

of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company, by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to the quiet of the rural shade; and I looked forward to a summer of liberty, peace, and well-mingled and favourite employments. I was interrupted by the entrance of my mother; she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, and held an open letter in her hand.

'Eva, my love,' she said, 'you have often heard your father speak of Sir Terence Ormond, an old school-fellow of his, who resides in Kilkenny. I had not often heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent.—'He has lately come into a fine property,' added my mother; 'and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon it a short time ago, and to tell him how much he wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report had mentioned to us as a remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was enclosed in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner-time to-day.'

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

'Is it not rather free and easy,' I asked to take people so immediately at their word, when they utter a hint of invitation.'

'How dreadfully cold hearted, and inhospitable Eva is,' said my mother, turning to my cousin Penelope, who had followed her into the room.

Now Penelope was not a young lady, but of that age when

'The green leaves all turn yellow;' and as she possessed neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose to imagine that her footing in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. Consequently she only answered this appeal by a kind of commenting shrug, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure of my coldness, and which I might interpret into surprise that any fault should be found with so exemplary a daughter as myself.

'I like the manners of the Irish exceedingly,' pursued my mother, 'and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal invitation.'

'You did not think so, mamma,' said I smiling, 'when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, on the plea that you had once said to her that you wished she could see our tulip beds.'

'The cases are not at all similar, Eva,' replied my mother; 'an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond, as the eldest son of a baronet of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match.'

'Very likely,' said I, 'but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account.'

'Eva, I have no patience with you,' replied my mother; 'you put me in mind of the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean, in Lewis's romantic tales.'

'Do not utter such a libel on me mamma,' I replied; 'I have just been looking ever some new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the Frozen Ocean.' I touched the strings of my guitar as I spoke, and began to sing,

'O! do not look so bright and blest,
but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed to be a personal satire on my respected parent, who looked any thing but bright and blest at that moment.'

'You seem resolved, Eva, never to do anything to oblige me,' said she.

'I am sorry to receive so bad a character; I answered; 'but how I disoblige you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine.'

'You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond,' she said.

'Willingly if necessary,' I replied; 'but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floor with rushes, like the damsels of antiquity; or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook like the notable housewives of modern times?'

'You ought to practise your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear this evening.'

'O mamma have pity on me; I have been so wearied all the spring with blonde

and gauze, German airs, and Italian canzonets, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads for the next month.'

'Eva, the subject is too serious for raillery: your father lives up to his income; he cannot give you a fortune; you are one and twenty, your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year, and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married, and leave a clear field to her on her first introduction to the world.'

'The poor dear girl lamented it to me only this morning, with tears in her eyes,' said my cousin Penelope.

'Really,' said I half amused and half angry, 'you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a clear field to display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this 'coming guest,' who is so eligible a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediment in her way.'

'You are talking ridiculously, Eva,' said my mother; 'Arabella is a very well principled, well mannered girl, and knows that till she is to come out, her place is in the back ground; and if she ever steps from thence it must be for the purpose of endeavouring to set off her eldest sister to advantage.'

'Poor Arabella! I exclaimed, 'with such a Cinderella-like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, mamma, if you desire me to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so.'

My mother pacified by this speech, led me to the drawing room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

'You remember this air,' she said; 'we were all enchanted at hearing Grisi sing it.'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is transferred to a singer like myself.'

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but as my voice was not very strong and my science not very profound my mother was not particularly satisfied with the effect, and desired me to practise the sol fa, and several running exercises for the voice, telling me that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was little comfort, however, in a girl pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. After an unmercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawing was produced, and all the inferior ones banished from thence; my mother then accompanied me to my dressing-room, and Laurette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. My mother, I am sorry to say, had always evinced a great predilection for ever dressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in maintaining that I should appear in pink silk and blonde, with roses in hair.

'And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva,' she continued; 'it makes you look just like a nun.'

My mother spoke this as if a nun were the most pitiable and degraded of human beings.

'I will alter it to morrow,' said I, 'but curls cannot be produced at a moment's notice.'

Laurette, however, seemed resolute to prove that they could, for she flew for the curling irons, which she was accustomed to wield, with as little compunction as a familiar of the Inquisition administers the discipline of the thumb screw, and began to exercise her skill in the production of tier after tier, of round massive curls. Just imagine my sensation, seated on a sultry July day, at the open window, with curling irons close to my face, branches of eglantine and jessamine round the window, a smooth spacious lawn beyond it, birds sweetly singing, and the south breeze softly blowing.

We were all assembled in good time to receive our visitor, my father telling me that I looked very well, and that he hoped I was properly aware what an eligible match was coming into the house.

[To be continued.]

From the Metropolitan.
IDLE WORDS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.
The strongest love hath yet, at times,
A weakness in its power;
And latent sickness often sends
The madness of an hour!
To her I loved, in bitterness
I said a cruel thing:—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

I loved her then—I love her still,—
But there was in my blood
A growing fever, that did give
Its frenzy to my mood;
I sneer'd, because another's sneers
Had power my heart to wring;—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring.

And when, with tears of wonder, she
Looked up into my face,
I coldly turned away mine eyes,
Avoiding her embrace;
Idly I spake of idle doubts,
And many an idler thing:—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring.

'Twas over soon the cause,—not soon
The sad effects passed by:—
They rule me 'neath the summer's sun,
And 'neath the winter's sky!
I sought forgiveness. . . . She forgave,
But kept the lurking sting!
Alas! how much of misery
From idle words may spring.

Month after month—year after year,
I strove to win again
The heart an idle word had lost,
But strove, alas! in vain.
Oh! ye who love, beware lest thorns
Across LOVE's path ye fling:
Ye little know what misery
From IDLE WORDS may spring!

NEW WORKS.

Narrative of the War in Afghanistan; in 1838-39. By Captain Henry Havelock, 13th Regt.

'Thirteen years ago,' says Captain Havelock, 'I traced the history of a portion of the operations in Ava, but had the misfortune to discover that, during the six months which had elapsed whilst I was employed in carrying the work through the press, burdened as I was at the same time with other avocations, a complete revolution had taken place in the minds of men touching the subject of my narrative. All interest in the events receded therein had died away; and, as three other histories had been given to the world in the mean time, my recital, though developing some new facts, and some views of affairs very different from those of the writers who had got the start of me, was regarded with the marked apathy of a wearied auditory, excepting within a narrow circle in India.'

Profiting by experience, Captain Havelock was resolved upon this occasion, at all events, not to 'let the grass grow under his feet;' and accordingly, the campaign was no sooner over than he collected his MSS. for the press. Fearful, however, that some quick-witted fellow would intercept him, notwithstanding the rapidity of his movements, he determined to print his personal journal just as it was, rather than lose a moment in reducing it to a more regular form; and in order to facilitate still more effectually the grand business of publication, he got the work set up in type at Serampore, and correcting the proof-sheets on the spot, sent them at once overland to England. The expedition with which this proceeding was accomplished may be estimated from the circumstance that the proof-sheets were finished at Serampore 1st May, and the narrative was printed and published in London in the latter end of August.

Greater dispatch has seldom been used in the production of a work of this kind, and Captain Havelock had every right to anticipate that now, at least, he would be the first in the field. But this is an age of steam, and unless a man possesses a hundred horse power he has no chance of securing priority in literary matters. And so it falls out in this case; for while Captain Havelock was preparing his proof-sheets in India, Major Outram's book, on the same subject, was actually going through the press in London, and was immediately afterwards followed up by Dr. Kennedy's narrative of the campaign in three volumes. How these gentlemen contrived to get out their publications with such expedition we know not; but certain it is that Captain Havelock, in spite of all his haste, has been so completely forestalled, that it is very doubtful whether the public at large will care to dip into his journal. The subject is exhausted and *fade* already, and the history of this luckless work affords a salutary admonition to all writers in these days who undertake to chronicle passing events. They must come out at once, without losing an hour, or it would be better not to come out at all.

Having traced the progress of the campaign in Afghanistan on the two recent occasions referred to, it would be a profitless waste of our columns to enter upon the details of Captain Havelock's narrative, which presents few points of interest that are not already familiar to our readers. His account, however, differs essentially in some respects from those of his predecessors, and is in other points of view inferior to them. His narrative is sketchy rather than continuous,

deficient in breadth of colour and completeness of design; wanting the close fidelity of Major Outram, and the personal unity imparted to the subject by Dr. Kennedy. Acting as aide-de-camp to Sir Willoughby Cotton, who commanded the Bengal division of the army, he possessed good opportunities of collecting information, which were improved by the favour of Sir John Keane, who afforded him access to all the documents in the government departments that might be useful for his purpose. But he seems to have been in too great a hurry to bring out his work, to enable him to avail himself of these advantages as fully or judiciously as he might have done. In the appendix to the second volume we have a collection of general orders and other papers of no popular interest whatever, and these documents constitute the principal contributions he appears to have levied upon the official authorities. The narrative itself, however, is pleasantly, but superficially written; and, although it is very imperfect as a history of the causes and events of the campaign, it furnishes some lively episodes that will be acceptable to military readers. We will glance at a few of these.

Upon the advance of the Bengal force, numerous desertions took place, which as the army was now entering a new country, were calculated in no slight degree to dispirit the troops:—

'As it proceeded slowly towards the capital city of the Nawab Bawnl Khan, it knew but one sorrow or care, viz., the vexatious desertion of its followers, who carried off with them the hired camels, and left their masters comfortless and without means of transport. The spasm of alarm had quickly seized the hearts of the timid tribe of Hindoostanee servants, when they found that they were leaving their own provinces behind, and entering on untried regions, and might soon expect to have a river on their right, a desert on their left, before them a hostile nation, and around them strangers whom they knew not how to trust. The Sikh *surwans*, who were forward in the supervening desertion, absconded on a different principle. They considered themselves the victims of feudal tyranny. They argued that the British had influenced their rulers cruelly and unjustly, to compel them to leave their homes, and engage in a distasteful service, and that as they owed these self constituted masters of their rightful lords no allegiance, they felt themselves at liberty to leave them, whenever opportunities might offer. They were insolent and untutored fellows, only a loss under circumstances in which no other camels and no better followers could be procured. But all felt that in such countries as those in which we were about to penetrate, no description of men or animals could well be spared. Morning after morning fresh desertions were reported, and scarcely had the army completed six marches, when the loss of private baggage and the unavoidable abandonment of the bedding and camp equipage of the soldiers had amounted to a serious evil. The most vigilant patrolling of parties of irregular horse did not materially check this defection. The increasing propinquity of the desert rendered evasion hourly easier.'

A view of the Indus, at a spot of peculiar picturesque interest, relieve the details of the laborious march:—

'Here a spectacle awaited the troops, which the young and enthusiastic might deem fully to repay them for all the fatigues of their precedent marches. A noble river of little less than one thousand yards in breadth is the Indus at Goth Amil; but here, where its stream is impeded by the rocky island of Bakkar, it expands into a wide bay to embrace and pass the obstacle, the resistance of which to its waters seems only to add fury to their natural impetuosity. On either bank are here seen two large groves of date-trees clothing for a certain distance the hills of limestone rock, which stretch out like two huge arms, the one towards Cutch Gandava, the other into the territories of Moer Roostum. These wood-crowned heights, though not lofty; present a striking contrast to the level plain around them, green only with corn and tamarisk-bushes. The town of Roree is wholly built of sunburnt bricks; but raised on limestone crags in the bend of the little gulf, it lays claim to a wild kind of beauty; whilst on the same bank a magnificent pile of rocks of the same formation, surmounted by the painted and glittering spires of a Zyarat gah, and insulated, when the river is swollen, arrests the admiration of the spectator. Thence his gaze is at length withdrawn to the fort of Bakkar, and the view into the expanded reach of the Indus below it. The sandy islet on which the stronghold is built, would be washed over by the river, but that from this low basis, suddenly arises a singular superstructure of hard limestone, in which little masses of agate flint are thickly and deeply bedded. The isle is in length eight hundred yards, and in breadth varies from one hundred and fifty to one hundred. The whole area is covered by the *enccinte* and buildings of the fortress, which reach down to the water's edge. This intervening land divides the river into two channels, the northern of which does not exceed ninety yards, whilst the southern branch spreads with a whirling course towards the town of Roree to the width of four hundred and fifty. The smaller arm had already been securely bridged by nineteen boats lashed