur.

It was now the sixth day from the election, and Marco, who had received the submission, voluntary or forced, of all the petty territories dependant on Lucca, had already entered into correspondence with Count Fazio degli Uberti, with the view of playing a similar game at Pisa, and wresting that city from the hands of Tarlatino di Pietra Mala, to whom it had been assigned by the Emperor. The morning of this day had been spent in receiving and answering despatches from the princes and free cities of Tuscany and Romagna, who saw, with various sentiments of envy, fear and hope, the rise of this new power. The rest of the day was passed amid the festivities and tokens of rejoicing which the multitude are ever ready to lavish on new princes. Having dismissed his train of lordly attendants, he was now pacing a saloon of his palace, his mind in-

tent upon the changes that had occurred since he had formerly entered it, the guest of his friend Castruccio, when a page entering, placed a packet of letters on the table, at the same time announcing them as "Despatches from Lombardy." "The courier," he added, "who says he is a retainer of your own, and calls himself Pelagrua, is below in the red hall."

"Let him wait," replied Marco, signing to the page to withdraw.

Taking the letters in his hand, he drew near the lamp that illumined the apartment, and there examined the superscriptions of each, throwing them on the table one by one as he recognised the hand-writing. When he came to the last, however, he made a gesture of surprise, and taking up a silver whistle that lay on the table, he sounded it, and the page again appeared.

"Were all these brought by the same messenger?" he demanded, pointing to the letters.

"Pelagrua brought them all, my lord," was the reply, "save one, left by a courier who immediately pursued his journey towards Rome."

"Tis well!" answered the chief, and he was again left alone.

"This is no little condescension on thy part, my most magnificent lord and nephew!" he muttered scornfully to himself, as he threw down this letter also on the table; then taking up one which he had previously laid aside, he cut the silk that bound it, and began to read. It was a letter, written in cypher, from his kinsman and counsellor Lodrisio, with whom he had left the care of his interests in Milan.

As soon as the report of the Emperor's having left Tuscany for Lombardy reached the ears of Lodrisio, he had sent to Marco, beseeching him to seize the opportunity of striking a decisive blow, by advancing with the Germans of Ceruglio, while he himself should arouse his partisans in Milan to his aid. But the chief did not then think himself sufficiently secure in the affections of his foreign auxiliaries to venture on this step, and ere Lodrisio could again urge him, he was in treaty with the Luccese, and preparing for the enterprise which had issued so successfully. But in so doing he had allowed the favourable moment at Milan to pass; the favourable impression made on the populace, by his

affability and splendour, grew weaker each day of his absence, and the chiefs of the Lombard cities, who were in his favour, were discouraged by what they considered his carelessness and inactivity. Even the priests sent by Pope John to aid his cause, were alarmed by the unchecked advance of the Emperor towards Milan, and at finding themselves in the power of Azo, who, when strengthened by the Imperial forces, might punish them for conduct which he was now too weak to resent.

But, sooth to say, the approach of the emperor gave no less uneasiness to the Ghibelline Vicar than to the Guelf priests. The prospect of a visit from his feudal suzerain, followed by a tumultuous and undisciplined army, and incensed at the delay in the payment of the investiture money, was by no means a pleasing anticipation, and both he and his uncles dreaded to find themselves again in the power of the man who had duped half the Ghibellines in Italy, and who had already caused themselves so many months of suffering in the *ovens* of Monza.* With such feelings on both sides, a reconciliation was readily agreed to. Azo determined to oppose the entrance of the Bavarian into his territory, and the very forces which had been secretly raised for his overthrow were placed at his disposal, to resist the common foe.

All these movements were already known to Marco. The letter of Lodrisio informed him that the fortifications of Milan were being placed in a complete state of repair; that Monza, Lodi, and many other cities and fortified places had pledged themselves to let their walls be razed to the foundation, rather than open their gates to the Emperor: advised him to remain aloof for the present, without declaring for either party—so that, should the Emperor prevail, he might propitiate him by restoring the German troops to his standard, and obtain the Vicariate, which would, without doubt, be taken from his nephew; or, should he be worsted, the victorious Azo would doubtless be grateful to him for having withdrawn the Germans from his neighbourhood. The reconciliation, he added, between the clergy and the Vicar, was far from being full and sincere, and would at once be broken up, when circumstances permitted Marco to make an open stand.

The despatch from his nephew Azo also informed him of the new state of affairs, and urged him to prevent by every means in his power, the German forces of Ceruglio from joining the Emperor; he entreated him to reply on his behalf to the offers of friendship and alliance made to him

by various communes of Tuscany and Romagna which he enumerated, and finished by asking his advice regarding the proper method of fortifying Milan.

"Aye!" he said with a bitter smile, as he threw the missive down: "I will need more than a few fair words to make me partisan of thine."

When he had perused the other letters, which were from various of his Lombard adherents, excusing themselves for the necessity they were under of joining Azo for the present, he summoned Pelagrua to his presence. The castellan, who had only expected, on leaving Milan, to find his lord at the head of a rebel band in the small castle of Ceruglio, had not yet recovered from his surprise at seeing him the prince of so powerful a city. He entered the saloon with a lowly inclination, and would have expressed his joy and wonder, but was cut short by the question of his chief:

"Saw'st thou Lodrisio, before leaving Milan?"

"Yes, my Lord," he replied. "He himself gave me the letters I have brought."

"And on what terms is he with the Vicar?"

"On the best of terms. 'Tis to him that the Vicar principally trusts for the guarding of the walls."

"Then the Milanese have fully determined on resistance? How are they furnished with arms?"

"But barely as yet. The armourers' booths have been emptied, and they are at work day and night making pikes and spears and arrows. However, there are sixteen mangonels ready, and eight large arbalists; strong wooden turrets are planted along the bastions, and all the gates are strongly fortified and guarded. At the sound of the large bell of the palace, every man able to bear arms will join muster in his own ward, and in less than an hour the walls of Milan will display to the foe a force of forty thousand men-at-arms."

A stern joy sparkled in the eyes of Marco at these words. None knew better than he, that if anything could give strength and stability to the power of Azo, it was this very spirit of resistance to a common danger; but in the pride which animated him at the noble stand made by his countrymen, all his own ambitious projects were forgotten.

"Thou wilt caution Lodrisio," he said to the castellan—"I will write so to him, but repeat it nevertheless—that he keep strong guard at the Ticinese gate where the windmills are, lest the city be pressed for want of food; tell him, too, to collect in reservoirs, the water from the aqueduct of St. Eastorgio, for the enemy will cut off the supply the first stroke he makes. And do thou take heed that my castle of Rösate be found ready

*See page 127, No. 3.

to sustain an assault, should the Emperor take a fancy to visit it."

"You are then resolved to declare yourself openly? Lodrisio recommended me to warn you——"

"I ask no counsel in this matter from Lodrisio—still less from thee;" answered Marco sternly. "Look to thine own duty! Send orders to my possessions of the Martesan and Castel Serrino, that they furnish Rosate with men and victuals. Let Pelavicino command the troops, and do thou look to the furniment; and keep in mind, both of ye, that woe betide ye, should a single soldier of the Bavarian see the inside of my castle walls, whilst there remain ten men to defend them, or whilst you have the bones of the last steed in my stables to gnaw! And now, begone!—Yet stay!" he added, as the subordinate moved slowly towards the door; "what tidings bringest thou of Ottorino?"

"From the day that your Highness hurled him to the ground he hath not been seen in Milan. I have it of a sure hand that he had himself conveyed to his possession of Castelletto, where he was for fifteen or twenty days before he could back a steed. Report now saith that he hath gone to meet the Emperor, and place himself in his pay, and that——"

"It is false!" interrupted Marco, in a quick and peremptory tone.

"But there are other Milanese, your Highness!" replied Pelagrua submissively, "who have passed over to the Bavarian. There is Ginevino di Landriano, and Uberto Bregondio, and——"

"As many such degenerates as you please!" again interrupted the prince; "but Ottorino—never! 'Tis an infamous slander."

The castellan did not risk a reply; and after a momentary pause, Marco again demanded:

"Is the Count del Balzo at Milan?"

"He is still there, my lord! At the first rumour of the Bavarian's approach, he would have avoided the perils of a siege by retiring to Limonta; but a proclamation was issued, forbidding the nobles to leave the city, lest the people should be discouraged by it."

"Then Ottorino hath never entered his house?"

"Since the day of the tournament you may rest certain that he hath never set foot within the Count's portals. I have gained over one of his lordship's attendants, and not a hand stirs in the house but I hear of it within the hour."

Marco remained silent, and the wretch continued, though with hesitation:

"If indeed you wish to make sure of him—if you wish to avenge yourself on him—trust to me; I know how to compose certain sauces that may easily be conveyed to him. Lodrisio, too, charg-

ed me to tell you that your rupture with Ottorino must make him suspicious——that, in short, he knows too much of our plans—that he is too dangerous—and must needs be—silenced."

"Tell Lodrisio," answered Marco, with a freezing smile, well knowing to what point these villainous insinuations tended; "tell Lodrisio not to let this thought disturb his dreams. I know Ottorino well, and will pledge my life for his fidelity at all seasons, under all circumstances. He may hate me, may wish me dead—but betray me! Never!"

"It is not that I—my only meaning was——. However, he is quite safe for me."

"Yes, look that it be so," replied Marco, and then was silent for a moment, hesitating like one who wishes to introduce some particular subject, without knowing how to lead to it.

"What say they at Milan," at length he enquired, "of the unknown cavalier by whom Ottorino was unhorsed?"

"A thousand rumours were aloft, my lord! Some said that he was the son of Franchino Rusconi—others that he was a knight errant from the court of King Robert of Sicily; but the youth himself, as soon as he recovered his senses, declared that not a knight in Italy, save your Highness, could have dealt such a stroke."

"But he is as well as ever, is he not?" asked the chief anxiously.

"Active and nimble as before," returned the castellan; "not a scar to mar his beauty. The daughter of the Count will be no loser——"

"And what of her?" interrupted Marco.

"For some four or five days after the tourney, she was—or at least, pretended to be—nearly at her last sigh. The coaxings and caressings of her father and mother brought her round again, though she still assumes a sad and melancholy air, according to the usual whimsies of young damsels who fancy themselves in love."

The Visconte, on hearing his servant speak in this scolding tone, of one to whom his mind never turned saving with humble reverence, could not restrain himself, but angrily exclaimed—

"Think to whom thou speakest, and of whom, irreverent dog! or, by the Rod! thou shalt have such a scourging as thou shalt remember whilst thy head rests on thy shoulders. Retire, and attend below, while I prepare my despatches."

He pointed to the door, and Pelagrua precipitately withdrew, muttering to himself some words of excuse.

The castellan had been the only one in the secret of Marco's appearance at the Milan tournament, but had always considered, like every one who knew of his quarrel with Ottorino, that his aversion to the proposed nuptials arose from his

having previously arranged the match with Francesca Ruseoni; and that he wished to punish the youth for having broken his word and despised his authority. Now, however, a sudden light broke in upon him, clearing up much that had before seemed mysterious, by revealing the love of Marco for Beatrice, and he immediately set himself to consider how this discovery might best be turned to his own advantage, and that of Lodrisio, who had secretly engaged him in his own service.

Marco, when left alone, paced the saloon until his mind became somewhat calmer; then, seating himself at the table, he wrote five or six letters to his friends in Lombardy. He then recalled Pelagrua and gave them to his care, explaining how they were to be delivered, and again charging him to defend Rosate to the utmost.

"As for Ottorino," he added after a pause, "I hold it certain he will not be seen in Milan for some time, and even if he should, the Count del Balzo will not admit him to his house. However, thou wilt keep strict watch, and let me know should anything occur."

"I will do so," replied Pelagrua. "But should I discover any preparations for their nuptials— They have been betrothed already, it is said, and a couple are very quickly tied together. The father, too——"

"Thou must prevent it!" said Marco, decisively.

"But how——?"

"In whatever mode thou canst. Be guided by circumstances, and advise me of it at once."

So saying, he signed to him to depart, and the castellan, casting a furtive glance at the troubled countenance of his lord as he departed, descended to the courtyard, and, mounting his steed, set out at full speed towards Lombardy.

CHAPTER XX.

Vigorous preparations, as has been already said, were making at Milan for the threatened siege. When Azo first obtained the Vicariate, with all his exertions he could not gather together from all his tributary feuds, enough to pay the Emperor the instalment of his investiture money; but as soon as he had reconciled himself to the Church, contributions poured freely in from all quarters. The emissaries of Pope John scoured the country, preaching pardon and indulgence to whomsoever should assist in person or property, in defending the city from the excommunicated Bavarian, and a continuous stream of men-at-arms, with cattle, victuals, arms and money, flowed into Milan.

Limonta, as the reader knows, was a feudal

possession of the monastery of St. Ambrose. Now the Abbot, a creature of the Emperor's, and hoping nothing from the other side, could not be expected to raise his vassals against him; in fact, a proclamation was sent to all the fiefs of the monastery, purporting

"That no one, under pain of felony and excommunication, dare to favour, in any mode soever, the rebellious attempts of Azo Visconti, a traitor to his natural lord and sovereign, a traitor to the high pontiff Nicholas V. and a favorer of that schismatic, heretic, homicide, necromancer, and sink of every iniquity, Pietro Saeopo di Caorsa, falsely and sacrilegiously calling himself Pope John XXII."

The Limontines, although at first alarmed by this threatening fulmination, were readily encouraged by the Guelph priests, to throw off the yoke of one from whom they had already experienced such tyrannical oppression. Indeed it was with some difficulty that they could prevent whole families from removing to Milan with all their property and personal effects, a step which, instead of assisting the Milanese, would only have tended to embarrass them. From among the mass were chosen those able to bear arms, and our old friend the Parroco undertook to conduct them to their destination. Among these was the old boatman Michael, whom his wife Martha, by the kindness of the curate, was allowed to accompany; a privilege which these left behind beheld without jealousy, as her years, her virtues, and her recent misfortune seemed to give her a title to it.

The Limontine levies, on their arrival at Milan were received by the greeting of the multitude and thus conducted to the palace of the Count del Balzo in which they were to be lodged; the postern of Algiso had been allotted to their care, and the count's abode standing near it, besides his old connection with Limonta, rendered it a most suitable location for them. The curate was immediately sent for by Count Oltrado, who complained of the heavy charge that was thus placed on him—not that the poor man begrudged the additional expense that it involved—but for the new labour and anxiety it imposed on him.

"The falconer Ambrose, to be sure," said he, "may be of some assistance to me; but he knows not much more of these warlike matters than I do myself. If Lupo were here I fear not but we would together manage matters well."

"Lupo?" exclaimed the parroco: "he met us at the gates of Milan and accompanied us hither; but remained without, as he said he had been forbidden entrance by you."

"True—true!" replied the count with embarrassment; "certain events compelled me—but

still—should he wish to see his father—in short, let him enter."

And in a few minutes, Lupo was accordingly once more in the presence of the count, rejoiced to find himself restored to favour. He was affectionately welcomed by his fellow countrymen, and next day, on the strong representations of the curate, was appointed by the Vicar Imperial to the command of the Limontine men-at-arms. The squire immediately commenced to exercise his undisciplined forces in the court-yard of the palace; and this to such good effect, that when, on the 21st of May, the imperial standards were seen waving in the distance, the mountaineers could bear comparison with the most practised of the rude militia that lined the walls of Milan.

The Emperor, who was accompanied by large forces both of horse and foot, and by a train of carriages and baggage-waggons so immense as to excite the wonder of all contemporary historians, pitched his camp opposite the Arehetto Gate, he himself occupying with his suite the monastery of St. Victor, which was situated some little distance without the walls, near the postern of St. Ambrose. His principal efforts were directed against the suburbs of the Ticinese Gate, in the hope that he would thus get possession of the windmills situated there, and starve the city into a surrender; but, thanks to the advice of Marco, this quarter had been more carefully fortified than any other, and, although many bold attacks were made, all resulted in the repulse of the assailants.

The siege had continued in this manner for about a month, when notice was given to Lupo by the commandant of his district, that an attempt would that night be made by some friends without, to convey through the postern of Algiso, a quantity of provender, of which the city now began to experience a scarcity.

At night fall accordingly the young officer was on the alert; and from his look-out on the turret which rose above the gate, he soon descried the appointed signal—a light in the belfry of the convent of St. Simplician. He hastened to reply, by uncovering a lantern he held concealed under his mantle, and placing it for a moment in the embrasure: then descending, he joined his father Ambrose, Michael the boatman, and four other Limontines who awaited him beside the postern. The only sound that for some time met the ears of the anxious listeners was the measured tread of the two sentinels that paced the rampart above; but at length a rumbling noise was heard approaching.

"*Diavolo!*" exclaimed Lupo, "it soundeth like waggon-wheels."

"A waggon it is, without doubt," replied his father.

"A pestilence seize the knaves!" resumed the son; "why did they bring that lumbering machine to rouse the whole German army? Could they not bring the sacks on their own backs, or at the worst on mules?"

The night was so dark that no object could be distinguished more than twenty paces off; but a man shortly appeared at the edge of the outer fosse, and clapping his hands three times, exclaimed in a subdued tone—"St. Ambrose!"

"For whom?" inquired Lupo.

"For Lombardy!" was the reply.

"'Tis the concerted signal," said the Limontine to his companions; then addressing the person without—"But why did you bring that waggon with you?"

"It contains hay for the stables of the Count del Balzo."

"All is right then, I suppose. Give them entrance!"

The Limontines immediately lowered the heavy drawbridge and raised the portecullis, which was composed of massive bars of iron crossing each other about half-a-foot apart, and terminating, at the lower edge, in sharp spikes. A waggon of hay drawn by four stout horses was driven slowly over the bridge, till it was below the portecullis, when a word from the driver brought the animals to a stand.

"On with ye!" shouted Lupo; but instead of complying the stranger gave a shrill whistle, and immediately a band of soldiers, issuing from behind the church of St. Mark, where they had been hid, advanced at full speed towards the postern.

"Down with the portecullis!" cried the Limontine officer, as his ear caught the tramp of the approaching enemy. The chains were at once loosened and the heavy machine came rumbling down till it fell on the waggon of hay, and there remained suspended.

"Up with the drawbridge! quick, quick, my men!"

It was in vain; those without were already fastening it down. Then rose the shout of "Treason! treason! Limontines to the rescue!" The watchman on the tower sounded his alarm-horn; the Limontine guard, and all the patrols on the ramparts within hearing, rushed to the spot, and lent their aid to those already there, who, headed by Ambrose and Michael, were bravely defending the narrow passes on each side of the waggon; while Lupo endeavoured to urge on the ear, showering a tempest of blows on the horses harnessed to it, pricking them with the point of his spear, and animating them with his voice. But the enormous mass of the portecullis had taken

firm hold of their load and held it immovable; and though Lupo called on his followers several times to raise the weight and let the waggon be drawn out, his voice was unheeded amidst the confusion. In the meantime a troop of German cavalry rode up at full speed; the drawbridge resounded beneath the iron hoofs of their steeds, and several had already penetrated within the archway, where a random fight was going on in the dark; when suddenly was heard in the midst the rattling of chains, the crushing of armour, and a wild shriek of anguish rose above the tumult. By a renewed effort the goaded horses had dragged the waggon from beneath the portcullis, and the ponderous mass descending, had crushed to the ground a German trooper who was directly under it.

By this time a few torches were brought to light up the scene. Five or six Germans, who were caught inside of the portcullis, were hewn down by their enraged enemies, while a fierce conflict continued beneath the archway, between the assailants, who endeavoured by means of levers to raise the barrier, and those within, who exerted every force to prevent them; pikes, spears and lances were thrust at each other through the bars; but the Germans were placed at much disadvantage by their crowded position, and had evidently the worst of it. Fresh troops were seen advancing from behind the church of St. Mark; but Lupo, giving instructions to some of the new reinforcements who had by this time joined him, they hastily ascended the tower, and directing a heavy wagon against them, a rapid shower of stones drove them back in confusion and they were immediately followed by the discomfited assailants.

That same night, about an hour after the vain attempt of the Imperialists, a personage clad in a large grey cloak, with the hood drawn over his eyes—though an incautious movement betrayed that beneath it he wore complete armour—was ushered into the presence of Lodrisio Visconti.

"Alone! at this hour!" said he in some surprise, as the stranger, throwing back his hood, displayed the harsh features of the castellan Pelagrus; "How hath the matter sped?"

"The devil seize these confounded mountaineers!" exclaimed the new-comer, avoiding a direct reply.

"What! the blow hath failed then?"

"Yes, all is lost!"

"Ah villain! coward! traitor!" exclaimed the cavalier, with a threatening tone, and lips that quivered with passion; "this is some of thine accursed bungling. I know not what keeps me from sheathing my dagger in thine heart."

"I am not to blame, my lord," replied the trembling wretch, "that fiery fool Lupo hurried

me so much that I had no time to ent the traces, and I have only to thank the confusion that ensued for escaping undiscovered."

"And the Germans?"

"Were repulsed with loss."

"The cutliffs!" exclaimed Lodrisio, pacing to and fro with agitated steps, while Pelagrus related the occurrences of the night.

"I have been a fool," said he, when the latter had finished; "I have been a fool to trust the execution of such a project to a poltroon like thee. Could not the prospect of thy reward put some spirit in thy soul? Had the Emperor thus gained the city, and made me Vicar as he had promised, thou mightest have been one of the first officers of my court, and not, as now thou must, live and die a hired castellan."

"I had other good reasons to wish for success, my lord!" said Pelagrus in a deprecatory tone. "I would have given all these bright prospects, for one hour's revenge on these villainous mountaineers, but for whose rebellious outbreak I had still been lording it at Limonta."

As Lodrisio calmed down, he became partly convinced by these and similar arguments of the castellan, that the plan had accidentally failed; and besides he found him too useful an instrument to be hastily laid aside. Pelagrus was therefore dismissed with some symptoms of returning favor, while his patron remained to mourn over the ruin of all his brilliant hopes.

The next evening Pelagrus again appeared before Lodrisio, bringing him certain intelligence of what he had already gathered from various quarters:—namely, that nothing had transpired of his secret practices with the Bavarian; and that the latter, discouraged by this last failure, had resolved to raise the siege and march towards Germany. His mind thus set comparatively at ease, his address to his retainer, (for so we may call him) became more familiar than ever. The castellan, immediately on his return from Lucca, had imparted to him all that he had discovered of Marco's passion for Beatrice, and the cavalier, reverting to this subject, enquired if he had heard aught during the day of the count's family.

"I have important tidings for you," was the reply; "the count's attendant, whom, as you know, I have in my pay, hath informed me of certain transactions there—in short, they are undoubtedly preparing for a wedding."

"And doth the count lend himself to it? Hath all his great fear for Marco vanished?"

"No, 'tis as great as ever; but then that girl of his and her mother have induced him —"

"This must be seen to," interrupted Lodrisio; "I must think what were best to be done. Shall

we keep this springald from his bride? or will it be better to let the nuptials proceed?"

"When at Lucca," interposed the castellan, "Marco gave me strict charge to hinder them at all hazards; but still"—added he with a dark smile, "inconsistently enough, he would have no harm befall Ottorino."

"Let that be as chance may direct," answered his patron with an answering glance of intelligence. "Can I depend on thine aid in this matter?"

The former procurator paused before replying to this question, and a gleam of better feeling for a moment suggested an answer in the negative. Perhaps he thought of his miserable plight at Yarenna, and the succour he had there received from the young Visconte; but if he did, his compunction was but momentary, and with a careless and hardened air he rejoined:

"You will find me no man of fine-drawn scruples, to object to any thing reasonable in the way of business. What wouldst thou have me do?"

"I scarcely know yet. Sit down opposite to me and let us consider the affair."

CHAPTER XXI.

On the night that Beatrice returned from the palace of Marco with Lupo's pardon, her mother soon discovered, from her broken words and terrified exclamations, what had passed during the evening. This unexpected occurrence filled her gentle breast with fear and pity for her daughter, indignation against Marco, and even—if the truth must be told, though she scarce confessed it to herself—something of jealousy that he should allow any one to supplant her memory in his affections; a feeling, however, which her strong mind at once overcame. After long and anxious reflection, she came to the conclusion, that the safest plan for all was to carry into effect the betrothal already made. She well knew the devoted affection of Beatrice and Ottorino for each other, and she hoped that the ceremony which gave her daughter a trusty protector in a husband, would quench the passion of Marco, by depriving him of all hope of success.

When she first ventured to hint her project to the count, it was received with the most unhesitating denial; but at length, partly from the continual remonstrances of the countess, partly from compassion and natural affection for Beatrice, but principally from the action of time and absence, in wearing away his first vivid impressions of Marco's threats and warnings, he became more tractable—a disposition which was confirmed by the consideration that Marco was now Lord of Lucca, and therefore, he thought, very unlikely ever to come near Milan again.

Ottorino—who had entered the city previous to the siege, and remaining in retirement, had maintained a correspondence with the countess and Beatrice through his faithful Lupo—was accordingly once more received with open arms in the Balzo palace; and the father forgot his fears, the mother her anxiety, in witnessing the fond attachment of the young couple, and the bloom of health and contentment that again tinged the cheek of their daughter. The young cavalier had felt his love and affection for the fair damsel only increased by the crosses that had for a time severed them. Having now no hope of reconciliation with Marco, to please whom had been his greatest pleasure—to gain fame and honour under whose banner, his greatest ambition; he had determined to forsake his native country, for a time at least, and lend his sword to free the Holy City from the infidel. But Beatrice, who had hitherto divided his heart with his great chief, now reigned there sole mistress, and he felt that his only hope of happiness lay in making her the sharer of his fortunes. The announcement of his purpose was a severe shock to the Count and Countess del Balzo, and had nearly led to the indefinite postponement of the nuptials; but both at last yielded their consent to their celebration whenever the siege should be raised. Ermeninda, moved thereto by the consideration that they would thus be removed from within the reach of Marco, whose fiery and passionate nature she well knew—and Count Otrado, by the excuse that would thus be furnished him, if ever questioned by the Visconte, in what would seem their secret nuptials and flight. As for Beatrice, though loath to leave her parents, especially her kind and loving mother, still the prospect of being ever with Ottorino, to share his joy and comfort him in sorrow, was sufficient to overbalance every objection in her affectionate bosom. Lupo and Lauretta, fondly attached to their lord and lady, were easily persuaded to accompany them on their pilgrimage, an arrangement which was received with much satisfaction by the count and countess, as well as by the young lovers.

In this state stood the matter, when the conference narrated in the last chapter, took place between Lodrisio and Pelagrua.

The moment expected with so much anxiety, at length drew near. The Bavarian, despairing of success, made very favorable terms with Azo, and raised the Leaguer; and the various bands which had entered the city to assist in its defence, began to disperse to their homes. Amongst the rest, the Limontines prepared to return to their mountains, proud of their success in the nocturnal encounter, and their numbers only diminished by

four who had fallen under the swords of the Germans.

On the morning that they were to set out, the worthy curate was called to a secret conference, and the arrangements already made being imparted to him, he willingly officiated at the service which united the faithful hearts of Beatrice and Ottorino. Although the Vicar Imperial had reconciled himself to the church, the interdiction was not raised till some months afterwards, and this, it was thought, would be a sufficient excuse for the secret manner in which the nuptials were celebrated, when they came afterwards to be avowed. The hurried service, the immediate prospect of parting, and the uncertain future before them, all tended to throw a deeper shade of sadness over the meeting, than was befitting on any such festive occasion.

It was the wish of the count that they should depart as soon after the ceremony as possible, to give him the greater chance of afterwards clearing himself from participation in it; and it was accordingly arranged that the time which must intervene before they could set out for Palestine, should be passed at Castelletto, a stronghold on the banks of the Ticino, belonging to Ottorino. Accordingly, on the day after, all things were prepared for the journey, and after an anguished parting, which we will not undertake to describe, Beatrice was led, weeping, to her palfrey, and the young couple departed, followed by Lupo, Lauretta, and two of the count's men-at-arms. Ambrose and Marianna were waiting at the gateway, to unfold their children in a last embrace, as well as to take leave of their young mistress; but she, afraid to trust her voice, answered them only with an affectionate glance from her tear-filled eye, and passed on.

No word was spoken till they had issued from Milan, and were riding through the fertile country on its outskirts.

"Dost thou remember, love!" said Ottorino then, laying his hand on the neck of the well-trained palfrey that bore his bride, whilst a loving smile shone through her tears; "dost thou remember these dark hours we spent together on the rock of Moreate? Thou sat'st between thy father and myself; one soft hand thou permitted'st me, unchidden to retain in mine. 'Twas then, my sweet! that the hope of one day possessing thee first entered my heart. How many changes and crosses have we since seen! but they are all forgotten now that thou art mine own—mine for ever! O the ineffable sweetness of these words! What love—what constant faith I owe thee, to lighten a destiny which thou hast had the courage to unite to mine! And thou shalt have it, my own loved Beatrice!"

Amidst these and such like endearing addresses, the young dame was brought to forget the past for a time, and think only of the happy future, and ere they had reached the village of Gallarate, which they did some hours after noon, she looked more like the portrait we have at first presented of her, than she had since Ottorino left Limonta. At Gallarate they dismounted to rest for an hour or two; but scarce had they entered the hostelry, when a courier arrived in hot haste, and seeking out the cavalier presented a letter to him. Opening it, he found it signed, to his surprise, with the name of Marco Visconti.

The hero announced that he had arrived, hurriedly and in secret, from Luera, and trusted to see him without delay at Castel Seprio, to confer with him on affairs of great moment; adding that he was now aware of the great wrong he had previously done Ottorino, and that he hoped soon to make ample reparation for his suspicions.

This unexpected event altogether overthrew Ottorino's plans for the future. In his heart he had always cherished a secret desire, a confused and distant hope, of one day being restored to the favor of his former chief; the indignation of the youth had in it no bitter or hostile element, but was ready to yield to the first act of courtesy or apology that might be tendered. Unconscious of having offended Marco in aught, saving his refusal of Francesca Ruseoni, and feeling that the despite shown him could not have originated in this alone, he attributed it to the evil influence of some slanderer, whose tale of falsehood he might some day have an opportunity of disproving. And now, to think that Marco himself should send to seek him, to excuse himself, to offer again the hand of friendship;—that man so proud, and haughty to others—that great hero whom he had regarded with the utmost reverence and affection, even when smarting most keenly under his unjust suspicions! What could he do but gladly accept the offer?

"I must go on from this to Castelletto," he said to the messenger; "but tell him who despatched thee, that before midnight I will be at Seprio."

"Could not your lordship ride over there at once?" urged the courier. "The castellan charged me to make great haste, and I have lost much time in searching for you, noble sir!"

"But how didst thou learn that I was here?"

"A groom of the Count del Balzo told me that you had set out in this direction. I followed on the track, and have only now been able to overtake you."

"Who gave thee this letter?"

"The castellan of Seprio, last evening. A noble arrived there about an hour before, and five

or six other messengers were despatched in different directions at the same time as myself.

"Know'st thou who the noble was?"

"No, my lord! I am but a stranger here; but he must have been some one of high consideration from the honours that were paid to him. He was a tall, stout man, of middle age, and of noble aspect," adding several other particulars of the stranger's appearance which left no doubt on the mind of Ottorino that this was Marco; and he determined to ride hastily across the country to Seprio, returning in time to conduct his bride to Castelletto that evening.

"'Tis Marco?" exclaimed Beatrice, in accents of terror, when her husband had imparted every thing to her; "'tis Marco who sends for thee? O do not go, Ottorino! Let us flee from that man—take me at once to Castelletto."

"But I have told thee, dearest! that his anger has all vanished, and that he wishes to excuse himself for what he has done."

"O no, no! do not go to Seprio! Let us flee from that man whilst we have still time!"

"Fie, little trembler!" said Ottorino, taking her hand, "why so afraid of the great Marco? Did he not yield the life of Lupo to thine entreaties?"

"Ah Ottorino! thou know'st not all," answered his bride, almost overcome by the remembrance of that terrible night.

"What!" exclaimed he, with a gesture of astonishment; "didst thou too recognise him? I believed —. Yes, Beatrice! the knight who unhorsed me at the tournament *was* Marco; but thou should'st know too, that I owe my life to his using a weapon purposely blunted."

Beatrice and her mother had always avoided giving Ottorino any hint of Marco's unfortunate passion, afraid of thus incensing him beyond reconciliation; and though she, in her first moments of fear, had forgotten this, the words of her husband recalled her to herself, and, afraid of any further betrayal of the truth, she made no further opposition to his departure.

"But thou wilt return immediately, my Ottorino?"

"Within two hours I will be here again. Castel Seprio is but half-an-hour's journey off, and a short conference with my kinsman will suffice for tonight. Meantime do thou remain here, under the protection of Lupo and the two men-at-arms."

"But wilt thou not take some one with thee—"

"It needs not," interrupted he; "the courier who brought the letter will go with me, though I could do well enough without him. The country is all quiet here. And so farewell, love!"

He tenderly embraced his bride, and they parted.

The two appointed hours passed, and Ottorino

did not return; a third, and still Beatrice listened in vain for his horse's tramp. When a fourth anxious hour had elapsed, Lupo advanced to his mistress and suggested that he himself or one of the men-at-arms should ride over to Castel Seprio, to see what detained his lord.

"Thanks, good Lupo!" she replied; "I can trust better to myself. Do thou go, and do not tell him how uneasy I have been, on account of his absence. I am sure he could not have done otherwise; but pray him, in my name, not to delay longer. Remember," she added, as the squire left the room, "remember that thou art not to return without him."

Darkness soon fell around, and another hour and a half passed without any tidings of the husband and brother, while the anxiety of the females was wrought up to a most painful pitch, although Lauretta endeavoured to inspire her mistress with hopes which she herself had almost lost.

Suddenly Beatrice flew to the casement, exclaiming: "'Tis he—'tis he!" her heart palpitating with joy.

The tread of approaching horses was heard, a company of horsemen rode into the courtyard of the hostelry, and after a short pause, heavy steps ascended the staircase.

"Is it thou, Ottorino?" exclaimed the agitated girl, as she ran to meet the new-comers; but alas! the light of the lantern in his hand only displayed the features of one of her father's men-at-arms, who was conducting to her presence the courier who had brought the letter to the young cavalier. Saluting Beatrice with a profound inclination, he announced that he had that moment arrived from Castel Seprio, where he had left her husband safe and well; that the knight had not previously sent to her, expecting every moment to get away himself, but that, finding it now impossible to leave till next morning, he had sent him—the speaker—with an escort of six men, to accompany her to Castelletto, with her handmaid and two other attendants.

"And Lupo?" enquired Beatrice.

"Lupo arrived shortly before I came away, and was despatched immediately by his lord on some secret expedition. My lord, your husband, charged me to tell you to be of good courage, and that tomorrow morning you will see him at Castelletto."

"Will Lupo too accompany him?" asked Lauretta.

"Yes! he will have returned ere then."

"Is it your pleasure," interposed the count's man-at-arms, "that we get ready the horses?"

Beatrice signified assent; in a short time all was in order, and they proceeded on their route. The mistress and maiden mounted on their pal-

fneys, rode between the two with whom the above dialogue had been held, the rest of the escort following a few paces behind. The night was dark, and the weather threatened a tempest. When they had proceeded for some time in silence, Beatrice heard a tumult amongst the escort, their distance from which had been gradually increased; cries and shouts arose, and blows were interchanged.

"Haste thee back," she said to the man-at-arms beside her, "some dispute hath arisen; go and quiet it."

But he, exclaiming, "'tis an attack of robbers!" seized her bridle rein and set off at full speed; the courier doing the like by Lauretta.

"Hark!" insisted she; "'tis the voice of Ricciardino! leave us here and hasten to his aid." Ricciardino was the name of the other man-at-arms who had accompanied her from Milan.

"Be not afraid, *Madonna!*" said Stumo, the other who was with her; "there are seven of them, who can easily defend themselves. You were entrusted especially to me, and wo betide me should aught befall my charge."

In a few minutes the voices in their rear ceased, and their pace becoming more moderate, Beatrice renewed her entreaties that Stumo would return to learn what had occurred; but it was not till she haughtily commanded him to do as he was ordered, that he slowly retraced his steps. In a short time he returned at full gallop, exclaiming that their escort had been dispersed,—that the robbers were now in full pursuit after them; and, again seizing her bridle, he turned off into a bye-path, followed by Lauretta and the courier.

On—on they journeyed, through miry lanes, dark woods, and barren and rugged heaths, till within an hour of sunrise. Stumo, then for the first time breaking silence, respectfully informed her that in the hurry of the flight they had lost their way, though he had not wished to alarm her by saying so till now that he found himself within a short distance of their destination; praying her, out of the goodness of her heart, not to bring on them the anger of Ottorino, by telling him of her hard and uncomfortable ride.

The minds of the mistress and maid were somewhat tranquillised by these excuses; but what would the poor girls have felt if they had really known where, and into whose hands he was leading them! Instead of being on the way to Castelletto, they were now within a short distance of Marco's castle of Rosate, where the castellan Pelagrua was anxiously awaiting them, to play his part in the drama by which they had been mystified. The count's man-at-arms who was now with Beatrice, was no other than the traitor already mentioned as in the pay of Pela-

gru, and the courier was one of Lodrisio's followers, as were also the six men who pretended to have come from Castel Seprio. All the occurrences of the previous day and of that night had been arranged beforehand by the two ruffians in chief—Lodrisio and the castellan—in order to separate Beatrice from her husband. Their purpose was to keep her in their power till they received some instructions from Marco; but they wished to do so without terrifying her, or even letting her know that she had become a prisoner. They therefore laid aside their first intention, of openly assaulting on their journey, Ottorino and the two of his escort who were faithful to him; and by means of the forged letter from Marco, having drawn the young knight away, they were about by a similar artifice to get rid of Luquo, when his voluntary departure in search of his master, left clear way for the success of their fraud. Ricciardino alone remained, but amidst so many he might easily be disposed of.

This stroke at first certainly seemed to Pelagrua too bold and rash. To seize and imprison a damsel of so high a rank, involved a perilous risk from which he would willingly have shrunk; but the arguments of Lodrisio, who was animated by the prospect of his own private revenge on Ottorino, succeeded in re-assuring him. Under present circumstances—he urged—there was no other mode of fulfilling Marco's injunctions; and as for any temporary inconvenience or seeming cruelty, the necessity of the case completely justified it.

They decided, however, not to advise Marco of their plans, till they could arrive at the certainty of his being satisfied with them. In the mean time they would get possession of Beatrice, retain her at Rosate, and be guided in their future conduct by the events that might arise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNET.

WILTst the moon decks herself in Neptune's glass,
And ponders o'er her image in the sea,
Her cloudy locks smoothing from off her face
That she may all as bright as beauty be;
It is my wont to sit upon the shore,
And mark with what an even grace she glides
Her two concurrent paths of azure o'er,
One in the heav'ns, the other in the tides:
Now with a transient veil her face she hides,
And ocean blackens with the human frown;
Now her blue screen of vapour she divides,
And looks with all her light of beauty down;
Her splendid smile o'er-silvering the main
Spreads her the glass she looks into again.

He whose daily wants are supplied may not be rich, but he cannot be poor.

THE YOUNG BEAUTY.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

NATURE never intended us to be painters of portraits, much as we admire the art of fastening upon canvass, the features of those fair ones whose beauty we love to gaze upon. But could aught of "earthly mould" have induced us to become a painter, surely the pleasure of possessing a portrait of the beautiful Florence Winterton would have been the spell. Scarcely entered upon her teens, when first we saw her, her form and features have remained upon our memory, teaching us to wonder if angels can be more purely beautiful. It would be easy to fancy that the description we borrow from a painter of her own sex was meant for her, so true is it in every lineament—"The childish golden hair that clusters over her expansive brow, and embraces her radiant neck, in such redundancy of freedom, harmonises well with the cheek of palest rose—and a form that we could imagine, might rest upon a bed of violets, without crushing a single petal. The voice is like the low breathing of a lyre, when wakened by the spirit of joy; the eyes are full of hope, that perfectly unsaddened hope, which dwells with youth as a companion, and calls Innocence a sister."

But it is a dangerous thing to be a beauty. Florence, happily, was not altogether spoiled by hers. But her escape was almost a miracle. Hours she spent before her mirror, feasting her eyes upon her own loveliness. Her heart, nevertheless, retained its kindly sympathies, and she lavished a sister's affection upon her orphan cousin, poor Mary Mowbray. The cousins presented a striking contrast in their appearance. Mary was a dark complexioned, pensive, and thoughtful child. Bereaved early of her parents, she had been consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Winterton, who, in memory of the love he had borne his sister, supplied the place of a father to her child.

Years sped—the girlhood of the cousins passed happily away—and ere we again introduce them to the reader, "the Young Beauty" has become the reigning belle of a provincial town. The cousin, though perfectly unlike her, is scarcely less beautiful. Both are accomplished, intelligent, and admired; but while Florence is gay, spirited and enchanting, Mary retains the pensiveness which had marked her character from her earliest years.

A sensation had been created among the inhabitants by the arrival of a youth of a very pre-

possessing appearance, who, although totally unknown, was received freely into the most fashionable society—none questioning the right of the Honourable Frederick Fitzlugh to mingle among the proudest in the land. Indeed, so well had he ingratiated himself into the confidence of the unsuspecting dukes, that a ball was announced by the elegant Mrs. Creighton—the young widow of a banker, who had for some time cast aside her weeds and her griefs together—for the especial honour of the Honourable Frederick; so at least whispered the busy tongue of Rumour.

To the ball the cousins were of course invited, and much against the inclination of Mr. Winterton, the invitation was accepted. Mr. Winterton was one of the few upon whom the pleasing exterior of the stranger had made no impression, or only such as was unfavourable; but as he was dotingly fond of his lovely daughter, and could assign no reason for refusing his assent, he reluctantly sanctioned her attendance, with her cousin, at the assembly rooms of the brilliant widow.

The evening of the ball at length arrived, and none had more anxiously waited for its coming than Florence Winterton, who now, attired with elegance, and full of thoughts of conquest, listened anxiously for the carriage which was to bear her to the gay and festive scene.

"What, tardy one! not yet ready!" cried Florence to her cousin, who entered the room, dressed in the plainest fashion.

"All the preparation becoming my station or agreeable to my taste, is made, dear Florence. I am ready to attend you."

"Why always harping on that string, sweet cousin?" replied Florence. "Your station is in no respect different from mine, for whatever is mine is equally yours. You have been a second daughter to my father, Mary, and I sadly mistake him if he forgets it. But enough of this—what think ye of my fire-woman's skill? Think ye the widow has not brought a formidable rival into her camp—especially as I have determined to win the Honourable for whom the fête is given?"

"If you be serious, Florence, poor Mrs. Creighton may us well give up the game."

"Serious I am, cousin. I have set my heart upon it, and must have this lion at my feet."

The announcement of the carriage cut short the remonstrance which the seriousness of Florence's manner would have drawn from her gen-

the cousin, and as they were accompanied by Mr. Winterton himself, an opportunity did not again occur.

The ball-room was crowded. The lion of the evening was in close attendance upon the widow, who seemed indeed well worthy of the homage she received. But the necessity of attending to her guests requiring frequent calls upon her politeness, Mr. Fitzhugh had ample leisure to join in the admiration which the entrance of the cousins commanded, and, having been introduced to them, he attached himself to the train of Florence, who had every reason to congratulate herself upon the potency of her charms. The stranger was eloquent, witty, and well read; he exerted himself to please—and he succeeded. Florence was delighted. If her threat to win him had been a jest, now she was earnest enough in her desire. She was a creature of impulse, unswayed by considerations of prudence; and there was a mystery about the stranger which gave him a deeper interest in her heart.

They met again—in secret. Florence drank his insidious vows, and yielded her young affections to his keeping.

Mary, in the meantime, also learned what it was to love. But he upon whom the treasures of her heart were lavished, well deserved them. Richard Welsford was the son of an old friend of Mr. Winterton, and for his own virtues was well esteemed. The cousins heard from each other the new hopes to which the last few weeks had given birth. Mary trembled indeed when she learned that Florence secretly met Fitzhugh, and longed to warn her uncle to discover who or what he was; but she had unhappily promised to be silent, and her lips were sealed.

* * * * *

Months passed away, and, with brief intervals of absence, Fitzhugh continued to reside in the neighbourhood of Florence, continuing to deepen the impression he had made upon her heart. Richard Welsford was now the declared and accepted lover of Mary Mowbray, and her kind uncle smiled benignly at the prospect of her happiness.

The lovers sat together in the still evening, indulging the delicious dreams which at such seasons give their warm colouring to the far-off future. Their union had received the formal sanction of Mary's uncle, and of her lover's parents; and they could without restraint, pour into each other's ears their fond and joy coloured hopes.

"There is but one bitter drop, dear Richard, in my cup of happiness. I fear me all is not right with Florence; and Fitzhugh, to whom you know she is fondly attached, seems to want that

manly frankness which is so necessary to command esteem."

"I too have felt much anxiety since discovering her unfortunate attachment; but I have of late been so occupied with my own happiness that I have almost neglected hers."

"Be no longer, then, dear Richard, a laggard in her cause. Learn who and what her lover is, and if he be unworthy, let us rescue her ere it be too late."

"I have already made an effort to penetrate the mystery," returned Richard; "but hitherto I have been baffled; and, trammelled with the fear of betraying the dear girl's secret, I begin to despair of success."

"Still every means be tried. I will again beseech her, for her own peace's sake, to make her attachment known to her father, and if it be for her happiness, certain I am he will not oppose her wishes."

At this moment the colloquy of the lovers was interrupted by the entrance of her who formed its subject. She came to call Welsford to the presence of Mr. Winterton. When he was gone she turned towards Mary, and, casting herself upon the neck of her cousin, burst into a passion of tears.

Mary was alarmed, and urged her to be calm, but she only replied with sobs.

"What means this agitation, Florence?" said Mary soothingly. "Has anything happened to disturb your confidence in Fitzhugh?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" lustily exclaimed Florence; "but I cannot speak openly, until you have promised to be silent—even to Welsford."

"Silent I will be, Florence; but, oh! let me pray you to hide your love no longer. Your father, who is all kindness, will oppose no bar to your happiness. Let him prove himself worthy, and he may openly lead you to the altar as his bride."

"Mary, I am already his wife!" replied Florence, struggling to repress the emotions which almost overpowered her.

"Florence!" shrieked Mary, thunderstruck by the unexpected communication.

"It is even so. Powerful reasons he gave for wishing the marriage to be a secret—and I complied. His family must remain ignorant of it; and I have promised to accompany him to the continent, there to remain until circumstances permit our union to be proclaimed."

"But your father——"

"Speak not of him—it is anguish to think on the grief my desertion will occasion him. You, Mary, must fill my place, and continue to be to him a second daughter. Business has called my husband hence for a few weeks, and you must be

wed ere he return, to claim my promise to leave the scenes of my early happiness with him."

Mary felt too acutely the dangerous position of her cousin to speak of her own approaching happiness. She employed every argument affection could suggest to urge her to disclose to her father all that had occurred—implore forgiveness, and seek for counsel. Florence was determined to keep her faith unbroken in her husband. The spell of the enchanter was upon her; and Mary could not now venture to hint at the fears she entertained of Fitzhugh, the fate of her cousin being irrevocably linked with his. While they continued to converse, Welsford returned, his face radiant with happiness. It was Mr. Winterton's wish that the marriage should take place without delay; and the lover pleaded eloquently—that the old man might be gratified. Florence added her entreaties; and, sooth to say, there was a powerful advocate in the lady's heart. They did not part till Mary had consented to become a wife within the period requested by her cousin.

The day appointed for the nuptials at length arrived. In the interval Fitzhugh had written to his wife, apprising her that his return must be yet further delayed; but asking her to send by the bearer whatever jewels or funds were at her disposal, and not immediately required by her, in order that they might be unencumbered when the time came for flight. The letter was filled with protestations of faith and love, and contained vague hints about the pride of his family, and the danger of any premature disclosure of his marriage. Florence was not satisfied. An uncomfortable feeling of dread sprung up within her, and though she endeavoured to combat it, she could not banish it from her heart. She, nevertheless, obeyed the injunctions of the letter; and schooled herself to array her face in smiles, but no fears for her might dim the joy of her cousin's bridal day.

Welsford led the blushing Mary to the altar, and the orphan became a wife.

"Joy, joy, dear Mary!" sobbed Florence, embracing her, when they were alone together, after the ceremony.

"And joy far beyond my hopes, would be mine, my Florence, did your husband openly proclaim his title, and prove himself worthy of so fair a prize."

"Fear not for me," answered Florence; "I, too, will be as happy as—I deserve. My father will forgive—for you will plead for me when I am gone; Fitzhugh is worthy, and will love as truly as heart can wish. What more can I desire for happiness?" As she spoke she glided from

the room, to hide the tears than sprung unbidden to her eyes.

Mary too wept. There was a sadness in the manner of Florence which accorded ill with her cheerful nature. A presentiment of evil sprung up in the mind of the bride, which not all the eloquence of the husband-lover could remove.

Weeks, months, passed away, and Florence did not again hear of Frederick. She grew pale and sad and heart-weary. Bitter was the cup of misery she had earned, and she drank it unresistingly. At the earnest entreaty of Mary, all was made known to her father—all save her marriage—she could not overflow his cup by telling him of her utter wretchedness; and the old man lived on in the fond hope that she would forget the villain who had stolen her young affections, and left her only the memory of his vows.

The months grew into years. Florence was now the shadow only of her former self. It was a painful thing to see one so beautiful and young dying with no apparent disease to bring her to the grave.

"Florence," said her father, one morning, "I have not for many months seen you look so well; the rose once more blooms upon your cheek. You have been watching the rising of the sun—come let us enjoy his early beams together."

Florence turned her head to brush away a scudding tear. Not one who knew her, save her father, but saw how sadly she was altered. The rose indeed bloomed upon her cheek—but it was the burning flush of fever; her eye was bright—but it was with the fire which betokens death!

It was a beautiful evening in summer, and Florence, wooed by the cooling breeze, strayed forth into the garden, to enjoy the setting sun. She was sitting in the summer house, when she heard a step approaching. Expecting her father, she turned round, and her husband stood before her! She did not faint—she did not scream; but she stood, fixed, silent, motionless. He was haggard and pale—dissipation was written on every line of his once fine countenance. Her changed appearance struck him instantly.

"Florence!" he cried, "I have been a villain! but I am dying; and I could not yield up life, without dragging myself to your feet to sue for pardon."

"Ask Heaven for pardon; I am scarcely less guilty than yourself," she replied solemnly, gasping for breath.

"I must first have yours—I dare not pray to Heaven, till forgiven by you."

"It is granted——"

"Aye, but you know not yet what you have to

pardon!" vehemently exclaimed the Conscience-stricken. "You know not that before we met, I was a hunted felon, whose skill enabled him to baffle justice—that you were my dupe, only because I hoped to make your father's wealth minister to my pleasures—that when I had won you into my snares, I was prevented from preying upon your fears by the guardian of your peace, your kinsman Welsford, who has defeated every attempt I have hitherto made to see you—that—*that, ere I saw you I was already the husband of another!*"

This was more than the already o'erburthened spirit of Florence could bear. Her lips became livid and colourless—her eyes, which had seemed starting from their sockets, grew fixed as stone—she uttered one piercing shriek, and fell like a marble statue. She was dead!

* * * * *

The father and daughter sleep side by side in the quiet churchyard of Bloomingdale, and often does Welsford, with his still lovely wife, and happy children, wander there, to recall the memory, and recount the sorrows, which were the unhappy fruits of the indiscretion of "The Young Beauty."

THE FAITHLESS LOVER,

AT THE GRAVE OF THE BETRAYED.

I.

Thy dying lips forgave my sin,
And pray'd I might be blest :
And oh ! if prayer might blessing win,
'Twas thine, thou faithfullest !
But nought avails the purest prayer,
When mercy's self, too just to spare,
Resigns the guilty breast
To deathless worm and quenchless fire,
And earnest of eternal ire.

II.

Thy pangs were keen, but briefly spell'd :
'Twas rest, 'twas joy to die :
Affection's trust on earth was dead,
Yet love was true on high :
And earthly thoughts and passions now
Dim not thy star-encircled brow,
Where, far above the sky,
Thou join'st the everlasting hymn
Of ransom'd saints and seraphim.

III.

But the keen fangs of vengeful thought,
This breast incessant tear,
And memory's agony is wrought
To madness by despair.
I left thy pure and true enress
For falshood's smile of heartlessness :
And oh ! the woe to bear,
When all the joys I might have known
Are my most righteous curse alone !

IV.

I might have met thee in the ties,
Earth's ev'ry tie above,
Where pure religion sanctifies
The purest fire of love ;
I might have trod, unharin'd, with thee,
The billows of life's dery sea,
And felt its tempests move
With heedless brow, as lightly fann'd
As flower by gale of southern hand :

V.

Thou might'st have been a sun, to lend
Prosperity its light :
Misfortune hath not power to send
On love her withering blight :
'Mid the murky shades of pain and ill,
Love's beauty shines more beauteous still,
And makes affliction bright,
As evening turns the clouds that press
Around her throne, to loveliness.

VI.

Well art thou now avenged ! my doom
Is hopeless as the dead :
A scornful world, a heartless home,
A breast of guilt and dread !
Oh ! for one hour to tell thee now
How dear I rue mine altered vow !
But no ! thy soul hath fled,
Where nought of death, of pain or sin,
Where nought of me may entrance win.

VII.

And yet beside thy hallowed grave
While agonized I groan,
A voice whose utterance seems to save
Comes breathing from the stone,
And shall my unreposing mind
One gleam of consolation find
In this dread spot alone,
The tomb where all my hopes are laid,
My woes begun, my guilt displayed :

VIII.

Breathe, voice of comfort ! breathe again !
And if repentance deep,
To mourn the past with bitterest pain,
To supplicate, to weep,
May move His justice to relent
Who died to save the penitent,
I'll strive—and hope to sleep
In Him, and wake where I shall be
With love, and faith, and joy, and thee.

Your equals can take care of themselves. Having already passed the Rubicon and overtaken you on the road, they are seeking an opportunity of outstripping you in the race; but your inferiors are the orphans who are left in your charge by the will of their departed parents. Speak to them with kindness, act to them with humanity, and think of them with pity; and forget not, in the plenitude of thy power, and the exuberance of thy wealth, that it is they who have been the means of seating thee on thy throne, and it is for their sakes you are entrusted with the power and privileges you enjoy.

SCENES ABROAD.

BY ONE OF US.

No. V.

I REMAINED at Cadiz, whiling away the time in the delicious idleness indigenous to that sunny land, until the great enemy of idleness crossed my path. I need scarcely say, that enemy was Emul. We have no English name for the foe, but he is pretty generally known to English people by his French one. His is the true "Evil Eye," and I prepared for departure the instant I felt it was upon me. I hesitated in which direction to proceed; to Lisbon by sea, or to rove about in Andalusia. I decided on the latter; and, that evening, was comfortably lodged in the *Posada de las rejas verde* in the town across the bay of Cadiz, denominated El Puerto de Santa Maria.

It is a thriving, gay, little town, much resorted to of Sundays and holidays, by the Cadiz people. Its principal street is wide and well built. The wine of Xeres, (which we, English, call Sherry,) is shipped here—Xeres being an inland town. Another article of export is, very clear water! for the use of the luxurious residents of the commercial emporium across the bay.

The *Posada de las rejas verde*, or, in plain English, the "Hotel of the green window gratings," was a very pleasant sort of an inn; there was good eating, good wine, good water, and plenty of ice to refresh one withal. In the centre of its court-yard was a fountain, and a large reservoir, in which gold and silver fish abounded; and among its in-dwellers was a very odd-fish, in the shape of an Irish surgeon; very garrulous, very humorous, but very vulgar.

He entertained me with volleys of abuse against the Spaniards, as a people. He had a thousand stories to tell of their meanness, their servility, their duplicity: in a word, he was brimful of that never failing attribute of vulgarity, national prejudice. I had known Spaniards as far superior to him in point of manners and refinement, as a palace is to a hovel; and yet, he rattled away against the Spaniards, *en bloque*, as though he had been the porcelain of the earth, and they the meanest delf. There is no surer mark of ignorance and low-breeding than indiscriminate abuse of a whole people. It is, further, a proof, that one has never lost sight of the steeple of his parish church. The renowned Dogberry was never more pertinaciously bent on being "written down

an ass," than certain people seemingly are, on demonstrating their vulgarity, by the exhibition alluded to. Ambitions of being considered particularly genteel, they are all unconscious of the fact, that wholesale national prejudice demonstrates as surely, under-breeding, and a narrow mind, as a ragged, out-at-elbow coat, denotes poverty of pocket.

Abusive of the Spaniards as was my Irish surgeon, he was even more so of the Anglo-Republicans of North America. According to him, the United States of America was the mere receptacle of those only who leave Europe for the good of Europe; and yet he had never crossed the Atlantic. According to him, even the virtue of "the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," though pure, (as Charley Phillips once said,) "as the dew of heaven upon a mountain flowret,"—even that would not flourish in American soil. I took especial care not to contradict him, nor to strive to enlighten him on the subject. It would have been but adding fuel to flame: it would have interrupted but for a minute the outpouring of abuse, and perhaps increased it; and so, he soon ran himself out. Like a wide-mouthed pitcher, he was soon empty. The humour which is indigenous to the Green Isle rendered him nevertheless an amusing companion for the road, and I consorted with him. We strolled through the town until I had seen all there was to be seen, and bethought myself of proceeding to San Lucar de Barrameda, en route to Seville. "And how do you travel?" said my Hibernian companion; "and with whom?" "I propose going in a calash," said I, "and alone." "Then make your will before you go," cried he; "or, stay—you may just as well leave your baggage to me, for you'll never want it again!" Upon which he asseverated, there was not a road of worse repute any where in Spain; "And, as a proof," said he, "travellers leave this place at a fixed hour every morning, accompanied by an armed escort."

Indisposed to rely implicitly upon his assertion, after the specimens he had afforded me of exaggeration on many points, I pushed enquiry in other directions, and found every one seemed to be of the same opinion. I bethought me of the common saying, "What every body says

must be true," and made up my mind to delay my departure till the morning—but falling in with a French officer, (who likewise advised me not to travel the road unless my business was very pressing,) he suddenly bethought himself that the afternoon's military patrol between El Puerto and San Lucar, would leave in about an hour, and that I could travel with it. Accordingly, the calesa was soon at the door; adieux soon said to Ibernian and Gaul, and I proceeded a little way out of the town to await the Patrol.

I waited some time, however,—for the Patrol, like most other bodies and things, was not very punctual. The while, my calesero whistled away under the broiling sun, apparently as indifferent to the heat as is reputed of the salamander. The while, I meditated on the deplorable state of society, which rendered it necessary for me, a peaceful traveller, to avail myself of an armed escort, so near to the rich and populous city of Cadiz. Bad government—bad government, for more than a thousand centuries, has been the lot of poor, unhappy Spain! Spain has always been misgoverned. What the condition of things was under the Romans, at this distance of time, it were best not to dilate on; but ever since the Roman Eagles closed their wings, covering before the Goth and Visigoth, sad has been the fate of the hewer of wood and drawer of water in this splendid land. The Arab and the Moor overran the country, even into France. Then the Christian triumphed; the Crescent paled before the Cross; and in the train of the triumphant Christian came tyranny—Kingscraft and Priestcraft—Absolutism and Superstition. The foot-prints of these Ardeles Ambo are visible every-where in Spain. I saw them in the appearance of every thing around me;—I saw them in the fact that I then awaited an escort to protect life and property, on a much frequented road, between the two large cities of Cadiz and Seville, not seventy miles apart. To them I rightfully attributed the melancholy condition of the country, and, as I reclined in the calesa, I anathematised them both, as powers in league to oppress mankind—as fervidly as might be expected of a British Americann.

It was Sunday, and numerous parties passed through the vineyards on either side of the road, merry-making. There were many laughing, nut-brown lasses among them, mounted on donkeys. This animal is rarely seen in North America; still more rarely are they in use as beasts of burden; but in Spain, they are numerous as horses are here; their use is universal. In the narrow streets of the cities, their bray is perfectly frightful. The bruised air cannot escape, and ear and nerve are alike tormented. They are very use-

ful, nevertheless, and I fancy the Spaniards could not do without them, at all, at all.

My calesa, though devoid of any thing resembling elegance, was a very gaudy concern, beflowered and bedizened by painter and gilder in great style. The body was hung so low, that the tops of the wheels were nearly level with my shoulder; the shafts did not extend more than half the length of the horse, and, instead of being horizontal, they pointed upwards beyond the animal's back. To crown all, an ornament of gayest colored worsted, at least two feet in length, crested the head of Rosinante.

Just as I had noted this description of my vehicle, I heard the clink of spur and sabre, and looking back, perceived the Patrol. It consisted of three of the French horse artillery, at first, but was augmented in a few minutes by some lancers who came galloping up, in their gay regimental dress of green coat and scarlet trousers. As we moved forward, the cavalcade had much the appearance of a state prisoner in charge of a strong military guard; and so seemed to think the few peasants we met along the road. Before me, and on each side, and behind me, rode the soldiers of France, their sabres, spurs and lances, clinking martially. We moved on about a mile or so without exchanging a word, but soon the disposition of the Gaul to sociability prevailed, and the serjeant addressed me with, "Parion, Mousieur n'est pas François?" "Non, je suis Anglais;" and immediately a brisk conversation commenced. They were curious to ascertain, among other things, what the pay of a British soldier was. They had heard, it greatly exceeded theirs. When I told them that our foot soldier received *double sols* a day, they looked as if it was scarcely credible: the French lancer receiving only five and a-half sols. They expressed a great desire to take service where the pay was so much better than their own; but their ardor was considerably cooled by the information that flogging was not an unusual practice with us. "Sacre! si l'on me battoit!" cried one. They all evinced much indignation and disgust at the idea of the lash. I honored them for their marked abhorrence of that abominable practice. A man, once degraded by the lash, seldom or never rises. The lash makes ruffians, but it never reforms.

The serjeant of the horse artillery was from Alsace; necessarily he was more German than French, in appearance and manners. He had the look of *la vieille Garde*, and had partaken of the cup of mingled victory and defeat of the latter days of Napoleon. He took very little part in the conversation, but the young fellows, Frenchmen like, were all vivacely. They took particular pains to inform me that, of their own know-

ledge, assassination and murder were familiar occurrences on the road, and it was most amusing to witness their zeal whenever an unlucky peasant appeared. They would clap spurs to horse and gallop up to the poor creature as though he were a brigand; question him sharply as to his whereabouts, look exceedingly fierce, and apparently hesitate about making him prisoner; then would consult together, and finally, bid the poor devil begone. It amused me a good deal, knowing as I did the springs of action, to observe the trepidation of the enfans du sol, under this mock examination. They amused me not a little, my gay lancers of France; and so, on parting with them at the outskirts of the town of San Lucar de Barrameda, I made their hearts rejoice by *largesse*, to which French soldiers are not much accustomed.

San Lucar (as it is most generally abbreviated,) is the sea-port of Seville. Formerly, all the trade of Spain with the New World centred in Seville, and then St. Lucar was a port of note; but Cadiz gradually usurped the trade, and became the entrepôt of Occidental commerce. It lies on the sea-coast, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. An island in front of the town makes the anchorage safe. It has a considerable trade in salt, fruit, wine and brandy. The population was set down in the Gazetteer at 22,000. It did not appear to me one half the size. Vineyards surround the town.

I strolled through the place, and found the houses generally mean-looking, and of the invariable white. The streets, quite Spanish, that is, very filthy, and of that particular odour which bluff Sir John denominated "a congregation of villainous smells."

San Lucar of course has its Alameda, (for what Spanish city, town, or townlet has not?) but it is scarce worthy of notice. Its position is near the sea shore, whence the sand had been blown in such quantities as nearly to cover the walks and even the stone seats. The public walk, or actual Alameda, was seemingly more along the sea beach, than on the spot that bore the name. There were very few promenaders to be seen on the Alameda, unless some old toothless, shrivelled gossips; and I strolled on to the beach where I perceived numerous mantillas swelling in the breeze. My attention was speedily drawn to a beautiful girl, in white, with a flowing veil of the same colour. The costume was most striking, because most unusual; black being the almost universal colour in use by the sex in the open air. My charmer was above the middle stature, and shaped like Calypso. The wind played with her flowing robes, and, *de temps en temps*, exhibited most beautiful feet and ankles. I perceive that I occupied nearly two pages of my journal in

describing this "white lady;"—this apparition of snowy beauty, for she was not more unlike her countrywomen in colour of costume than in complexion. It struck me that she was an inmate of a convent, and destined for the veil. I was young then, and, like a very young man, I became very imaginative about the bellissima signoritta, and, for the rest of the evening, whenever I thought of her, I sighed most profoundly.

Lest I should not have mentioned it elsewhere, I will here, that the Spanish ladies never sport bonnets en promenade, as is usual generally in Europe and in America. The mantilla and veil descend from the crown of the head, covering head, neck, shoulders, and form, as shawls and veils do in countries where shawls are used. This was the National Spanish costume, and is, unless the Chameleon Fashion has introduced *les modes de Paris*, since I promenaded the margin of the "golden sanded Guadalquivir."

After tea, for I adhered to that English practice though in a land where tea is not in such high esteem or general use as with us,—after tea, I sauntered into a *neveria*, a sort of café, where ice is made use of in every shape; iced cream, iced lemonade, iced every thing drinkable. In so very warm a climate, iced drinks are in great request. The *neveria*, I entered, was what, here, we should denominate a saloon—with this marked difference however, that in a Montreal saloon, stimulants are the order of the day; whereas, in a Spanish saloon, one may pass hour after hour, and never hear *aguardiente* called for. We Northern folk stimulate in cold weather, to keep ourselves comfortably warm; and in hot weather, we stimulate to keep ourselves comfortably cool. The British of the East and West Indies will have it, that brandy and water is cooling in hot weather; and act accordingly. The Spaniard has not attained so high a point of knowledge in drinking-craft. He avoids stimulants. He dreams not in his philosophy of making iced water more cooling by mixing brandy with it.

As there was nothing in San Lucar, or about it, to invite a prolonged stay, (always excepting the "white lady," who had flitted across my path,) I made arrangements to proceed to Seville, the next day, per the steamer. I called at the British Vice-Consul's to have my passport endorsed, and retired to bed, but—not to sleep. The din of beggars under the windows, beggared all description. The house was full of travellers waiting for the steamer, which fact becoming known to the mendicant tribe, they surrounded it, and sounded their appeals for charity in every note of the *gawwit*, and every sound of the human voice divine, nasal, guttural and other. The prevailing cry was, "uno quarto,—por l'anorde

Dios, uno quarto." The drone of the bagpipes was as nothing in comparison with the prolonged nasal sound upon the "uno quarto." I can recall it even yet, at a distance of many years. A "quarto" is a copper coin equivalent to our half-penny. It was after midnight ere I closed my eyes, and in my dreams the hideous sound struck on my ear as the groan of a disembodied spirit.

About two P.M. the following day, I embarked on board the steamer; but before getting on board, the crowd of passengers were delayed at the gangway by a French officer receiving and examining the passports of all and sundry;—and I was among the crowd. Every one was anxious to get on board, and consequently every one held out his passport to the officer. He took them as quickly as he could with one hand, while with the other, he opened them, cast a glance at them, and passed them to their owners. I saw him open mine, and scarcely had his eye lighted on the Royal Arms of England at its head, than he looked enquiringly around to discover the owner: observing it was mine, he raised his hat very politely, and made way for me on board. To the owners of the other passports, natives, I presume, he was brusque and authoritative. So much, thought I, for being a British subject; and raising my hat, (not to be outdone in politeness by the militaire) I stepped on board. I heard the natives who had been eye-witnesses of the favor shown me, whisper "Ingles," one to the other, as if that were sufficient to account for it. One loses nothing for been known as an Englishman, abroad, that's certain.

We were soon steaming up the Guadalquivir. There were several priests and friars on board. They are every where in Spain. Two or three of the latter were burly looking fellows; they reminded me of the stout Clerk of Copmanhurst in the celebrated historical novel of Ivanhoe. They did not look as though they mortified the flesh much. They were unprepossessing in their appearance, dirty in habiliments, and gross and sensual in person. The morality of the mendicant orders is not considered very pure,—and they are not held in much respect even in Spain, where the Church then ruled every thing. I remarked that the padres indulged in the cigar quite as much as the laity. In fact, tobacco is the great luxury in the Peninsula, with every class. Every one smokes; king, grandee, hidalgo, commoner and beggar;—even ladies like it. I saw a woman on board the steamer puffing away at a cigar. I must however say I did not see any ladies smoking, during my sojourn in Spain; but, in Spanish America it is quite a common sight.

The weather was exceedingly hot. Every one

sought the awning's shade. Frequent were the ejaculations about the heat. One lady, fat, brown and forty, was quite *au desespoir* about it. "¡Hésus! mucho calor," she exclaimed every now and then, seemingly quite exhausted. There was very little ceremony among the passengers. Many respectable-looking men took off their coats and sat among the respectable looking signorns, in shirt-sleeves, as if it were all *selon les règles*. One very gentlemanly person, in particular, promenade the deck, sans habit, in company with a most interesting and lady-like girl, his daughter. The heat there was no resting. About four P.M. the captain spread matting on the floor of the after cabin for the ladies to take their afternoon nap, and drew a curtain across that they might slumber undisturbed. This afternoon's nap is almost universal in Spain, and is a fashion peculiarly Peninsular. It is called "la siesta."

A wretched looking female, having a child with her of appearance quite as wretched, sat beneath the awning on the quarter-deck, near a party of ladies of evident high respectability, without any perceptible repugnance in their manner, at her near proximity. On the contrary, they conversed freely with her, evidently compassionating greatly her *triste* condition. They were affable, and not condescending, as we English would call similar behaviour. I saw in this a proof additional of what I had previously, and have, since, frequently observed, that there is far less distance of manner between the rich and the poor, or, in other words, much more affability between them, all over the continent, than in our "tight little island." Lady Morgan has said as much in one of her latest works, and the fact is indisputable, whatever those who are neither close observers nor deep thinkers, may choose to say to the contrary. There is more polar dignity and reserve to be seen in one day in Great Britain, than in France, Germany, the Peninsula, Italy, Norway, Sweden, or Russia, in a twelvemonth. In no country under heaven is the despotism of social rank one half so severely felt as in Great Britain. In a country so eminently commercial, it is a singular fact. A "noli me tangere" atmosphere surrounds the highly respectable British, at all times, and in all seasons, travelling or at home. A Prussian nobleman, Prince Puckler-Muskau, who travelled much in Great Britain some years since, and who published a few volumes about English manners, customs and institutions, has expressed astonishment at the prevalence, in so free a country, of so odious a thralldom. We are all, however, as blind as bats to its existence, simply because we are familiar with it, and it strikes us not; but a *foreigner* perceives it so soon as he sets foot on English ground.

The distance from San Lucar to Seville is about forty miles. We were six hours performing it. Observed several small towns on either bank, as we steamed up the river; amongst others, Puebla, Coria. The latter is prettily situated on the river side: a church built of a reddish stone was conspicuous.

Orange, lemon, and olive trees covered the country as we approached Seville; most beautiful to behold; looking like what one might dream of the golden apples of the Hesperides. As far as the eye could reach on each bank of the Guadalquivir, vast plains extended.

About eight, P. M. we reached Seville, and landed near the Prado. What said the Poet of Passion, Byron, of Seville, in 1810?

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd for prey!
Soon, soon, shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainsz fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her fatal brood
Is vain;—or lion, Tyre, might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds:
Not here War's clarion, but Love's rebeccic sounds;
Here Folly still his votaries entralls;
And young eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds:
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals
Still to the last, kind Vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

Of Seville, and her superb, magnificent, gorgeous Cathedral, I may hereafter speak.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A STATEMENT IN "NOFFATT'S SOUTH AFRICA."

'Twas gentle eve—the burning sun had gone,
And the calm stillness of a summer's night
Had ta'en its place. And might was heard around,
Save the low murmur of the cooling breeze
Amid the palm-tree tops. The man of God,
Fatigued with wandering through the weary day,
Had hung himself beneath the whispering boughs
Of a mimosa, that waved soothingly.
At a short distance his attendant train
Prepared their frugal meal. The unyok'd ox
Rested from toil, and crop'd the herbage tall,
Which, here entangled by a little rill,
Was sweet and thick. The gladsome song of birds,
That through the day had made the forests gay
With richest hues of orange, red, and gold,
Was hushed, and each had sought, in its own nest,
Refreshment and repose.

The missionary would not close his eyes,
Ere he had sought communion with his God;
Ere he had tasted of the joys that flow
From God's right hand, where pleasures ever dwell.

He knelt: his long and fervent supplications
Nerved for its labours hard, the spirit weak.
At length he rose—whom sees he standing near!
What dark and swarthy Hercules is that?
His long and matted hair—his eye of fire,
Are seen distinctly; for the moon is up,
Shedding mild radiance upon all around.
The heart had sunk within the white man's breast,
But that his soul was strengthened from on high,
And thus he stood unmov'd.

"Who art thou?" fierce enquired the African.
"A man of God"—and then the savage heard
For the first time of Jesus. Hours pass'd by,
And still the two conversed. Yet marvel'd much
The Christian, that his tale of dying love
Fell on a listless ear; that while he spake
Of England's arms and ships, its triumphs vast,
Lo! Makaba's dark eye kindled with light.
The name of Britain's chief at Waterloo,
The savage heard with awe—yet cared he not
For that of Jesus—Prince of Peace—the Saviour.
Still when he heard from Holy Writ the words—
"The dead shall rise again"—the strong man quail'd
And trembled. He who had been for years
"Napoleon of the Desert," uncontrol'd,
Stook with chill fear. "Say that again!" he cries.
Again it is repeated: "All who are
In their graves shall hear his voice, and forth shall come."
"Thousands of men I've slain, oh! man of God!
Shall all be there?" "All—all shall rise from death;
And come to judgment." How the trembling frame—
The quivering lip—betoken power unseen
Exerted on the bloody conqueror:

Well he may tremble too,
To meet the myriads, who beneath his spear
Have bow'd to earth, and drank the cup of death;
To meet the wives made childless, husbandless;
To hear the curses, which shall fall on him,
Who, ere the news of pardon reach'd his shores,
Sent them in utter wretchedness to dwell:
An awful moment that will be to them,
Earth's glorious warriors—Fame's immortal sons!
When gazing round them they behold, with dread,
Those whom their love of power, or pride of heart,
Doomed to destruction.

Christian! the singer sweet of Israel spoked
Of a blood-guiltiness of deeper dye;
And he, "the Weeping Prophet," pour'd his strain
Of solemn warning, lest upon our skirts
Be found the blood of souls. We too must meet,
In that great day of resurrection, those
Who might have reigned in light, had we fulfill'd
The trust our master gave, and self denying,
Preach'd Jesus, and him crucified. Beware!
There be not many such; for, oh! their bitter cry
Will fill the soul with unavailing woe.

Montreal, May, 1813.

It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that Home wrote his tragedy of Douglas, Dr. Blair composed his Lectures, and Dr. Robertson compiled his History of Charles the Fifth, in the same house, a small white cottage, still to be seen in one of the parks at Burntsfield Links, Edinburgh.

SHELLEY.

I am no admirer of Shelley's philosophy, nor am I an intense admirer of his poetry. Many splendid qualities it has, but they are a splendid chaos; the light is scattered on the broken fringes of darkness; and, to be formed into beauty, the whole requires to be sobered by a spirit of more perfect order. Intellect there is in it, but it is intellect that has lived in its own abstractions, and has been little concerned in the business of life; fancy most gorgeous and most aspiring, but fancy not invigorated by common passions, or sharpened by common sense; goodness most generous and most disinterested, but goodness wasting its sympathies in contriving visionary remedies for visionary evils. I wish not now, however, to speak of Shelley's genius, but of his life.

Early in his career, he wrote a wild and beautiful poem, to which he added very wrong and violent notes. He was cast away from college, and commenced attacks, benevolent but delirious, on all the constituted forms of social existence. His fantastic theories were treated as realities; he was excommunicated from his family; his name was made odious in the mouths of men; he seemed to afflict conventionalism a very monster of iniquity; his writings were blackened with the grossest abuse of virulent criticism; his very infants were torn by law from his arms; and with the bleeding heart of a youthful father, he had to seek a refuge in foreign lands.

Yet this man's short life, upon which the fire of genius had never time to soften into the light of wisdom, was gentle, kindly, gracious, generous, most unselfish, and most unselfish. If Shelley's philosophy was evil, his practice was not after the fashion of his philosophy; if to have had thoughts as pure as ever bathed in the sunshine of genius; if, to have had affections as noble as ever laid themselves on the altar of humanity; if to have had a sense of right that would give no way to expediency, and a love of liberty that shrunk from no loss; if to have loved God in the highest idea of the perfect, and to have loved man in the widest sympathies of charity; if this was moral excellence, Shelley, I think, might claim it. The time was, I know, when to say thus much, would have seemed horrible irreligion; but we speak upon his ashes, and in the memory of a gifted spirit, prejudice itself has learned to be pitiful.

IMPORTANCE OF MORAL CULTURE.

THE influence of the higher poetry, and nobler works of art in producing, at least, intellectual

refinement, has been too frequently repeated to be dwelt on; its very repetition, however, proves the general fact. I would merely ask any one, what is the nature of his experience when delighted with some transcendent picture; when every view like the mist rising from nature's panorama on a summer's dawn, reveals some new glory to his mind? Why does his admiration increase with the study? It is, I conceive, thus,—each fresh glance lets in a portion of the artist's genius on his soul—he grows into the artist's spirit—as the inspiration deepens, his sympathy warms, and when that sympathy is most full, his admiration is at its highest point.

In a like manner may the works and manifestations of God be contemplated. We must by repeated associations find meanings in emotion and mingle them with our own mental emotions, and identify them with our heart's interests and affections before they lead us to their glorious author. Observe the apathy with which some pass through all that is beautiful or stupendous in earth, or heaven, or human history or human life—suns arise and set, seasons roll on in majestic and solemn change; flowers spring up and wither,—the dew and bloom of summer petrify with the snows of winter, and yet all these scarcely leave a note of time upon these impenetrable hearts, and scarcely a mark of interest on their bare and stony pathway! Contrast these with such as have exercised their spiritual sensibility; on whom every object and event makes its due impression; who live in the midst of vital interests; to whom the past is filled with mighty monuments; and who read on each, from Horeb to Calvary, an inscription written with the finger of Providence.

What is the difference between them? It is precisely this; the one by moral attention and energy, have made all these things minister to them of the good and beautiful, and indissolubly bound them up with their best experience; in fact, transmuted them into elements of their existence. The others stand out separate from them,—creation or Providence have no grasp on their thoughts, and their spirit within its prison house, sleeps as insensible to those influences which bind the soul to God, as it is to the concealments of the eternal world. This pure moral experience then which constitutes real piety, must be the growth of culture and of labour, must be gathered in whilst the soul is open and materials at hand, and the day of truth, and knowledge, and opportunity bright around us.

OLD AGE.

I HAVE called old age a night, yet without any intention of fixing on it the idea of gloom. All

our associations with night though solemn and subdued are not melancholy. There are nights which nature and the soul invest with stilly and lustrous purity, as touching as it is holy—when the quiet moon looks gently and brightly on the scenes and dwellings of earth—and the dim prospect filled with undefined visions, and fading into a mysterious perspective, is more spiritually beautiful in its very obscurity. When a milder light reveals the distant glories, which a more burning lustre had concealed, and makes it rapture to gaze upon the face of that heaven which in the blaze of noonday it were terrible even to glance at. And thus I can think of the virtuous aged. I can see the ardent fervour of youth soften gradually down to this beautiful moonlight of existence, and the view above them growing more exalted and sublime as that around them became more circumscribed and dim; and the virtuous deeds they have done on earth rising, as they approach to heaven and shining as the stars in glory;—I can see such a one retiring gracefully from the scene of his labours and usefulness, in the bosom of love, to be supported by those arms which once had clung around his knees, to be blessed by those lips he first had taught to move in prayer,—and call God "Our Father." I can see him with heart that can yet be cheerful, and eye that yet can glisten in the joys of youth; but with a spirit devoid of fear, solemnized by the shadow of a coming, and a great event. I can see him sinking tranquilly to sleep in Jesus, his mind illumined with dreams of happy memories and holy hopes.—And then the prophet's prayer is mine—"let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!"

THE CROCODILE.

THE crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm which breeds in the teeth of it, and puts it to extreme anguish. A little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to the crocodile; flies into the jaws of it, picks out the worm, and brings present remedy. The crocodile, glad of ease, but ungrateful to her that gave it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chops, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence; but nature loathing such ingratitude, hath armed the bird with a quill, or prickly crest, on its head-top, which wounds the crocodile in the mouth, forces her to open her bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her unworthy patient.

He who is not making a fortune is spending two.

TO AN INFANT.

THOU wak'st from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy!

THOU hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye;—
Long be it thus; life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky!

Yet ere the cares of earth lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,—
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs!

So in thy onward vale of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bow'd to evil years—
He will remember thee.

TIME.

How swift the pinions Time puts on
To urge his flight away!
To day's soon yesterday, anon,
Tomorrow is today.

Thus, days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view;
As sadly through the "vale of tears,"
Our journey we pursue.

Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies,
He hastes thee to thy rest;
The drooping wretch that soonest dies,
Is soonest with the bless'd.

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIAS.

LYSIPÆ's babe had crawl'd on hands and knees,
Close to the margin of a dazy rock.
When lo! her heedless boy the mother sees,
And with a mother's pangs receives the shock.
To stir was death! great God what should she do?
Sure some kind Deity around her watched,
She bar'd her breast—it caught the prattler's view,
And from the brink of fate the unconscious victim
snatch'd.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a dif'rent way in dif'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.—DRYDEN.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness the flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foilage.—Woodstock.

EXTRACTS

FROM HAMILTON'S RESEARCHES IN ASIA MINOR.

TURKISH MANNERS AND MODES OF BUSINESS.

We reached the *konak* of the Agha of Harmanjik about eleven A. M.; and after going through the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, and having our *firmahu* read out from beginning to end by the Cadi in the Agha's reception-room, we learnt that there were no horses in the village, and were compelled to wait until they should return from the mountains, whither they were gone in search of wood.

During this delay, I remained in the Agha's *salamlık* watching the progress of public business, highly interested with the appearance of bold independence and the dignified manner of all around me, as well as with the perfect silence in which the whole was conducted. But what struck me most was the grace and dignity of the peasants who came in to pay taxes, or procure a *teskeray*, or make some small present to the Agha, who was at the same time their landlord, or, as was the case with some, merely to kiss his hand. This ceremony was performed in a peculiar and impressive manner: the inferior takes the right hand of his master between both his own, bowing low at the same time, after which he slowly strokes his beard with both his hands, whilst the superior merely touches his own with the hand that has been embraced. One man particularly attracted my attention: he was a fine athletic figure, and advanced towards the Agha's secretary with great dignity as he presented his petition, accompanied with a gift rolled up in paper, containing sugar, coffee, pepper, or some such trifle; then retreating backwards until he reached the centre of the room, he quietly assumed a most dignified attitude, with his right foot a little advanced, whilst both his hands rested upon his broad red sash. Although I understood not a word of the speech which he then delivered, I felt that no Young or Kemble, with their most studied arts, ever came near the natural dignity and carriage of this illiterate peasant. In broad contrast with this man's appearance was that of a feeble old man, the picture of misery, in rags and tatters, who was sitting on the floor beside him. When he afterwards arose to make his salutation to the chief, the proud Agha himself half rose from his seat to receive his welcome, and to spare him the trouble and fatigue of stooping: It was a touching instance of respect paid to old age; and the whole scene was well calculated to impress upon a stranger a favourable idea (as far at least as externals went) of the manners and feelings of the Turks. I was also much struck with the ease and publicity with which their business was trans-

acted, and their courteous bearing towards each other: but I must confess that, when I afterwards became better acquainted with their motives, and with their corrupt system of government, I learnt to look with more suspicion upon their outward manners, and to judge less favourably of their actions and intentions.

TURKISH KINDNESS.

We were much struck, on all the roads in Asia Minor, at the great number of fountains which we met with. They are invaluable to the traveller over the parched and dried-up plains, and are often the result of the pure benevolence and genuine native hospitality of the Turkish peasant. In some places, where there is no spring or supply of water to form a running stream, the charitable inhabitant of a neighbouring village places a large vessel of water in a rude hut, built either of stone or boughs, to shade it from the sun: this jar or vessel is filled daily, or as often as necessity requires, and the water is sometimes brought from a distance of many miles.

TURKISH VOCALISTS.

I was kept awake last night by the lugubrious howling and screaming of a party of Turks who had established themselves on a neighbouring rock, where, regardless of the hour or the repose of the inhabitants, they continued their wild singing without break or interruption for several hours. The performance consisted, as well as I could distinguish it, of a monotonous chant, kept up for a considerable time by one person in a very low note, while the others occasionally joined in the chorus. The solo part was apparently made up of verses sung with a kind of air, but of which the three or four concluding notes always seemed wanting; which produced an incomplete and unsatisfactory effect. During this part of the performance, the chorus chimed in with a sort of half-minute gun, consisting of a single note, begun very loud, and gradually dying away, sustained for some time without brake or shake. The same note was always renewed, and apparently at very regular intervals. The whole produced a most unpleasant effect, not unlike the baying of dogs to the moon.

USE OF CHAIRS IN ASIA MINOR.

This was bazaar or market day; and as we rode through the town on our way to Niksar, we saw exposed for sale many decently manufactured four-legged chairs. I had never seen them used in the houses, and it was long before I ascertained the purpose to which they were applied by the peasants. Corn is threshed in Asia Minor, as in some other parts of the East, by dragging a heavy board stuck full of sharp flints over the

straw, on which, in order to increase the pressure, a man or a couple of boys generally stand; but, besides the difficulty of keeping their balance, this is a fatiguing operation, and therefore they sit on a chair whenever they can procure one.

EXTRACTS

FROM SELF-DEVOTION.

SCOTCH CRONE.

THE next moment, they stood within a house which borrowed something like an air of superiority over the other dwellings of the glen, from the whitewashing of the window-sill and hearthstone, and the circumstance of an old rug being stretched by the bedside. Moreover, a cheerful fire of peats burnt upon the hearth, and a large black cat was coiled up beside it, with an air of snugness which was quite enlivening.

In a three-cornered arm-chair, on one side of the chimney, there was an old woman knitting busily, whose person was a sort of living illustration of three separate peculiarities; a wonderful erectness of carriage, a scrupulous cleanliness of person, and an expression of face which, without being exclusively indicative of sickness, discontent, or mental affliction, was cross enough to have sat for the combination of all three.

"Well, Elspet," said Katherine in a cheerful tone, "how's the cough today? I could not come to see you yesterday, but I hope you got the nice mixture I sent you over by Jeannie."

"Oo, I ne'er expectit ye to come," said the old dame in reply, when her guests had seated themselves on two stools beside her: "I'm an auld withered stock noo, no able to serve onybody mysel, so I canna expect service frae ither folk. Ise warrant ye'll hae braver friends to look after than pair Elspet."

And she eyed Marion sourly, as if she suspected her of intruding on her own privileges.

"Well, but you got the mixture; and it brought you a good night's rest, did it not?" pursued Katherine, without noticing the insinuation.

"Rest!" was the indignant reply; "awee! I wot, it was a windstree's rest on a windy nicht then. I ne'er had sic a nicht sin' ever I took it; I just hostit and hostit even on, and ne'er devald Na, na, it's nann o' yere drugs that's to cure a host like mine—naething 'll e'er cure it but the spade an' the shool. Gin ye had sent me a drap oot o' the grand bottle ye promised to Peggy neast-by there, I might hae pitten it intil my bowl o'gruel, and been mair the better o't. But I dinna ken sae weel how to fleech ye as she does, or I might hae gotten it too."

"You're tired of the raspberry vinegar, then?" said Katherine. "Why, Elspet, you had only to send Ivan to the manse, and you should have had your glass of sherry in five minutes, you stupid body."

"Na, Miss Randolph," answered Elspet, in a tone of triumph; "na, na, I'm no just come the length o' a beggar yet; though I dinna refuse the bits an' bats ye send me at your pleasure. I'm sagger-bred, Miss Katherine, but I'm major-minded, an' I'll n'er ask onybody for what I may jalousie they're no willing to gie me."

"Now, Elspet, hold your tongue," replied Katherine, with invincible good-humour: "you know very well that you would apply to me with all your heart if you had a desire for any thing I could give you, if it were only for the sake of gratifying me; and you shall have the wine for tonight's gruel whenever I go home. How does the new toy I sent you yesterday please you? You are looking quite handsome in it, I think."

"Oo, it's no that ill," answered Elspet reluctantly, and as if at a loss for something to grumble at. "But wow! how the hue comes aff on my clean matches!"—and she pushed back the hood of coloured flannel as she spoke. "It'll haud me ay daicherin' an' washin' them, and ruin me for sape forbye."

"Never mind that, Elspet, it will only give you an excuse for putting on a clean one every day; and that's what delights you," answered Katherine. "Has papa been seeing you lately?"

"Oo ay, honest man," replied the dame, with a wonderful accession of respect in her tone: "he was here this morning, and gied me a lang discourse on the cheerfulness o' Christian ho. Hech me! hoo folk will cumber themselves wi' the mony things o' this sinfu', unsubstantial world: 'gin a' body had as little world's gear as I hae, there wad be the less to fash them."

AN OLD ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE other end of the sofa was occupied by a little wrinkled old man, in a shining suit of snuff-brown, a magnificent diamond ring, a gold chain, studs, breast-pin, and spectacles. His hair was frizzled up to that dry wiry fineness of texture which indicates long residence in a warm climate, and his complexion resembled that which majesty wears on a new struck farthing. He was reading a red book, wonderfully resembling the almanack, with all the intensity of attention which generally characterizes people engaged in any employment to which they are totally unaccustomed; and his small sparkling gray eyes wore, even when fixed upon the page, an expression of such intense acuteness, that you might have thought them capable of searching for gold in the bowels of the earth.

VALSE.

COMPOSED BY H. BERTINI.

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

ALLEGRO.

Piano

for *Fine*

pia cres

sva.

dim

f

loco

p

ffmo

Pia

ffmo D.C. §

OUR TABLE.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT—THE NEW WORK BY DOZ.

THE interdiction recently placed upon the importation of cheap American reprints of English books has had the effect of depriving many who read the introductory chapters of Martin Chuzzlewit from following the hero through the succeeding portions of his career. Although this book promises to be tedious from its length, and the necessity, sometimes apparent, of filling up the monthly part, it will not fall behind either *Nickelby* or *Barnaby Rudge* in interest. The visit of Doz to America has been made to contribute to it in no insignificant degree, and by his peculiar strain of quiet humour he can scarcely fail in drawing attention to their foibles, and perhaps assist in correcting them, where correction is necessary or advisable.

The interdiction to which we have alluded has formed the subject of much discussion and has created great regret. Indeed, seeing that the author and original publisher are not benefited to any considerable extent, while a serious and almost insurmountable obstruction is opposed by it to the growing taste for literature in the colonies, we would fain hope that it may be modified, at least until the English publishers fall upon some means of supplying cheap editions for colonial circulation, which we are of opinion they might profitably do, as they would be supported by an extensive reading public in their own country, who cannot afford the high prices at which books are generally published. The example afforded by the "People's Edition" of the *Waverley Novels* should not be thrown away, and we trust the hint may be taken up with spirit, and acted upon with the enterprise which distinguishes not a few of the publishers of Britain.

TRAVELS IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE—BY W. D. STENT.

A BOOK of considerable interest has lately been issued from the English press, under the above title. The ground over which the author travelled is that which now forms the "grand tour" of those who have means, leisure and inclination to amuse themselves with the rare pictures which the world presents. Mr. Stent visited Athens, Cairo, Alexandria, and made a pilgrimage, in company with other travellers, to Jerusalem, Jerich, the *Dead Sea*, and many places celebrated in Religious History. Out of the ample materials which were furnished him, he has made an interesting book, and one which will be eagerly read, by many who design to follow in his steps, as well as by those who are content with what

others have recorded, as being sufficient to satisfy their thirst after the knowledge of other lands. We make room for a short extract, descriptive of the opening of the new church at Jerusalem, at which Mr. Stent was present:

A small upper room, within the city, on the lower slopes of Sion, appropriately fitted up, and ascended by a staircase from without, is as yet the only place for the administration of our holy worship; and that was too spacious for the little flock that assembled there, including, besides ourselves, only the architect, the Bishop's family, with a portion of his household, and two Missionaries.

Adjoining the temporary chapel, are laid the foundations of the new Protestant Church; for which the ground is excavated to the depth of fifty feet, through accumulated rubbish. Assuredly it will now stand, for it is not only founded on a rock, but "her foundations are upon the holy hill, and the Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob;" once more, "out of Sion hath God appeared in perfect beauty."

This sacred edifice is intended to contain five hundred persons. Where so many are to be found remains yet to be seen. God will, if it be so decreed, prosper the work. As yet, the only Protestants in the "City of God" are the Consul, a very trifling number of Hebrew converts, and the Missionaries. The prayers of our liturgy are read daily at seven o'clock in the morning in Hebrew, and in the evening in the English language: on a Sabbath afternoon, and on other occasions, the German is used in addition.

Having received an invitation to attend evening service in the confined, though comfortable, well-furnished residence of the Bishop, in a narrow street, I gladly availed myself of the privilege; and subsequently enjoyed much conversation with him. His family consists of a wife, daughters, a governess, chaplain, two or three English servants, and a medical man,—a most requisite addition, the climate at certain seasons being decidedly unhealthy, the rain falling in spring causing fevers and ague: so severely was the architect suffering, that on the occasion of our dining at his residence he was compelled to keep his bed.

The Greek Church, which is not opposed so strongly as its sister of Rome to the tenets of Protestantism, gives its countenance, in some degree, to this new mission, which, though undoubtedly detested by the Turks, and not strengthened by a guarantee to be depended on from the Sultan, was yet, as regards appearance, received with due marks of respect; the Governor of Jerusalem, accompanied by a guard of honour, having gone out to meet it on arriving from Jaffa, and escorting it into the scene of its future labours.

The prospect, it must be confessed, is at this moment bright but cheering; the continuation of the building of the church being, by the last report forbidden by authority.

THE FALSE HEIR—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

BEFORE the ink of "Forest Days," had dried, the prolific pen of its author has produced a new book to share with or supersede it in the affection of the public. We have not yet, however, had an opportunity of seeing it, and we merely announce its appearance, to apprise our readers of the feast which has been prepared for them.