

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

LET US BE HAPPY.

Oh! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
 However the world may have shadowed our lot;
 When the rose-braided links of affection have bound us,
 Let the cold chains of earth be despised and forgot;
 And say that the friendship is only ideal,
 That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown,
 For he who believes every heart as unreal,
 Has something unsound at the core of his own.
 Oh! let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the nearest and best,
 For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
 When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Oh! let us be happy when moments of meeting
 Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes;
 And though Folly, perhance, shake a bell at the greeting,
 He is the dullest of fools who forever is wise.
 Let the laughter of joy echo over our bosoms,
 As the hum of the bee for the midsummer flowers,
 For this honey of happiness is from love's blossoms,
 And is found in the hive of these exquisite hours.

Then let us be happy, when moments of pleasure,
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
 For the pulse always beats to most heavenly measure,
 When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

Let us plead not a spirit too sad and too weary,
 To yield the kind word, and the mirth-light-ed smile;
 The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary,
 Where the robin of hope will not warble a while.

Let us say, in our pride, that we care not for others,
 And live in our wealth like an ox in his stall;
 'Tis the commerce of love, with our sisters and brothers,
 Helps to pay our great debt to the Father of All.

Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best,
 For the pulse ever beats with more heavenly measure,
 When love and good-will sweep the strings of the breast.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

EUPHROSINE.

AN OLD TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

THE Englishman coolly drew forth his document, and read in a voice as unmoved as though the words he uttered were of the most agreeable import, the bold summons of his admiral, demanding in the name of his sovereign lord, William, King of England, the immediate surrender of the fortress and city of Quebec; 'to which demand,' added the imperturbable messenger, 'your answer, Comte de Frontenac, is required in an hour hence, upon the peril that will ensue.' And laying his watch upon the table, he coolly said: 'It is now one o'clock and I shall await your excellency's answer till the time specified has expired.'

By a simultaneous impulse, the whole assembly rose from their seats, surprised out of their dignity by the insolence of the message and the audacity of its bearer. Rage and astonishment were depicted on the countenance of M. de Frontenac. For a minute excessive anger prevented his utterance; but when at last his white lips parted to speak, a torrent of scorn and defiance flowed from them. Shaking his clenched hand with a menacing gesture:

'I do not recognise the supremacy of William of England,' he said; 'I know him only as the Prince of Orange—a usurper, who, to gratify his selfish ambition, has outraged the most sacred rights of blood and of religion, striving to persuade the nation that he is its saviour and the defender of its faith, even while he has violated its laws, and overturned the Church of England. These offences the divine justice will not long delay to punish as they merit.'

Perfectly unmoved by this hurricane of wrath stood the messenger of Sir William Phipps, except that a laughier light gleamed in his clear blue eye, and a scarcely perceptible curl of his lip showed his contempt for the accusations alleged against his sovereign. He only asked:

'This, then, is your excellency's only reply'

M. de Frontenac deigned no words in return to the question, but, with an air of frigid determination, slightly bent his head in token of assent.

'May it please your excellency, then,' resumed the officer, still in the same imperturbable and authoritative tone, 'to cause that this, your answer to our summons, should be rendered in writing, for the satisfaction of my commander, to whom I would not willingly bear a false interpretation of your message.'

'I will answer your master, sir, by the mouth of my cannon!' thundered the exasperated governor, whose scarcely smothered wrath leaped into a flame at the audacious coolness of the herald. 'Thus, and thus only, will I hold parley with him, and that ere long; for it is time to teach him that the Comte de Frontenac, the viceroy of the greatest monarch in the world, is not to be dealt with in this manner even by his peers!'

With a haughty wave of his hand, the angry old noble rose and left the council chamber, attended by his suite. It was the signal for the herald's departure; and again, with bandaged eyes, he was conducted through the fortified city to the boat which had borne him on his fruitless mission thither.

The hostilities which almost immediately ensued on the conclusion of this brief conference, are matter of history; and upon them, even did the limits of our tale permit, we have no desire to dwell. Hour after hour, the dreadful cannonade continued; but directed, as was the fire of the English colonists, against the heights of the upper town, the balls fell harmless; while the numerous guns of the rocky fortress replied with a power, that told fatally upon the enemy's flotilla, and stilled the beating of many a gallant heart that fought upon its decks. All day the fearful strife went on—weeping eyes watched its progress—on aching hearts its sounds fell like the knell of their life's happiness; and in darkened chambers some lay unable to move, with tearless eyes, and ears muffled, to shut out the incessant booming of the cannon. But the weary day declined at last; twilight, brief and bright, came on; and then the welcome night, shrouding all things in darkness, and stilling for a time the desperate fight.

St. Ours hailed the approach of night with joy. All day he had been active where peril was rife, and had escaped unscathed; but he was sick of the noise of battle, and even a brief respite was grateful to him. Another evening might not find him breathing—loving—on that earth made radiant by the presence of Euphrosyne; for there lay the black hulks of the hostile vessels, waiting for dawn to renew the strife; and among the victims marked for death, might not himself be numbered?

With this thought sprang up an intense desire to see Euphrosyne, if only for a few moments, to learn how she had borne the trials of the day, and to draw comfort and courage from her smile. But he had been left for the night in command of one of the batteries of the lower town; and to forsake his post, even for an instant, was impossible. So, sadly resigning himself to the hard necessity, he stood dreamily gazing at the turrets of the castle, as they stood against the evening sky, and picturing to himself the beloved image which had never left him even in the perils of the fight. He was interrupted by a message from M. de Frontenac, who required his immediate attendance at the castle. He needed no second bidding to make him obey the summons, trusting that when he had received the comte's commands, he should be able to steal a short interview with Euphrosyne before quitting the castle.

He was detained but a few minutes by the governor, who desired to charge him with a secret mission to the commander of a distant redoubt; and as Louis passed from his presence, he made a slight detour, in order to traverse the corridor in which the private apartments of Madame de Lavoisier were situated. His heart beat high with the hope of meeting her; but the place was vacant; though, seeing the door of her boudoir stand partly open, he paused opposite to it, irresolute, yet fearing to enter unbidden. No light gleamed from within, and he ventured softly to breathe her name: but there was no answer; not a sound broke the deep silence; only a faint odour of the flowers she most loved stole balmily, like her own sweet presence, upon his senses.

A glass door at the end of the corridor stood open, and with a trembling undefined hope he passed through it to the balcony, and there he found the object of his search. With the traces of emotion still lingering on her face, she lay upon a cushioned seat, the folds of her white garments falling gracefully around her, and her attitude one of profound repose. The moonbeams trembling through a fleecy cloud quivered on her face, their pale soft light seeming to surround her head with a halo, and thus lending a celestial character to her beauty.

St. Ours stole towards her, shrinking at the sound of his own steps, yet drawing nearer till her low measured breathing fell softly upon his ear. It seemed as if she had wept herself to sleep, for tears were yet glistening on her cheek round which her hair fell in disorder, descending in rich folds to the floor. One hand pillowed her head, the other lay passively across her breast, and in its clasp glistened the jewelled setting of a miniature. Louis felt a pang of

bitter jealousy shoot through his heart; he knew the picture could be no other than that of him whom she had wedded and lost in early youth, and he could not bear to have her steal one thought from him, to lavish even on the dead. Suddenly her sleep became disturbed; she moved, and murmured softly, but his ear caught the whispered words, and the blood bounded wildly through his veins. Could it be? Yes, again she spoke; and his own name on her lips—his father's name: that which he had borne since he became known to her was his mother's.

He bent again to listen—a smile was on her lips. She seemed visited with happy dreams; and stooping low to catch her inarticulate words he again heard 'Louis de Mornay,' coupled with another name which had been familiar to his childhood. He was amazed—how could she have come to the knowledge of this name? He wished she would awake, but she seemed sinking into a deeper slumber; and he felt that he must depart without the interchange of a word. Still he remained, as if spell-bound, bending over her till her breath fanned his cheek, when, yielding to a resistless impulse, he slightly pressed his lips to her brow.

Light as was the touch of that impassioned kiss, it awoke her, and she sprang to her feet. In her terror, she failed to recognise him; she saw only a tall figure standing beside her; and with a bound, she rushed from him towards the door which opened from the corridor. Her dress was caught by some slight obstacle as she was passing through; and in her eager haste, to disengage it, she cast a furtive glance at the intruder, when she was struck by a certain something in his air, and in the outline of his figure, which arrested her flight.

'Euphrosyne!' whispered the well-known voice. Glowing with joy, she turned towards him. He advanced.

'You are safe, thank God!', she said; but the sound of a closing door, and then of voices approaching, alarmed her; and snatching her hand from his clasp, she darted swiftly away. Louis stood for a minute like one entranced; but he had no time to linger; and comforted by having seen her, he strove to persuade himself that it was better for her happiness and for his honour that he had been saved the expression of feelings, into which, had the interview been prolonged, he might have been betrayed. He left the castle and departed swiftly on his mission.

The brief trace of the night was broken at early dawn by the guns of the enemy, who, undaunted by the ill-fortune of the preceding day, renewed the assault, with a courage worthy of success. But they contended against fearful odds; and though, for six continuous hours, they pressed the attack with unexampled vigour, they were at last compelled to retreat before the overwhelming power of their opponents. Many there were on the decks of the little flotilla who would have preferred dying in the struggle; but Sir William Phipps, no less brave than he was humane, wished to avoid a useless waste of life, and assured that all chance of victory was at an end, he ordered the anchors to be weighed; and crippled by the guns of the fortress, many of her gallant hearts cold and silent, others bleeding on her decks, the defeated armament floated slowly down the stream.

Fast and continuous from the heights of the citadel poured on the retiring fleet the fire of its cannon: scarcely a ball sped through the air in vain; and when at last one of them, in its flight, struck the mast of the admiral's vessel, and sent it headlong, with the proud flag of England at its top, into the St. Lawrence, what humiliation crushed the hearts of its defenders!—what insolent joy swelled the triumph of the victors!

Borne up by its silken folds, the flag floated slowly on towards the conquerors—a token of surrender, which they hailed with shouts that shook the city to its centre. On it came, watched with breathless interest by that eager multitude, till suddenly, saturated by the waves, it disappeared beneath them, the end of the splintered flagstaff floated on the surface, designating the place where it had sunk. The breathless hush which succeeded its immersion, was broken by the clear commanding voice of M. de Frontenac impetuously exclaiming:

'Shall the trophy be lost to us, and not an arm among the hundreds here outstretched to pluck it from the waves?'

'God forbid!' shouted Louis St Ours, and with the words he cast aside his coat and sword, and leaping from the bank, dashed out into the stream. The welkin rang with enthusiastic cheers; and many a one who had shrank from the peril, now envied the young man who had dared it the glory of the act.

The retreating foe were still near enough to mark the proceedings on shore; and hoping to rescue their fallen flag from the grasp of the victors, they renewed their slackened fire. But regardless of danger, though the balls fell fast around him, St Ours pressed on. The throng upon the shore watched his progress in profound silence: but when he safely neared the flagstaff and grasping it, held up the flag, a burst of gratulation, long and deafening, greeted his triumph, and was again renewed, and yet again, as he swam back with the trophy to the shore. Leaping up the bank, he laid it, with a proudly

throbbing heart at the feet of M. de Frontenac.

Surrounded by his staff, the old noble stood upon the highest point of the bank, watching the scene with intense interest. A smile at its gallant issue lit up the veteran's haughty face, softening its stern expression, and revealing by its sunshine the kindness which really formed a part of his character, though too often obscured by the arbitrary manner which his love of rule had fostered. Bending courteously toward St Ours:

'Well and bravely done, young sir!' said he—'well and bravely! the crowning act of a heroic day! On the spot which has witnessed your valor, it is fitting that, in my sovereign's name, I decree you the guerdon it deserves.—Kneel down, Louis St Ours!—and drawing his sword from its scabbard, he held the glittering blade, flashing in the sun-light, over the young man's head for a moment, then lying it upon his shoulder—'Rise, Baron de Mornay!' he exclaimed; 'and be thou fortunate in love, as thou hast this day shown thyself valiant in arms, and loyal to the service of thy king!'

At these words the new-made baron rose, flushed and excited, pleased by the approbation of his commander, and the flattering distinction accorded him; but above all, mystified and astonished at being accosted by the paternal name he had so long disused as the symbol of his legal bondage. 'Twice within the last few hours he had heard it repeated by those to whom he had never been known as other than Louis St. Ours; and now he was rebaptised with his family-name dignified with a lordly title.

He casts us quite into the shade,' said D'Esperon to a young officer beside him; 'and after this fine exploit, the women will so deify him! Young D'Aubigny, the person addressed, shrunk from the gay remark; he felt too deeply the power of the rival with whom in love at least, he saw how vain it was to contend; and without attempting any reply he turned upon his heel and walked away.

The city that night presented a scene of rejoicing, except where, here and there, a closed dwelling told of the desolation which the brief combat had brought into it. A banquet at the castle celebrated the victory of the garrison; and conspicuous among the adornments of the grand sabbath, hung the English flag, dividing the attention of the guests with the youthful hero who, at the peril of his life, had snatched it from the waves. Euphrosyne looked the very incarnation of happiness—a delicate rose hue flushed her cheek, but paled or deepened with every varying emotion; a beaming light was in her eye, a bounding joy in her step, a tender gladness in her voice, that betrayed to Louis, more eloquently than words, the depth and fervour of her love. Never before had she so plainly manifested her preference; it seemed as if she designed to convince him of it, and that so undisguisedly, that even while his heart struggled between the joy and anguish which the certainty of her love brought with it, he was half inclined to censure its almost triumphant demonstration.

More painfully than ever came home to him his hopeless bondage—his hateful obligations to another; and reproaching himself that he had so long tacitly permitted the growth of her affection, he resolved that very evening, even while her hand held the cup of happiness to his lips, to turn from it, and reveal to her his true position. With this purpose, he turned to seek her; but not finding her among the crowd, he strayed on towards a small apartment, whose glass-doors opened upon the terrace, which, at that hour he thought to find untenanted, and where he could collect himself for the interview he sought.

With downcast eyes, and arms folded across his breast, the very impersonation of melancholy musings, Louis entered the apartment; but as he slowly crossed its threshold, a murmur of voices startled him, and raising his eyes, he saw, seated in a high-backed Gothic chair, surrounded by his own arms, the Comte de Frontenac, while beside him stood Euphrosyne, one arm thrown caressingly round his neck, and her fair face, a very April face, with its mingled smiles and tears, half hidden on his shoulder. Entranced by the unexpected sight, yet retaining a dim consciousness of intrusion, Louis mechanically turned to retreat, when the voice of the governor arrested his steps.

'Nay, do not quit us, Baron de Mornay,' he cried. 'There surely is an unseen Power that directs our actions, or you would not have been drawn hither at so apropos a moment. Come and tell me what shall be done to the man whom we delight to honor! I feel that I have but poorly acknowledged your chivalrous conduct by the bestowal of an empty title; and now I would signalise my sense of your bravery and gallant bearing, by enriching you with a gift, priceless above rubies, if—as the young believe—the heart's affection is more to be coveted than wordly wealth and honors.—Euphrosyne!'

She did not answer to his call, but kneeling in silence beside him, strove with her small hands to cover her blushing face, as it rested on his knee. The comte turned his eyes from her with a smile, and again addressed St Ours.

'Young man, I knew your father, and loved him; and so loving him, rejoice that he has left such a son to honor his memory, and bear