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THE

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LITERARY GARLAND; ²/₃

CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

or

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c. &c.

"A fragrant wreath, composed of native flowers.
Culled in the wilds of Nature's rude domain."

NEW SERIES—VOLUME III.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LOVELL & GIBSON.

ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1845.

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ENGRAVINGS.

THE SISTERS.
KENILWORTH.
TURKISH MAIDEN.
JULIET AND THE NURSE.
THE PEARL-FISHER.
THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.
THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.
THE PIC-NIC PARTY.
THE LIGHT GUITAR.
THE REPRIMAND.
THE BELLE OF THE BALL.



The Sisters

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1915.

No. 1.

THE SISTERS.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

ARRAY thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee ;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee :
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee ;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wond'ring eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way !
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Hail, friends, it strikes; the year's last hour;
 A solemn sound to hear;
 Come fill the cup, and let us pour
 Our blessings on the parting year.
 The years that were, the din, the gray,
 Receive this night, with choral hymn,
 A sister shade as lost as they,
 And soon to be as grey and dim.
 Fill high, she brought us both of weal and woe,
 And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
 Old Time pursues his way;
 Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
 Expects in peace her yellow prey:
 The oak's broad leaf, the rice's bloom,
 Together fall, together lie;
 And un distinguished in the tomb,
 How'er they lived, are all that die.
 Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
 To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear
 Since round this board we met
 To welcome in the infant year,
 Whose star hath now forever set:
 Alas! as round this board I look,
 I think on more than I behold.
 For glossy curls in gladness shook
 That night, that now are dark and cold.
 For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
 Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine!

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
 Before the time to tell,
 When moons as brief once more go by,
 For whom this cup again shall swell.
 The hoary mower strides again,
 Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
 And we may miss the morriest face
 Among us, 'gainst another year.
 Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
 And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, drop not; being is not breath;
 'Tis fate that friends must part,
 But God will bless in life, in death,
 The noble soul, the gentle heart.
 So deeds be just and words be true,
 We need not shrink from Nature's rule;

The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
 Is heaven's own blessed vestibule,
 And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
 Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

CHILD of the vanished hours!
 Lone orphan at thy birth,
 Baptized with chilling showers,
 And cradled upon earth:

Like mortal infant, thou
 With spotless beauty fair,
 All pure and sinless now,
 A radiant smile dost wear.

Hail to that gleam! Ains!
 The transient glory's flown,—
 Stern shadows frowning pass,
 Where light of promise shone.

On, pilgrim child—go—speed—
 On—with thy darken'd brow:
 No prayers thy steps impede,—
 We would not stay thee now.

With prophet eye we scan
 Thine aspect darkly change;
 Like brow of sinful man,
 'Tis fearful, sear'd and strange.

We note thy mournful tread
 Upon our wither'd path,
 A footfall o'er the dead
 Each passing moment hath.

Yet—yet our vision shows
 More dread thine onward way,
 Wild sins and ruthless woes
 There mingle in dismay.

With guilty sorrows bow'd,
 Thine ago with terrors crown'd,
 Death's pallid spectres crowd
 Thy closing hours around.

Lo! an unfathom'd gloom,
 Pierced by no mortal gaze,
 (Thine ancient kindred's tomb,
 Engulf'd thy perish'd days.

GRACE WILMOT.

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"What news does that long epistle contain, dear Clara?" asked Grace Wilmot of her young friend; "something pleasant, if I may judge from the expression of your face, and yet I do not know but I shall quarrel with it; for I have tried in vain this quarter of an hour to rouse you to remember, that it is time for us to go and see poor Mrs. Jones. She will despair of our promised visit."

Clara looked up smiling. "I scarcely heard what you were saying, but I have a potent excuse to plead; this letter is from my dear brother, who has been so long from home. He writes me that we may expect him next week. How delighted I shall be to see him."

Grace Wilmot was ready to participate in her young friend's joy, for she had learned to "rejoice with those that rejoice," as well as, to "weep with those that weep;" and as they prepared for their walk, she listened to Clara's plans to welcome her brother, and offered her assistance. Only once did a look of anguish shoot across her face, as she remembered, that she too, *once* had a brother, thus fondly loved—now, a tenant of the cold grave. She quickly brushed away the tear that started to her eye, but not before her companion had observed it, and divining its cause said kindly: "Forgive me, dear Grace, that in my selfish joy I was so little mindful of your feelings."

"Nay, Clara, it is I that would be selfish, if I wished you to suppress or hide your joy on my account. The past is beyond recall; it is all well, all for the best, however painful to endure."

While these young friends proceed on their errand of mercy, we will give our readers a short description of each, in order that they may be better acquainted with their characters and circumstances.

Clara Stanley was an only daughter; her mother had died in her infancy: she had one brother, and he had been often absent from home, so that Clara had been the petted, if not spoiled child of a wealthy and indulgent father, who could not deny his beautiful daughter the slightest wish. Grace, who was a few years older, and plainer in her personal appearance, had been nurtured in the school of affliction, from which she had come

forth, as "gold seven times purified." As the history of her early days will be more fully narrated, it is sufficient to add, that these young friends had first met at a boarding school where they had formed a strong attachment for each other; and soon after leaving school, Grace, at the earnest solicitations of her friend, had come to reside with her.

The week passed swiftly away, and the day arrived on which Edward Stanley was to return to his childhood's home. After finishing his collegiate course, he had passed three years in travel, and during that time had not seen his sister and father. Clara, with the assistance of Grace, had herself prepared her brother's room, and her affectionate heart delighted to arrange it so as to please his taste. All being ready she descended to the parlour to await his arrival. Time never passed so slowly, and after changing the position of every book on the table, and looking again and again from her watch to the window, she at last saw a carriage driving up the noble avenue. Her heart beat with varied emotions, as she watched its progress, till it stopped at the door; and two gentlemen alighted. In the second, though embrowned by travel, and far more manly in appearance than when she had last seen him, she recognized her beloved brother. To the other she scarcely gave a glance, as she exclaimed, "How provoking, to bring a stranger with him;" but she thought, "he is my brother's friend, probably," prepared her to receive him with cordiality. Edward Stanley entered alone, but after the first greeting was over, he went to look after his friend, who had purposely lingered behind, and was examining the beautiful flowers which adorned the garden. He soon returned, and introduced him to his sister, as the Rev. Charles Herbert, a cousin whom Clara had not seen for many years. He had been for some time supplying the place of a minister, whose ill health had occasioned a temporary absence from his people; but before the return of the pastor his own health failed, owing to incessant exertion and mental toil; so that though engaged to take the charge of a church in a neighbouring town, he was unable to do so at present. Mr. Stanley had met him in P—, and had persuaded him to accompany him home, in

the hope that the bracing sea air would invigorate and restore him. "I give him up to your care," said Edward, "and you must exert all your healing power in his behalf, as I know that his people are most impatient for his arrival."

Clara looked towards Herbert, as her brother thus spoke; he was somewhat changed, yet he was much like the thoughtful youth who had been so kind to her, when as a thoughtless and rather spoiled child, she had teased and annoyed him. She gave him a kind welcome, not without feelings of admiration. He was tall and slightly formed; his features were fine, and his smile one of peculiar sweetness; while his high intellectual brow, and dark eye, radiant with the fire of genius, seemed to bespeak a mind too powerful for the frail body that enshrined it. When she listened to his conversation, animated and intellectual, yet imbued with the spirit of the gospel, her admiration deepened. "He will please Grace, I am sure," she thought. The thought had scarcely passed through her mind, when her brother, turning to her, exclaimed:

"But Clara, where is your paragon? I had quite forgotten her in our joyous meeting; but do bring her forth from her hiding place—I am all impatience to see her."

"I cannot to-night, dear brother, for she desired to be excused. It was some time before I could discover her reason for so doing, but at last I found out, that, with her usual delicacy, she feared she might be an intruder, on the first evening, and I tried in vain to convince her of the contrary."

"Quite a lesson to me," said Mr. Herbert, laughing; "but I fear it will do no good. I have an inveterate habit of believing my friends, when they tell me I am welcome; besides," he added playfully, "being one of those self-satisfied mortals, not troubled with much modesty."

"Nay, Herbert, you must not boast too much, or I shall be obliged to expose you to my sister, by telling her with how much difficulty I succeeded in bringing you off with me; and all for the same reason which prevents our enjoying Miss Wilmot's company this evening. But seriously, Clara, cannot you persuade her to break her resolution?"

"I fear not," said Clara.

"Is she then, so obstinate? But perhaps she looks better by daylight, and knows it?"

Clara laughed merrily, but recollecting the presence of a comparative stranger, controlled her mirth.

"What amuses you, my fair sister?" asked her brother.

"I laughed to think how little you know Grace, to imagine that she studied effect."

The succeeding morning dawned with unusual loveliness on the inhabitants of Woodlands, for such was the name of Mr. Stanley's mansion, and many thanksgivings ascended from grateful hearts to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. At morning prayers Miss Wilnot appeared with the rest of the family, attired with her usual neatness and simplicity; her countenance bearing the impress of inward peace, and joy. Yet she was no beauty, and beside her lovely friend she appeared to disadvantage. Clara was a bright young creature, whose soft blue eyes were radiant with joy, and whose round cheek, and sweet lips were brightly tinted with the roseate hue of health, while her buoyancy, grace, and *miacé*, added lustre to her beauty. Grace, though she had been pretty, was now plain in her personal appearance. Her once beautiful skin and features had been sadly marred by that destroyer of loveliness, the small pox; yet the beholder could not but feel that the sweet smile, and the mildly beaming eye, which bespoke a mind and heart of such rare worth, almost made amends for want of beauty. There was an ease also, and quiet dignity in her manner, unaccompanied by any appearance of pride, which told the observer that her mind was occupied by other and far higher subjects than thoughts about her appearance, and the impression she was producing.

After breakfast the party separated, Edward and Charles Herbert to ride through the picturesque country around, and Clara and Grace to superintend household affairs.

"Well, Grace!" said Clara, when they were again alone, "what do you think of Edward; is he not a noble being? Do you wonder that I am so fond of him?" she added with affectionate warmth.

"No, dear Clara, I cannot wonder at it," her friend answered, with a smile, "for besides being your only brother, which is a good step towards possessing a high place in an affectionate sister's heart, he is not only noble in personal appearance but seems to possess a cultivated mind, and a kind, generous heart, which is always sure to awaken love."

"Thank you, dear Grace, I am quite satisfied with that from you who are so measured in your praises; but from a dealer in hyperbole like myself, I should exact a confession that he was one of the finest beings that ever trod on this fair earth. And now let me ask what think you of our pale studious-looking cousin?"

"He seems highly intellectual, and a devoted Christian; but one can judge little from a single interview," she quietly replied.

A few days after, Clara proposed an evening walk to a hill not far from the house, from which

there was a very fine prospect. They readily consented; the evening was delightful, the air balmy and mild, the sun was setting amid clouds of purple and gold; and the fair prospect was tinged with his bright beams. All was hushed and quiet, and their spirits beat in union with the calm beauty of the scene. Suddenly they came upon a view of surpassing loveliness. On one side rose hills, the lower part richly clothed with the ripening harvest, while their summits were covered with trees, of luxuriant foliage, among which were embosomed, the tasteful dwellings of wealthy proprietors; on the other side was the beautiful bay of M——, which mirrored the verdant shores on its surface, now unraftered by a breeze; while before them, extended a lawn carpeted with richest verdure, and farther yet, spread the vast, fathomless ocean, "without a shore, without a bound," bearing on its bosom numberless vessels, whose white sails, lighted by the departing sunbeams, added beauty to the scene. They passed a few moments in silence, contemplating this view.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Herbert, at last. "Oh! who can deny the existence and goodness of God, who beholds the works of his hands? Alas! that sin should thus blind the minds of any of His creatures."

"And yet what absurd theories of the creation have men formed and believed," said Edward, "rather than receive the Scripture account of it: while the multitude are so engrossed by the pleasures of life, as to neglect the fair page of nature almost as much as that of revelation."

"While others," continued his friend, "have fallen into ecstasies of admiration at the works of God; and have thought that this was religion, forgetting that their praises could not be acceptable to their Maker while they lived in violation of his plain commands."

"I never can witness such a scene as this," said Clara, "without thinking of those beautiful lines of Cowper, where, speaking of the true Christian, he says:—

"His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, fit to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unassuming eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all!'"

As she concluded a bright glow animated her face. Herbert looked at Grace, and was surprised and alarmed to see her apparently struggling to suppress her emotion, while a tear trembled on her dark lash. In reply to their anxious inquiring looks, she said:

"Forgive me my kind friends, for clouding your hearts by my sorrows, but it was on such an ev-

ening as this that my dear brother died, and his departure was as calm. He was a devoted admirer of the beauties of nature, and he had at his own request, been raised up in bed to behold the setting sun. A lovely scene was before him; he gazed long and eagerly, drinking in its beauties, intense admiration marked on his features. I heard him murmur softly, "My Father made them all," while tears of holy joy trembled in his eyes: he was exhausted, and was laid down; he turned to me and whispered:—

"If on this world of sin and care,
Such loveliness abound:
How beautiful beyond compare,
Must Paradise be found."

"And soon his spirit departed to that Paradise he had anticipated with such joy."

As they turned reluctantly away, Herbert lingered a moment; his sympathy had been awakened for Grace, and he said kindly,

"You know, Miss Wilmot, what it is to be parted from those dear to the heart; I trust you have found even sorrow and bereavement to prove a blessing. Affliction, though for the present, not joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterwards yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

"I hope it has been so with me," said Grace meekly. "I know that my heavenly father doth not afflict willingly, but for my profit."

"What a blessed Gospel is that," said Herbert, with animation, "which unfolds such heart-cheering truths, and fervent should be our love to Him who makes us partakers of its blessings."

Edward and Clara now joined them; but Herbert felt a great interest in Miss Wilmot. She was one of congenial mind, and though young, had passed through scenes of trial. He wished much to hear more of her, and his wish was soon gratified.

A few days after, Grace left them one afternoon, to visit a sick person in the neighbouring village. Soon after her departure Edward turned to his sister, saying:

"Well, Clara, I am, as might be expected, rather disappointed in your friend; from your strong attachment to her I fancied she must be something extraordinary, but she seems merely an amiable, intelligent woman."

"She is that, and more, Edward! but she is so limble and modest that you might be longer than one week with her, and discover only a small portion of her excellencies. Hers is a character which requires to be studied in order to be appreciated; her virtues are not all on the surface." But tell me in what are you disappointed."

"First of all, in her personal appearance: I

had imagined from your speaking of her as lovely; that she was beautiful."

"Still as fond of beauty as ever, silly boy," said Clara, playfully; "but I meant loveliness of disposition; though to me, her countenance appears almost angelic, yet her mind and heart are her great treasures."

"Doubtless; yet I know not what there is about her, to awaken such enthusiastic attachment; do you, Herbert?"

Herbert had been sitting in a window on the opposite side of the room, apparently absorbed in perusing a book which he held, though since Miss Wilmot's name had been mentioned, the book had not received much of his attention. When addressed by Edward he rose and approached him as he answered:

"That is scarcely a fair question, after being so short a time in her society; especially as Miss Wilmot is extremely modest and retiring."

"Did you know her better, dear Edward," said Clara, "you would not wonder at my affection. Even these sad scars, which have marred a once beautiful face, only increase my love, as they remind me of her excellencies; how provokingly you smile, Edward; you little know how she obtained them, or you would value her more. I would give you a history of our early acquaintance, if it were not that Grace would dislike to have her virtues proclaimed."

"I beg your pardon, fair sister, I meant no disrespect to your friend, but if you will tell me more about her, I may appreciate her better. Come, Herbert, what do you say to it—shall we have the story or not?"

"You do not deserve it, I think, after your ungalant speeches; but I must confess to a desire to hear more of Miss Wilmot, as her appearance and manners are singularly interesting. Would you be so kind, Miss Stanley, as thus to favour us?"

"I think I must, even at the risk of exposing my own folly, or my saucy brother will never know how much we are indebted to her. You know, dear Edward, that at the age of fifteen I was sent to a boarding school about a hundred miles from here. Mrs. Johnson, the lady who had the charge of it, was an excellent woman; possessing good judgment and great discrimination of character. She knew that I had been a petted child, and such she had found difficult to manage; and easily influenced to evil. She therefore told my father, that she would place me in the same room with a young lady, who was highly esteemed by her; and who, being two or three years older than myself, would be a more suitable companion for one so young and thoughtless. I confess that my heart rebelled a little at this

statement; I should have preferred one more like myself; and instantly imagined a demure, grave-looking being, who could scarcely smile, and would not tolerate a laugh, as my future companion; and I therefore prepared to dislike her. But when Mrs. Johnson called the young lady and introduced her as Miss Wilmot, to myself and father, I was surprised and disappointed. She was dressed in deep mourning, and then possessed considerable beauty; she was pale, but her fair skin contrasted well with her raven hair; her smile was very sweet, though she was then, owing to the influence of recent sorrows, less cheerful than now, and her whole manner was gentle, humble, and affectionate. My father was much pleased with her, and I at once felt that I could love her. And she was so kind to me, a perfect stranger; and so patiently taught me the rules of the institution, while she bore with my waywardness, that she soon won my regard. I was not long in discovering that she was a Christian, in the highest and only true meaning of the word. The first evening before we retired, she said to me:

"I always make a practice, dear Clara, of not only reading the Bible myself, but reading it in company with my room-mate. May I hope that you will join me in this hallowed engagement?"

"Though not erring for it myself, yet having been always taught to reverence religion, I, of course, complied with her request, when she read aloud one of the Psalms, after which we bowed in prayer, while she prayed fervently that our intercourse might be a mutual blessing. She then retired to her closet, alone with her Saviour to confess her sins, and pour out her heart before Him. I soon found that though secretly esteemed by all, Miss Wilmot had no very intimate acquaintance among the young ladies, and she had to endure ridicule on account of her strict religious opinions."

"As her friend I feared I might share it, and as I was highly sensitive to ridicule, I determined to avoid it if possible; and therefore sought occasion to have it known that I was not a 'saint' or 'methodist,' as they derisively called her. On Sunday after church we assembled in the school-room, and formed a Bible-class; of which Mrs. Johnson, or in case of her illness, one of the teachers had the charge. After this was over, during the summer months, the young ladies descended to the garden, where they passed the time in promenading, and meriment, and some of the wildest romping, till tea time. One Sunday, soon after my arrival, as we were leaving the school-room, one of the young ladies, Charlotte Allen, with whom I had formed some acquaintance, came up to me, and asked me to walk in the garden with her. I almost involuntarily, (I had so learn-

ed to respect Miss Wilmot, looked towards her, as if asking her approbation; she replied to my glance seriously, yet gently:

"You are at liberty, certainly, dear Clara, to go if you choose, I have no right or wish to control you; yet I must confess, I should like you to come with me."

"I suppose, Miss Wilmot, you would wish to make her as saintly as yourself, but I fear you will not succeed," said Charlotte, laughingly.

"But really, Miss Wilmot, why do you never join us on Sunday?" inquired another of the young ladies. "Many say that you think yourself better than we are, but I know that it cannot be pride that prevents you, and I wish you would tell us your reasons?"

"I am quite willing to do so, dear Mary, and I thank you much for your kind and candid judgment," she sweetly replied. "I know many, perhaps all of you, think my views of religious duty too strict, but I cannot acknowledge them to be so, unless they are proved to go beyond the Bible. That blessed word of God commands me to 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' to honour and sanctify it; and such being its requirements, I cannot engage in anything which I consider inconsistent with its sanctity."

"But surely, Grace, you cannot think walking in the garden, a breach of that commandment?" inquired Mary Russel.

"No, certainly not; there is nothing wrong in the thing itself, it may on the contrary, be the means of profit to us, if by beholding the power and goodness of God in the works of His hands, our hearts are drawn to Him, in adoration, praise, and love; but when it is perverted to other uses, and becomes the scene of light and frivolous conversation, mere trifling, or things worse, I do not think I should be fulfilling the purposes for which this day is given, by frequenting it."

"A sermon, a sermon," sarcastically exclaimed one, who joined the group; "what a pity that pulpits are barred against our sex, else might Miss Wilmot command a more exalted auditory, and obtain higher plaudits, than now await her. As it is, I fear this eloquence is lost, as I think there are none of us such saints as to mope in the house, when the skies are so inviting without."

"Perhaps not, Kate," whispered Mary Russel; "yet you should not speak so tauntingly to Grace; it is unkind at least."

"And are you going to turn saint too, Mary? if so, it is time for me to escape from the infected atmosphere," and she hastened away.

"Well, Clara, are you coming with me?" asked Charlotte Allen, "or are you afraid to venture among such wicked sinners?"

"I saw by her curling lip that I should incur ridicule if I refused, and though my love for Grace inclined me to do as she wished, I had not the moral courage to say no; and allowed her to lead me away. I secretly looked at Miss Wilmot, yet, in a transient glance, I saw that she was grieved at my decision, yet no look of anger disturbed the serenity of her face, as she moved off alone to her room. When I joined her after tea, she made no allusion to what had past, but when I said to her: 'I wish, dear Grace, you would be less singular, surely there can be no great harm in joining in their amusements, and you would thereby escape much ridicule; it makes me angry to hear them speak so tauntingly of you,' she replied quietly.

"Do not let it, dear Clara; their ridicule does not hurt me; and would you have me to do what I feel to be wrong to escape a laugh?" Her eye kindled as she added: "that would indeed be a most ungrateful return to Him, who bore for me, not only taunts and revilings the most bitter, but pain, and woe, and death. No, I cannot do it; I only hope and pray that you and they may be led to feel as I do, on these subjects, and to find more pleasure in the favour of God, than in any earthly enjoyment."

"Her impressive voice, and kind earnest manner, convinced me that she sincerely wished us all, what she felt to be the greatest blessing, and that no anger or ill-will found lodgment in her heart; and I was constrained to admire the religion which produced such lovely fruits. Meanwhile, as days and weeks passed on, many little incidents made me esteem my friend more highly than ever; I will mention but one. Grace was a beautiful painter, and she had nearly completed a fine picture, for which all thought she would receive the prize. The day before the examination, as she was finishing it, she was called down to see Mrs. Johnson. As that lady's time was much occupied, we were never allowed to keep her waiting, so she hastened to see her, begging me to put away the picture and colours, which were lying about on the table. I readily agreed, but being occupied in something else, delayed to do it, till I should finish that. Before that time, the bell rang for my class, and I collected my books and hastened away, forgetting the picture, and carelessly leaving the door open. A playful kitten entered, jumped upon the table, upset the plates of colours over the beautiful painting, and finally drew it on the floor to play with it. Grace was detained longer with Mrs. Johnson than she had anticipated, and I returned to the room just after she had entered it. She held the ruined picture in her hands, her cheek was flushed, and I detected a tear in her eye. I justly expected her anger

for my carelessness; she turned towards me saying: 'How could you, dear Clara?' then suppressing the rising emotion, she added quietly: 'but it is all right, I have been too proud of this, and too anxious for the prize, because I thought it would please my uncle so much.' Her gentleness completely overcame me, and I burst into tears, mourning my carelessness, and begging her pardon. She gently soothed me, and seemed to be more grieved at my distress, than at the loss of her picture.

"Such constant sweetness was enough to win the coldest heart, and it was only strange how I could resist her influence, and seek the company of those who would lead me into evil. But Miss Allen and a number of the young ladies, who were often in trouble themselves, for breaking the rules of the institution, always sought to draw new-comers within their influence: and I, owing to my fear of ridicule and my natural buoyancy, and fondness for fun, became an easy victim to their wiles. One time, after I had been several months in school, my curiosity was aroused: by the gatherings and whisperings of these thoughtless girls; I thought they were planning some mischief, and I soon found out it was the case. They had resolved on having a feast, to be held after ten o'clock at night: the young ladies in whose room it was to be prepared, would extinguish their lights until after the teacher had been around to see that we were in bed, after which they would re-light them, and enjoy themselves. I was solicited to join them, and by mingled flattery and reproaches, was induced to do so. But my mind was not at rest, and Grace, with watchful love, noticed it; she had marked my frequent intercourse of late, with those whom she knew to be unfit companions; the notes which had been carefully conveyed to me, and read privately; and this, combined with my evident uneasiness, led her to suspect something wrong; and the evening before the one fixed on for the execution of our plan, I was alarmed by her addressing me thus:

"Dear Clara, I see that you have something on your mind which troubles you. I have observed you lately often with those who would gladly lead you into evil; do not listen to them, I beseech you. I do not wish you to make me your confessor, but if you have joined in anything wrong, I beg that you would abandon it before it is too late: a bad promise, you know, is better broken than fulfilled."

"My first impulse when she spoke, was to tell her all and follow her advice, and this would have been the wisest, best course; but my foolish fear of ridicule prevented my so doing; and I replied as carelessly as I could; 'I know not why you

should suspect me of any such thing; as for my uneasiness, I have a headache to-night, (this was indeed the case,) and it is not strange if I am not as gay as usual.'

"If that is all, dear Clara, I am truly glad: I feared these thoughtless girls were leading you into evil. You know the rules of this house are wise, and intended for our good, though to some they may be irksome, as there are some in all communities who cannot bear the restraints of good laws and regulations. I pray God, my dear friend may not be of the number, for I fear the heart-ache which would follow a wrong course of conduct, would be worse than any bodily pain."

"She spoke very seriously, though kindly, and I saw that she was conscious I was withholding my confidence; but as I did not wish to prolong the conversation, I said no more; but I could not sleep, and would have given anything if I had always followed her advice, and thus escaped this temptation. The next night Grace was unwell, and retired earlier than usual; this afforded me a fine opportunity of escaping from the room unperceived by her. I did so, and joined the rest; everything was ready, and I found them in high spirits. We waited in darkness the visit of the teachers, after which all entered with glee into the sport. At first I felt a weight on my heart which I could not throw off, but by degrees the gaiety of the others communicated itself to me. After a little I was startled by seeing Charlotte Allen go to the window, from which she seemed talking to some one below; she soon drew up, and produced a parcel of confectionary, which she told us had been sent by a young gentleman of her acquaintance. I was quite shocked, as were one or two others, at this turn to what we had deemed a mere frolic, of which the only evil consisted in its being contrary to the rules of the house; but our remonstrances were useless, Miss Smith, Miss Allen, and several others, were uncontrollable; they wrote notes to the young gentlemen, and received others in return, and I know not how far their wild mirth would have carried them, had we not been startled by hearing some one without trying to open the door. It was found locked, and the voice of one of the teachers was heard demanding admittance. No answer was returned: she waited a few minutes, and then we heard her retreating footsteps. 'Now is your time, girls, do not be afraid; we will not inform who were with us,' said Rosanna Smith; who, though unprincipled, was conscious that she had been chiefly guilty, and knew that informing would not lessen her punishment. Grace, in the meanwhile, had awakened, and finding me absent, had risen in alarm; as she heard a slight noise she opened her

door, just as we all rushed from the opposite room, and thus became an unwilling witness of the scene. I pushed past her into the room, when she closed the door, and I hastily undressed. She lay down beside me, and inquired in amazement: 'What, dear Clara, does this mean?' Overcome with sorrow and fear, I confessed all; I heard her sigh deeply. 'Oh! Clara,' said she, 'this is a sad business; I fear you cannot escape detection, though I know not how much will be discovered: but you will probably be disgraced, and how it will grieve your father! But I will not reproach you; on the contrary, I will do all that I can consistently, to shield you from disgrace.'

"And you will not, dear Grace, tell what has passed—what I have now told you?"

"No, Clara, I think not. Certainly Mrs. Johnson will not require me to betray my friend's confidence."

"Grace slept as little as I did that night. Next morning we were all required to assemble in the school-room earlier than usual; I knew well on what business, and with trembling obeyed the command. When we were assembled, Mrs. Johnson informed us that as Miss Grey, one of the teachers, was returning home last evening, she saw some young men grouped beneath Miss Smith's window conversing in low tones, and evidently having communication with those within, as one of them held a note in his hand which he was reading by moonlight. She hastened to the room, and finding the door fastened against all her efforts, went down stairs to inform Mrs. Johnson, thoughtlessly leaving it without any one to watch it. On her return the door was open, but from the appearance of the room it was evident that a number of young ladies had been there, but Miss Smith and Miss Turner refused to tell who were with them. Mrs. Johnson then turned to Miss Wilmot, saying: 'Your room, Miss Wilmot, is opposite; do you know anything of this affair or the young ladies who were engaged in it?'

"Poor Grace! the colour came and went on her cheek: it was evident an internal struggle was going on. She would, by telling what some might think a justifiable falsehood, escape all farther trouble in the matter; whereas if she told the truth, she would be obliged to give further information, and thus incur dislike and scorn, or be disgraced by the teachers. Her love for me was also a strong temptation to deny what she knew, and I felt that it would be so, and hoped these inducements would triumph over her love of truth. We were kept in suspense but a few minutes, when with a pale cheek and tremulous voice she replied: 'I dare not tell what is untrue, I do know the young ladies engaged in this unfortu-

nate business, and the circumstances of it. The latter I have promised not to divulge; perhaps I was wrong in doing so, but I beg that you would not require me to break my promise.'

"I am glad of your candour, Miss Wilmot," said Mrs. Johnson, which is indeed only what I could have expected from you; but how, pray, did you happen to know the young ladies, and why, knowing them, did you not try to prevent their improper conduct?"

"I woke up just as Miss Grey left the door, I suppose, and looking into the hall, saw the young ladies leaving the room. I would entreat that I may be questioned no further. You cannot know how painful it is to me."

"She indeed trembled with agitation: every eye was fixed on her, and we, the guilty ones, fearful lest all should be discovered. I knew she would not tell my conversation with her, but she had made no promise not to tell what she had herself seen; and I knew she would resort to no untruth or evasion, whatever it might cost her."

"I know well the difficulties of your position, dear Grace," said Mrs. Johnson, kindly, and I appreciate the moral courage and truthfulness which have marked your replies thus far. It is necessary, she added, with dignity, 'that the delinquents should be punished; you saw them, and I must require you to tell me who they are. Your promise does not include that, I presume.' This was asked authoritatively, yet many hoped Grace would reply affirmatively, and thus escape informing, but she said calmly:

"No, madam, but perhaps the young ladies will confess their fault, and thus I shall escape this painful duty."

"I would have arisen and done so, but the quick angry glance of another prevented me, and Miss Wilmot was obliged to comply with the requisition, but it was a hard struggle; and had I not been interested, I should have admired her moral courage. We were dismissed to our rooms, and Grace was summoned to go with Mrs. Johnson. After conversing with some of the others who were guilty, till my heart was inflamed with anger against Grace, I retired to my room. When Miss Wilmot entered I turned quickly from her."

"I have come, dear Clara, at Mrs. Johnson's request, to see if you will release me from my engagement. The worst is known, for a note has been found, which Miss Allen wrote to one of the young men, who left it on the ground; and by telling all the circumstances, Mrs. Johnson will know that you and some of your companions were very much less to blame than the others. Have I your permission?" she asked kindly.

"I know not how I could reply as I did, but I looked upon her as the cause of my expected dis-

grace, and anger filled my heart as I said: 'You may tell her what you like, Miss Wilmot, I thought you my friend when I obtained that promise.'

"She looked at me a moment, and a tear moistened her dark eye, but perceiving that I was in no mood to be reasoned with, she returned to Mrs. Johnson; there she related my confession to her, the manner in which I had been drawn into evil, and the utter innocence of some of us, of the worst of the business. Thus she prevailed with her to lessen our punishment, and not to inform my father of the circumstances, and all this in the face of my unkindness. Thus did she do good to those who despitely treated her. It was with a joyful heart that she returned to inform me of Mrs. Johnson's decision, and my stubborn heart was bowed by her kindness. But the time was near in which she was still more effectually to overcome evil with good. But I must not anticipate. Many reviled Grace as an informer, but as Misses Smith, Allen, and one or two others who had been leaders in this affair, were dismissed from the school; and as those who remained were informed that it was owing in a great measure to Miss Wilmot's pleadings in their behalf, that they escaped similar disgrace, she escaped persecution for a time. A few months after these events, I was suddenly seized with a high fever. A physician was immediately called who employed remedies to subdue it, but without effect. My disease as yet presented no destructive symptoms, and though Mrs. Johnson offered to procure a nurse for me, Grace would not consent to it; she loved me too well to leave me in my hour of weakness and suffering to the care of a mental. Two or three days elapsed when an eruption on my skin proclaimed my disease to be that dreadful one, small pox. So soon as I suspected it, I became terrified in the highest degree, and this excitement of course increased my danger. I thought not of Grace, but others more watchful told her that she must give up the care of me, as by continuing it she risked her own life. With tears she implored permission to remain. 'I have been exposed to the disease before,' she said, 'and I do not fear it; God is able to deliver me, and if not, I know he will do all things well. I may err, but I feel it is my duty to remain, as I can have more influence over Clara than any other, and if she yields to such excitement, no one can answer for the consequences. Do, dear madam, as you value Miss Stanley's life, allow me to nurse her.'

"But I value *your* life, dear Grace, and you should do so also, and not thus expose it,' said Mrs. Johnson.

"I do not expose myself wilfully and rashly,

my dear madam; and *my* life, you know, is less valuable; I have no father, no fond brother, whose hearts would be almost broken at my death; Clara is very dear to me; do not separate us, I beseech you.'

"Her tears, her pleadings prevailed, and she took her station beside my bed. Never, oh! never," continued Clara, with tears, "can I forget her unwearied care. With sweet words of hope she calmed my agitated spirit; she read to me from the word of God, she sought to direct my terrified soul to the Saviour of sinners: while she avoided what might unduly alarm me. My disease was comparatively mild, and owing, under God, to her kind care, the danger was soon past; for, notwithstanding the loathsome nature of the malady, and my restlessness and irritability, she never left me, except to obtain necessary rest and refreshment. But as soon as I was pronounced convalescent, the fearful disease attacked her, and, exhausted as she was by care and watching, it fastened on her with a firmer grasp. I was not able to be with her, but those who were, all felt and confessed the power of religion. Her patience, gentleness, and fear of giving trouble, showed that even in severe suffering she followed the example of her Saviour, loving others as herself, and bowing submissively to the will of her Heavenly Father. Her recovery was long very doubtful, but by God's blessing on the means employed, the disease was subdued, and I heard the joyful news that she was recovering. I was still very weak, but I begged to see her. Permission was given: 'but you will find her greatly altered,' was added. I burst into tears, as I well knew what was meant; I had escaped with few marks of the disease, but such had not been her case. 'And it is all for me,' thought I; 'and I am so unworthy of her love!'

"As I entered the room, she stretched out her hand, and a bright smile parted her lips, as she welcomed me affectionately; but oh! how was she changed. I could not endure the thought that after my waywardness, and unkindness, she had thus sacrificed her personal appearance in efforts for my welfare, and I leaned my face on the bed, and sobbed convulsively. 'Dear Clara,' she said, in her own sweet voice; 'do not thus distress yourself, our lives are both spared, how grateful should we be to Him who has preserved us.' I still continued weeping, unable to speak, when she added: 'You will injure yourself, my dear friend, and distress me. Come, my look up, what is it troubles you so much, is it my loss of beauty?' and she smiled playfully, as my eye met hers. I could not reply: 'I know how I look, dear Clara,' she said, gravely; 'and I am recon-

ciled to the change. Will you love me any the less for it?"

"Love you less, dearest Grace!" I exclaimed eagerly. "No, a thousand times more; but I cannot bear to see it; I have often been unkind to you, and yet you have encountered so much for my sake. It is this which distresses me."

"Ah! dear Clara, it is little which I have endured for you," she sweetly replied. "Your affection is sweet to me, yet it pains me to remember that you can feel thus grateful to an earthly benefactor, and yet be so unmindful of Him who has done infinitely more. I do not mean to reproach you, but it would indeed delight me to see you consecrate your youth to Him, who has not only spared your life, but has shed His own blood to redeem you."

"I raised my eyes to her face, it was beaming with love, earnest desire for my good, and to me she had never appeared more lovely, while a thought passed through my mind, that her's was a beauty beyond the reach of injury from physical causes. I replied warmly:

"I have always been taught to respect and reverence religion, but never did I see it so beautifully displayed, as in you, my beloved friend; I have been guilty, very guilty; but I do, indeed, desire to be like you."

"Our interview was now closed by the entrance of the nurse, who feared Miss Wilmot would injure herself by talking, and I was reluctantly obliged to depart. I will not weary you by detailing my reflections when again alone; it is enough to add, that by God's blessing on this and succeeding conversations, I trust my eyes were opened to see the evil of sin, the folly as well as guilt, of seeking happiness in the pleasure of this world, and the excellencies of the gospel, and its adaptation to our wants. I hope that I then yielded my heart to the authority of Christ. But I did not mean to speak of myself, only as it was necessary to show the blessed influence of a consistent Christian, whose life displayed the power of godliness. As we were seated in our room one evening shortly after Grace's recovery, she had been speaking of the happiness of the Christian, when I said:

"But when I first knew you, dear Grace, you were often sad, I then thought it was owing to your religion?"

"But now you think there must have been some other cause, and would know it. Have I divined your wishes?" and she looked at me smiling.

"You have," I replied; "but do not gratify my curiosity if you are at all unwilling to do so."

"I am not, my dear friend, for I believe your affection would bear with me even should I seem

egotistical. My mother was a Christian, in the fullest sense of the term; her religion was not confined to her closet, but displayed in her daily walk. She has years since gone to her rest, but her memory lives in the hearts of many." She brushed away a tear and continued. "I was but ten years old when she died, and I remember it as of yesterday. She had been long ill, and for a week had been failing fast; so that I, who loved her most devotedly, could not bear to leave her. One night the nurse came in haste to call me, saying that she was much worse, and desired to see us all. I hastened to the room, where I found my father supporting her in his arms, his head bowed, as he struggled with anguish of soul; my brother, who was two years older than myself, held one hand of my mother; and the other she stretched out to me. I see even now, the tranquil brow, soon to become cold in death, and the heavenly smile with which she looked on us as she said: 'I am going, my dear Henry, and my sweet children; soon I must leave you, but I fear, no evil; my Saviour is near, and He supports me in this dark valley; his blood, his all-sufficient merit, have opened a place for me, and soon I shall be beyond the reach of pain, and grief, and sin.' Then, 'mourn not as those without hope,' she added, with energy; 'but oh! strive to follow me.' She gave my brother and me each a Bible, in which her own hand had faintly traced our names, with a dying mother's blessing, and a charge to meet her in heaven. I cannot recall that interview, so painful, though lighted by the faith and hope of the Gospel. She died before morning, and of her departure it might be truly said:

"It is not sleep, it is not rest;

"Tis glory opening to the blest."

Beside her cold body I knelt, and drawn by the grace of God, sought my Saviour, and blessed be His name, I sought Him not in vain, and He who is the God of the orphan hath never forsaken me. My father, though enabled to say, 'Thy will be done,' was never the same after my mother's death; grief, combined with an already enfeebled constitution, brought him, ere many years passed, to the grave. My brother and I were left to the care of an uncle, into whose family we were removed. My father had left us an independent fortune, and my brother, who wished to study for the ministry, soon left me for college. After his departure I was exposed to many temptations; my uncle, though a professor of religion, did not display its power as my dear parents had done; and my aunt, though kind, was devoted to the pleasures and quietties of life. Here I became more careless about religion, and wandered sadly from my Saviour; but God watched over me and

brought me back to the fold. Our pastor was an excellent man, and his counsels and prayers were the means of keeping me from a course of sin and folly, and I have often thought since, that it was in answer to my dear mother's prayers offered years before in my behalf, that God provided me such a friend. Meanwhile, my education progressed, and great pains were taken to make me accomplished. Before I was seventeen, though still under the care of a governess, I was introduced into company: I sought seclusion, however, for though I found pleasure in social intercourse with the refined and intellectual, yet with the ball-room and the gay society in which my aunt delighted, I felt no sympathy. Not many months elapsed before I became acquainted with a young gentleman, whose first appearance interested me, for he was strikingly handsome, and his mind was such as to command admiration. I thoughtlessly permitted myself to enjoy his society for some time, while I was as yet unacquainted with his sentiments on the most important of all subjects. At length I discovered his utter disregard for religion, and that he was in fact an infidel. The knowledge of this opened my eyes to the state of my heart, and I was alarmed. His constant attention, the sweetness of his disposition, which several circumstances had displayed, and his superior talents, had awakened an uncommon interest in my heart. But I deserved it all; I had wandered from my God, and was fast enthroning an idol in my affections, and now I discovered that he despised the truths which I loved. The delusion was over, and I determined in future to shun his society. That very day my aunt congratulated me on the conquest I had made, speaking exultingly of Mr. Mowbray's great wealth and high station, and adding that he had requested my uncle's permission to seek my hand. I cannot say that I did not feel deeply this announcement, but I hastened to my room and besought pardon for the past, and strength from on high to resist temptation. This was granted, and when I met him again, it was with a measure of calmness I had not anticipated. Earnestly he pressed his suit, but I was enabled to resist his pleading; he accused me of coquetry in having encouraged his attention; I confessed myself to blame, and told him plainly the reason of my refusal. "And can you, Miss Wilmot, condemn me to wretchedness for such cause? if you loved me you could not do it."

"I do not love you enough, Mr. Mowbray, and I hope I shall never love any one enough, for his sake, to disobey the injunctions of my God."

"Then we part," he proudly replied. "I wish for the first and warmest love of her who shall be my wife."

"Thus we parted. My aunt was angry with me for refusing so brilliant an offer, and even my uncle thought I had acted rashly, but I felt that I had done right. Such a companion would have led me, I fear, far from God, and I could not but be thankful that I was enabled to overcome my affection for him. Yet at my uncle's I was often thrown in his way, and I feared the influence of his fascinating manners, and richly endowed mind; and hearing of this school, I sought and obtained permission to come here for a time. I had been here only six months when you arrived, and in the course of that time had been called to attend the death-bed of my beloved brother, so that you now know the causes of my sadness."

"I have a little more to add," continued Clara. "At the end of the year Grace left school and returned to her uncle's family. I need not describe the pain of parting; I know you must feel that I could not but love her. She wrote to me frequently, and ere many months passed, informed me of her aunt's death. The time drew near when I was to leave school; she begged me to visit her before I returned home, as her uncle wished her to accompany him and his eldest daughter on a tour through the principal countries of Europe, and it might be long before she saw me again. My father went with me to see her, and finding that she did not wish to travel, I begged her to make our house her home for the present. My father added his solicitations, and her uncle consented. She has lived with us a year, and we all feel that we could not part with her."

"You may be obliged to do so nevertheless, my dear sister," said Edward, stealing a glance at Herbert, whose fixed, downcast eye, and flushed cheek betrayed the interest which he had taken in the narrative. "It is not probable that such a being can be long known without awaking love, and unless she has taken a vow of celibacy, I fear you will not keep her long."

Herbert now looked up; he took no notice of Edward's remark, indeed he seemed to have been absorbed in his own thoughts for the moment.

"Our thanks are due to you, my dear cousin," he said, "for your ready compliance with our request, and the candour and generosity which has led you to confess your own faults, in order to show the virtues of your friend. She is happy in having won so kind a heart."

"Flattery from you, Mr. Herbert! I did not expect that," said Clara, half reprovingly.

"I did not flatter, Clara! I merely expressed a sentiment of approbation for what all must admire: but here is Miss Wilmot," he added, as he looked out of the window.

Grace now drew near the house; her cheek was

flushed by exercise, her beautiful hair fell in natural curls around her face, and as she caught sight of the party in the window who were watching her approach, an animated smile of recognition illuminated her countenance.

"I do not think Miss Wilmot so plain after all," said Edward.

"And yet you smiled most incredulously a few minutes since when I expressed a similar opinion," answered Clara, with an arch smile.

Grace now entered the room, and an animated conversation ensued. Herbert sought to draw forth an expression of her thoughts and sentiments, and succeeded so well that she was insensibly led to take a principal part in it; and he was more than ever charmed by the intelligence, cultivation, and high tone of moral feeling she displayed. Thus days and weeks passed on, and he became more and more sensible that Clara's picture was not overdrawn. He could not but love her, yet he feared his affection was not returned; he thought it would be no small thing, to win the love of such a heart. One evening as Grace and Clara were leaving the house to visit a sick woman, Mr Herbert entered the hall.

"Will you permit me, ladies, to accompany you this evening, in your walk?" he inquired, looking at Grace as if for a reply, and Clara waited for her to answer. She blushed and said hesitatingly:

"If you desire it, Mr. Herbert."

"Not if you have any objections," he quickly replied. "I do not wish to be an intruder."

"You would not be," she said; "but—" again she hesitated, and seemed confused.

"You had rather dispense with my company!" He smiled for a moment as he spoke, then his brow knit, and with a look of pain, he bade them "good evening," and retreated to the library.

"Oh, Clara!" said Grace as they left the house, "I fear I have offended Mr. Herbert; I am very sorry for it, for I meant no unkindness."

"Then why did you refuse the honour of his company? for my part, I should have been delighted with it," said Clara, laughing; "and I was about to tell him so, but I thought I would allow you the pleasure of doing it. What was your reason, fair lady? You will not tell me; then I must guess."

"You had better not," said Grace, "for you will be wrong."

"I am not so sure of that; I am accustomed to read your thoughts; and in this instance I know I read truly. You were afraid lest old Mrs. Archer would assail my worthy cousin with a panegyric in your favour; and your modesty shrank from such an exposure of your virtues. You need not shake your head; that blush tells me that,

though you might express it in different terms, that was your reason. Silly girl, do you not know the theme would be most interesting one to Mr. Herbert?"

"Hush, Clara!" said Grace, playfully, laying her hand on her mouth.

Clara said no more, but the heightened colour of her friend showed her that it was a subject, on which she was unwilling to trust her own thoughts. This bespoke an interest in Herbert, which satisfied Clara, who had discovered his secret, and desired that his affections should be returned by one who was so well suited to him.

Meanwhile, Herbert's health was much improved, and he felt that he must not remain any longer away from his people. Yet he was unwilling to leave a place which had so many attractions; especially as he was yet ignorant of Miss Wilmot's sentiments with regard to him. One evening while agitated by these thoughts, inclination struggling with a sense of duty, Edward entered the library where he was sitting. He watched him unperceived a few minutes, then walking up to the window, exclaimed:

"Here is Miss Wilmot, how sweetly she looks; is she not a lovely being? From her dark serious eye,

There is a glancing forth of glorious thought,
That scorns earth's vanities;

Nay, Herbert, you need not start so; I do not intend trying to win her heart. I never venture in hopeless cases."

"And is Miss Wilmot then engaged to another?" asked Herbert quickly.

"Not that I am aware of," replied his friend; "but I dare say she will be before long. At all events, I should never have a chance with such a woman, while your lordship was in the way."

"You are mistaken, Edward," he replied, gravely; "Miss Wilmot does not care for me."

"Indeed! how did you discover that? has she told you so?"

"No, except by her actions."

"You have not read truly, Herbert; you shake your head. What are the reasons of your conclusions?"

"She shuns my society, avoids any, even the slightest attention from me, and rarely converses with me."

"And that is because she is so fond of listening to your wise remarks, and is the natural consequence, in a humble, delicate, mind like hers, of a high regard for you. To me, whom she honours with a kind of sisterly affection, she can talk with much more freedom. But you have seen more than exists. When did she ever refuse any attention from you?"

"To give you one example, it was only the

other evening that I wished to walk with her and your sister, when she refused my company."

"And did you not observe the same evening when you complained of illness, her anxious look and evilent concern?"

"Nothing but the result of her kind disposition, which would sympathize with any one that was suffering."

"You did not think so at the time, Herbert; but as you are so provokingly blind, I must tell you the cause of that sad slight, which seems to have disturbed you so much." He then related the conversation between Grace and Clara, which had succeeded their departure, which his sister had told him the following day.

"And was that all?" he exclaimed, while the cloud passed from his brow.

"Yes, that was all, so do not stay here with such a gloomy face, but come and walk with me this fine day."

They left the house together.

"I must go to the Post Office," said Herbert, "I expect letters tonight."

"Then I will bid you adieu," said his friend, "as my business lies in another direction."

There was a letter for Herbert, which on opening he found, came from Clarenceville. They were without any one to supply his place, and earnestly desired, if his health were sufficiently restored, that he should preach there on the coming Sabbath. It was now Thursday, and he felt that he must leave the next day; as he retraced his steps homeward, his heart was heavy, for it accused him of ingratitude to his Saviour, and neglect of duty. He prayed for pardon and felt in a measure relieved. But he had a secret fear, which he had not confessed to his friend, that Miss Wilmot loved Mr. Mowbray more than she had acknowledged, and that her heart would not readily yield to a second attachment. "I must put an end to this suspense," thought he, "and either obtain the right to love Miss Wilmot, or banish her from my thoughts." As he turned a corner in the rural walk, he saw the object of his thoughts, a short distance before him, and hastened to join her. She was startled at his unexpected salutation; his countenance was grave almost to sadness, and he held the open letter in his hand. She glanced at it, and inquired anxiously if he had received any bad news.

"This letter is from Clarenceville," he replied. "They are desirous that I should hasten there; I fear I have loitered here too long; but to-morrow I must bid this fair spot adieu." He spoke sadly.

"So soon!" exclaimed Grace, while an expression of regret passed over her features; "but if

you feel that duty calls you away, no one can urge your stay."

She sighed as she concluded, yet Herbert was disappointed. "Unreasonable being that I am," thought he, "as though she could wish me to neglect my duty, if she did love me." Taking courage from the thought, he said: "And may I hope, my dear Miss Wilmot, that you will not forget me when I am absent; will you think of me with kindness, eye, more, with love? will you permit me to love you, and cherish the fond hope that you will one day be mine?" He held out his hand to her as he concluded, while his manly frame trembled with emotion. She placed hers within it; she looked up to him, and as he met her eye, he felt that its glance was not one of repulse; a tear trembled on its lid, and she struggled in vain to speak. He was satisfied, and clasping her to his heart, supported her trembling form. In a few minutes they resumed their walk through the quiet grove. Herbert laid bare to her his inmost heart, and as she listened to his conversation, and joined in the fervent petition, that the sweetness of earthly affection, might not withdraw their hearts from their Heavenly Father, she felt that he was one, with whom it would be indeed a privilege to tread life's pathway, and that his counsels, prayers, and constant companionship, were a more enviable blessing than any which rank or wealth could bestow.

As they approached the house they saw Clara in the window of the room; one glance revealed to her the state of affairs, as she saw her friend leaning on Herbert's arm, and the look of love and happiness with which he regarded her. She heard Grace enter the adjoining room, and forbore to disturb her; when at last she entered, her friend was in tears.

"My dear Grace, what can have happened?" asked Clara in alarm; "from yours, and my cousin's looks, as you approached the house, I imagined only good news, then why these tears?"

"They are tears of joy, dear Clara, of thankfulness to my Father in Heaven, who hath so richly blessed me; and of sorrow that I am so unworthy of his mercies."

She smiled sweetly, and Clara, kissing her fair forehead, said fervently, "I wish you joy, my dearest Grace; he is a noble being, and I know of none so worthy of him as yourself."

The next morning Herbert left. His face radiant with joy, wore an aspect of health and cheerfulness. Edward laughingly said, "You must not look thus at Clarenceville, or your people will think you have been playing truant sadly; tell them, however, that, added to the sea air, we have an excellent doctress here, chiefly cele-

brated for the cure of affections of the heart." He looked at the blushing face of Miss Wilmot with an arch smile; Clara drew her away, saying, "Never mind him, dear Grace! he always was a saucy boy."

Grace wrote to her uncle, for his consent to her engagement, after which time hung heavy on her hands; for her thoughts were with the absent. From her musings she was aroused by a remark of Edward's when they met at the tea table. He had been watching her abstracted looks, and at last exclaimed with a deep drawn sigh, and an affectation of distress:

"Happy Herbert! I wonder how long I might have been absent without being missed one half as much. If Herbert is only as abstracted, I pity the poor people who are to suffer underneath his discourses on Sabbath."

"We should miss your impertinence if nothing else," said Clara, laughing. "Should we not Grace?"

She blushed deeply, as she replied: "Your brother is right, Clara, and I am wrong to neglect my duties, as I have done to-day; I hope it will not be the case again."

Several weeks elapsed, and Herbert visited Woodlands. He was pleasantly situated, his parsonage had been fitted up and adorned so as to please the taste of his beloved Grace, and all it wanted was her presence to complete his happiness. The ensuing month was fixed upon for the marriage; shortly after which Clara would visit her friend in her new home. The time passed swiftly on, and Herbert arrived to claim his bride. On the day previous to her departure, she went with Clara to visit the poor of the village, to whom she had been so kind a friend. Many tears were shed at the prospect of her departure, though all expressed joy at her happiness. Herbert joined them as they were leaving the door of a blind woman, whom Grace had been instrumental in leading to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. She had been affected by the poor creature's expression of grief, and the tears were yet in her eyes. Herbert glanced inquiringly towards her.

"It is ever thus, dear Charles," she said, as with a smile of love and confidence, she accepted his proffered arm. "Earth's brightest, purest, joys are mingled with alloy. Even my affection for you, which so greatly increased my happiness yet produces many anxieties to which I was before a stranger."

"Do you regret it on that account, dear Grace?" he playfully asked.

"Oh! no; you know I do not, but I was only thinking that the world's best gifts are an unsatisfying portion. There is a better land where

love and joy are unclouded, where partings are unknown, and where all tears are wiped away."

"May we ever keep that blessed world in view, my beloved one—not to unfit us for the duties of life, nor to steel our hearts to earthly joys and affections; but that we may the better fulfil the one and enjoy the other?"

"How strange it is," said Clara, "that religion is so generally considered gloomy, as if the favor of God, a faithful discharge of duty; and a hope of eternal bliss, should destroy happiness."

"Your remark reminds me of those beautiful lines of Pollock:

"There was no joy in all created things,
No drop of sweet, that turned not in the end
To sour, of which the righteous man did not
Partake; * * * * *

And o'er the sinner still,
The Christian had this one advantage more,
That when his earthly pleasures failed,—and fail
They always did to every soul of man,—
He sent his hopes on high, looked up, and reached
His sickle forth, and reaped the fields of heaven."

"And yet," said Grace, "some who are truly Christians may be melancholy, but their melancholy is not produced by religion. The gospel is glad tidings; and glad tidings believed, can never be the source of unhappiness. But it is not strange that those whose happiness consists wholly in the pursuits and pleasures of this world, should deem the Christian gloomy; he partakes not of many of its amusements, and has trials often; and as they do not believe,

"'Tis not the outward state,
'But temper of the soul, by which we rate
Sadness or joy,"

They pity him."

The next morning dawned bright and lovely. Grace rose early and sought in solitude, the blessing of God on the connexion she was about to form. And when she descended to the breakfast table, her face was serene and calm. Simply and elegantly attired she stood beside him, to whom she had given her young heart. The ceremony proceeded, and as she tremblingly assented to the vows which bound her to another, she stole a timid glance at him; his look of love reassured her, and she thanked God for the affection of one, in whom, guided as he was by the Spirit of the Lord, she could have implicit confidence. The ceremony is over, adieux are spoken, and Herbert, with his fair bride aresson seated in the carriage which conveys them away.

As they drove from the house, he drew her towards him, imprinting a kiss on her brow; and together they sought grace from Him ever ready to bestow it, to discharge their duties aright.

"You have turned aside, dearest, from a more

brilliant lot which might have been yours," said Herbert, "and have chosen to share the lot of a humble minister of the Gospel. I do not fear you will regret it. It has heavy duties and responsibilities, but, rightly discharged, they bring a rich reward. Need I say that no affection, no tenderness of mine, compatible with my higher duty to God, will be wanting to sweeten your path through life?"

Grace replied not, save by a glance of gratitude more eloquent than words. But we follow this happy couple no farther. Clara was very lonely after their departure, and hailed the time when with her brother, she was to make them her promised visit. The parsonage was beautifully situated about half a mile from town, and a little door-yard filled with gorgeous autumn flowers, greatly added to the beauty of the spot. Grace seeing them approach, ran down to the garden gate to welcome them. Her face was radiant with happiness, and her pleasant home was fitted up with tasteful elegance. Herbert too seemed gay-er than usual.

"Really, Herbert, your lovely home, almost tempts me to turn Benedict," said Edward, "and if matrimony would improve me as much as it has done you, I should be tempted to try it. But I fear I should not win such a prize."

"I fear not," said Herbert, "and then the specific would fail."

Clara remained some time with her friend; and a few months after her return home she married a young lawyer of fine talent, and deep piety. Her father consented to the marriage, only on the condition that she should not leave him; so that Woodlands is still her home. And the blessings of many ready to perish, which are hers, and the devoted love of her husband and father, a love awakened by true excellence, only remind her how much she owes, under God, to the example of that friend who first led her in the paths of holiness.

In conclusion, I would say a few words to the readers who have patiently accompanied me through this simple tale. If you have been at all convinced of the excellence, the value of religion, I would entreat you to seek it now. It is not a possession which can be chosen or rejected at our option, without materially affecting our happiness; it is a subject of infinite personal importance. With it we may be happy in this world and eternally blessed in a better. Without it we are wretched; pleasure with her syren song may seduce us into a dream of happiness; but at best it will be only a dream; from which, if the trials of earth do not arouse us, death will startle us with awful power. Ho is a stern teacher, and

thus, as has been truly said, he proclaims to the children of men—

Earth's cup
Is poisoned; her renown, most infamous;
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust;
Her gain, eternal loss; her hope, a dream;
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God;
Her promises, a lie; * * * * *

Her total sum,
Her all, most utter vanity, and all
Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,
And most insane because they know it not."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

It is the Day! the Holy Day! on which Our Lord was
born,
And sweetly doth the sun-bean gild the dew-besprinkled
thorn;
The birds sing through the heavens, and the breezes
gently play,
And song and sunshine lovingly begin this Holy Day.

II.

'Twas in a tumble manger, a little lowly shed,
With cattle on his infant feet, and shepherds at his head,
The SAVIOUR of this sinful world in innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings to Him this Holy
Day.

III.

He came to save the perishing—to waft the sighs to
heav'n
Of guilty men, who truly sought to weep and be forgiven;
An Intercessor still He shines, and Man to Him should
pray,
At His altar's feet for meekness upon this Holy Day.

IV.

As flowers still blossom fair again, though all their life
seems shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more, though number'd
with the dead;
Then may our stations be near Him to whom we worship
pay,
And praise, with heartfelt gratitude, upon this Holy Day!

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Unconscious hours are shrined in numbered years,
That wove their fame of days that are forgot!
One hour may wing away man's happiest lot—
Leave weary moments meted out by tears—
One hour may bring the smiles that banish fears—
With sweet hope brighten a death-haunted spot!
Yet, whetted in years, the hours are headed not:
Or memory on days her temple rears!

Remembrance has vague dreams in long gone hours:
The waking years are hours laid asleep;
Griefs pass like storms—joys bloom and fade like flowers:
'Tis not for years, but hours, we smile or weep:
Gems in Time's golden circle, they are ours;
Yet what a careless count of them we keep!

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

No III.

CROMWELL.

BY A. F.

Our review shall at this time extend far back, to the most interesting period of English history, to a man whose character and actions have been more vilified and less understood than those of any other of the great personages who figure in that history. The times are the times of the English Commonwealth, the man is Cromwell. We desire to look at him, and at his actions, through no false medium, but to examine him and them in the clear light of truth, without being influenced by the accusations or prejudices of those writers, who, from political and religious views, have combined against the character and fame of their great antagonist. No reader of the history of these times can have failed to remark the zeal with which Cromwell has been attacked by the mass of English historians; most of them, it is true, professing no regard for liberal principles, unless in so far as they agree with those of their own political party. It is this class of writers, possessed, doubtless, of great ability, but unscrupulous in their treatment of political enemies, which, in so far as Cromwell is concerned, has converted history into a mere vehicle for disseminating erroneous views as to his objects and character, misrepresenting not merely his motives, but his actions, overlooking all that he did for his country and its liberties at home, and for its reputation abroad, damning with faint praise where it was impossible to be blinded to the greatness of his actions, throwing out dark insinuations where anything could bear a doubtful interpretation; misconstruing his speeches, ridiculing his religious belief, caricaturing his personal appearance, as if determined that no man should have any credit for greatness or goodness, or even for honest intentions if his political and religious belief should have been different from their own. "Brewer!"—"coarse, ignorant soldier!"—"political apostate!"—"usurper!"—"sensualist!"—"hypocrite!"—"regicide!" These are some of the epithets applied to Cromwell by many historians, with such uniformity as to excite the astonish-

ment of those who choose to judge for themselves.

Nor can it be denied that to a very great extent the same feelings have been disseminated and strongly entertained by a large mass of the English people. Bold assertion often produces belief, especially when often repeated, and it is but too true that detraction is listened to with much favor by the many who are disposed to pull down to their own level, those who are above them. "*Obtrectatio et licet pronis auribus accipiuntur,*" said the Roman historian, centuries ago; and again: "*Malignitati falsæ species liberalitatis, inest.*" Never were truer words written, and never did the history of any man prove their truth more than that of Cromwell. But the battles that Cromwell fought and won, the burning words he uttered, the results he achieved by the might of his own mind; these remain and are recorded even in the works of his detractors. Let the reader of history judge of Cromwell by these, by what he did, and spoke, and wrote, and achieved, and endured, and their verdict cannot be against him. Failings he had of course; he fell into error, for "to err is human;" nay, he may not be free even from the vices which belonged to his day and his station; but mark his greatness of spirit—how nobly he forgave, how generously he forgot injuries—how he aided and befriended those that slandered him and stabbed his reputation—how unblemished his private life—how touching his affection as a son—how full of tenderness his love for his children—how warm a friend—how magnanimous a prince. Let a man look at these, and scrutinize as deeply as he may, and Oliver Cromwell will not suffer in comparison with any of the great men of that age of giants.

In this Review, which must necessarily be too brief to be other than partial and imperfect, it is intended to glance at the principal facts in the life of this man, as they are to be found recorded in the *Chronicles of the Times*. And what times these were? How disturbed, how anxious, how

glorious in the events they introduced, in the heroes they gave birth to, in the contests they brought about, in the examples which they furnish to all future times. Fully to appreciate Cromwell's character and doings, we should know, and that intimately, the times in which he lived and moved, the doctrines of political and religious belief which were then in vogue, and which agitated the whole realm; the foolish contest which James the First had occasioned by his obstinate adherence to his ideas of the divine right of Kings, the alarm which had spread among a large portion of the thinking men in England, when they saw the pretensions of the Throne so openly arrayed against the liberties of the people. It would be necessary to know how closely Charles the First trod in the footsteps of his predecessor, forgetting the lessons that History should have taught him, that unlimited submission to Royal prerogative, that divine right in its widest extent, were not doctrines which could ever be relished by the body of the English people.

We should know and ponder deeply upon the influence which the Reformation exerted in bringing about the peculiar state of the public mind. The revenues of the Church were no more employed in sustaining a race of Priests, jealous of their privileges, fond of power, and accustomed to its sweets, whose feet had been upon the necks of Kings, and whose sackcloth and self-sacrifices and fastings, and penances, were but the means at once of raising up supporters from the people and arraying them against the Throne, and of bringing down the superstitious spirit of the monarch, by appeals to his superstition. All this was at an end; the altars were stripped of their gold, the monastery had been shut up, the broad-lands of the Church confiscated, or held as part of the Royal Domain. The king had drawn around him, and wielded with force for his own purposes all this wealth, power, and consideration. He used it, but did not see that he was advancing to the brink of a precipice over which he must shortly be dashed by an aroused and excited people. The king had, it is true, more power, but the people had more freedom. Their minds were not enthralled by spiritual bondage, nor ensheathed by superstition; nor enslaved by gross ignorance. They were free to think, free to act; they had had instructors of no less power than those of ecclesiastics; and a priesthood more lusty, more influential—the instruction of letters, the Priesthood of the Press!

The times were therefore disposed to freedom of opinion, to liberal and just ideas of civil and religious rights. Men were disposed to receive with less and less of allowance, the extravagant doctrines that the extreme party labored to inen-

cate. The odious and unconstitutional taxes which the Crown sought to enforce, and the many practical grievances which were deeply felt, but which cannot here be enumerated, had excited at once a spirit of indignation and enquiry among the people. The times then were favourable to Cromwell, or perhaps we should say, Cromwell has born for the times. They needed him even more than he needed them. Without them he could never have failed, by his large and clear intellect, his terrible energy, his physical power, to raise himself, had he so chosen. In whatever age he might have lived, and in whatever country, Cromwell could by no possibility have been inglorious;—but without him the age might have passed off without having become the most instructive and interesting, the most stirring in the annals of England.

There have always been truths which a great mind can seize upon, and wield for the destruction or salvation of a state; institutions which need to be reformed, and rulers disposed to push their authority, be it legitimate or illegitimate, to its greatest possible limits; there has always been something of freedom in the opinions of a people—but the man to seize hold of and wield these advantages—the Cromwell to conquer, to foresee, to determine, to execute, to rule, to inspire—has not always been found. There are always plenty of materials—rif not, Genius can create them—but the mind and the hand to mould, and shape, and apply the materials, are not always to be found. There are, after many contests in which blood flows like water; but the man who can lay aside the Hero and the Conqueror, and assume the Statesman, or what is better still, can unite and wield them both for the peace and welfare of his country, is by no means frequently to be met with. There are struggles in all ages, but success and good-fortune are not of common occurrence. Cromwell was born at the fit time, and he was fit for his time.

But of whom born? And here we will demolish at a stroke the slander which has called him of mean birth and family, although that could not have been otherwise than honourable to a man who accomplished so much. Milton tells us “he was descended of a house noble and illustrious.” It is acknowledged even by his enemies that he was connected collaterally with many of the noblest families in England. By his mother's side he was descended from the youngest of the sons of Alexander, Lord Steward of Scotland, who founded the Royal family of the Stuarts, Charles the First and Cromwell's mother were, we are told, eighth cousins, and Cromwell was nearer by three generations their common progenitor. By his father, also, Cromwell was of hon-

orable birth. The family name was Williams, of Welsh descent, and very ancient; but his grand-father, Sir Henry Cromwell, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and his great-grand-father by Henry the Eighth, in 1540, when he routed the Champions collected at a solemn tournament proclaimed in France, Spain, Scotland, and Flanders.

But what if he had been of ignoble birth? Cromwell was worthy of being the founder of a noble family, although his father, being a younger son, engaged in trade, and kept a brew-house in Huntingdon. Let it be remembered, too, that Cromwell was never ashamed of the occupation into which his father's fortune had thrown him.

It is impossible to dwell much upon the infancy and youth of Cromwell. Suffice it to note those salient points in his character which were most in contrast with those of his maturer years. All are agreed that Cromwell was, what in modern phraseology, would be called, a wild youth; but it has never been shewn that he was devoid of principle; or seriously addicted to vice. His indomitable disposition shewed itself in early life, as seems to be pretty well established by those who have scrutinized it most deeply. On one occasion, when the Royal family, as was often the case, shared the hospitality of Sir Oliver Cromwell at Hinchinbrooke House, Charles the First and young Cromwell were brought into collision. A quarrel took place, and then a fight, in which Charles was worsted, and received a bloody nose—an omen, as certain of the old Historians tell us, of the future fate which time was destined afterwards to reveal.

In 1616, being then seventeen years of age, Cromwell was entered as a Fellow Commoner at Cambridge. Here the wildness of his boyish days still followed him; not that he neglected his studies more than most young men do, but it is plain that he was too fond of sport and diversion to relish fagging hard at his books. He excelled in end-golfing, cricket, and wrestling. "He led an extravagant kind of life," says an old Biographer; "and addicted himself to such follies as young persons are apt to fall into." Another says; "he was rather addicted to conversation, and the railing of men, than to a continual poring over authors." How proficient he became in this kind of reading we shall afterwards see. His penetration has been ascribed to him as a fault; he has been accused of cunning and intrigue; but it should be remembered that to a man like Cromwell, who had thought so much and so deeply, who had studied human nature so thoroughly, and whose aim was to use men as instruments in accomplishing his great plans, it was necessary that he should have accustomed himself to pierce

through the artificial surface which had covered the designs of those with whom he was brought in contact. At College the scholars became much attached to him, and it is not to be wondered at, if in the heat of youthful blood, he fell into indiscretions, which cannot be defended. "Here comes young Cromwell!" the alewives would exclaim, hastening to shut their doors, fearful lest he should invite his companions to taste their home-brewed, and edg'd the landlord should he refuse to treat. Play too, had attractions which for a time engaged him, but his better nature soon freed him from this as well as other vices. Let those who are disposed to condemn or too severely criticize his conduct, remember how bitterly he repented his folly, how rigidly he insisted on returning to his youthful associates the sums he had won at play. Nor can his greatest enemies point to a single instance of dissipation after he had reached the age of twenty-one years.

He was still young, and shortly after this his views and opinions underwent a great change. Hitherto, he had been a strict member of the Church of England, and warmly attached to her doctrines and forms of worship, but at this period he attached himself to the sect of the Puritans. The church was not then so pure as it might have been. The pomps and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic faith, had been introduced to a great extent; while the loose and profligate lives, not only of the nobility and laity generally, but of the clergy, were but ill calculated to secure the esteem of those who seriously and sincerely made religious duties and exercises their chief business and enjoyment. There was another reason for Cromwell's attaching himself to the Puritans. They were a despised and persecuted sect, hunted and proscribed by the leaders both in Church and State; Cromwell had seen and felt the tyranny which had been exhibited towards them, and felt and acted on the subject as decidedly as on others.

It was not the heat of a false enthusiasm or the disappointed fury of a bigot that led Cromwell to attach himself to the despised sect. It surely could be from no motives of self aggrandisement, nor is it at all consistent to suppose that he acted from a desire to attain a political eminence which at that period of his life seemed to be as far removed beyond his reach, as it was from his wishes or aspirations. Cromwell firmly adopted and sincerely acted upon his convictions of truth. He sought no notoriety, courted no favour from monarchs or from mobs; he was happy in his family, and by his disposition eminently fitted to enjoy the delights which cluster around the domestic hearth. He settled down quietly on his farm, and year after year pursued the even tenor of his way. assem-

bling his family, morning and evening, for family prayer; diligently studying, and sometimes expounding the Scriptures; hospitably entertaining those whom chance or local circumstances threw in his way, nourishing and expanding his mind by the prosecution of his early studies, apparently without ever dreaming of the great events which were destined to bring him forward to the public eye. Eight years passed thus tranquilly away, but the sounds of approaching changes were heard in the distance, and when they reached and echoed in his quiet retreat, Cromwell was not the man to sacrifice to his own predilections or private ease what he considered his duty to his fellow-men.

It was in 1628 that Cromwell entered Parliament as member for Huntingdon, where he was introduced by his cousin HAMDEN, to the leaders of the popular party. His intelligence soon gave him weight in the House, although neither at this time, nor at any future period of his career, was he at all celebrated as a speaker. We find his name on several committees during the early period of his public career, but for the next nine or ten years he seems rather to have been disposed to turn from the distracted state of political events to the peace and repose of domestic life. Indeed the condition of England between the years 1628 and 1640 presents to the eye nothing but the dark and frowning colours which denoted too evidently that Freedom was shorn of her fairest beams, that England was becoming unworthy of her best and most heroic citizens, and giving signs of commotions and changes too fearful to be discussed without apprehension. So grievous had the intolerance against the Puritans become, that many persons of excellent families, despairing of peace and freedom of conscience at home, prepared to brave the dangers and vicissitudes of a new country, and the pangs of separation from all they held near and dear to them, rather than surrender their conscientious convictions. Cromwell, among the number, was actually embarked (in 1637) with Hampden, Sir William Constable, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, and others, on board of a vessel about to sail for the American plantations, when an order of Council directed the Lord Treasurer of England to give orders for putting on land all the passengers and provisions intended for the voyage. This was done, and Cromwell was obliged to remain to fulfil his destinies. Those who reflect upon the circumstance here alluded to will find much to strengthen the conviction, which a full acquaintance with Cromwell cannot but excite, of the utter absurdity of the assertion, so often repeated, that Cromwell systematically excited discontent among the people of England, for si-

riously and selfish purposes, and that he coolly and deliberately plotted the destruction of the English monarchy. He was disposed to abandon his native land rather than remain to see her enslaved by priestly or kingly power. He preferred the forests of America to a priest-ridden or enslaved, but fertile land, although that land had for ages been the land of his fathers' glory, and was connected with every feeling and association which renders exile painful and forbidding.

A year or two more and he was called into stern conflict with the monarch and his supporters, who then would gladly have banished him from his native soil, to rid themselves of his vigorous and active efforts in the popular cause. Cromwell could not then retreat; at first he would gladly have avoided the evil day whose approach he evidently foresaw with so much apprehension. He had no private ends to serve, no ambition to gratify, by remaining in England, for he was detained against his will.

Let it be remembered that Cromwell was now upwards of forty years of age, not accustomed to arms, and never dreaming of their use, a peaceable, god-fearing man, at home in the bosom of his family, and devoted to quiet pursuits. Mercury is said to have started full armed from Jupiter's head, and it would appear that Cromwell instantly displayed all the great qualities and capacities which circumstances rendered necessary, and which fitted him to become a leader and a commander of the people. His mind had been trained by long study, and his terrible enthusiasm, his iron frame, his immense strength, his already established reputation, his intimacy with Hampden, his zeal, his sagacity and his wisdom, marked him out as the man for the crisis.

He was at first, (in 1642) on the outbreak of the civil war, commissioned by the Parliament as Captain of a Troop of Horse, which he raised in his native county, displaying in the choice that knowledge of men which, during his whole career, contributed so much to his success. "Your troops," said Cromwell afterwards, when conversing with his illustrious friend, Hampden, "are most of them decayed serving-men, tapsters, and such kind of fellows; *their* troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons of persons of quality; do you think that the spirit of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have spirit and resolution in them?" It was but too evident that decayed tapsters would be but poor instruments in such a contest; and Cromwell set himself to work, choosing, as he himself says, "such men as had the fear of God before their eyes, and had such conscience in what they did." Whitelock says, "he had a brave regiment of horse of his countrymen, most of them freehold-

ers and freetholders' sons, who upon matter of conscience engaged in this quarrel under him. And thus, being well armed within, by the satisfaction of their consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would, as one man, stand firmly, and charge desperately." With such troops, trained to all hardships, burning with enthusiasm, fighting under such a leader, in a cause which they believed just, it was no wonder that they were never beaten!

In the second year of the war, Cromwell was advanced to the rank of Colonel, and shortly after was made Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Manchester, and with 2,000 men marched against the strong garrison of Newark, defeated the king's troops at Grantham, routing double his numbers, and relieved Gainsborough, filing his troops two by two, through a gateway at the bottom of a valley, and charging the concentrated force of the enemy uphill, routing them on all sides, although three times his numbers. The next year, (1644,) fifteen hundred of the king's troops were left dead on Winsby field. Cromwell narrowly escaping with his life. After this he advanced to reinforce the siege of York, but the Scotch army having been forced to retire on the arrival of Prince Rupert with 18,000 men, and the besieged having united with the prince, the parliamentary leaders, Manchester, Leven and Fairfax, were forced to retreat; but were overtaken on the 2d July, 1644, on the celebrated field of Marston Moor. It was the coolness and courage of Cromwell that decided the fate of the day. Manchester, Leven and Fairfax had been driven from the field by the fury of Prince Rupert, and totally routed. Cromwell, who commanded the left wing of the parliamentary army, was opposed to the Duke of Newcastle, with 14,000 men. Charging the cavalry on the Prince's right, Cromwell dashed on with his brigade; both sides behaved with the utmost bravery, for "having discharged their pistols and flung them at each other's heads, they fell to it with their swords." At last the enthusiasm of Cromwell's men carried all before it, the Prince's right gave way, and the day was won. Of the king's troops more than 4,000 were slain, and 1,500 taken prisoners; and upwards of a hundred officers, the Prince's own standard, all the artillery, and an immense store of ammunition and baggage, fell into the hands of the Parliamentary army.

This very victory had nearly proved Cromwell's ruin. The Earls of Essex and Manchester were jealous of his success, the Scotch Commissioners had for some time hoped to crush Cromwell and the whole sect of the Puritans, and had hopes of making a compromise with the king, to which the parliament seemed by no means disin-

clined. They were afraid of victory, and scarcely kept within bounds their dislike of Cromwell, as the leader of the Independent party. Four months after the battle of Marston Moor, occurred the battle of Newbury. Here Cromwell is said to have had the king within his power, but the Earl of Manchester obstinately refused to allow him to charge the king's retreating force with his brigade. The breach between the Commanders and their subordinate became wider. The Scotch Commissioners advised taking him off as an incendiary. Cromwell saw that his enemies were too formidable for him as yet; the Scotch army, Manchester and Essex, the majority in parliament, and the king, all united in opposing his plans. His troops were ill fed, ill clad, in winter without shoes, and often without pay. The dissensions in the army had given rise to disputes in Parliament, and a large body, seeing the disposition of Manchester and the leaders towards conciliation with the King, had become dissatisfied. This party was desirous of having the army new modelled, and endeavoured to procure an ordinance incapacitating all members of Parliament from holding posts in the army. Cromwell favoured the passing of this ordinance, called the self-denying ordinance, and offered to lay down his own commission. The ordinance passed, and the Earls of Manchester, Essex, Wurwick, and some others, being thus incapacitated from continuing in the service, the army was placed under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Cromwell had thus been instrumental in passing the Ordinance which, while it deprived the commanders of their posts, excluded himself also from all hope of advancement in the splendid career on which he had entered with such brilliant success. But he foresaw the result and was willing to bide his time. He longed for the restoration of the army, and knew that so long as Manchester and the other leaders remained in it there was no hope of obtaining this end. He knew that there were others competent to lead the army who would be excluded by the self-denying ordinance; he knew his own weight also; he foresaw that even his enemies felt his power, and quailed under the might of his genius. He knew that the army regarded him as the champion of their rights, and he consented to risk his own present and permanent advancement for the good of the cause. Nor was he mistaken. He was proceeding to bid the new general Iurewell, when he found that both Houses of Parliament, conscious of his talents for war, had resolved that, notwithstanding the late ordinance, Cromwell should continue his command in the army for forty days. Little did his enemies think that in this short period he would raise

himself to a position from which all their intrigues and power would be unable to shake him. Cromwell was about to return to his place in Parliament when, on a resolution of a council of war, Fairfax requested Parliament still further to dispense with Cromwell's attendance on the house, which request was complied with. Cromwell was made lieutenant-general, and arrived at Naseby with 6,000 troops, on the eve of the battle which was to place him beyond the power of his enemies. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th June, 1645, the battle began. Prince Rupert attacked the left wing of the parliamentary army. Ireton, who commanded, behaved like a brave and gallant soldier, but was forced to give way, and was at last taken prisoner, wounded in the face with a halberd, and run through the thigh with a pike. The prince chased the fugitives almost to Naseby town, and his troops had already begun the accustomed pillage. Fairfax, in the centre, his helmet beaten to pieces, maintained the contest bareheaded and almost vanquished, until Cromwell retrieved the fallen fortunes of the day. Receiving the charge of the enemy, he rushed, at the head of his Ironsides, sword in hand, with a fury which nothing could withstand. In vain did Rupert attempt to rally his victorious troops to aid the king—the day was lost—the Parliamentary ordnance recaptured. Eight thousand stand of arms, and most of the king's infantry fell into the hands of the victors; one hundred and fifty officers and gentlemen of quality were slain; the King's cabinet and secret papers seized upon, which afterwards afforded too evident proof of his treachery and fickleness. It was in this fight that a commander of the King's forces advanced from the head of his troop to exchange blows and shots with the leader of the Ironsides, who as bravely pressed forward to the encounter. Discharging their pistols without effect, the cavalier with a blow of a broad-sword accidentally cut the ribbon which tied Cromwell's morion, and "with a curse, threw it off his head," and was about to repeat the blow, when one of Cromwell's party alighting threw up his head-piece to the saddle, which Cromwell hastily caught, and clapping it on the wrong way, fought with it reversed till the close of the day.

This battle put Cromwell beyond the power of his enemies. The army saw that his was the mind that conceived, and the arm that won the contest. They had full confidence in him, and his moderation disarmed the malice of his enemies, many of whom abandoned their opposition and took his part. The Parliamentary army henceforth drove every thing before it. Goring's army was routed at Langport by Cromwell's prudence and courage; Bridgewater and Devizes

taken; Birmingham and Dartmouth stormed; the whole of the West of England scoured, and Royal Oxford forced to submit, Charles escaping from the city to the Scottish camp, where he was afterwards sold and delivered to the Parliament for a sum of money, and placed in Holby House.

The Royalists being thus subdued, and the Scottish army having departed, England looked forward for a breathing time; but new dissensions soon broke out between the Parliament and the army. A council of officers was chosen by the army to resemble our House of Peers, and three or four from every regiment, chosen by the soldiers, and called agitators, were to answer for the House of Commons, and to assist in settling the affairs of the nation. The army next refused to be disbanded until all arrears were paid, and refused also to serve in Ireland. Cromwell, who had been on several occasions sent down, to pacify the army, became himself an object of suspicion to the Parliament, and a resolution was at last proposed by some of the chief members, to send him to the tower. But Cromwell eluded their grasp, betook himself to the army, got the King's person into his possession, and endeavoured to obtain, through him, some security for liberty of conscience and toleration, which lay so near his heart. Charles, however, seemed more inclined to amuse him by fair promises, than to come to any satisfactory arrangement; and at last, by the connivance of Cromwell, escaped to the Isle of Wight.

Here were recommenced those negotiations between the Parliament and Monarch which, for a time, seemed on the point of being completed. The demands of the Parliament were, however, too exorbitant. They demanded that, as a preliminary, the king should grant the royal assent to four bills. The first, giving to the Parliament power over the militia; the second, revoking all proclamations against Parliament; the third revoking all titles of honor conferred by His Majesty since the rupture with the Parliament, and providing that in future none should be granted without its consent; the fourth, that the house should have power to adjourn as it should think fit. Demands, such as these, which deprived the crown of its most essential prerogatives, were received by Charles with apparent readiness. He was already in treaty with Cromwell and the army for a restoration to power, and believed that it, and the Parliament were ready to fall into his grasp. Cromwell, instead of the honors, which the king proposed to heap upon him, soon found that Charles could plot and counterplot, and amuse both him and the Parliament until his own schemes were ripe for development. Personal conferences between the Monarch and

Cromwell produced no result; but at last an intercepted letter from his Majesty to the Queen, exhibited his real feeling. In this letter he told the queen that both the Scots and the army were bidding for him, that she need be under no apprehensions as to the concessions granted to the rebels, for in due time the rogues should receive their reward, and that instead of a silken garter, Cromwell should have a hemp cord. Cromwell read the letter; and, driven from his conciliatory schemes for his cherished objects, by the fickleness of the Monarch, was forced to draw more closely to the party of the Commonwealth.

The crisis soon arrived which demanded the full exercise of his great powers. The Scotch Commissioners had made a treaty with the King, and were making great preparations for an invasion of England; a large body of the English people had become tired and worn out by the continued commotions which had so long agitated the country, and longed for the return of the Sovereign. Taxes had increased to an alarming extent, until they had become almost intolerable; a majority in Parliament pressed hard for the destruction of the Republican party; petitions poured in for the disbanding of the army, and it was well known that the Scots had insisted, in the treaty with the king, on terms which virtually annihilated the sectarians. At last Wales rushed to arms, an army of 10,000 men took the field for the king at Rochester; the Scotch army entered England, a considerable portion of the navy went over to the king; the Earl of Holland, with a party of 500 horse, was in the field, and there was a scarcely a county in England in which plots and insurrections of the royalists were not discovered. Such a combination of untoward circumstances demanded a prompt and decisive remedy, and there was but one man competent to the task. If there was any thing to be done that required more than common ability to accomplish it, Cromwell was the man, ready at a moment's notice. If danger must be encountered—if enemies were to be conquered in open fight—to be circumvented in council, or terrified into submission—Cromwell was the man for the work. If the friends of freedom were to be encouraged, his was the voice that uttered words as resistless as the blows of his sword. It was but the work of a few weeks for Cromwell to scatter to the winds all the forces that could be brought into the field in favour of Royalty. Despatching Horton into Wales, who quickly and totally routed the enemy in that quarter, Cromwell besieged Chipston and took it sword in hand; storms Jenby after several furious assaults; takes Pembroke Town and Castle, and marches into Scotland to meet the Duke of Hamilton, who was

advancing with 21,000 or as some say, 25,000 men. Cromwell came upon him at Preston, and although his own force did not exceed 8,600, the victory of the republicans was so complete, that 2,900 men were left dead on the field, and 9,000, including the duke himself, taken prisoners. This was in August, 1648, and in a short time Cromwell marched to Edinburgh, finished his work and returned to London.

He had no time to lose, for the Parliament had determined to patch up a peace with the King, and the army had determined no such peace should be made. The army had the best of it, for several regiments of horse rode up to London, seized on the avenues leading to the Parliament house, and the bodies of one and forty of its members—prevented the entrance of about a hundred more, frightened a still larger number; and thus, by a bold stroke, left the house in the possession of about one hundred and fifty members. The following night Cromwell reached London; and in a short time the king was brought to Windsor Castle, and a Committee of the House of Commons reported an Ordinance for the impeachment of Charles Stuart of High Treason. The result is well known, and the "thirteenth of January, 1649, that saw "the grey dis-crowned head" of the unhappy monarch severed from his body; at one fell stroke, will never be forgotten, so long as History has a voice to warn by so terrible an example.

To enter upon the justice or injustice of this fearful tragedy, would lead us beyond our object. How far the Judges were justified in their act—nay, how far the *people* have a right, speaking constitutionally, to destroy a vital branch of the government, to condemn and execute the sovereign—this is not the time to discuss. Nor is it necessary here to vindicate Cromwell from the charges brought against him by his enemies, for the part he acted in this dark and bloody scene. That he acted wisely for the existence, the influence, and interests of his party, there can be no doubt. The day that brought Charles to the block, annihilated in an instant all hopes of the Presbyterian party, of ruining the Independents and Republicans, and by timely concessions to the king, securing their own power. It ruined the Royalist party, for it froze up all their courage. It withdrew from them the craft and policy, the experience and unbounded personal influence of the old King; and gave them, instead, a young, inexperienced, headstrong Prince. It broke up at once all their organized plans; and brought afresh into the minds of the people all the misdeeds of the Monarch from the time he had usurped the powers and prerogatives, as well of the popular as of the aristocratic branches of the Parliament,

until his systematic attempts permanently to unite them all in his own person. Cromwell had other reasons for hastening on this catastrophe. During all his efforts to bring about a peaceable settlement of affairs, on principles which should secure toleration both religious and political, he had found the King playing a double game; now seeming to acquiesce, and close with his proposals, then tampering with his enemies. He had long given up hopes of establishing a lasting peace with a monarch so little scrupulous about promises and treaties. And yet he had set the whole of his affections on this great end—toleration and freedom of conscience. It was the star that had allured him from the repose of Huntingdon; from the bosom of his family, from his quiet God-fearing employment and studies, that had shone with a steady brilliancy on all his efforts in the good cause; and he was determined that no single man should by any possibility prevent the full accomplishment of his cherished design.

Hear how he reasons in a letter to his cousin, Colonel Robert Hammond: "Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution and limited, some with larger, some with stricter bonds, each one according to its constitution. I do not therefore think the authorities may do anything, and yet such obedience due, but all agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, whether ours be such a case. To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart as to two or three plain considerations. First—Whether *salus populi* be a sound position. Secondly—Whether, in the way in hand, really and before the Lord, before whom conscience must stand, this be provided for; or if the whole fruit of the war is like to be frustrated, and almost like to turn to what it was and worse? And this contrary to engagements, declarations, implied covenants, with those who ventured their lives upon those covenants and engagements, without whom, perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be. Thirdly. Whether this army be not a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight against the king, upon some stated ground; and being in power to such ends may not oppose one name in authority for those ends as well as another? The outward authority that called them; not by their power making the quarrel lawful; but it being so in itself. If so, it may be, acting will be justified *foro humano*."

Of the force or weakness of this reasoning we cannot now speak. It is time, and more than

time, to draw these scattered remarks to a close, to let the curtain drop, at least for a time, on the scene without having examined its most striking characteristics. We have seen a few, and only a few of these warlike exploits which exhibit and demonstrate the military genius of the great man whose actions have been under review. But Cromwell, the Statesman, has not yet appeared before us. The Ruler and Protector of a great and brave nation, worthy of such a ruler; the ruler that humbled France both in council and war, and extorted from Mazurine an acknowledgment of royal brotherhood, that swept the victorious Dutch from the seas, humbled the Inquisition, forced Portugal to sue for peace and purchase it on his own terms, that scourged the Mediterranean of the Turkish pirates, the Destroyer of monopolies, the kind and magnanimous Prince that pensioned and forgave his bitterest enemies, and brought out from the filth of dungeons the persecuted Quakers and Unitarians imprisoned by his own Parliament; the Reformer that purified the English Courts, and raised to eminence the great legal lights of the age; the affectionate Son kneeling before his mother as she bequeaths (in her ninety-fourth year) her parting blessing to her dear son, praying that the Lord would cause his face to shine upon him and enable him to do great things for the glory of the Most High, and to be a relief unto his people: the firm yet indulgent Father, surrounded by the children he so dearly loved; "the youngest Frances, the gentle Mary, who was so like him and yet so handsome, who took charge of the rest; the clever but somewhat giddy Henry, and his daughter Claypole, whom, though married, he could not part with."—Cromwell in all those qualities that make his name and memory dear to those who carefully examine his whole life, has not yet been exhibited, no not even in the various histories and biographies that have been sent into the world. Those that love letters, and would fain see a great man, as he lived and acted and thought, with nothing extenuated or set down in malice, will rejoice to be assured that in England the Life and Times of Cromwell have long engaged the hands and hearts of two of those writers whose works, nearly perfect in their kind, have been the delight of a large class of readers for many years. A fit task surely for men able and willing to perform it wisely and well.

Montreal, December, 1844.

PUNISHMENTS.

The punishment of criminals should be of use: when a man is hanged he is good for nothing.—*Voltaire*.

THE PEARL-FISHER:

A TALE OF THE BUCCANERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALÈS.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

I. RANCHERIA.

At the time when the singular events we are now about to narrate took place, the maritime world offered a spectacle perhaps unique throughout its whole history. The celebrated Broom of Holland had not yet swept the seas; the English navy was yet in its infancy; the noblesse of France saw in its colonies only low places of trade, to enter which would sully the scutcheon of even their most distant branches. Thus the Spaniards, the masters of the Indies, could freight their galleons unmolested, with ingots of gold and of silver. They had exterminated or subdued the Indians except a very few, who sought refuge in the depths of the forests far from their desolated villages; and by the labours of these docile but ill-fated people, they drew, from the mines and pearl-fisheries, immense additions to the already overflowing wealth of Spain. The Inquisition reigned over a hundred cities in the rich countries of South America or the Antilles. Every harbour contained fleets of merchant vessels, laden with rich freights destined for the Peninsula.

And yet, for some time previous to the opening of our tale, all these vessels rode disgracefully at anchor, without daring to venture to sea. The navies of proud and haughty Spain were kept in check by a few hundreds of these hardy pirates, who, from their rendezvous, the small island of Tortuga, ruled over the whole Carribean Sea. The fabulous exploits, the deeds of heroic daring, of these handful of adventurers, neglected or calumniated as they were by almost every Spanish writer, can alone give us an adequate idea of the extraordinary struggle between these wild buccaners, and the country which saw herself thus menaced in the midst of her possessions. Characters the most strange and marvellous, manners and habits, at once the most dissolute and unruly, and the most cool and disciplined, are presented to us by their historians. We beseech the reader, therefore, not to be startled, by what he may

be tempted to consider the extravagances of the author's imagination. History has reported facts and circumstances regarding these men, which no romancist dare borrow without incurring the reproach of exaggeration.

The scene to which we first present our readers is a pearl fishery, called Rancheria, situated on the eastern coast of the island of St. Domingo. The fishery has been long extinct, but at the present day, as at the date of our story, the scenery is of the most surpassing beauty. The vigorous vegetation of the Antilles still spreads around its luxuriant splendour, and the clear wavelets still expire on the white sandy beach, with the same monotonous yet harmonious murmur.

The *Hatto*, or pleasure-house of the Commander, Don Ramon Carral, formed, at the time of which we speak, the most prominent feature in the landscape. It was surrounded with Moorish balconies, and finished off at each corner with a small turret-like kiosque, hung with creeping plants, which, mounting to the roof, slung their shoots gracefully down, and rolled their masses round the windows, like embroidered festoons. Behind the *hatto*, rose a gentle eminence, covered with orange-trees, guavas and *limmas*, whose dark green leaves, golden fruit and purple flowers, brought out in relief the white walls of the mansion. The subtle perfume of the powerful vegetation of the tropics, the aspect of the deep blue sky, fringed at the horizon with rosy streaks, this natural poetry, which seizes at once the eye and the heart, would have presented to an European a fascinating specimen of Creole life.

Notwithstanding all this, an indefinite sadness shadowed the brow of a young girl, who, towards the close of a fine night in May, walked slowly along the balcony of the *hatto*, followed by a negress. This was the Queen of Rancheria, Donna Carmen de Zarrates. After a few minutes she ceased her promenade, and leaning on the balustrade, awaited the preparations for the pearl-fishery, which commenced every morning at six o'clock.

Before making any further advance in our story, we may be permitted a short digression in favour of our principal heroine, whom we have thus introduced.

Donna Carmen had seen seventeen summers. In her fine features there breathed a spirit, frank, faithful and resolute. She had been educated by her father, who had died only a few months before, in the strictest principles of natural and family pride, which, however, had proved insufficient to alter the natural candour and rectitude of her character. Lively, at times impetuous, but at heart thoroughly good-humoured, she could always repay by a smile or a pleasant word, for any too imperious order that might have escaped her lips. Her beauty, of a fairer character than is generally possessed by the daughters of Spain, formed a lively contrast with the sable, bronzed and tattooed faces which generally surrounded her. Donna Carmen had inherited from her mother, a native of Bruges, one of those pensive Flemish countenances, pale while in repose, but whose varying complexion displays each feeling of the soul.

On the morning of which we speak, her toilette was, as usual, simple and graceful; for a single flower was an ornament which she preferred to all her magnificent jewels. Her chestnut-coloured hair fell in rich locks over her fair shoulders, her large black eyes were fixed upon the sea, and shined, by their latent fire, the energy of her mind, and by their sweet and smiling expression, its innate kindness. Her whole face and figure displayed a beauty worthy of the rich frame of scenery by which it was surrounded.

The night was at a close. The flowers opened their cups to the awakening insects. The forests and hills in the distance gradually stood forth from the mass of shadow with which they had been confounded, and resumed their true proportions. The stars paled their glimmering rays, and each second showed more distinctly the charming landscape we have already described, until the first faint beams of the sun could be discovered in the East.

Donna Carmen seemed absorbed by the view of the horizon, when she was suddenly aroused by the tones of a well known voice.

"What! already a-foot, *Senorita*?"

She turned quickly round, and perceived the dark and hard visage of Don Ramon Carral.

His figure was small and spare, but seemed at the same time strong and wiry. His compressed lips, his fiery, jaundiced eyes, his high sharp nose, all would have convinced a physiognomist of his avaricious and implacable disposition.

Consist to Donna Carmen by birth, he had been left by her late father in charge of her property;

and had long ago determined to make himself master of Rancheria, by obtaining the hand of its heiress.

Habituated to command, and considering the charming girl as little more than a child, he had always treated her with a haughtiness and harshness against which her soul revolted, but to which she had hitherto submitted, out of respect to the memory of that father who had appointed him her guardian. It is not to be wondered at, then, that she heard this unceremonious address with something of a shudder.

"I wish to witness the fishery this morning," she coldly replied. "You will surely permit me to enjoy almost the only pleasure which can break in upon this solitude. You have already interdicted my walks in the woods, under pretext of a thousand imaginary dangers, from the fangs of serpents to the pistols of pirates. I am a prisoner in my own house; that should suffice you."

Don Ramon could not restrain a gesture of impatience, and replied in an angry tone:

"Far be it from me, Carmen, to deprive you of any pleasure! But you must be aware that your presence encourages the slaves and hired fishermen to neglect their duty. They count too much on your indulgence and protection."

"I wish to be just, Senor! and despise all useless cruelty; that is all! These poor people are God's creatures."

"Romantic dreams, Carmen! I leave it to time to disabuse you. In the mean time, I am always ready to fulfil your slightest wish."

He put a silver whistle to his lips and drew from it a sharp and prolonged sound. A crowd of slaves, Indians, and white fishermen, immediately issued from the *ajoupas*, or rude huts which fringed the beach, and the stillness of the morning was broken by their shouts and joyous songs. Each, as he passed under the balcony, made a respectful salutation, which Donna Carmen acknowledged with a gentle smile.

II.

JOACHIM.

The fishermen launched their six-oared shallops, and clustered around the *capitana*, a large barquo at anchor off the shore, which was to be the centre of their operations.

One boat alone had not quitted the beach; the rowers had taken their seats and all seemed ready for their departure, except that they evidently waited for some one. Don Ramon waved his hand as a signal that they should shove off, and several voices immediately shouted out—

"Joachim! Joachim!"

No answer was made to this call, and the com-

mauler, with an angry stamp of his foot, again sounded the silver whistle. From a solitary *ajoupa* there issued at this repeated signal, a young man of twenty or twenty-two, clad in jacket and wide trousers of coarse striped linen, with his hair gathered under a broad straw hat. His figure, of moderate size, but handsome and well knit, betokened more than ordinary strength and agility. His mild blue eyes were surmounted by a broad and massive forehead, which seemed to bear defiance towards his servile position.

"Ah!" cried the commander, a frown contracting his thick eye-brows; "it is that sluggish Joachim, who is always behind."

Joachim, whose countenance was pale and anxious, was passing the balcony with the same lowly salutation as the others, when he was addressed by Don Ramon.

"Stay! I wish to speak to thee. This disobedience," he muttered, "merits condign punishment."

"Nay! pardon him, cousin!" exclaimed Carmen with vivacity; "I have long wished to ask a favour of you. It is a very hard service to which Joachim is bound—is it not?"

"Well!" replied Don Carral, drily.

"Well!" rejoined Carmen, "attach him to the house; he will be a faithful servant, I am sure."

The commander shrugged his shoulders.

"I had forgot indeed," replied he, "that Joachim is a favorite of yours, and that these slavish employments are too dishonourable for him. True! we must find him some office more noble and gallant; that of page or squire to Donna Carmen de Zarates, for instance," said he with a sneer.

"What means this foolish jesting?" asked Donna Carmen, in a haughty and displeased tone.

"It means," returned Don Ramon, his bronzed features resuming their usual impassive character; "it means that you are very indiscreet in asking such a favour. I advise you to forget altogether this youth, who seems too often present to your thoughts, my fair cousin! It is thus that the natural insolence of this sort of people is encouraged and emboldened."

"Don Ramon Carral! your words become offensive!" replied Carmen, in indignant surprise at this reproof. "Have you not always yourself praised to me the docility and devotion of Joachim?"

"I was wrong," replied the commander. "Yes! he was formerly one of our best and most trustworthy fishermen, but for some time he has changed much for the worse; his audacity has wonderfully increased, as you yourself know."

"How so?" inquired Donna Carmen.

"The other evening, for instance," resumed

her cousin, "while we were conversing under the tamarind trees, and you let fall your feather-fan, who picked it up at the moment I myself was stooping for it?"

"It was he then!" interrupted Carmen; "I did not take notice of him at the time, but now, by your favour, Don Ramon, I can thank him for his courtesy."

"Yesterday again," continued he, "when you wished to spend an hour on the water by starlight, how was it that Joachim rowed our shallop, whilst Gongora, our regular boatman, lay drunk in his *ajoupa*?"

"What?" cried Carmen, "that silent and melancholy rower who conducted us so carefully—was that Joachim? Had I known it I would have spoken to him."

Don Ramon bit his lip impatiently; but he knew that the candid character of his cousin permitted no prevarication, and that in reality she had not recognised the pearl-fisher. However, he made another effort.

"You can perhaps tell me, then, who that gallant is, who each morning attaches a bouquet of flowers to the railing of your balcony?"

"It is poor Joachim, again, no doubt," replied Carmen, laughing, "who is guilty of this great crime. What a disappointment to poor me, who dreamed of some mysterious cavalier, visiting Rancheria solely on my account; and who, even in my waking hours, gave you, Don Ramon Carral, the credit of his attention! It is certainly generous of you, cousin! thus to praise a rival."

Don Ramon understood, from this rallery, that he had fallen on the wrong track, and had only foolishly awakened, in the heart of Donna Carmen, thoughts and feelings, which otherwise might have slumbered there, unknown to herself.

"Seriously, cousin!" she resumed calmly; "are you really jealous of this poor fisherman?"

"No! No!" quickly replied the commander.

"But do not you perceive that his imprudent boldness is encouraged by your kindness and good nature? Can you deny that the eyes of this poor fisherman, as you call him, seek you every where, and display new animation on your appearance?"

As he finished, he signed to Joachim, who had remained motionless at some distance, to rejoin his comrades. Donna Carmen remained for a few moments pensive and thoughtful; then, turning to her cousin, she addressed him with dignity.

"Enough on this subject, Don Ramon! I do not wish to consider you in earnest with your strange jealousy. If you were, it would be without reason, for Joachim loves me only as a foster-brother. When both were children, he joined in my infant sports; obeying my will, enduring

my caprices, sad when I wept, gay when I laughed, displeased with himself when I scolded him. This circumstance has attached him to me, and my very fancies are as imperious orders to him."

Don Ramon remained silent, afraid of displaying his ill humour, and alienating still farther the heart of his fair cousin. Carmen looked involuntarily towards Joachim, who stood in the shallop with his arms crossed, gloomy and silent, amid the songs of his comrades. She thought of what she had just learned from the commander, for women are always a little grateful for the admiration—even the most vulgar—which they inspire, and the actions which display it. Don Ramon, without intending it, had informed his cousin of the love borne her by the pearl-fisher.

"Have you many more complaints against me?" he at length demanded.

"Was it not you who forced my father to send away Adelaide, my good and kind governess, who loved me so much, and had twice saved my life in childhood?"

"Ah! that half-mad Frenchwoman, who always made you melancholy with her doleful chants, and who was always weeping and embracing you, because you reminded her of the child she had lost in France? I think I rendered you a great service, my fair cousin! in exiling her from Rancheria."

"Yes! because she would not submit in every thing to your authority."

"Well!" rejoined the commander carelessly, "she has gone to play the great lady amongst the filibusters; there she may perhaps have received the honor and respect she seemed to consider her due. But *Senorita!* you are unjust towards me. Your father confided to me your happiness, and, like him, I counsel you, because like him, I love you; and you know, Carmen! the depth and sincerity of my love."

An incredulous smile played on the rosy lips of the *Indy*, and raised the pencilled arch of her eye-brows.

"Do not profane that word, Don Ramon!" she replied; "Love, I think, should render a man just, faithful and generous—not stern, fierce and absurdly jealous. To love, is to live in the heart of another, to suffer its griefs, to rejoice in its pleasures! Love is blind: it does not search out the faults of the loved being, but passes them silently by; for the happiness of that other, it would sacrifice its own!"

"Have I not pardoned Joachim, at your request?" replied Don Ramon. "Form another wish this moment, and if within my power, it shall be fulfilled."

As he spoke, a plaintive and prolonged cry, something like the wailings of a young infant,

reached their ears. Donna Carmen trembled, the carnation faded from her cheek, and she caught the arm of the commander for support.

"Again that mournful cry, which has awakened me these last two nights!" she murmured.

"It is childish, *Senorita!* to betray such emotion on hearing the moaning of a crocodile."

"I have tried to reason myself out of the terror which I always experience from these strange sounds; but in vain. It is a feminine weakness which I cannot overcome."

"Our fishermen tell me, cousin! that one of these animals, of extraordinary size, hunts the Bay of Cache, beyond the forest of mangoes."

"Would that some bold hunter would deliver us from the monster!"

"I take our Lady of the Pillar to witness that your wish shall be attended to, *Senorita!*" said the commander. "But you have been long enough in the open air; allow me to conduct you to the saloon."

III.

FRAY EUSEBIO.

As Donna Carmen entered the apartment, she started back in surprise at the sight of a monk, who at the same instant appeared at the opposite door. It was Fray Eusebio Carral, the brother of the commander; a rigid Dominican, fierce and fanatic, but at the same time sincere in his religious opinions. The deep affection which he bore towards Don Ramon, and which he concealed under an affected harshness, was the finest quality of his soul.

"Already returned, my brother!" exclaimed the commander; "have you succeeded in your mission?"

"Yes, Don Ramon!" replied the monk; "the Indians are now quiet and docile. We have visited all the tribes, though far removed one from the other; they have all paid their tribute in cacao, maize and cochineal, and have received from us the sacraments."

"Did you meet with no resistance?"

"None. Their *Oby*, a kind of sorcerer who used to lead those poor idolators, endeavoured, certainly, to rouse them against us; but we hung some, and the rest returned to their duty. The *Oby* himself fled to some den, where even our bloodhounds could not discover him; however, we seized his daughter."

"And what was her fate?" asked Donna Carmen.

"As she obstinately refused to reveal the retreat of her father, or to receive instruction in our holy religion, she was sold as a slave."

"Is it possible?" cried the young lady; "what horrible cruelty!"

"During our absence," sternly replied the monk, "has the mistress of *Rancheria* learned to blaspheme, and to have pity upon idolators?"

Donna Carmen made no reply. She almost believed that she had committed a crime, and endeavoured to stifle those sentiments of compassion which rose involuntarily in her heart.

"But would you believe it, brother?" resumed the monk—"we scarcely escaped being captured by the filibusters at Grenada, which was pillaged by their captain, Jean David, at the head of only eighty men."

"At Grenada?" repeated Don Ramon, with some anxiety; "Grenada—a town forty leagues from the sea coast and defended by more than eight hundred Spanish soldiers? It is impossible!"

"No enterprise seems impossible to them, Ramon! They must certainly be assisted by demons; our countrymen are quite paralysed by their exploits. These pirates travel incredible distances without being once seen, and appear of a sudden, where their presence is least expected. Lead or iron seems almost useless against them; they march through a storm of balls as if it were a shower of rose-leaves. At Grenada, after surprising and slaying the sentinels, and thus gaining admission to the town, Jean David and his men wakened, one by one, the richest citizens, whose money chests they emptied, and the sacristans of the churches, which they stripped of all the plate and other articles of value. This silent pillage and sacrilege lasted three hours before any alarm was given; and the adventurers had time to retire with forty thousand crowns, in coined and block silver and jewels."

"What marvellous courage!" exclaimed Carmen.

"Courage!" repeated Don Ramon contemptuously, "say rather that they have had to deal with cowards. Let them only show themselves at *Rancheria*!"

"No vain boasting, my brother!" interrupted the monk. "Heaven forbid that your half-expressed wish should ever be fulfilled, for frightful stories are told of their cruelty. Roc-Brazilian, one of their heroes, whose features are always smeared with blood, causes his prisoners to be thrown on red hot coals, to extort confession of their hidden treasures. Towards our nation in particular, he bears a rancorous hatred."

"How are such monsters allowed to live!" cried Donna Carmen, with indignation. "But are all these pirates so fierce and cruel?"

"The buccaneers are less ferocious than the filibusters," replied Fray Eusebio. "Still the

most valiant leader of these, even, has sworn hatred to the death against every Spaniard. This is the famous Leopard, who is now hunting, they say, at *Porto de la Peca*."

"So near to us?" cried the girl in terror.

"Do not frighten our cousin with your dark recitals, brother Eusebio!" said the commander, preparing to quit the apartment. "The fishery should ere this, be over, and I now go to order the preparations for a crocodile hunt, which I have promised to Donna Carmen. You will accompany us, brother?"

IV.

THE CAYMAN.

The fishermen and slaves had just arrived on the beach, bearing on their shoulders sacks filled with pearl-oysters; they had been more than usually successful, and, in spite of their fatigue, the features of all were joyful and animated. But when the commander issued his orders that they should all prepare to assist in the destruction of the cayman at the Bay of Bache, this clamour and confusion gave place to a gloomy silence. In fact, the pursuit of this animal was attended with no small degree of danger, and it was much dreaded by the Indians and Negroes.

The commander's orders, however, were imperative, and the train were soon ready. Don Ramon and Fray Eusebio were mounted on splendidly harnessed horses; two slaves bore a kind of palanquin for the use of Donna Carmen, but she preferred her favorite jennet, a lively and well-trained animal. According to the pompous and ridiculous custom of the Castilian Creoles of these times, four violinists marched at the head of the party, to regale their ears occasionally during the journey. But those noisy musicians were, ere long, very glad to seek refuge in the rear; for, to arrive at the Bay, it was necessary to traverse a forest of mangoes, those thickly branched trees, which form an almost impenetrable mass wherever a salt marsh borders on a tropical sea.

"Must we force a way through these trees?" asked Donna Carmen, when they reached the edge of the wood. "It is surely impossible; look at these mangoes that have grown so far into the sea, that their branches are covered with shell fish."

"We have no choice, cousin!" replied Don Ramon. "By water, if Fray Eusebio's news are to be credited, we would run too great a risk. Were we to skirt the forest, no one knows where our journey would end. We must cut a path through these abominable trees, whose roots and branches are so interlaced, that the Indians sometimes travel from one to another, for ten or

twelve leagues, without ever setting foot to the ground."

"Senora!" said Joachim, humbly advancing, when he saw the hesitation of Donna Carmen. "A quarter of an hour will take us through the wood, and I can lead you by a path-way I have myself cut; you cannot, however, pass on horse-back."

"Be it so, and let no time be lost!" cried the commander.

Carmen thanked the young man with a gentle smile, and dismounting, promptly followed him, while he led the way, breaking with his hand, or hewing with his entlass, the branches and roots which might impede her progress.

More than once she was obliged to lean her small white hand on the fisherman's shoulder, or support herself on his arm, for he himself did not dare to touch his mistress. Once only he raised her from the ground, to place her on the other side of a black decayed trunk, beside which he thought he perceived the glancing scales and fiery eye of a serpent. At last they arrived safely at the Bay, and Donna Carmen remounted the jennet which had been led after her.

This small Bay was edged on one side by a range of immense granite rocks, which raised towards the blue sky their sharp and barren peaks; on the other it was bordered by a beach of fine sand, with here and there a pool of water left by the retiring tide. At the extremity a small stream mingled its waters with the sea.

"This is the Bay of Bache then?" inquired the commander.

"Yes, master!" replied Gongora, the boatman.

"The cayman has chosen his haunt well," rejoined Don Ramon, as he cast a glance around; "but he must surely be asleep, or we should have seen him ere this."

The stillness of that solitary and deserted spot remained unbroken. The surface of the water, crisped by a slight breeze, reflected the sun's rays in a thousand glistening spangles; the little waveslets advanced and broke on the burning sand; but nothing betrayed the existence of the formidable monster of whom they were in search.

"Yes! the brute is cautious," continued the commander. "He fears our presence, but we shall soon draw him out of his den. Let two negroes enter the water, and cast stones in different directions to force him to show himself!"

No one replied, but the negroes mechanically draw back, their ebony features displaying an instinctive terror and repugnance.

"Well!" cried Don Ramon, "must I repeat the order?"

"Muster!" stammered out Gongora, the orator

of the troop, approaching respectfully, bonnet in hand; "if he hides himself it is useless. The cayman scents negroes like honey, and would snap the poor devils up in two seconds, without their loss being of any use to you."

"What is to be done then?"

"If we had found the monster asleep on the sand," continued Gongora, "we could have harpooned him as he lay, and would probably have succeeded in destroying him."

"But we have not found him asleep, old babbler!" interposed Fray Eusebio.

"Yes, now that he is aware of our visit, we must try another mode—the crook of wood, to which is fastened the heart of an ox, the favorite morsel of a crocodile—whenever he smells it in the water, he will hasten to swallow it: we can then draw him ashore and despatch him with clubs and entlasses."

"Well said, Gongora!" cried the commander; "let it be done forthwith!"

"But above all things, let every one keep silence! No throwing of stones, no noise of any kind, or we shall never catch a sight of him. Ask Joachim if it is not so."

"I had forgot Joachim Requien was with us," replied the commander. "Why do you not speak?" he asked of the young fisherman.

"You had never addressed yourself to me, muster!" returned Joachim.

"A zealous servant foreseeth the desires of his master," observed Fray Eusebio.

"Do you approve of Gongora's plan?" resumed the commander.

"I approve what he has said of the harpoon, for you cannot throw it at hazard; and the crocodile is not going to amuse himself, by holding up his head above water as a mark for us."

"Very good; you have a taste for millery, my lad! No harpoon then—what of the crook of wood?"

"I like it still less, master!"

"Why so?" demanded Don Ramon, knitting his eye-brows.

"Because it is very dangerous," said the fisherman calmly. "This cayman is estimated at sixteen feet long, and has strength sufficient to drag a whole range of men into the water."

"Thou art afraid then, Joachim?" exclaimed Don Ramon, with that accent of contempt which so revolts a noble heart.

"Afraid!" repeated Joachim in a suppressed voice, like one who doubts whether he has heard aright, whilst his face was covered with mortal paleness, and his hands contracted convulsively; "Afraid!" He made a violent effort to recover himself, and looking round upon his companions,

saw their impassive features animated by no token of emotion or surprise.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered through his teeth. "A master cannot insult his servant; it is his right, his privilege!"

And he replied as if he had not understood the affront:

"Why tempt Heaven in vain, Senor Don Ramon? If the cayman had attacked us—well and good! but since he remains quiet, why irritate him in his retreat?"

The commander listened to this address with an air of stupefaction:

"Have you finished?" he asked, endeavouring to restrain his anger.

Joachim made a sign of assent.

"Know then, that I do not ask for advice, but give orders. Obey them, if you are not afraid; refuse, and every one here will bear witness that Joachim Requiem is a coward!"

A singular agitation shook the limbs of the young pearl-fisher. Donna Carmen regarded him with surprise, as also did Gongora and the rest of the train. His heart seemed torn by a violent struggle; but no answer came from his lips.

"I have promised my cousin," cried Don Ramon, "that she should no more be annoyed by the moanings of this crocodile; and my word must be kept at all hazards."

"It is then the desire of the Senora?" said Joachim, in an accent of mild reproach. "I will obey then, but I doubt greatly of success."

Without knowing why, Carmen felt her heart moved by these simple words.

Gongora handed the wooden crook to the young man, who advanced gently into the sea; but the crook, which his trembling hand could not retain motionless, kept the surface of the water in agitation. The broad mirror of the bay remained otherwise unbroken; no movement betrayed the presence of the cayman.

"How canst thou expect to succeed," at length cried Gongora impatiently, "when the crook shakes in thy hand like a weather-cock?"

"Wilt thou take charge of it?" asked Joachim ironically.

"Certainly!" replied the boatman.

At the moment when Gongora, crook in hand, stepped into the water, a mournful and piercing cry seemed to rise from the bottom of the bay, freezing with terror the blood of the Indians and Negroes.

Gongora had no better success than Joachim, and at the end of half an hour, he gave up the attempt in mortification; while Joachim cast a glance of triumph towards Don Ramon.

"All this is unnatural," observed the comman-

der, addressing his brother and cousin—"to see a keen and skilful hunter rejoice at the want of sport!"

"Listen, brother!" said the monk in a low voice. "Did you notice that mysterious and supernatural cry which so terrified our slaves?"

"Yes, Eusebio!"

"I had my looks steadily directed towards Joachim's countenance, and though his lips at the moment were motionless, I could swear upon the holy rood that the signal came from his throat."

"But to what purpose, Eusebio?"

"Speak lower, Ramon! speak lower! This fisherman, Joachim, to whom, as well to his father Melchior, their companions have given the name of Requiem—this man, I say, knows the strange habits of those sea-monsters. Do you believe he cannot destroy them, if he would?"

"What do you mean, brother?"

"Are you ignorant," pursued the monk, "that instances have been known of tame crocodiles, who come at a certain signal to receive their food without ever injuring the hand that presents it? The priests of Egypt had such sacred crocodiles."

"I think I now understand you."

"Have you not seen, near Rio Rosso, children amuse themselves by riding upon young alligators as quiet and gentle as lizards?"

"Yes! I have seen that wonderful sight."

"Well, my brother! be sure that the strange cry we heard was a signal to the crocodile not to approach. The monster we seek to destroy, Joachim seeks to save."

"You are a marvellous man, Eusebio!" exclaimed Don Ramon, with admiration at his brother's sagacity, in discovering, as he thought, the solution of the enigma that had so puzzled them.

"But how," continued he, "can we force this wretch to atone his treachery or change his purpose? Suspicion cannot be alleged as proof."

"This vile fisherman," replied Fray Eusebio, "resists your authority and braves your orders; his pride must be humbled before you. I will tell you how."

He communicated his plan in a whisper, and the visage of Don Ramon, as he listened, became lit up with a savage joy.

V.

MELCHIOR.

When their conference was ended, the commander beckoned to Gongora to draw near.

"You believe then that we must give up the chase?" he asked.

"Yes, master! success is impossible, otherwise

Joachim would not have failed. Do you know what I saw him do one day?"

"We are ready to hear your story."

"It was while we were out hunting wild cattle," said Gongora, "that Joachim was one morning awakened by a cayman pulling off the covering which he had thrown over him as he lay, for protection from the dew. You folks there, "he continued addressing the attendants who had pressed forward to listen to his narration—"you folks there would probably have shewn him your heels at once. But Joachim, seeing that the creek whither the animal was going, was clear and not very deep, put his cutlass between his teeth, and allowed himself to be dragged along with the canvas. When the cayman plunged into the water, Joachim managed to entangle it in the covering, and tried to destroy it by trampling it in the mud at the bottom. But finding from his falling breath, that he could not remain long enough himself under water, he cut the monster open with one blow of his cutlass, and scrambled out unhurt, leaving the carcase floating in the creek."

"What courage!" exclaimed Carmen, in admiration.

"And yet even you, my bold youngster!" said Don Ramon Carral coldly, "even you despair of delivering us from the cayman that haunts this bay?"

"I do," calmly replied the young man.

"You hear him Senora?" resumed the Commander in a loud and angry tone. "I, who have sworn to accomplish your wish, renew my promise of the death of this frightful monster."

All present looked at Don Ramon in anxious silence.

"I have found a mode of giving thee courage," he said, in a brief determined tone; "thou wilt soon pray me on thy knees for permission to kill this cayman. Oh! it is all very natural. Young unbroken horses must feel their flanks torn with the spur, ere they can be rendered docile and obedient."

These mysterious words, of which the monk alone knew the true meaning, yet caused a general shudder of alarm; hatred—cool, deadly, implacable hatred—spoke in the voice of the commander. Joachim shook his head listlessly and replied:—

"It is foolish to make an oath which cannot be kept!"

Every one expected to see the baton of the commander fall on Joachim's shoulder, as the reward of his hardihood; but he only turned to the attendants and ordered them to bring a good strong stake. In a few minutes, the trunk of a young cashew-tree, stripped of its branches and

brought to a point at the bottom, was laid before him.

"Ramon! Ramon! what do you intend?" cried Donna Carmen, partly divining his purpose.

"Silence!" returned the commander in a low stern voice. "Let not your heart speak too loud, Senora! Betray not, in the presence of these slaves, the secret of your unworthy weakness!"

"Do not think, Don Ramon!" she replied, "thus to deprive me of all liberty. If you endeavour to force this young man by torture to obey you, I will not suffer it. I, at least, am not yet your slave!"

"Have patience, cousin!" said the commander with a sneer, "not a hair of your minion's head shall be touched—is that sufficient?"

"Do you swear it?" she murmured, her voice choked by the effort she made to restrain her tears.

"I do," was the reply. "And do you on your part promise to make no opposition to what may pass here; for in this I will not suffer your interference. Besides no one here will take your orders in preference to mine."

She gave the promise required, but had no sooner done so than she accused herself, in her own heart, of cowardice. It seemed as if she had abandoned Joachim to his executioners, and although sure that Don Ramon would not dare to break his word so solemnly given, she trembled with an involuntary presentiment of evil.

"Here is the stake, noble commander!" said Gongora, thinking that he had forgotten his orders.

"Let it be taken into the bay," said Don Ramon, and firmly planted where the water is about three feet deep."

This order was executed amidst the wondering looks of the bystanders. Joachim watched the proceedings with a calm and placid eye, although they seemed to menace him with danger—in what way no one exactly understood.

"Are all the train present?" asked Don Ramon, when Gongora had reported the fulfilment of his instructions.

"Only one is absent," replied the boatman.

"Who is he?"

"Melchior Requiem, Senor! the father of Joachim."

"Melchior Requiem, the most skilful marksman of our troop? Why is he absent, at the moment his aid would be of most service to us?"

"He has been sick for the last three days," the young pearl-fisher hastened to reply.

"By what right do those whom I have not questioned, thus reply to me?" said the com-

under coldly, without even looking towards Joachim.

"His son has spoken the truth, master!" stammered out Gongora.

"Let the tents be raised under that grove of mangoes, and send for Melchior Requiem. We will await him here."

At this harsh and cruel order, the attendants started as if a thunderbolt had struck in the midst of them. Joachim darted forward.

"But, noble commander!" he cried, "you cannot have understood us properly? My father Melchior lies on his pallet, broken down by fever; to bring him here, will be to kill him."

Don Ramon gave no token of having heard this address, and motioning to Gongora to set off at once, he directed his horse towards the forest. But Joachim, seizing the boatman by the arm, held him fast.

"Stay, my friend! stay, I beseech thee!" he cried. "There is some mistake here, Gongora! Don Ramon has not understood us, or we have misunderstood him. Is it not so, master?" he called after Don Ramon, in heart-rending accents; "It is an error—you did not mean to give any such order? One moment, Gongora! Tell him, master! oh! tell him not to go!"

But the commander was already out of hearing, and the boatman sought to free himself from Joachim's earnest grasp.

"I must obey my orders," he said.

"Obey!" repeated the young man with a wild laugh, "dost thou not see that these orders are impossible, and how canst thou obey what is impossible?"

His wandering eye was here caught by the figure of the monk, who stood watching the scene with a sort of complacency.

"Ah! Fray Eusebio!" he exclaimed, "you—as a man of the church—a man of God—will tell Gongora to wait one minute, one second, until I speak to Don Ramon? He could not have spoken seriously; he only wished to try me, I am sure. But this man, reverend father! does not understand it so, and should he execute his orders literally, great harm may come of it!"

The only answer of the monk was an impatient shrug of the shoulders.

"It is too true then!" cried the unhappy son. "Do all abandon me? in none of these stony hearts is there a single spark of pity?"

All at once a new thought seemed to strike him; joy animated his countenance and with choked utterance, he exclaimed—

"We are saved! Donna Carmen is here!"

"Donna Carmen," interposed the cold harsh voice of the monk, "has already done all she could. Do you think that without her entreaties

my brother would not already have punished your rebellion?"

Overcome by this last stroke, Joachim let go the arm of Gongora, and fell prostrate on the sand, where he lay motionless, as if waiting the close of the frightful dream that now preyed upon his senses.

The panic-struck fishermen and slaves did not dare to speak, or even look to one another. The commander and his brother conversed together apart. Donna Carmen remained in silence under the tent that had been raised. And thus passed the time till Gongora appeared, followed by four of his companions, who bore the aged Melchior in their arms.

The old man was clad in garments, coarse but clean: his large open forehead—his countenance furrowed with deep wrinkles, stamped by grief and hardship—his melancholy, yet noble expression—his eyes, which yet displayed some remains of their former fire—all contributed to inspire an involuntary feeling of veneration. He might have been supposed some feudal baron, sole remnant of his chivalrous race, returning to his hereditary castle at the close of a crusade, with the naked feet, uncovered locks and coarse brown mantle of a pilgrim.

"What need have you of old Melchior, master?" he asked, regarding the commander with some surprise, when he was brought before him; "I suffer much, and they have already deprived me of my son, who watched over me so affectionately. My limbs are racked with pain, my lips are burning, my throat parched, and my enfeebled arm can scarcely raise the jar of water, to quench my thirst. Why am I brought here? You are all silent! Has anything happened to Joachim? Have father and son been struck down at once?"

"I am at your side, my father!" said the young man calmly.

"I thank thee, Heaven!" murmured the old man, in a tone of fervent devotion; then he repeated—"Why have I been brought here?"

"I will tell thee, Melchior!" replied the commander. "Thy son knows not how to draw to the shore the cymon that haunts this bay; the ordinary baits have proved ineffectual."

"It is impossible!" cried Melchior; "Joachim was taught by myself—he is a skilful hunter."

Don Ramon listened with a dark smile, while Joachim exclaimed in a low voice—

"Hush! father, for pity's sake!"

"Silence, fisherman!" said the commander rudely. "Since thy son is so skilful," he resumed, "we will not put him to a very difficult trial, by attaching thee to yonder cashow stake. Should

the cayman threaten thee, he will be able to defend, to save—or to avenge thee!"

"Oh this is too horrible!" cried Donna Carmen. "Don Ramon Carral! you cannot be so base."

But a warning look from the commander reminded her of her promise, and she was obliged to cease. Joachim had listened, like the rest, to the words of Don Ramon, with a sort of stupefaction; but to this soon succeeded a keen feeling of desperate anguish.

"You will not do this, Don Ramon!" he cried, advancing boldly to him, face to face; "this infernal idea could never enter the mind of a man, made in the image of God, born of a Christian mother, who feels a heart beat in his bosom, and the warm blood rushing through his veins! No, no! it can be nothing more than an atrocious jest."

"Fasten Melchior Requiem to the stake!" said Don Ramon to Gongora, in a cold dispassionate tone.

"It is unnecessary," said the old man proudly, as he set his tottering limbs to the ground; "I will go alone."

"Stay, stay, my father!" cried Joachim, endeavouring to smile; do you not see that the commander is jesting with you? The most infamous executioner never thus tortured a man!"

"To your place, old man!" ordered Don Ramon.

"It is an unholy deed," said Melchior calmly, "for which Heaven will yet take account, Senor!"

Then taking the hands of Joachim in his own, he addressed him in mild and affectionate accents.

"Thou tremblest, my son! Be calm, be firm! Do not forget that it was I who taught thee to run along the sand without causing a sound, or leaving a foot print—that it was I who trained thine arm to rest long motionless without fatigue, thine eye to take surer aim than the best buccannier in the islands. Sustain our reputation, Joachim! do not dishonour the surname of thy father!"

And he advanced resolutely towards the stake, whilst his son wrung his hands in grief and rage.

"Give him a musket!" said the commander, and then continued, with a mocking laugh; "Well, my lad! dost thou still wish to abandon the field to the crocodile?"

"But do you not see how my hand trembles?" asked the fisherman, as he took the musket.

"No matter! thy nerves will become calm and firm at sight of the enemy."

"Grant me one favour, my lord!"

"Speak! what is it?"

"Let them fasten me, I entreat you, to the stake, and give my father the musket. He is a better marksman than I, who am only his pupil."

"His arm is weak, Joachim! he might kill thee!"

"Ah! but then he himself might live."

"This is folly!" cried Don Ramon impatiently; "Gongora! attach the old man firmly to the stake!"

"You do not know me, commander!" returned Melchior; "I have never known fear. Do not touch me, Gongora! do not come near me!"

He leaned firmly against the post, and crossed his arms on his breast, with a calm and undisturbed countenance, but without affecting the triumphant impassiveness of the Indian, who shouts his war-song while the tomahawk is descending on his head. All at once he shook in every limb.

"What! trembling already?" exclaimed Don Ramon.

"You seem to forget, master!" replied he, smiling, "that I have had a fever for the last three days."

The commander made no reply, and a few moments of anxious silence followed. All at once the water round the post became agitated, and foam gathered on the surface. The old man shut his eyes and grew deadly pale. To some of those on shore, the waves that broke on the stake seemed tinged with a reddish hue.

"Be calm—be worthy of me—of thyself, my son!" said Melchior, feebly.

"He is yet unhurt!" exclaimed the young pearl-fisher joyfully.

At this moment the shining back of the crocodile was seen to break the surface of the water, not far from the old man. Joachim did not fire, but a shower of balls glanced off its adamant scales. The monster plunged and disappeared, evidently wounded, for the waves around were purpled with blood; but it was of a size and strength to resist the most terrible wounds.

"Commander!" cried Joachim, on hearing the discharge of his companions; "was this our agreement? I have engaged to conquer, but it must be alone. A thousand balls thus hurriedly sent after the cayman, might leave him uninjured. I require only a single ball."

"Let no one fire!" said Don Ramon sternly; "such were my instructions."

Joachim then began to whistle loudly a plaintive and melancholy air. The hideous head of the cayman rose slowly above the water; its mouth, half open, displayed two rows of formidable teeth. The young man took aim steadily for a few moments, and then fired; the ball struck the monster in the eye, and the waves soon rolled the huge carcass on the shore.

Joachim rushed towards the stake, and would have folded his arms round his father in a tender

embrace, but Melchior repulsed him with a cry of anguish. A cold sweat bathed the temple of the young fisherman, as his father displayed his leg, one mass of torn flesh; the cayman had inflicted a frightful wound. Not to agitate his son, the poor father had not uttered even a groan, and had encouraged him, as we have seen, in a calm and tender voice.

All those present, even Don Ramon himself, were struck at once with horror and admiration. Whilst they carried the old man on shore, Fray Eusebio went to the tent of Donna Carmen, where she still remained, and requested her to get ready for their return homewards.

Joachim could scarcely realise what had occurred.

"It is a dream, a frightful dream!" he murmured. "No! men could not be so ferocious."

But as his eye rested on the form of the aged Melchior, borne before him by two slaves, he awoke to the truth, and exclaimed in broken accents:

"My poor father! how could you look thus calmly at me, whilst your blood was flowing from your veins, and I coldly awaited the proper moment to fire? But how shall I revenge myself? and on whom? on whom?" he muttered, pressing his forehead with his burning hands.

Suddenly uttering a cry of savage joy, he snatched a musket from one of his companions, and took aim at the commander; but at a signal from the latter, who had attentively watched his motions, he was seized before he could pull the trigger, thrown to the earth, and bound hand and foot.

Don Ramon bowed to Donna Carmen, who had just made her appearance on the scene, and said haughtily, pointing to the huge crocodile at his feet:

"Your wish is accomplished, Senorita."

"You had promised me the pardon of Joachim, Senor!" she replied, reproachfully, looking sally around her as she spoke.

"You are too capricious, fair cousin!" he rejoined. "You like to hear of courageous deeds. Well! I have given him an opportunity of showing off his heroism."

She replied by a glance of such profound contempt, that the commander, for the moment abashed, retired to give the necessary orders for their departure.

Every thing was soon in readiness. Old Melchior was placed in the palanquin, which had been intended for the use of Donna Carmen, and a rude litter of branches was framed, to carry his son Joachim, whom the commander was afraid to trust unbound, after the outburst of passion he had displayed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GOLDEN AGE.

A SATIRE.

BY CLAUD HALCRO.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Miracles the Age worketh—Rise of the Iron Age—Its Fall—Modern Warfare—Diplomacy—O'Connell's Exit—The Corn Laws—A cleaning out of the Faculty—Dr. Rush's Pills—Mozart's Life Pills and Phloxin Bitters—Grubstone's Eye Snuff—Sherman's Lozenges—Spohn's Elixir—Cockle's Pills—"Old Parr"—"The Absoluta Host All"—Pulvis Salus—Celestial Pills—"Aperient Biscuit"—Dr. Drabble—Triumph of the Pharmacy of the Age over the Faculty.

THE golden age, beloved of men, I sing,
That now to earth descends on aurentine wing;
That age, Arcadia, thou of old did'st claim,
The dreams of Poets gave to thee the fame;
But now, from wild imaginations free,
A golden age mankind in truth may see.
Not such as that false Prophets would create,
But dimly glimmering through the veil of fate;
Millenium called, to shut out those who sin,
And let a motley crowd of saints within;
Nor yet partaking of the joys of Heaven—
Eternity to true believers given;
But earth-born, earth-enduring, and to end,
When Mammon shall to other planets wend.
That age I sing; that now in gold beaught,
The winged hours make joyous in their flight;
That warns the miser in his cobweb nest,
That calms the crying infant at the breast,
That worketh miracles by potent charms,
That, peace ensuring, sets the world in arms;
In sue, by opposites, that bring about
Harmonious discord, death by a new route.
Think ye such virtues are a Poet's dream,
Nor all this tumult loving world be seem?
If on your mind one lingering doubt should dwell,
Attend my lay—I will that doubt dispel.

For dark and drear, and clothed in many woos,
The iron age o'er France and Europe rose!
Then giant discord shook the tottering throne,
And man th' OMSIVERT refused to own!
Nor helpless sex, nor infancy, nor age,
Nor sacred priesthood spared that phrenzied rage!
The altar fell; and round its ruins stood
Of Harpies foul a fell and noisy brood;
A strumpet bold, thin-veiled, before a crew
Of demons stood, indecorous to view;
And she was REASON called; before whose shrine
The world beheld an hundred tapers shine;
Then o'er lost France the Reign of Terror rolled;
Then the loud bell for hourly murders tolled!
Then Horror filled the guilty nation's heart,
And bloodstained Robespierre felt th' envenomed dart.
At length a warrior rose; the iron age
Proclaimed its triumph o'er the People's rage.
Then the forge vibrated with noisy clang,
The clinking hammers then war-breathing rang;
The bristling bayonets in thousands stored,
The cannon's mouth for earth-born thunder bored,
Presaged the loosing of the dogs of war,
And nations viewed them shuddering from afar!

*Was it not COLLOT D'HERNETS who called upon God to avenge his name, if he dare?

Now with an earthquake shock the tempest broke,
Old Europe quivered at the giant stroke,
And France her millions poured to scourge the world,
"Till war her warrior monarch downward hurled!

But now the Scorned, the luox age is o'er;
The cannon's thunder echoes now no more!
Now nations quarrel—but they never fight;
New missiles have put bravery to flight!
For who the Rocket's flight might now abide,
Or red-hot balls, nor quiver in his hide?
Or who the famed projectile e'en could brook,
Nor turn to fly with horror-stricken look?
In this behold the Golden age revealed;
War at a discount—peace by terror sealed!
Our cannon balls are ministers of state,
Our pens, not muskets, rule the realms of fate;
And "high consideration" nations feel
For hostile nations who their honor steal!
Now civil war evaporates in words;
Men shoot their men, as Marsellaise do birds;
And Ministers Extraordinary run
To finish what with warlike threats begun!
No bloodshed now doth civil discord stain:
But peace e'en at the monster meetings reign;
The stump oration cools us while it warms,
Hids us "be heroes, but not take up arms;"
While Maminon well with Patriotism blent,
Dante harangues us and we pay the rent. †

Nor stop we here—for thou O! Goddess fair
Who bid'st the corn fields wave their yellow hair
In mellow harvest time—thou Ceres named,
This, as the age of Corn-laws hast proclaimed!
Starvation flies the land, for night and morn,
We hear the never ceasing cry of corn!
Corn Laws, Corn Bills, Corn Tariffs without end;
And e'en corn plasters do the world befrend!
Not death, but life, is man's unceasing aim;
"Till death the ignorant alone can claim!
For hear, ye sons of men, this age of gold
Can keep you young, or comfort you when old,
Can free you—vnt relief!—from Doctor's bills
If you will purchase some one's deathless pills!
No more shall Abernethy gruff prescribe;
For Claridge † cries: "The Limpid wave imbibe!"
No more shall Astley Cooye cut you up,
Sangrado's bleed you—or Sir James Clark cup!
For one, for all, no matter how diseased,
Your wheel of life the patent drugs have greased!
Ye Pills infallible of life and health
That death can cheat, and Satan take by stealth;
Answer thou great Pill-Garlic Doctor Rush,
When the world takes them won't there be a crush!
For who "this anxious being" then could leave,
By health-pills filtered clean as any sieve?
No longer now shall calomel be w'en,
Nor simple tonics ease its gripping pain!
Insensate age that lived and died on these
When Moffatt's Life-Pills strove the world to please!
Now these, grown famous, range the world in turn;
Lives fed by them nny renovated burn!

* See a translation in Blackwood of "Thrush Hunting" by Dumas. Not original, by the way. I have in my possession a little book of tales from the French, from which this is plagiarized.

† The above lines were published in the Knickerbrocker, without the consent of the author—who thinks that the whole should have been printed, or none at all.

‡ The water cure by Claridge.

§ Vide Gil Blas.

For who that ever took them ever died?
None!—or the daily papers are belied!
O! Think that Moffatt's philanthropic breast,
The life-pills finished, did not deign to rest:
That with unvaried zeal he laboured still
The cup of life with wormwood draughts to fill;
And gave us Phoenix bitters to restore
Those with excess of life-pills made no more!
For this the word implies; the Phoenix springs
From its own ashes and again takes wings!
Then "headaches cured" and "nervous sight restored"
A sight for wonder-gaping eyes afford.
A heaven-born boon I restored to "nervous sight!"
Let those who've felt describe this new delight!

Say reader, passing by some Galen's shop,
Hath ever Sherman* tempted thee to stop?
Hast thou beheld refulgent in red paint
A dabb that Sherman's porter makes a saint?
Bearer of lozenges by box and bale,
Him doth a joyous crowd of urchins hail!
"Tis true no shouts are painted, but as well
See "Sherman's lozenges" the secret tell!
The crowd would buy some medicated stocks
Nor know the Porter bears Pandora's box!
Then Spohn's Elixir † not so advertized,
But much we think by lovers to be prized,
Who being spoony this would give them life,
The man make husband, and the lady wife!
Shall Doctor Spohn behold this new delight
Worked by his draughts, nor advertise aright?
If so, in honour I am bound to say
They're fit for nothing else unless to slay!
By Lampreys Henry ‡ died, by Cockle's Pills §
Are daily thousands saved from making wills.

Old Parr ‖ immortalized by every press
That weekly grooms from Troy to Inverness;
Omnipotent by his all bounteous will
That left some herbs to make the world a pill!
Enough we cannot praise him, ancient star;
But wonder his own pills could not save Parr!
"Tis true two hundred years does seem long-lived;
And he, who at a century gets wiled,
Must anything but a "cool hundred" be!
Dut after all he died. 'How? Who can see?
For know, this universal Pill can work
Rare wonders, almost make a Christian Turk!
Foul Leprosy, and cancer's scaming sore,
King's evil, abscesses and many more,
Convulsions, palpitations, fits and gout,
White swellings, heartburn, all to Parr give out;
In fine, each ill inherited by man
Is brought beneath his universal ban!
Dut the lank tradesman who beside his goose
Hath some new fashion tried to introduce,
With sudden folly cut his throat of life,
Bequeathing orphans to his widowed wife:
The Jury sits and with a solemn face
The foreman doth God's visitation trace!
"No!" says the paper, this was not the ill,
He died for want of an oprient pill!!
Had Mr. Butcher ¶ ta'en Parr's Pills of life,
Death had not been so ready with his knife:
Nor rest ye here; Immortal Pills! but call
All ailments one and thus ye cure them all!

* A medicated lozunge vender.

† Dr. Spohn's Elixir, vide the newspapers.

‡ King Henry I of England.

§ See the newspapers with the wood cut of Old Parr.

¶ The whole of this passage is a paraphrase of an advertisement in Punch.

§ See adv.

Come, Invalids! and cheerful take a pair
Of boxes; *pay* for them and "don't despair!"
For, should ye ask "how old Parr ere could die?"
"Twas accident—of Pills a short supply!"
(Thus would the philanthropic agent speak!)
"So buy enough, or life may find a leak!"

Next where my eyes upon the Herald fall
I find another "absoluto *Heal-all*!"
"Extracted agonies" its virtues prove
And scars discarded too, invite our love.
Those who would save life, money, torture, time,
Will find this salve at Comstock's* price one dime!
Have you a cough? Bartholomew's your man.†
His "Syrup" sure will save you if aught can!
Have you a cough? to-morrow 'tis too late;
To-day drink "Syrup" or you seal your fate!
"The old, the young—the lovely, and the gay,"
These coughs their hundreds murder day by day!
This syrup death of half its woes can strip
And soothe our souls on their ex-mundane trip!
Thus, through each daily press exhorting cry
Large types, that still implore us not to die;‡
Or if on such a suicidal deed
Our thoughts are bent, we still must syrup need!

"No every one that thirsteth! come ye here!"
Drink "Balm of life" instead of wine or beer!
So from the pulpit cries, each Sabbath day,
The earnest priest, and shows the heav'nward way!
His Balm of Life is peace and sweet content;
Hope with religion, faith with meekness blent;
But in the "News" a reverend preacher's cries,
"Forsake the pulpit! Here the true balm lies!"
My Balm to poor dyspeptics gives relief;
Prolongs the life consumption has made brief;
Acute disorders of the lungs can cure
And unlike pulpit balm, I warrant pure!"

O! age of pills, aperients, salve and balm,
How dost thou dally with us, and then damn!
Of old, the Alchemist, with wondrous lore,
Of Drugs and Chemicals prepared his store;
Then sought to find the Philosopher's stone,
But sought in vain, for it from earth had flown! §
Triumphant Discoverers!—ye have won the palm;
The stone is found—and all its "gold" is "balm!"
Pills in a deluge flood the earth amain;
Like falling hail, that mingles with the rain
They fall! Elixir's vivifying flood
Pours o'er the land, and animates our blood
Celestial sure they are, for *Dr. Lin's*¶
Diam's consti-germin—Mandarin,
And Leech of Howqua's far famed chop-stick land,
Leaves the Celestial Empire, Pills in hand!
O! Heaven descended "blood pills" may ye give
Your name the lie—nor sanguinary live!
O! never ending Pills each page—each book
Ye fill, from Mister Norton's down to *Snook!* ††

* A New York Druggist.

† Bartholomew's Expecto-rant Syrup see any newspaper in Canada.

‡ "Why will ye die?" say the advertisements. The whole of this passage is almost literally a copy of the advertisement, *poetic*.

§ Rev. J. Covert's Balm of Life. See advertisements as before.

¶ Those who would read an interesting account of these researchers, dressed in the garb of Romance, may read Washington Irving's "Student of Salamanca."

‡‡ Dr. O. C. Lin's Blood Pills. See adv. as before.

†† "Norton" and "Snook." See their advertisement in *Punch*, &c. &c.

Euphonious title! Most ambrosial name!
That doth titillate the Pill-maker proclaim!
Faint not my muse, nor use thy vinyl-grotto;
To Pills "Aperient Biscuits" follow yet!
Fresh from "Parisian Pharmacy" they come
And drabbed o'er by Dr. Drabble's* thumb!
Thou "Boston Cracker," † hide thy 'mishled head!
Ye Bakers, knead us "medicated bread!"
No more inspectors shall your loaves condemn,
Nor man the "aperient" madness strive to stem!
Thou "atrapulatory"‡ die for Hair
Friction and Climate guaranteed to bear;
Thou "Fannuscorium"; or "Cloth calf Boot"
Like "Pilgrim's Progress" made for bunioned foot,
"Panthymian leaves" that fragrant odors shed,
And the foul air to richest perfumes wed:
"Perukes invisible" that "ventilate,"
And of a "Jesey" make a "real" pate;
Ye Pills of Halloway's; † that bold can shew
For Patrons, "Westminster" and "Portland" too;
Divinest compounds! Perfumes rich and rare!
And ye creator of *filice* "real" hair!
When shall my wearied muso a footing find,
Or ye forget the millions a footing kind?
What dame with melancholy much oppressed,
With many woes but with no children blessed;
What "lazy fingered maid" love crossed and lorn,
What man to poverty, not fortune born;
What beggar fearful of a Doctor's bill,
Can ever want "Elixir," "Balm," or "Pill!"
O! Beattie Ago! let me proclaim
Thy healthful virtues—though the Doctor's blame!
Ye shades of Pleading and of Smollet, hear!
No longer at the world of Doctors sneer!
For they are fallen—the Homicidal race!
But *anthropophagi* † supply their place!

END OF CANTO I.

LOVE.—There is such a thing as love at first sight, deny it who may; and it is not necessarily a light or transitory feeling because it is sudden. Impressions are often made as indelibly by a glance, as some that grow from imperceptible beginnings till they become incorporated with our nature. Is not the fixed law of the universe, the needle to the pole, a sufficient guarantee for the existence of attraction? And who will say it is not of divine origin? The passion of love is so too, when of genuine kind. Reason and appreciation of character may, on longer acquaintance, deepen the impression, as streams their channels deeper wear; but the seal is set by a higher power than human will, and gives the stamp of happiness or misery to a whole life.

* Dr. Drabble's Aperient Biscuits. See advertisement in *Pictorial Times*, &c. &c.

† There is a kind of Biscuit made in Boston held in very high repute.

‡ See adv. in *Punch*.

§ In almost all their writings they indulge in ludicrous descriptions of the faculty.

¶ A Statistical account of the persons annually killed by the Quack Medicines, would, we suspect, furnish food for reflection.

MUSICAL HINTS.

No. III.

ON EMINENT COMPOSERS AND THE SCHOOLS
OF ITALY.

BY MUSICUS.

Adco in tenoris consuetudine multum est.

WHILE Germany thus gave composers to the world to bear a palm of excellence which none could dispute, Italy rose as a rival by her side, professing a different school, and abandoning the more classic spirit which inspired her graver sister. She, as it were, rejected the dignified and preferred the pleasing, and strove to dazzle rather than charm. Though Italy is essentially the land of song, it is Germany that has produced the truly great composers. It is the Germans who have brought instrumental harmony to the highest perfection, and no people have a higher conception of the language of Music. It may not be amiss to observe, that this conception of the meaning of certain passages, is not mere fancy; for there is a charm which is shed upon the heart, by particular melodies, which without great knowledge we cannot define—either an exhilarating feeling of delight, or of pleasurable sorrow—a strange wayward fit that affects us, how we know not. Every kind and noble faculty of the mind is thus excited, and memory plays her part with strange and fantastic power. Music appeals not only to the passions; it has a direct influence on our milder attributes, and this effect is traced to a cause, and that cause is termed the language of music. Those who are but little versed in the science can discover the proof of these remarks by taking some simple ballad, and as he reads, the air will give greater weight to each line; he as it were blends the melody with the poetry. If this is apparent in those absurd ballads which men of taste abhor, how greater much will its influence be in the higher and more classic production?—in fact the calculation becomes almost mathematical, for the greater must contain more than the less, so where there are the greatest boundaries, there also will be the most extended area. Who has not met some pleasing light stanza, which he has imagined would be improved by being set to music? Did not he then conceive in his mind's ear, if I may be allowed so bold an expression, a melody, which he considered appropriate?—and it is as easy for a practised mind to trace the various meanings throughout a concerted piece as it is for the more humble amateur to detect the lighter paths of a song.

The Germans have not only cultivated this

study, but have brought it to the present high point of refinement, and this superiority can be attributed only to the cultivation of it among them as a people:—children at an early age learn the gamut and alphabet together, and their childish sports are also enlivened by their musical efforts; the schoolmaster who instills the grammar is the preceptor of harmony, and the student leaves his meek-chaunt to enjoy the rational love of music, which forms as great an object of study as the classics or philosophy. The Germans are not, however, a singing nation; their vocal music is inferior to that of Italy, which excels all nations in this branch; but the Germans far outstrip their more southern neighbours in the construction and use of most instruments, and we may remark that the Italians are the only people who can trifle with grace, as the Germans have alone the power to make labor pleasing.

John Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the great German composer, was born at Salzburg in 1756. This "Raphael of Musicians" evinced a genius for music in the fourth year of his age, and in consequence of beginning his studies thus early, and his ardent pursuit of his beloved science, his works are more numerous than those composed by any other in the same space of time. His works are of many species. His instrumental music, symphonies, quartets, concertos for the piano, sonatas, &c. &c., will remain a pattern for all ages. His imagination was wonderful, and his melodies are always natural and happy: the development of his designs is conducted with extraordinary skill and address; and a gracefulness pervades even his most laboured pieces, in which is displayed a particular and unrivalled knowledge of every province of the Orchestra.

The first of Mozart's works was published at Paris, in 1763: these compositions consisted of sonatas for the harpsichord, which were pronounced by his contemporaries to be of a very superior order. During his stay in England, he composed six sonatas, and dedicated them to the Queen: and, at his private concerts, although only eight years of age, symphonies of his composition, only, were performed. In 1768 he travelled to Vienna, and was commissioned by the emperor Joseph to compose the music for a comic opera—"La Finta Semplice"—it was applauded by both Hesse, the master of the chapel, and Metastasio, but was not performed. At twelve years of age he composed the mass, the *Offertorium*, for the consecration of the Orphan's Church, and led the solemn performance in presence of the imperial court. In 1771, Mozart

wrote his first opera, "*Mithridates*," which was performed at Milan, and repeated more than twenty times. In 1771 he was requested, in the name of the empress, Maria Theresa, to compose the grand theatrical serenata, "*Ascanio in Alba*," for the celebration of the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand, which was performed every night during the festivities of the marriage.

Among his works which have remained on the German stage, are, the "*Nozze di Figaro*," the "*Zauberflaute*," "*Idomeneo*," the "*Clennenza di Tito*," and above all the splendid and sublime "*Don Giovanni*." The latter opera, on its first representation in 1787, was not favourably received at Vienna, although Haydn, on this occasion, pronounced Mozart, "the greatest of all composers and the musician of all ages." He died, Dec. 5th 1792, in the 36th year of his age, after a painful illness, during which he composed his celebrated "*Requiem*."

His life was as brilliant as it was brief, for he lived but 36 years: but in this short space, at an age when most men but begin to labor for a reputation, he had earned a name which will never be forgotten as long as music continues to gratify earthly beings, and to lighten the burden which mortality is destined to bear.

Louis Von Beethoven was born in Bonn, 1772. His great talents for music were early cultivated. In the 8th year of his age, he astonished all who heard him by his execution on the violin. His first sonatas were composed in his 13th year. In 1792 the Elector of Cologne sent him as his organist to Vienna, that under the instruction of Haydn his genius might be developed. During his study under Haydn and Albrechtsberger the great contrapuntist, he made rapid progress, and became likewise, a great player on the piano-forte, astonishing every one by his extempore performances. He composed his principal works after 1801. The compositions of Beethoven unite the humour of Haydn with the melancholy of Mozart, and instrumental music has received from his hands a new character.

The *Andante* and *Adagio* movements of Beethoven are frequently so sublime in ideas, and in the harmony in which they are clad, that though played by instruments, they have a more pathetic effect on the feelings, than the finest opera air united with the most exquisite poetry.

Besides the great symphonies, masses, and overtures of Beethoven; his quintetts, quarttets, and trios for stringed instruments, are noble works, and in which he shows the great power of his mind. The numerous sonatas, variations, and all the smaller efforts of this great master, are impressed with an originality so striking,—

an individuality so distinct, as to force an almost instinctive acknowledgment of their being the emanation of a genius as exhaustless as remarkable. The opera of "*Leonora*" now called "*Fidelio*," has never met the patronage it so richly merits; this has been attributed to its deep, wild, and mysterious character. In the harmonies of this opera, Beethoven appears to have embodied every power of imagination. In Germany it ranks with the first of works, and has been justly called "an existence for musicians." He died March 26, 1827, in poverty.

In Friedhoffe, near Vienna, stands a monument to Beethoven, representing an antique altar, surmounted by an obelisk, on which is the lyre of Apollo, and a butterfly encircled by a serpent, the emblem of the soul and eternity. The following is a translation of the words adapted to Beethoven's dirge, which, in Friedhoffe, is performed at the anniversary of his interment:

"Thou! for whom in life was no resting place,
no hearth, no home, now restest in the silent
tomb,—in death!—And should the lamentation
of thy friends be heard beyond the grave, give
ear, half-wakened in thy still abode, to the
sweet sound of thine own song."

* * * * *

If we refer to Italy, we find that from a remote period, musical academies had been founded at Bologna, Milan, and Venice. It is from these establishments she has gained her taste for music, and by their influence obtained the incontestable superiority in respect to song. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, Schools were established in all the principal cities, which afterwards became famous for the extraordinary singers they produced. The principal Schools were founded at Bologna, Milan, and Venice, and those of Fedi and Amadori at Rome, became highly renowned: these produced no other than finished artists—Caffarelli, Gizziello, Elizi, Manzoli, Faustino, and many others who have given the true idea of perfection in their respective styles. This was truly the golden age of Italy, since which it has been rapidly verging to decline, owing to the carelessness with which composers now write, neglecting the resources of the art for the feeble power of natural harmony.

The first epoch of the Italian School of Theatrical Music, (strictly speaking, it contains but one class, that of the Opera,) comprises the first essays and the first works from Giulio Caccini to Alessandro Scarlatti, the real inventor of the expressive and dramatic style. The opera "*Euridice*" is said to have been the first performance of its kind ever publicly represented; it was composed by Caccini at Florence in 1600, in honor of

the marriage between Henry the Fourth of France and Mary de Medicis.

The second epoch extends from the time of Scarlatti to that of Pergolesi, after which flourished Maio, and Jomelli, the inventor of musical coloring, or instrumental effects. No Italian composer left more varied master pieces than Jomelli, yet few of his compositions have appeared in print. In 1783, a subscription was opened at Stuttgart, for the purpose of printing the best of his works, but unfortunately this undertaking was not carried into effect. The works selected for the purpose consisted of fifteen serious operas, three of the buffa kind, five pastorals, and a selection of church music. The whole of the operas written by Metastasio, also eight oratorios by the same poet, are set to music by Jomelli, among which the most distinguished are "La Passione" and "Isaaco," in the latter can be found the sublime air "Chi per pietà mi dica, il mio figlio che fa?"

To give a biography of each of the Masters is an undertaking in which I am not disposed to engage; the magnitude of the task is only exceeded by its difficulty; but I purpose to remark on those who influenced the style of their day, and by their talent introduced many peculiarities which yet exist; first among them are Cimarosa, Bellini, and Rossini.

Domenico Cimarosa was born at Naples in 1754, and died at Venice the 11th January, 1801. He received his musical education from Aprile, and entered the Conservatory of Loretto, where he imbibed the principles of the School of Durante, and became a disciple of that admirable master. The reputation of Cimarosa spread more rapidly than that of any other composer of the last century. His operas were chiefly of the comic class, never grotesque nor ungraceful, and displaying great ingenuity in his accompaniments. The enthusiasm excited by "Il Matrimonio Segreto" has no parallel. In a short memoir of his life, I find that Cimarosa presided at the piano in the Neapolitan Theatre during the first seven representations, a thing unprecedented. At Vienna the Emperor having attended the first performance of this opera, invited the singers and musicians to a banquet, and sent them back the same evening to the theatre, when they played the piece a second time!

Amateurs were once divided between Mozart and Cimarosa, considered as dramatic composers. The Emperor Napoleon enquired of the celebrated composer Gretry, what difference there was between the two. "Sire," replied Gretry, "Cimarosa places the statue on the stage, and the pedestal in the orchestra; whereas Mozart puts the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the

stage." Gretry had heard little of Mozart's music, and that little he did not understand. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, published some twelve years after the death of the great German composer, he does not mention his name, nor allude to any one of his works!

Vincent Bellini was born in 1803 in Sicily at Catania, at the foot of Mount Etna. He received his first musical instruction in his family; he was afterwards, through the interest of a nobleman who discovered his great talents, admitted to the academy of Naples where he received instruction from Zingarelli. His first opera was "Adelson di Saloin." Barbaja, director of the San Carlo theatre, afterwards influenced him to compose "Bianca e Serendo." In 1827, he produced at Milan "Il Pirate" and "La Straniera," the first of these was wonderfully successful, but "Zaire," performed at Paris in 1829, did not succeed. At Venice, however, he regained his reputation by the brilliant opera of "Capuletti e Montechi." He composed for Madame Pasta "La Sonnambula," and "Norma," the applause of which shook the very walls of the theatres of Milan and Venice. He arrived at Paris in 1832 where he produced his last work; "I Puritani." He died in 1835, aged 32, and was buried with great pomp at the Hotel des Invalides.

Besides these nine operas, he has composed a few masses, quartets, and numerous duets, cantatas, ariettas, &c. Of his operas, Norma is considered the first and most classical. Every scene awakens the feelings of the listener, and every heart throbs at the deep pathos of its sentiment; throughout, it pours forth a passionate and heart-touching melody, a world of "melancholy loveliness." The originality of Bellini is unquestionable, and although a similitude of ideas flows through all his operas, they are of his conception, and will be appreciated as long as song shall be known.

Rossini, the most celebrated of living composers, was born, in 1791 at Pesaro, a little town of the Papal States, on the Gulf of Venice. His first operatic attempt was "L'Inganno Fellice," and, though a feeble production, was performed in Venice, with great success. In the same year he composed "Il Tancredi" and "La Pietra dei Paragoni." The opera of Tancredi circulated through Italy with great rapidity. The popular air, in this opera, "Di tanti palpiti," was taken from a Greek litany that Rossini had heard chanted in one of the islets of the Lagoon near Venice, and "Di Pincere" in "Gazza Ladra" was likewise altered from a *Romanza* composed by Palestrina, the Homer of the most ancient school of music. The Rigorists of Bologna who exercised as strict a dictatorship over music as the

French Academy over the French language, reprobated Rossini, and not without reason, with sometimes neglecting the grammatical rules of harmony. Rossini acknowledged the truth of the charge, but at the same said, "That none of these would have remained if he had read his MSS. twice over. But, added he, I have only six weeks to compose an opera; the first month is devoted to dissipation, and it is but during the last fortnight that I compose, every morning, a duo or air which is to be rehearsed on that very evening. How, then, will you have me perceive the minute errors in the accompaniments?"

Rossini is unquestionably a great genius; but he has written too much and too fast: by this means he has exhausted his strength; he has been both greatly overated by his friends and abused by his enemies; by the former, held up as a pattern of excellence, by the latter, a plagiarist and a careless writer.

M. Perroti, the *Maestro di Cappella* of one of the churches of Venice, undertook the task of showing that neither Rossini nor his music possess common sense, and that all amateurs and the public who have the folly to be delighted with it, possess still less than either. In a bulky memoir upon this subject, he attempts to prove, upon the authority and testimony of several authors, that Rossini is nothing but a—

"—Musicien barbare,
Ignorant par bémol aussi que par bécarre;"

and that every person who prides himself upon my respect for the rules of the art, ought to shut his ears to music such as his.

The chief characteristic of his music is an extraordinary rapidity and redundancy of embellishment, which do not permit the mind to indulge in these profound emotions and soothing reveries that the slow movements of Mozart so seldom fail to awaken. Rossini has written twenty-eight operas, six of which may survive the composer, and twenty years hence the whole may be found on the shelves of "forgotten authors." Even at present, the most distinguished amateurs of Italy are crying out for some change. What will it be twenty years hence, when the works of Rossini shall have been as long known as the Secret Marriage of Cimarosa, or the Don Giovanni of Mozart is now? In *Otello*, founded as it is on jealousy, is there a single air that depicts so faithfully that most cruel of passions, as the "Vedro Mentir" to Sospira" of the Count Almaviva in "*Je Nozze de Figaro*?" Rossini is never sad, and what is music without melancholy? How differently does Mozart express this passion?

After the appearance of "*La Donna del Lago*," one of his thick and thin partizans proposed to give Don Giovanni to Rossini, to reset, that he might enter at once into competition with the great German composer! A competition between Rossini and Mozart! As was happily said:—

"A competition between a pippin and a pine apple?
The Milk-maid postess and Milton!"

THE OLD MAN'S TALE.

BY C.

DURING one of my tours through Canada West, I stopped for a few days at a romantic but unpretending village, on a visit to an old friend, whom I had not seen for many years. As night well be supposed, we had much to talk over and recount, and though both in the prime of life, so many years had elapsed since we had met, that many an hour was spent in tracing back our separate paths through life up to the time when youth's golden days they had just diverged. It is well amidst the bustle of life to pause sometimes and look back on the road which we have travelled over, and gather from the past some useful lessons for the future. It must not be supposed, however, that all our time was thus spent, for in company with my friend I made several most delightful excursions into the surrounding country, which, take it all in all, I think one of the most placidly beautiful in the Province.

On one of these occasions we had taken an early dinner, and stepping into the carriage (or pleasure waggon, as the article is generally called,) we were soon threading the mazes of a Canadian forest. It was a lovely afternoon in the latter part of June, a shower the previous day had moistened the ground, just sufficiently to lay the dust, without spoiling the road, and everything conspired to exhilarate and enliven. About an hour before sunset we suddenly emerged from the forest upon a belt of cleared land, skirting the water of a bay in the distance. As we drove rapidly on, the beauties of the scenery gradually unfolded themselves to our view, and when at last we halted at the head of the bay, I fastened my eyes on a scene, which for beauty I think is unsurpassed in any part of the Province. To the left a peninsula varying in breadth from a mile and a half to three miles, stretched for a distance of twelve or fourteen miles towards the north, and as the eye ranged from one end to the other, it might note everywhere traces of the successful industry of man, fields waving with grain or dotted with cattle; with here a solitary

farmhouse, the guardian of the surrounding fields, and there a cluster of dwellings, some of which betokened by their appearance the comfortable circumstances of their occupants. Immediately in front, at a distance of about a mile from the peninsula and some three or four miles from the place where we were standing, lay an island containing about 1200 or 1300 acres, tolerably well cleared, but with here and there a small clump of wood, which threw the fields on their left into a deep shade: the setting sun gradually declined, while many a little inlet on either side gave shelter to the water fowl which skimmed along the bay. A little to the right of our position a small spur of land, steep and rocky, covered with trees, shot out from the mainland into the bay, in the direction of the island. Beyond this, through an occasional opening in the trees, gleamed the waters of a placid river, and still further on the right, garnished with many a rocky headland and tiny bay, stretched away for some eight or ten miles, another peninsula, not however so well settled as the one first described. In the foreground some other islands were seen guarding the entrance to the bay, and in the extreme distance, the eye, wearied with resting on the broad expanse of water spread out before it, sought relief in tracing the dim outline of a rocky coast some thirty or forty miles distant. The various tints of the trees, the alternations of light and shade, the glenning of the waters, and above all, the deep silence which pervaded the scene, lent a charm to it that I shall never forget.

My friend now called my attention to a neat farm-house, some two or three miles distant, and proposed our paying a visit to the occupant, adding, "Mr. Morgan will be sure to ask us to stay all night, and you will have some idea of a farmer's life in this section of the country." We drove rapidly on, but the sun was just setting as we reached the house; the sound of wheels brought the old man to the door, and we both received a hearty welcome. A little urchin was sent with my friend to the stable, and I followed the old man into the house, where a fine looking girl was directing the preparation of the evening meal.

Charles Morgan, to whom I was thus introduced, was an Englishman by birth, apparently about sixty, though he might have been much older, with a commanding figure and a fine open brow. His hair was white, perhaps the effect of early troubles, but I noticed that his eyesight was good, and that as yet he did not require spectacles. His family consisted of two sons, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, fine, handsome, young men, and the daughter before mentioned. I learnt, however, that his eldest son and

daughter were married and settled at a short distance from him.

Soon after the conclusion of the evening meal, we began to talk of returning, but as my friend had predicted, we received a most pressing invitation to stay all night, and of course we accepted it; my friend was an especial favourite of Mr. Morgan's; the old man was quite animated; we led him to speak of olden times and by-gone scenes, and at last, yielding to our united request, he consented to give us a sketch of his past life, in the hope, as he said, that it might instruct as well as amuse us.

"I am," said he, "the second son of a rich London tradesman. I recollect but little of my childhood, until the time when, in company with my eldest brother Henry, I was sent to a celebrated private school in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Here, removed from the restraints of the paternal roof, I began to quarrel with my brother, and our differences soon rose to such a height, that the master, tired of such perpetual contention, requested my father to take one or both of us away, and accordingly, I, as being the youngest, was removed to another school. Here I was perpetually getting into trouble with my school-fellows, but as long as I said my lessons well, and behaved well in school time, my new master troubled himself but little about my conduct in other respects. At the age of fourteen I was removed from school, and soon after was bound apprentice to a bookseller in the city. My master was a kind, easy, good natured man, and his wife was a most amiable woman; their only son and three other young men, who were engaged in the business, were pleasant and agreeable, and but for my own evil temper, I might have passed away my seven years of apprenticeship very pleasantly. However, before the first year was ended, I managed to pick a quarrel with the servant maid, and our bickerings were so constant and annoying, and shewed me in so unamiable a light, that my worthy master soon made arrangements with my father to take me back again. Well I remember the day when I entered my father's house, not indeed as a penitent, but full of self-righteousness, and ready to justify myself and throw all the blame upon poor Betty. My father reasoned with me calmly and patiently, and at last, wearied by my obstinacy and impudence, dismissed me with these words, 'Well, Charles, there will always be a Betty wherever you go.' These words made a deep impression on me at the time, but still were not productive of any benefit, for with the perversity of human nature, I tried to persuade myself that my father was prejudiced against me, and unwilling to listen to anything I could say in my own behalf.

"As a last resource my father sent me to sea, on board of a small merchant vessel. I need not detail the hardships of the next few years, suffice it to say, that my temper was thoroughly soured by the treatment which I received, and which, to tell the truth, I richly merited, and from a quarrelsome boy, I became a morose and vindictive youth — my father's words were prophetic. — I found 'a Betty everywhere.' During this time, I however acquired sufficient knowledge of navigation to be fit at the age of one and twenty to take a situation which was procured for me as second mate on board an East Indiaman, through the interest of my father. He, dear, good man, thought me improved, but alas! he little knew the evil of my heart.

"Our captain was a bluff, hearty, English sailor, never so happy as when afloat, attentive to his duties, and rather strict with his crew. The first mate was a young man, about two years older than myself, a thorough seaman, and, what was rare in those days, studiously inclined, and yet of such a frank, open disposition, that he was a favourite with all on board except myself. He was kind to me, but his disposition was so contrary to mine, that I hated him; and, although he strove in every way to conciliate me, I none of all the crew remained insensible to his attentions. Nay, more, I tried to prejudice the captain's mind against him, but it was useless; and having been detected in a gross falsehood, I was severely reprimanded for my conduct in the presence of the whole crew. This public disgrace rankled in my mind, and increased my hostility towards this innocent, and as I now believe, truly estimable young man, until my hatred, unrestrained by any sense of religion, impelled me to the commission of a crime which, had I succeeded in my attempt, would have embittered every moment of my after existence, and sooner or later brought me to an untimely grave. I often shudder when I look back on this part of my mad career, and bless God's redeeming grace that frustrated my evil designs. One night I had the morning watch and was rather late on making my appearance to relieve the first mate, who was then on duty. He spoke to me gently about it; I answered him roughly; he reproved me, and I struck him. This was too much even for him, we closed and wrestled together; I was strong and active and I used every exertion to throw him overboard, when by some accident which I never could rightly understand, but not I believe from any fault of the first mate, I went overboard myself. The cry went through the ship, 'A man overboard!' and hen-coops and other things were soon cast over to me. I was a good swimmer, and soon managed to secure one of the hen-coops, and

though the night was rather dark, I could see that the sails were backed and every exertion made to rescue me. I shouted, but the wind was rising, and my voice was lost, I suppose, for after some time, the ship was put on her course, and I was left alone on the ocean. My first act was to lash myself firmly to the hen-coop with my handkerchief, which I tore into strips for that purpose. How bitterly did I then lament my folly and wickedness. Oh! how wearily that night passed away. The day dawned, the sun rose and set, and still I was alone on the ocean. Overcome with watching and hunger I now fell into a kind of stupor. How long it lasted I know not, but I was aroused by the flashing of lights, and close upon me, bearing down directly upon me, was a large ship in full sail. She passed so close to me that I seized hold of a rope which hung from her side, and fastening it to the hen-coop, shouted loudly for help; I was soon heard and speedily hauled on deck.

I was now safe, but the sudden transition, combined with the fatigue I had previously suffered, was too much for me, and I fell senseless on the deck. The next thing that I distinctly remember, is that of awaking one evening, as if from a dream, and finding myself in a berth, with my arm bandaged, and a venerable looking man dressed in black standing by the side of my berth. In reply to my questions, he informed me that I was on board a ship which was conveying soldiers to England, and that he himself was the Chaplain. He also told me that I had lain for several days in a most precarious state, at times raving frightfully, and then again lying for hours together with scarcely any signs of life. From that hour, the venerable Chaplain paid me repeated visits, and reminding me of my recent dangers and deliverances, urged upon me most faithfully the duty of repentance. I listened to him with attention; my heart was softened by the extraordinary events of the last few days, and through the grace of God I rose from the bed of sickness an altered man. In due time the ship arrived at Portsmouth, and, having made up my mind to quit the sea, I obtained employment in an establishment at Portsmouth as a kind of coach-houseman. While living here, I learnt by the papers that the East Indiaman had never been heard of since she left port, and was therefore supposed to have been lost, and I therefore determined not to present myself before my father again until I could do so with some credit to myself. In this, however, I was clearly wrong, for it would no doubt have gladdened his heart to see me return as a penitent, and as it was, circumstances have since prevented me from seeing him or any member of our family, who all

doubtless suppose me to be lost. But I am dis-
gusting—my master died, the business was given
up, and failing to obtain employment in the town,
I tied up all my worldly possessions in a hand-
kerchief, and started off on foot into the coun-
try. While resting in the heat of the day under
a tree by the way side, my bundle was stolen
from me, and when I awoke I pursued my jour-
ney with a heavy heart. I met with no success
in my search for work, and one evening while
staying at an inn, I was accosted by a recruiting
serjeant, who in an evil hour persuaded me to
enlist. As a religious man I had many trials
and difficulties to encounter in my new situation,
yet still, on the whole, the years I spent as a sol-
dier glided happily away. In the course of time
I was promoted to the rank of serjeant, and soon
after my appointment the regiment was ordered
to America, to take part in that disastrous war,
which resulted in the establishment of the United
States. It would interest you but little, gentle-
man, were I to detail the events of those stirring
times, for a man in my station has but little op-
portunity of knowing any thing beyond what
comes under his own immediate notice, and can
seldom obtain a comprehension even of the
whole of the operations in which he bears a part.
He fights because it is his duty to do so; he
troubles himself but little with asking the why
or the wherefore of the battle. Our regiment
lay on one occasion for three days in a small
village, the inhabitants of which were principally
members of the Church of England. It boasted
its neat church and pretty rectory, besides many
other neat houses, and altogether was quite an
aristocratic looking place. I was billeted at the
house of the rector, and I suppose my demean-
our attracted his attention, for he more than once
entered into conversation with me, and on one
occasion invited me into the parlour and treated
me with great kindness. He was a widower be-
tween forty and fifty, with an only daughter then
in her twenty-first year. She was above the
middle height, fair complexion, jet black hair,
and a countenance rather pleasing than beauti-
ful, with a smile of most winning sweetness, and
an eye whose animation would at times give an
expression to the whole countenance that was
positively beautiful. They were emigrants, and
had no relations in the country, and I well re-
member the good rector speaking on one occa-
sion of the difficulties which his daughter would
have to encounter, should he be called from this
world before she was comfortably settled. It
may seem strange that he should have, during
the war, spoken to a stranger like myself, but
those were fearful times, and we must not judge
of men's actions then, by the cool, calculating,

prudential maxims, and rules of these times of
peace.

Months intervened, and I had almost forgotten
the good kind rector and his amiable daughter,
when one day I learned accidentally that he was
dead, and that his church was shut up. I then
formed the resolution that as soon as I could ob-
tain leave of absence, I would seek out his
daughter and endeavour to send her to her re-
latives in England. I found it, however, quite
impossible to effect this until the close of the
war, and then having saved a little money, I
made up my mind to retire from the army, and
settle in Canada, at that time quite a wilderness.

Before doing this, I determined to seek out
Miss Forester, and accordingly directed my steps
towards the well remembered village. I found that,
directly after her father's death, she had been
received into the family of one of the first men
in the village, as a governess, and had been most
kindly treated by all its inmates. She was much
affected at the sight of me, which recalled to her
mind the loss of one who had been her all in all in
the world, but soon regaining her composure, she
welcomed me with much cordiality. I found that
she shrunk from the thought of a voyage across
the Atlantic, and of course my errand was soon
accomplished. Still I lingered in the village from
day to day, continually framing some excuse for
calling on Miss Forester, until at last it became
necessary to fix a day for my departure. On the
previous evening I called to take my leave, and
was ushered into a parlour where I had spent
many a pleasant hour in the society of this young
lady. It was connected with another apartment
by folding doors, one of which was partly open,
and from the inner room sweet sounds were issu-
ing forth. I listened; it was Miss Forester sing-
ing the following words to one of Haydn's
plaintive airs:

Oh! lonely is my heart!
And heavily I sigh,
For one whose beaming smile
May brighten up my drooping eye.
And many days I've sailed
Far o'er life's troubled sea,
While there was no one nigh
To comfort or to solace me.

'Twas said by ancient bards,
That every human heart
Its own twin spirit hath!
In joy, or woe to bear its part.
Oh! pleasing dream of bliss,
Oh! would that it might be I
Fly through the realms of thought,
My kindred soul, and come to me.

As the sweet tone of the singer's voice died
away on the listening ear, I approached her, and,
apologizing for my involuntary rudeness, spoke
of my departure. From the way in which the

announcement was received, I saw that I was not indifferent to her, and in short, before I left that room, we were affianced. I came over here to Canada, cleared some land, put up a log house, and made things comfortable, and then went for her, and here we lived for many years most happily. She was called away before me, but I hope soon to find her, for my time on earth cannot now be very long. My life has been one of many vicissitudes, but the end of it has been calm and pleasant; at evening time there has been light. The storm has all died away, the angry waves have long since subsided, and I am now, I trust, floating gently towards the haven of eternal rest."

Our host ceased speaking:—the rest of the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, and I found him a very intelligent and well-educated man, and his family much above the ordinary class of farmers in intelligence and education. He spoke more than once of his departed wife, in terms of the highest eulogium, and with an affectionate simplicity that was quite touching; her influence over him had evidently been very great. After an early breakfast on the following morning, we returned home, much pleased with our visit, and bearing from Mr. Morgan a most cordial invitation to call again whenever we felt inclined.

CHRISTMAS.

BY F. M. S.

Oh! welcome, ancient Christmas,
A constant guest art thou;
Though not as in the olden time,
Thy form is weakened now:
For thy revels lose their lightness,
And thy laughter its gay tone—
Where have thy joy, old Monarch,
And thy smiles and bright looks, flown?

In bygone years, Old Christmas,
When thy face looked on the earth,
Old men, and those in life's strong prime,
Grew children in their mirth;
And they decked thee with green garlands,
And with holly crowned thy brow,
But e'en the young, who should be glad,
Scarcely care to greet thee now.

In those past days, Old Christmas,
Those goodly days of old,
They made the faggot blaze on high,
And kept thee from the cold;
And noble feasts they made thee,
And quaffed, and laughed, and sang,
'Till every dwelling, high and low,
With sounds of gladness rang.

Then the rich man opened his mansion
And was generous and free;
Not only unto lords and dames,
But to those of low degree;

Then from morn'g till noon-tide,
And from morn'g till night,
Rose sounds of mirth and merriment,
And feasting and delight.

Then the poor man left his labour,
And decked his cottage home;
And to share his Christmas revels
Bade many a neighbour come;
Then the long saved log was lighted,
And they danced about the flame;
And sire and children, great and small,
Were glad when Christmas came.

I know not, ancient Christmas,
Why now it is not thus;
But I feel the joy of those past days
Does not remain to us.
Friends meet—but they are colder,
Songs rise—but not so glad;
And many a heart now seems to feel
That Christmas may be sad.

They deck thee with bright holly,
But 'twould be a mocking wreath;
Were it not that every hurried leaf
Hides many a thorn beneath;
And so we put on gladness
And lightly jest and smile
And think we hide the thorn that lurks
Within our hearts the while.

The rich man opens his mansion,
But not as once he did,
For now the few and favour'd friends
Are all the guests he'll bid;
And the poor man leaves his labour,
But ne'er decks his cottage now
And if he smiles, a wintry cloud
Soon saddens o'er his brow.

Art thou growing feeble, Christmas,
That thou testest these things be?
That each December, as it comes,
Puts greater slights on thee!
In truth, I almost fancy,
That thy life is nearly o'er—
That a few short years will pass away
And thou wilt be no more.

I feel for thee, Old Christmas,
For in childhood loved thee well,
And I weep to see thee slighted thus
And thy wrongs at least will tell.
And if thy reign is over,
And thy power all passed on earth,
I will not mock thy past bright days
By a face of seeming mirth.

Yet perhaps I'm wrong, Old Christmas;
And changed although thou art,
Yet, perhaps the greatest change of all
Is, in my own sad heart;
Maybe, others hail thee gladly,
While I'm clothing thee in gloom,
And, while others see thee youthful still,
I look forward to thy tomb.

Be it as it may, Old Christmas,
I bid thee welcome now,
And brighter shine the laurel leaf
And glistening holly bough;
And louder ring the laughter,
And gladder each heart be
Than hers, who now, half smiles, half tears,
Devotes her lay, to thee!

GALLOPADE.

BY J. CLARK.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 2/4. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

SVA.

SVA.

FIRST FRUIT OFFERINGS.

Our limits compel us to abridge *FIRST FRUIT OFFERINGS*, and to introduce the *GUARDIAN GENIUS OF CANADA*, just as she is sending her attendant Spirits in quest of fit subjects of contemplation for the young:—

"Who, that could drink where in sunlight gliding,
Gushes and sparkles the crystal tide,
Would fill his cup beneath dark weeds, hiding
The silny waters their stems divide?"

"Who, that could pluck where the rim of gold
Glews in ripe beauty around his head,
Would stoop to rake from the dump, dark mould,
The crude fruit moulder beneath his trade?"

"Away—away—amid Nature's bowers,
Call for the guiltless the fairest flowers
That deck the varying year;
Through the regions of earth and the records of time
Seek for all that is beautiful, and bright, and sublime,
And haste with the treasures here."

She said—Soft pinnions parting fann'd
The summer air of the silver land;
And, ere in her bright career on high
The young moon waned in the vanished sky,
Ere yet at the porch of the trellis'd bower
From the embryo rose burst the full-blown flower,
It was fann'd by soft zephyrs again
And hush'd was the sound of the oriole's note.
And the melody pour'd from the mocking-bird's throat
By a sweet and a silvery strain.

"Home—home to our Western home
With first fruit offerings we are come."
In the sunshine of noon as we took our way
Our own loved land beneath us lay,
And the gush and the roar of her bright cascades,
And the whispering voice of her leafy glades,
And the sound of her lofty forest's sigh,
Rose, as they blended, in harmony.
We caught in a mirror of shadow and light
That landscape of loveliness glowing and bright;
We had a nymph, in her secret cell,
Treasure those sounds and guard them well,
That again they may float over wave and shore
When those lofty forests shall wane no more.

Winds and waves, as we hasten'd on,
Were hymning their great creator's praise,
And we took from ocean's deepen'd tone
A note to blend with the infant's lays;
Then, on to those elms were Eden smiled
Ere the fair young world was to gull beguiled,
And over the waves of an inland sea,
To Bethlehem's plains and to Galilee,
On weariless wing we flew.
"What bring ye then from the gates of the morn?"
From the hallow'd land where our Lord was born?"
"One lingering echo of the strain
"Peace on earth and good will to men."
And an olive bough bathed in dew,
And home, home to our Western home,
With first fruit offerings we are come."

The last notes rose on the liquid air,
The strain was caught by a sister fair.
"A wreath—a wreath from Abilou's Isle,
We found her basking in summer's smile,
We heard the din from her cities swell,
But we turn'd away to mount and dell.
We have woven the hare-bell's beauteous blue,
And the blooming heart's empurpled hue,
With the rose's blush and the cherished flowers
That bloom in the shelter'd garden bowers,
For well do we know that a starry there lies,
In their balmy breath and their beauteous dyes."

"Amid the Cheviot hills we stand,
Where the turf once hush'd with noble blood:
We linger'd a crystal urn to fill,
Where flow'd from a rock a rippling rill,
There—where he mourn'd for his rival slain
The Percy level his burning brow,
While a tun, unmark'd by his warrior train,
Fell in the limpid tide below.
Ever since then, when pure and bright
They sparkled amid the moonlight light,
In the flash of these waters is borne a spell
The stormy spirit of feud to quell."

"Then, aloft on a southern cliff that, braving
The chafing Channel and ocean's roar,
Frowns stern and high o'er the wild wavesaving
Its base, the bulwark of the shore."

"We gazed on two of our sister train
Roving amid a lilted plain,
That the Seine's bright waters lave;
They will read the records of many a field,
They will trace the mottoes on many a shield,
Ere again they cross the wave."

"But we—ere we left the white cliff'd isle—
Mid the Royal bowers of an ancient pile,
We sought the light of a cherub's smile,
We sought and we found it there.
And the genius that garners the rits of spring,
Waved o'er the treasure her myrtle wing,
And forbade it to melt in air;
And home—home—to our Western home,
With those first-fruit offerings we are come."

Some of our band are wandering still,
In Ausonian vale, o'er Iberian hill,
Some are amid the ruin'd piles
And the myrtle bowers of the Grecian isles,
Through the fields of air as we took our flight,
We beheld in the distance their plumes of light,
And two—we have seen their bright locks wave
Mid the pines that o'ershadow Teumessh's grave;
But home—home to our Western home,
With these first-fruit offerings we are come."

OUR TABLE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR we wish thee, reader! May it be peaceful and prosperous, from its commencement until its close. May thy days be full of sunshine, and cheerfulness, and hope; thy nights, peaceful, calm, refreshing. At this, the season of festivity, may every face thou seest, every hand thou claspest, every lip thou pressest, be warm with the glow of esteem and friendship! May Happiness, as a handmaiden, wait on thee, and cheer thee with her radiant smile, wherever thou appearest, whether among thy household gods "at home," or in the halls where pleasure's votaries "most do congregate." All bliss attend thee, gentle and courteous reader! From the bottom of our hearts we wish thee, and all in whom thou takest interest—a "Happy New Year."

With this number we begin a new volume of the Garland. It is the seventh year since our labours in the cause of literature began; and, being of a hopeful disposition, every year we have expected that our labours would be appreciated better than they had been the last. We still hope on, for we cannot believe that in a community such as Canada can boast of, literature will be always neglected. Let us pray you,—all who desire to see the country of your birth or of your adoption, take her proper place, to give us your assistance, as far as we pretend to ask it—that is, your names as subscribers. The cost to you will be very trifling; the return, we venture to believe, will be at least a reasonably fair equivalent. We do not imagine that we will give you the best of every thing; but what we do give you will be good. We have no great wish to make the Magazine a speculation, but we would like to see it—as we think it entitled to be—well supported.

We have been favoured by the zealous Superintendent of Education for Canada East, with the copy of a Circular addressed by him to the Commissioners and Trustees of Schools in this portion of the Province. It is gratifying to witness the interest taken by this energetic officer in the usefulness of his department, and we are gratified to learn that the sphere of his operations is gradually widening, owing to the more general appreciation, by the people, of the desire of the Parliament and the Executive, to diffuse sound practical education among the inhabitants of the colony. We select from the Circular, a couple of paragraphs, the utility of which is apparent, and we take the liberty of suggesting to those of

our readers resident in the country parishes, the propriety of urging upon the Commissioners the necessity of immediate compliance with the requirements of the Superintendent:—

"I cannot too earnestly exhort the School Commissioners, in localities where no proceedings have yet been taken for the erection of public School-houses, and which have a claim to the appropriation for this object, to take steps immediately to profit by this aid, which can only be considered temporary.

"It is my duty, also, to request the Commissioners and Trustees frequently to visit the Schools, in order that they may be the better able to judge of the qualifications of the teachers, and of the progress made by the scholars. It is needless to say that a visible interest taken by them, is calculated powerfully to encourage teachers, parents and children, to do all that depends on them, to attain the great object which the Legislature had in view in furnishing means to aid in diffusing instruction among the people."

It is with sincere pleasure we have noticed the Prospectus of "La Revue Canadienne"—a weekly Journal to be published in the French language, and to be principally devoted to literary pursuits. Its editor and proprietor, Mr. Letourneau, seems to have entered upon his arduous task with that spirit and enthusiasm which almost ensure success. His prospectus gives promise of a very able work, and we believe his talents are such as to guarantee that that promise will be redeemed. It is time that such a periodical should be established; and as such seems to be a very general feeling, we see nothing to prevent him from prospering in his undertaking. We cordially wish him the utmost success he can desire.

Now is the season for subscribing to the GARLAND. The year and the volume begin with this number. We will be greatly obliged to all those who do not permit the opportunity to pass without making use of it. Those who wish to possess the Series from the commencement can be supplied, several sets being still on hand. No lover of literature, and especially none who desire to assist in establishing a *bonne* literature, should be without it. We trust we shall have a large accession of supporters to the volume now begun.

Subscribers, in arrears, are earnestly requested to furnish us with the means of balancing their accounts. May we beg of them to favour us with the necessary funds, in order that they may no longer have occasion to reproach themselves for their neglect!