

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

UNERRING Time now wheels along the year
With rapid stride;
And signs of Nature's swift decay appear
On every side;
The verdant woods put on a garb embrown'd
By Autumn's breath;
The yellow leaves lie thick upon the ground,
Emblems of death.

The robin perch'd on yonder gable end,
So blithe and free,
Alternate with some never-tiring friend,
In neighbouring tree,
Pours forth in thrilling cadence sweet and clear
His warbling lay;
And sounds the requiem of the falling year
All through the day.

The short-lived insects die, the sparrow leaves
The well glean'd field,
In a full barn, or risk, or cottage eaves,
Himself to shield;
The feather'd tribes of Northern breed so fleet
Appear in sight;
The beautiful summer bird of song so sweet
Has taken flight.

The twittering swallow from the accustom'd
nest
Have sped away—
To some more genial clime they're gone in
quest
Of summer's ray;
The rooks and starlings meet in friendly flock,
And scour the fields;
Devouring keenly ere the welcome stock
To winter yields.

The vales are shorn of their most bounteous
load;
The rattling wain
No more is seen on the deserted road,
Or silent lone;
The harvest song has ceased, the driving storm
Now howls instead;
And Nature mourns o'er her poor wasted
form,
And bows her head.

The hunter's horn is sounding on the hill,
And echoes wide;
The shortened days roll o'er us dark and chill;
The black clouds rise
Across the troubled arch of heaven's high
brow,
And the keen blast
Proclaims aloud that Winter's form is now
Advancing fast.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

EUPHROSINE.

M. DE FRONTENAC would not permit the threatening aspect of public affairs to interfere with the arrangements made for the occasion; and the festivities at the castle presented a scene of magnificence which would have been in better keeping with an eve of festal victory, than with one which was probably to precede the deadly encounter of enemies.

Yet who could think of impending danger, in the midst of so much gaiety, and in the presence of the night's radiant queen, the charming Euphrosyne, the cynosure of all eyes, eclipsing, by her sweet simplicity, her exquisite grace, and a beauty more touching even than it was dazzling, the showy woman who, in the imposing splendor of rich robes and jewels of countless value, lent eclat to the scene! She moved among the glittering throng, beautiful in her unadorned simplicity, a few natural flowers wreathed among the rich folds of her shining hair, and arrayed in robes of the purest white; for her weeds, if she had ever worn them for a husband who possessed not her affections, were long ago cast aside; and on this her twentieth birth-night, she resembled rather a youthful bride than a widow.

With a calm step but a throbbing heart Louis St. Ours passed through the brilliant crowd.—Not daring by one furtive glance to single out the object who filled his every thought, he made his way to the upper end of the saloon, where, surrounded by a group of officers, M. de Frontenac stood discussing the great topic of interest—the arrival of the hostile fleet in their waters.

St. Ours was becoming an attentive auditor to the circle, when, by a sudden evolution of the dancers, he caught a glimpse of Euphrosyne; then her sweet silver laugh rung upon his ear; and forgetting all things else in the thought of her, he drank eagerly in the low musical tones of her voice, as they came to him mingled with the general hum, yet separated to his ear from all other sounds, her lightest tone penetrating like some divine harmony into the secret recesses of his soul.

She was dancing with the young Baron D'Aubigny, an officer of the governor's household; and she moved with an airy grace that scarcely suffered her buoyant step to touch the floor; while in the pauses of the figure, she conversed gaily with her partner, her animated face upturned to his with a beaming look that made St. Ours start.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that the

tender devotion so long manifested towards her by the baron, was at last awaking an answering feeling in her heart, and could it be this subtle magic which heightened even her marvellous beauty, and lent to every gesture a diviner grace? At this surmise, admitted only for an instant, a jealous pang wrung his heart; but another stolen glance re-assured him, for he met an answering look from her sweet eyes—a look which he knew never came but from the heart.

To some she might have seemed absorbed in the tender tale her handsome partner was whispering in her ear; but Louis better understood her, and knew that for him alone her lip was wreathed with smiles, and the light of love danced in her eyes. He could not resist her fascination, nay, he did not strive to do so, and he advanced a step, as if to approach her. She marked the gesture, and instantly her whole face became radiant with pleasurable emotion. His heart bounded with passionate joy at the sight; and repelling the cruel thought that she never could be his, he murmured to himself: 'For this night at least, which perhaps may be my last, I will bask in the sunshine of her smiles;' and the next moment saw him standing flushed with happiness at her side.

The young baron drew back, mortified and offended at the approach of St Ours, assured, by the smile of tender welcome with which the fair Euphrosyne greeted his approach, that he saw in him the rival destined to snatch away the treasure he coveted. But, unheeding his chargin, the lovers rapt in their dream of bliss, wandered away towards the open balcony, over which hung the cloudless moon, and where they found the silence which their spirits craved.

High in air hung the lofty terrace where they stood overlooking that part of the city called the lower town, its narrow precipitous streets winding down hundred of feet below the stately castle of St. Louis. It was October, but the weather was soft and balmy as a night in June; and the rosignol, the Canadian nightingale, at intervals broke forth into song from amid the thickets of lilac and acacia where he sat concealed. The vault of heaven was brilliant with its countless stars, among which shone the young moon's crescent; but their glory was eclipsed by the coruscations of the mystical aurora, often so resplendent in the autumnal rights of northern latitudes.

St. Ours, with his fair companion, stood leaning against the massive stone-work that guarded the balcony, watching in silent admiration the splendid aurora—now darting its luminous arrows far up the heavens, now broadening and reddening into sheets of flame, that waved to and fro like blood-red banners—and again paling to a silver radiance, as innumerable shafts of light, diverging from the horizon, streamed up to the very zenith, and there uniting, formed a vast curtain of inconceivable splendour which seemed to enclose the hemisphere.

Attracted by the report of the phenomenon, many of the guests had gathered on the balcony to witness it; but behind the screen of a stone-abutment, the lovers remained unobserved—communing in spirit, though their lips were silent. Suddenly the strange brightness grew more intense; the grand tent shook on its luminous folds, waving and shimmering till the heavens were one canopy of light, beneath whose radiance every feature of the landscape became distinctly visible—the rocky summits of Cape Diamond—the wooded promontory of Point Levi—the fair valley of St. Charles, with its guardian barrier of mountains—the little village of Beauport, and near its shores the dark ships of the invaders, lying motionless at their anchorage. Their tall masts, and the delicate tracery of the slender spars, were clearly defined against the glowing sky; and as St. Ours pointed them out to Euphrosyne, he felt a slight shudder pass through her frame, and he could scarcely catch her tremulous whisper as she murmured: 'It is a fearful sight that hostile armament, which to-morrow—ah! to-morrow!'

The concluding accents were inaudible, for she bent over the low balustrade to hide her emotion.

The heart of St. Ours throbbed wildly, nay, rapturously: he knew for whose safety she most feared, and the certainty that he was beloved, brought with it a dangerous delight. Yet the experience of each day's intercourse with her had taught him to wear an enforced calmness, which now sustained him as he answered her half uttered fears with a few quiet words. At variance were his tones with the tumult of his feelings, but he dared not abandon himself to their control.

'There is, I think, little to fear from yonder invaders, who, in full view of our impregnable fortress, will scarcely venture an attack. But even should they be so foolhardy, and some of us, as it must be, fall in the service of our king, would there not be consolation, fair Euphrosyne, in that saying of the ancients, which you repeated to me yesterday—'Whom the gods love, die early?'

She attempted no reply, but still bent in silence over the balcony, hiding her face in the flowers she held. He saw them tremble in her light grasp, and saw too, glittering on their fragrant leaves, the precious tears which fell from her downcast eyes. How difficult he found it then to crush down the aching secret of his heart!—It trembled on his lips as, drawing her closer to his side, he repeated in

low and passionate accents her cherished name.

But only for an instant slept the cruel remembrance of his thralldom; and checking the rash confession he was almost in the act of pouring forth, he moved a few steps from her, and bowing his head upon his breast, strove to still the rebellious murmurs of his heart. She drew towards him, and, as though she understood the cause of his disturbance, laid her hand on his arm with the sweet familiarity which had of late grown up between them, and said in her sweet winning tone, and with a look of bewitching tenderness: 'Louis, you are unhappy; will you not suffer me, your friend—your sister—to be your comforter?'

'Sister!' he repeated with a sudden start. 'Ah! Euphrosyne, could I tell you all!—but not to-night. Let me at least enjoy these fleeting hours, for we know not what the morrow may have in store for us.'

An expression of pain crossed her face, but she answered him with cheerful tones and sweet chidings for the indulgence of his morbid fancies.

'Ah, sweetest Euphrosyne, chide me as you will, he said: 'I deserve your harshest rebuke for casting one shadow from my own darkened life, over the joyous sunshine of yours; by daring, with the web of an evil destiny around me, to lavish my love and my despair where I can neither ask nor hope for aught in return.'

Transported by the fervor of his passion, St Ours gave rapid utterance to these words—such words of tender meaning as he had never before spoken to the object of his hopeless love. Euphrosyne heard them with a thrill of joy which spoke eloquently in the glad light of her bashful eyes, as she raised them with a glance of soft reproach to his face, instantly to cast them down again, shrinking from his fervent regards. But when he read in that tender look the full and perfect love which her heart accorded him, he felt deeply the untruthfulness of his conduct in premitting the silent growth of her affection without striving to check it, by revealing to her his true position. Self condemned and wretched, he stood before her, inwardly resolving, though it should forever terminate their intercourse, to embrace the earliest opportunity of making known to her all the unhappy circumstances which placed an insurmountable barrier between them.

Euphrosyne, with the instinct of love, marked the deepening gloom of his manner; but she felt that she was dear to him, and the deep joy of her heart remained unchilled; her eyes met his with unimpaired tenderness, and no shadow darkened the sunshine of her smiles. Louis marvelled at her serenity; his own soul was in tumult, and he felt persuaded that his sufferings could not escape her notice. Why, then, did she manifest no distrust, no disturbance?—It was inexplicable to him, and almost was he tempted to believe that she valued his affection only as a triumph to her vanity; but a glance at her pure and innocent face dispelled the unworthy thought. She loved him with the fond undoubting trust of woman; and he, wretch that he was, had won her young and guileless heart only to betray it to misery and despair. It was too much to bear; and to escape from it, he could at that moment have been content to know, that in the coming strife, some leaden messenger of death would forever still the throbbings of his aching heart.

A crowd had by this time gathered on the balcony, eager to watch the coruscations of the aurora; and there were many who saw in them a shadowing forth of hosts engaged in battle—portentous of impending war to the loyal garrison of Quebec. But no such superstitious fears paralyzed the courage of its brave defenders; and stanchest among them, and of firm resolve to maintain the rocky stronghold against all odds, was the governor himself, the Comte de Frontenac, a gallant old noble, bred in the warlike school of Louis XIV., and a true believer in the great Henry of Navarre.

M. de Frontenac possessed the entire confidence of his sovereign, and it was his endeavour to deserve it, by his wise administration and judicious policy—seeking earnestly to advance the interest of the Canadian colony, and render it a more valuable appendage to the crown of France. But though just, generous, and brave, his imperious temper often balked his good purposes: towards those, especially, who in any way thwarted his views, he displayed his strong feelings, becoming frequently so irascible, that his most familiar friends dreaded to approach him.

In these, his dark and stormy moods, Madame de Lavoisier was the only one who could exorcise the evil spirit that possessed him. She was never moved even by his wildest tempests of passion; and if manifested in her presence, they seldom failed to subside into calmness when she tried her feminine magic. He delighted to have her near him: 'She seemed,' he said, 'to surround him with an atmosphere of joy and peace;' and the dutiful and tender affection she rendered him in return for his fond indulgence, might have been that of a loving daughter. Louis St Ours shared with Euphrosyne the favour of the stately comte—for, like most persons who are fond of power, he loved to have his favorites, though they were not always so well chosen as in the present instance. The young man being attached to the personal

suit of the governor, occupied apartments in the castle, and was thus thrown into intimate association with Euphrosyne in the daily and hourly courtesies of domestic life—a dangerous position for the enamoured Louis, especially as M. de Frontenac seemed in no wise displeased at the intimacy which was rapidly knitting the young people more closely together.

It was late at night before the gay assembly broke up. The dancing was continued languidly towards the close of the evening, and when it ceased, though the sound of music was heard at intervals, few heeded it. Some sat discoursing over their wines; others were gathered in knots here and there in the lighted rooms, or on the airy balcony; but every mind seemed engrossed by the one exciting topic of the hour. Indeed, the whole city was astir; lights glanced in all directions; a ceaseless hum of voices, and the tramp of hurrying feet, rose on the air; and the blazing watch-fires on the heights brightened with their ruddy flames the rocks and cliffs, over which brooded the shadow of night.

It was past midnight when St Ours said adieu to Euphrosyne, and left the castle on a private mission to the intendant; and the yellow dawn just tinging the horizon, when he again found himself alone in his chamber. Wearied, yet too much excited to feel the want of sleep, he opened a small cabinet which stood in his apartment, and drew forth his writing materials, desirous of improving the short time that remained before the sound of the morning reveille, in inditing a letter to Madame de Lavoisier—perhaps the last.

Full of manly tenderness was this letter, and as full of sad and bitter regret at the fate that forbade him to consecrate to her his life. All was told—all mystery, cleared away from his words and conduct: his whole soul was laid open to her gaze, with its anguish, its deep remorse for the wrong he had done in seeking, even indirectly, to awake her tenderness.

The letter was sealed and addressed; and the half-hour that remained before being summoned to active duty, he employed in looking over the contents of the cabinet, which contained his private papers, and other articles of value. Letter after letter was given to the flames; but several brief notes, bearing the signature of 'Euphrosyne,' and containing, it might be, some half-dozen lines of acknowledgement for a book or other trifling favour, were gazed upon till the delicate characters became dim, and then restored to the cabinet.

Unclosing a private drawer, which he had almost forgotten, Louis started at the sight of a miniature that had lain there undisturbed for years, though the rich gold of its setting was undimmed by time, and the gems that incrustated it remained as lustrous as ever. It was the picture of his child wife, upon which he had never looked since the day of his fatal marriage, when it was given to him by her father. With an involuntary shudder of aversion he closed the drawer; but immediately a sudden impulse impelled him to re-open it, and scan the liniments of the face which had almost faded from his remembrance. As he did so, a pair of soft dark eyes looked full upon him—eyes that startled him he knew not why, and which he might have thought beautiful, had there been in them any deeper expression than the mere bashful innocence of childhood.

He forgot that with the lapse of years the child had ripened to maturity, and that those eyes, so exquisite in form and colour, might now be radiant with the sweet and tender emotions of woman; that the thin unformed features might now be rounded into beauty, and beam with intelligence and love. But, no; Louis neither could nor would picture such a development to himself. He looked upon the young face as that of his evil genius; and as, in contrast to it, beamed before his mental vision the soul-lit eyes and sunny smile of Euphrosyne, he cast the miniature from him with disgust. As it fell upon the floor, the spring opened, and revealed a ringlet of fair hair fastened within the case. But what to him was this child's curl? He saw only the dark braids which lent such classic grace to the matchless head of Euphrosyne; and taking up the miniature, he threw it back into the drawer; and locking the cabinet, he passed through a glass door to the terrace, to inhale the morning air.

The dawn was slowly advancing, painting the east with hues that cast their splendour on the mist which enshrouded the landscape. As the sun ascended, the veil lifted and flickered, hanging like a soft cloud over the St. Lawrence and wrapping in aerial robes the snow-capped mountains of St. Charles. St. Ours stood silently watching the tissue of vapour, curling and wreathing itself into a thousand forms of fantastic beauty, till it floated slowly upward, when the English fleet, lying off the shore at Beauport was revealed. Every stitch of canvas was furled, and the only sign of hostility presented was the red cross flag of England, floating from the mast-head of the admiral's vessel.

The morning passed away; noon arrived, and still no sign of intended purpose or action on the part of the English was manifested. The hostile flag streaming out on the quickening breeze, and the guns bristling in formidable array through the port holes of the vessels, alone gave evidence of the intent of the couchant lions who waited to spring upon their prey. But just as the bell in the tower of Notre Dame proclaimed the hour of twelve, a boat, conveying an