

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## THE LOST ONE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.  
A Working Man.

I mourn, albeit I mourn in vain,  
To miss that being from my side,  
Who bound in love's resistless chain  
My selfishness and pride;  
She whom I proved in after days  
A faultless friend, a faithful wife,  
Who cheered me through the roughest ways  
Along the vale of life.

I miss her greeting when I rise  
To needful toil at early morn,  
And the bright welcome of her eyes  
When irksome day is worn;  
I sorely miss from ear and sight  
Her comely face, her gentle tongue,  
Which praised me when I went aright,  
And warned when I was wrong.

I lack her love, which filled my heart  
With kindred tenderness and joy,  
And fondly kept my soul apart  
From the cold world's annoy:  
That love which raised me from the dust  
Of sordid wish and low desire,  
And taught me by its own sweet trust  
How nobly to aspire.

My hopes were wilder than I deemed,  
When she espoused my humble lot—  
For my conjugal pleasures seemed  
As they would perish not;  
But an unerring Providence,  
Whose power is ever just and great,  
Called my beloved companion hence,  
And left me desolate.

The greenness from my path is gone,  
Its springs are sunken in the sand,  
And wearily I travel on  
Across a desert land;  
The horizon round me, once so bright  
With glorious hues, seems dim and bare;  
But the far distance shows one light  
Which keeps me from despair.  
Oh, no! not wholly desolate,  
For she has left her image here;  
And I will wrestle with my fate  
For sake of one so dear.  
Oh, God! keep strong and undefiled  
The only fledgling in my nest  
My winsome boy, my gladsome child,  
And make his father blest.

May his lost mother's spirit now  
Look down from her exalted place,  
And shed on his unconscious brow  
A portion of her grace.  
May Heaven inspire her husband's soul  
For noblest duties, highest things,  
And when he nears the mortal goal  
Lend him immortal wings.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## EUPHROSINE.

AN OLD TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

It was a bright October evening in the year 1690, when a group of officers stood upon the topmost point of Cape Diamond, the lofty citadel of Quebec, clustered round the flag-staff, from whose summit floated proudly the national banner of France. The last rays of the setting sun kissed its silken folds as they streamed out upon the breeze, waving defiance to the invaders who threatened to pluck it from the rock on which, nearly a century before, it had been planted by the adventurous Champlain.

Over the beautiful landscape, viewed from the pinnacles of that rock, hung the blue dome of heaven, pure and cloudless; while the horizon, burning with gorgeous hues of purple and gold, shed a glory over the scene, such as is never witnessed in milder latitudes. The heads of the distant mountains that guard, like giant-sentinels, the lovely Valley of St. Charles, were already crowned with the early-falling snow of Canada; and the Isle of Orleans gleamed, in the distance, like some brilliant gem on the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence.

Opposite the frowning heights, bristling with cannon, lay the precipitous shores of Point Levi, rising abruptly from the noble bay of Quebec, and terminating in a wooded promontory. Here and there, perched like an eagle's eyrie on its craggy ledges, appeared the white-washed walls of the peasant's cottage gleaming through the foliage; while its swelling hills, and the undulating surface of its many-coloured woods resting against the vivid background of the sky, gave to that point of land a picturesque effect far surpassing that of the most finished productions of art.

But not to the eye alone did this ministry of beauty make its appeal: the air was full of harmonies—the whispering of leaves, the vesper-songs of birds, the humming of the insect tribes and of odours wafted from every woody dingle where the wild flowers still brightened the fading earth with their beauty, while, mingled with these fainter perfumes, came the rich fragrance of exotics from the stately gardens of the castle, in whose gay parterres still lingered the rarer flowers of European climes—the rose of Provence, the Frenchman's darling, mignonne, and the balmy violets of England.

But if the heavens above were glorious in their calm beauty, and the earth beneath peaceful and radiant as a poet's dream, there were sounds abroad, marring with their dissonance the harmonies of nature. The tramp of soldiers, the rattling of arms, the hurrying to and fro of excited men, jarred harshly on the silence of the night; while over all this was cast the spell of music from the military band, which played before the castle of St. Louis the national airs of France.

But the group of officers who, in the deepening twilight, still remained standing on the summit of the citadel, looked not now with admiring eye upon the scene. Danger menaced them even in their straggle; nay, they gazed upon its very presence; and in the whole glowing landscape they saw but one object of interest—a hostile fleet, far from contemptible in force, lying in their own majestic river, under the walls of their city, its white canvas belling in the breeze, and the ensign of England streaming from the mast head of the admiral's vessel.

The expedition had been fitted out by the British colonists of Massachusetts, and intrusted to the command of Sir William Phipps, a man whom humble birth had not prevented from rising to the highest posts of honor, and whose talents and virtues, had won the favor and confidence of his sovereign.

Previous to the appearance of the gallant little armament before the wall of Quebec, it had, almost without opposition, captured several French posts on the shores of Newfoundland and the lower St. Lawrence, and had actually arrived at Tadoussac, on the Saguenay, before any tidings of the impending danger reached the Canadian capital. Rumours, it is true, were rife concerning its approach; and parties of observation had been sent out by its vigilant governor, Comte de Frontenac, and canoes were despatched to seek for some ships laden with supplies, which were daily expected from France—their safe arrival, in the event of a siege, being all-important to the garrison.

Defensive operations had also been made and were still going on by order of M. de Frontenac, with unrelaxed vigour; for, although strong in natural defences, there was need to strengthen its rocky bulwarks against insidious assault, and to defend, by artificial barriers, those weak points which, in the lower parts of the city, were accessible from the river. But the lofty crest of Cape Diamond was not at that time crowned with works of solid masonry, although the present structure had even then begun commenced, and from its northern angle there extended an irregular line of bastions, crossing the promontory to the banks of the St. Charles.

The Citadel, at that period, was a quadrangular fort, with flanking defences at each corner protected by a wall on the inner side; while some rude field works, with redoubts, strengthened the front towards the Plains of Abraham. The lower town, too, had its battery; and the narrow, precipitous passages ascending from it to the upper part of the city, were protected by loophole walls, intrenchments, and rows of *chevaux de frise*.

Speculating upon the audacity which brought this British armament before the walls of their city, the knot of officers we have mentioned remained upon the height till only the white shrouds and gleaming lights of the hostile vessels were discernable through the gathering darkness; and then one after another departed, till only two remained, leaning against the broad flag-staff, and gazing down upon the illuminated windows of the castle. Suddenly a rich strain of music swelled upward from the balcony, when, turning to his companion, the elder of the two young men said with a gay smile:

'Light and music wherever her presence beams, Louis! Is it not so? Come, let us leave this breezy height; and though with some of us, perchance, it may be our last night of life, it will be well to spend it where we may have a foretaste of the heaven that is to follow.'

Your light tone, Gaston, is in ill keeping with my graver mood,' answered the other, with a gesture of impatience: 'yet go, and bask in the radiance of her beauty; but—'

'And wherefore but, St. Ours?' interrupted his friend. 'What means that settled gloom, that desponding tone, whenever Madame de Lavasseur is our theme?—she whom I know you love—and not in vain, if there is aught beside outward seeming in her smiles, in the conscious blush when you approach, in the tones of liquid sweetness from her lips—and such lips! Cupid be merciful! The honey of Hybla was vinegar to the dew that bathes those living roses!'

St Ours sighed deeply, and was silent. He had not even a smile for the absurd rhapsody of his friend: in truth, he was struggling hard to subdue the emotion that well-nigh mastered him; but with all his efforts, he could not conceal it from the observation of D'Esperon, who, unable to divine the secret cause which never failed to arouse it in connection with Madame de Lavasseur's name, exclaimed, with an impetuosity which formed a part of his frank and generous nature:

'In the name of all the saints, Louis St Ours explain to me the mystery which drives you to despair, when love and duty stand riven, amidst

a score of hapless aspirants, to crown you with triumph! Montres, D'Aubigny, De Lorme—would they not barter all their hopes of fame in all those northern wars, for one little token of that favour which the fair Euphrosyne showers, without stint or measure, upon you?'

'Ah, that is it, D'Esperon! If she looked upon me coldly, I could bear to suffer; but it is a cruel destiny to know the treasure might be mine, were I permitted to possess it; and this it is which must explain to you the secret of that unhappiness whose manifestations have so often awakened your sympathy and wonder.'

'I do not yet comprehend you, Louis. Why is it that the treasure won, may not be possessed?—that, in the very presence of this adored Euphrosyne, I mark your cheek grow pale, your brow become clouded, and see you steal away even from the smiles which are your life, to darkness and solitude.'

'Forgive me, Gaston,' said St Ours; 'I know I must have tried your patience sadly; but till the certainty was forced upon me that, unworthy as I am, I held the happiness of another in my keeping, I resolved to bury deep in my own breast a secret which is the haunting skeleton of my life. But from you I will no longer have any concealment. I have no formal history to relate, and only a few brief words to utter, but they are pregnant with fatal meaning, as you will believe when I tell you—I am married!'

'Married!' exclaimed D'Esperon in half indignant astonishment. 'Can I believe you, when no word of this has ever before passed your lips?—not even to me, your comrade in arms, your brother in affection, your friend and confidant—as I thought—in every joy and sorrow, since first we knew each other, years and years ago!'

'Even so, Gaston, for I trained my thoughts never to dwell on the odious theme. Or rather I should say, indifferent to the ties that bound me, I scarcely realized their existence, nor felt the galling bondage, till the bright vision of Euphrosyne appeared, and awoke me to the bitter consciousness of my thralldom.'

'But how and when was this fatal marriage contracted; and to whom in the name of heaven, are you sacrificed?'

'I know her only by name. These briefly, are the circumstances of the case:—My father and the Count de Lancy were bosom-friends from boyhood, and, in the ardour of their romantic attachment, they vowed to each other that, should they in after-years become parents, their first-born children, if of different sexes, should cement by marriage the union of the families. My father inherited a proud name with fallen fortunes; while the Count de Lancy, less illustrious by birth, was the possessor of immense wealth, so that the friends each derived his own advantage from the compact; and when in the course of time, they became parents, the little Rosyne and myself were taught, among the first lessons of our childhood, to regard each other as future husband and wife. Still, had the union been delayed till we arrived at maturity, it would perhaps have never taken place; but, unfortunately, the sudden illness of the Count hastened its consummation. An injury received in the chase was pronounced fatal by his physicians; and when informed of his danger, he desired that my father and myself should be instantly summoned. We resided in a distant province, but we set out immediately on receiving the tidings, and travelled night and day. We arrived in time to see him alive, and though near his end, his faculties remained singularly clear. He expressed his satisfaction at my father's prompt compliance with his wishes, reminded him of their compact, and signified his desire to see the marriage solemnised between his daughter and myself before he breathed his last: 'Otherwise,' he said, 'he must leave her in the power of those who would differently shape her destiny; and the dearest wish of his heart was, to bestow her and her wealth, with his own hand, upon the son of his earliest and truest friend.'

'It was a strange proposal, children as we both were—the girl-bride being but twelve years old, and I only three, her senior. But absorbed in grief for her father, she had no other will than his; and to me, who had always looked upon the union as a thing of course, it was a matter of perfect indifference whether it took place then and there, or was postponed for half-a-dozen years. And so we were married by the count's confessor, who was present with his lay-brother from a neighbouring convent. Strangers to each other, we were united in indissoluble bonds—indifferent to the present, and regardless of the future, which by that act was rendered, to one of us at least, dark and joyless for ever.

'But a secret presentiment of coming woe crept over me when I found my fate irrevocably fixed—a deep aversion to my child-wife filled my heart; but, as by the marriage stipulations, I was not to claim her, till she had completed her sixteenth year, I rejoiced in the reprieve, and gave all anxious thought on the subject to the winds.

'I saw her but once after we parted at the altar, and then, in compliance with my father's wishes, I accompanied him to the convent where she was placed to complete her education. She replied to my distant greeting with averted looks, and I fancied that I inspired

her with uncontrollable disgust. This conviction strengthened my repugnance to her; for young as I was, I had a keen sense of the beautiful in women; and when I looked at her undeveloped figure, her thin childish face, and large meaningless eye, I passed gladly from her presence, hoping, almost resolving, never to enter it again.'

'And you have never seen her since?' questioned D'Esperon.

'Never! Two years subsequent, my father died; and having entered upon a military life, I was sent upon foreign service, and remained abroad till recalled by the appointment which transferred me to this Western world, in the suite of the Comte de Frontenac.'

'And your wife?' asked D'Esperon.

'I am ignorant of everything that concerns her,' said St Ours. 'At various intervals, I heard that she always spoke with bitterness of her early marriage, denouncing it as the misfortune of her life; and this settled hate on her part fortified me in my resolution never to trouble her with a husband's claim, nor ever to intrude my unwelcome presence upon her. For aught I know, she may now be a veiled nun in the convent where I left her; but this is not probable. I only wish it were; and then I should be absolved from the vow I made my father on his death bed—never voluntarily to break the tie which binds me to the daughter of his friend.'

'It is indeed a forlorn hope, I fear,' said D'Esperon. 'Had such an event taken place, you would have heard of it through a hundred channels before now.'

'True: it does not offer even a straw to the drowning man's grasp, and I have only to bear my doom with such patience as I can; and it would have been an easy task, this quiet submission to an iron destiny, had my heart remained untouched by another. But to long with all the ardour of passions, to know myself beloved by the most enchanting of woman—O it is often more than my manhood can endure!'

'But this child to whom you were wedded, St Ours, has, with the lapse of years, become a woman. How know you that she has not blossomed into an angel, who would fill your whole soul with the ecstatic sense of her loveliness?'

'It could not be. You would not think so had you seen her. Besides, she is not Euphrosyne, and so could win no love of mine. Still, though I have wished to be forgiven by her—to be thought of, if remembered at all, as one dead—should she demand of me the protection of a husband, I would yield it, in fulfilment of my vow made to her, and of the promise to my father on his dying bed, never to rupture my marriage tie. But I have little fear that she will claim from me any frigid duty, and I gladly interpret her unbroken silence into a repugnance as unconquerable as my own.'

Louis drew his cloak round him as he ceased speaking, for the night air blew chill and damp from the river, and leaning against the flag staff, remained for a few minutes lost in thought; then suddenly addressing his friend, he said with emotion:

'This is her birth night, Gaston, and we but ill honour it by loitering here. Let us go and mingle with the crowd of her worshippers, it may be, as you say, for the last time; but the brief hours of life which, perchance, remain for some of us, I at least would wing with brightness such as her presence only can bestow.'

Arm in arm, the two friends descended from the rock, and bent their steps towards the castle, from whence came the sounds of music and laughter, sickening to the aching heart of St Ours, but exhilarating to the light spirits of his companion, who, with quickened steps, pressed on, eager to share the revelry so congenial to his buoyant nature. They entered the vestibule: and D'Esperon had bounded half way up the broad illuminated staircase, when he paused to look back for his more tardy companion, who was slowly ascending step by step, his fine face still bearing the overshadowing trace of his recent emotion.

'Courage, Louis! courage and hope! Remember your family motto, and wear your heart as bravely as you do your sword,' said D'Esperon gaily.

St Ours answered his friend's sally by a faint smile; and springing up to the landing on which he stood, they passed on together to the grand saloon, crowded, on this the birth-night of the governor's favourite niece the beautiful Madame de Lavasseur, with a brilliant assemblage of the most distinguished residents, civil and military, of all the place.

(To be continued.)

From the Waverly Magazine.

## BACHELOR MUSINGS.

Dear me! said an old bachelor, how the deuce can I get rid of these women! Sisters Mary and Lucy have been at me again to-day; they tell me I must get married, and hand the name of "Smith" down to future generations. These women, let them fight and squabble as they will and do among themselves, seem to wage war with huge satisfaction and wonderful unanimity against us, poor bachelors. It's the only subject they ever agree upon.

Why, John, says Mary, who must certainly get married before you are another year older.