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"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

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NAPOLEON.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Ye should not lay his body where
His star of majesty arose,
And glittered in the troubled air
Until it sunk beneath his foes.
I would not that his bones should lie
Where every reckless passer by
Will shout triumphant o'er his shroud,
'Is this the one?—Is this the one,
Who said, I'll tread as clay the sun,
And set my throne above the cloud?'

But ye his sepulchre must pile
Where waves eternally are hurl'd
Around the dark and beetling isle,
Above a battle-withered world;
For it, unshaken and sublime,
Shall war with every raging tide—
Unhurt beneath the step of Time—
Alone in solitary pride—
A symbol of the fame of him
Who made its majesty his urn,
And whose high deeds, when stars are dim,
Shall over all undying burn.

Upon the Bourbon's throne he trod,
And wore the Gaul's imperial crown,
And saw beneath the frown of God
His orb of glory settle down.
Upon the mighty Appenine
He saw his serried thousands shine,
And bade his eagle bearing band
On Rome's eternal temple stand.

Above the Nile's mysterious flood
He bade his hundred banners fly,
Until in clouds of storms and blood
He wrapt the over-hanging sky;
Before his iron chariot bow,
Egyptian's swarthy host he bid,
And set his standard on the brow
Of their eternal Pyramid.

Then, over Moscow's hundred spires,
His king-subduing sabre reared,
To see the redly shafted fires
Surround the vessel which he steered:
When at their touch his banner spread
Shrank into cinders o'er his head,
And men beheld the wreck go down,
With sceptre, robe, and royal crown.

Then for a time the nations slept,
While ruin gazed upon the slain,
And kings, who by his chariot wept,
Now gathered up their crowns again,
But with a sudden sound of fear
Again he burst upon each ear;
And o'er the astonished world
His march was as a comet bold,
And where her hostile flags unfurl'd
His banner like a storm unroll'd.

But He who in his awful ire
Had lit the huge volcano's flame,
Forever quenched the raging fire,
And on its brow of splendour came;
The chain—the rock—and glories dim
Were all that then remained to him.

His race was run!—from out the deep—
Where mortal form hath never trod—
He heard a voice which bade him sleep—
It was the summons of a God!
His race was run!—but never more,
While planets line creation's shore,
Shall men forget the sun which rose
With fiery front and blazing robe,
To rouse them from their long repose,
And strew their corpses o'er the globe,
For oh! if all the grief and blight
Which it has scattered down on man
Since first its pestilential flight
From being's sable shore began—
Upon one canvas broad and high
Could be by painter's pencil hurl'd,
That canvas hung into the sky
Would with its margin sweep the world.

WOMANS LOVE.

Oh what is love for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame,
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

MOORE.

Ellen Munroe was the only daughter of a wealthy Southern planter, who had spared no pains or expense in her education. Possessed of no common share of personal beauty, and the heir of the large estates of her father, her hand was sought by a numerous crowd of admirers. Left to her unbiassed choise, by the kind indulgence of a doating parent, she passed by the offers of her wealthy and distinguished suitors, and selected from the companions of her infancy, one whose only recommendations were unblemished character, and a mind of the first order.

Francis Raymond had been her play fellow in infancy, and her constant companion in the more advanced stages of childhood, and when he constantly found her surrounded by the proud and wealthy of the land, he first discovered how deeply his heart was enthralled, and his own proud spirit dictated to him the necessity of withdrawing from the vicinity of so dangerous an influence. True love is ever timid, and when Raymond contrasted his own situation, dependent upon a precarious profession for support, with that of those with whom he must enter the lists as a rival, hope died within his heart, if indeed, it had ever existed there.

The struggle was long and bitter in his breast, but pride triumphed. He could bear to leave her so as memory might be permitted to cherish her image, as one not loved in vain: he could live on the memory of the past, but to hear the cold and chilling refusal from her lips– to have the fondly cherished chimeras dashed to the ground forever, by a word from her, there was madness in the thought—he lacked the fortitude to brave it:

He determined to flee from the scenes of his childhood forever, and to seek refuge in the wilds of Texas, from the maddening memories which every bush and every tree around him recalled but too forcibly to his mind.

A painful task remained to be performed. Common courtesy demanded that he should not depart without bidding her farewell;—and pride whispered that it would be too plainly exhibiting his weakness, to shrink from the interview. He nerved himself for the task, and the evening preceding that fixed for his departure, he called with the intention of bidding her a hasty adieu, but contrary to expectation, he found her alone. He met with so cordial and warm a reception, that for a time he forgot the object of his visit.

I am glad to find you alone this evening, he said, at length, as she laid aside the guitar with which she had been accompanying her voice in one of his favourite songs.

That is a pleasure I should have enjoyed very often of late, Frank, if I had depended on you for company, replied Ellen. These long intervals between your visits are unkind. Surely, I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you.

No, Ellen, he replied, but from what I witnessed during the last three or four visits which I made, I should suppose you were not likely to suffer for want of company.

Frank, she observed, after looking at him a moment in silence, when Ellen Munroe forgets her old friends, it will be time to reproach her with treating her new ones with that courtesy to which they are entitled. I had not expected this from you.

I mean not so, Ellen, he hastily remarked, I only intended—but no matter—I have no reproaches to make; if I had, they would be ill suited to a farewell interview. I have come to bid you adieu, and forever.

Frank, surely you jest, returned she. What means this? you are angry, and at me; we must not part thus.

I am not angry, Ellen, he replied, and his assumed firmness fast deserted him. I have no cause for anger, not even the slightest;—and believe me, Ellen, no slight cause would excite an angry feeling in my breast towards you; but we part to-night, most probably forever—to-morrow I start for Texas.

She spoke not, yet her looks were more eloquent than words could possibly have been. He could not but understand it;—it told him that the ties which the long and sunny years of childhood had entwined around them, were yet unsevered, that their hearts were unchanged. His vows, his pride, his fears were all forgotten, as he poured forth his wild tale of love.—That night he returned home the accepted suitor of Ellen Munroe.

Though her father might not approve of her choice, yet he loved her to fondly to thwart her inclinations in a matter so momentous to her future happiness, and his consent was freely given to their union. It was then late in the fall, and a day was fixed in the ensuing spring for their nuptials. But his dreams of felicity were destined to be brief; one month from the period of the interview related, saw him incarcerated in a dungeon, upon the charge of that most heinous and fearful crime—wilful and deliberate murder! The evidence against him was wholly circumstantial, but at the same time was so conclusive of its nature, as almost to preclude the possibility of his innocence.

The circumstances were these: A quarrel had taken place between himself and Capt. Henderson, of the army, one of the rejected suitors of Ellen.—The quarrel had been doubtless sought by the soldier in a moment of pique, on first learning of the success of his rival; a challenge passed, was accepted, and a day assigned for meeting. The evening preceding the day appointed, Henderson was found murdered by the road side; at a short distance from him, was discovered concealed among the leaves, a dirk, known by many to be the property of Raymond, and which had been seen in his possession on the morning of the murder. Raymond was also seen coming from the woods in which the body was found, a few hours before the discovery. An examination of the wounds of the murdered man, discovered that he had been attacked from behind; and showed beyond doubt that Raymond's dirk was the weapon with which they had been inflicted. Another circumstance which had no small weight with many, was the fact of his making no preparations for the approaching duel by 'practicing' as it is technically called among duellists.

Opposed to this overwhelming mass of circumstantial testimony, he had nothing to offer but the clearest evidence of an unblemished character from his earliest infancy up to the moment of his incarceration.

There was but one opinion as to his guilt; all concurred in pronouncing him a cold, bloody, cowardly assassin.

Wherefore are you going, Ellen? said Judge Munroe to his daughter, as she passed him in the hall the afternoon of the day succeeding the murder. Wherefore have you your sun bonnet and your cloak? Surely you are not going out through this rain.

I am going to see *him*, father, she replied in a voice husky with emotion, but breathing determined resolution in every tone.

My daughter, dearest child, you must think of him no more, exclaimed the old man throwing his arms round her neck and bursting into tears; it was the first time the subject had been mentioned, indeed the first time he had seen her since the fatal discovery.

Father, exclaimed the maiden, in the firm and resolute tone in which she had first spoken, and facing him with her arms folded on her breast, I cannot, I dare not obey you; I must see him, I will see him.

My child, my beloved one, exclaimed the old man franticly, you know not what you do, he is a murderer, a cold, blooded, cowardly———

Father, father! screamed the maiden, pause I beseech you, I know all, every thing; I have heard his guilt proclaimed from a hundred mouths, and every anathema which the vile herd have heaped upon his head, has but rendered him dearer to this heart. Father, until now I never knew how I loved him.

Do you then believe him innocent? asked the old man, in a voice vainly struggling for calmness.

Believe it? father I know it; I would swear it; I would swear it.

Yet Ellen, dearest Ellen, said her father, imploringly, every body believes him guilty, and———

The greater reason I should not desert him, said Ellen, proudly. No father, if the proofs of his guilt were written in letters of fire upon my own heart, I would cling to him still. Father, fear not that your daughter will do aught for which you would have to blush, but oppose me not, I beseech you, if you would not drive me mad. I must, I will see him; he shall know, at least there is one heart that believes him innocent, despite of circumstances, and which would cherish him still were it assured of guilt.

The father buried his face in his hands and sank upon a chair, the daughter left the house accompanied by only a black servant, and in a few moments was in the presence of him for whom she thus fearlessly braved the scorn and censure of the world.

The interview was brief; an age of thought was crowded into the space of a few short moments. Raymond insisted, and finally obtained from her a promise that she would not see him again until the trial should be over. She left the prison with faith in his innocence, and in the solitary cell in which he was confined, he had the satisfaction of knowing that there was, at least, one heart satisfied of his innocence, and that heart the one of all others, in the memory of which he would wish to have an unblemished name.

At length the day of trial arrived, the court was crowded to excess, for the excitement had been unprecedented. The celebrated Col. H—— was engaged for the defence, and at an early hour the sheriff proceeded to empennel the jury.

The first witness called to the stand testified to facts of a challenge having passed between Raymond and the deceased, and the arrangements that had been made for a hostile meeting.

The second testified to the finding of the body, and to his meeting with Raymond returning from the woods some hours before the discovery.

This portion of the testimony was, however of little weight, as it was proved that the body was warm when found, and could not have been dead more than half an hour.

The next witness was Dr. Stevens, the surgeon who examined the body. He testified to the fact of having been with Raymond in his office in the morning and having seen in his possession a dirk of peculiar construction; that this same dirk was found concealed near the murdered man's corpse, with about an inch of the point broke off, which point was found in one of the wounds; the dirk was here produced and indentified by the witness; the point which had been taken from the wound corresponded exactly with the other part. When the dirk was produced, the prisoner looked at it for a moment, and then starting suddenly from his seat, while a flash overspread his pale features, leaned over the bar, and whispered for a moment in his counsellor's ear.

You say you know this dirk to be the one that Mr. Raymond had in his possession on the morning of the murder, said Col. H. after a moment's study; did you take it in your hands while you were in Mr. R's office?

I did, and examined it attentively, was the reply. I do not think I can be mistaken.

Did you make any remark relative to carrying a weapon of that kind in your hat, and if so, what was it?

I remarked that it was oftentimes more convenient to carry a small dirk in that way, than in the breast, and placed the prisoner's dirk in my hat, to show him what I meant.

How did it correspond with the length of your hat?

It was about one inch shorter than the crown.

Is that the same hat which you have in your hand?

It is.

Will you have the goodness to see how this weapon, which you have indentified as the prisoner's, corresponds with that measurement?

The witness did as he was desired, when to his utter astonishment, and that of the crowded audience by which the court was thronged, it proved one inch longer than the hat.

A suffocating murmur of half suppressed emotion rung the Court.

There is some awful mistake here, said the witness. Gentlemen of the Jury, I have———

Stop, sir! exclaimed the deeply excited counsel from his seat, with a countenance flushed to the brow. I want you now to tell this Jury what Mr. R. did with the dirk after you took it out of your hat and returned it to him.

I recollect distinctly, replied the witness; he laid it between the leaves of a large Bible, which lay upon the lower end of his book case.

Sheriff—the book, the book! exclaimed the counsel, and on your life open it not until produced in court.

The sheriff left the court, and in a few moments returned, bearing with him a large Bible, which was immediately identified by the witness on the stand, as the one in which he had seen R. deposit the dirk.

The sheriff was sworn, and testified that he had kept the key of R's office from the time of the arrest, and that no one but himself had had access to it, and that he found the Bible in the condition described by the last witness.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, said Col. H., rising, it remains to consummate the proof of my client's innocence; for myself I have not the slightest doubt that the weapon which belonged to the prisoner will be found where he placed it previous to this unfortunate occurrence,—gentlemen, examine for yourself, and he handed the book to the foreman. As the latter raised it upon the desk before him, a dirk dropped from between the leaves, the very counterpart of the one which had been sworn to, as belonging to the prisoner, in every other respect than the length. It was placed in the hat and corresponded exactly with the description given by Dr. Stevens.

A wild and thrilling shout arose from the assembled multitude; above which might be heard the shrill notes of a female voice. It was ELLEN MUNROE'S, who was at the next moment clasped in the arms of her lover. He had been acquitted by acclamation, and without the ceremony of a vote among the jurors.

A month after the termination of the trial, a deserter, when about to suffer death for his crime, confessed that out of revenge for some fancied injury which he had received at the hands of Capt. Henderson, he had committed the murder for which R. had so nearly been convicted.

At the day appointed, Ellen and Raymond were united; but he could not forgive the friends who had so easily deserted him, and in a few weeks accompanied by his lovely bride, he departed for Texas, where they who have been conversant with the history of the recent struggle in that infant Republic, have recently met with his right name, that of Raymond being a fictitious one, under which I have chosen to designate him in the present sketch.

TRAFALGAR.—Huge fragments of wreck still frequently emerge from the watery gulf whose billows chafe the rocky sides of Trafalgar; they are relics of the enormous ships which were burnt and sunk on that terrible day, when the heroic champion of Britain concluded his work and died. I never heard but one individual venture to say a word in disparagement of Nelson's glory; who observed that the British Admiral was much over rated.—'Can that individual be over rated,' replied a stranger, 'whose every thought was bent on his country's honor, who scarcely ever fought without leaving a piece of his body in the fray, and who, not to speak of his minor triumphs, was victotious in two such actions as Aboukir and Trafalgar?

LITERARY MEN IN LONDON.—It is an established fact, that not one in five hundred of those who have devoted themselves to professional authorship are able, by the labours of the pen, to earn a permanent livelihood. It has been ascertained that, in London alone, the number of persons who have adopted authorship as a profession, and who have no other means of subsistence, is from 3000 to 4000. To these are to be added the thousands who have commenced a literary career with the view of following it as a profession, but whose total failure, or very indifferent success, has induced them to relinquish it, and apply themselves to other pursuits. Now, assuming that the entire number of persons who are either living as they best can, by the produce of their pen, or who, having within the last twenty years found that existence by its means was practicable, and have therefore abjured literature—is about 10,900, it will be found very difficult to name twenty individuals, or one out of every five hundred, who have been able to convert their literary talents into the means of procuring for themselves a permanent and ample living. It is true, that authors now and then—more perhaps by accident than any thing else—enjoy a degree of popularity which, while it lasts, is very productive in a pecuniary point of view; but then how long, in the majority does such popularity last? "Ay, there's the rub!" Evanescent, indeed, with very few exceptions, is to use the nomenclature of political economists, a productive literary reputation. The reputation, considered simply as an abstraction, is often enduring; but it is inoperative in its pecuniary relations. There are scores of popular authors, whom it were easy, were it not invidious, to name, who cannot, at this moment, obtain a single sixpence for any thing they write. Many of them are suffering all the horrors of want; and hundreds of others, possessing superior talents, though never having risen to eminence, are in the same delorable condition.

CANADA AFFAIR.

From the London Emigration Gazette, February 4th.

The newly appointed Governor General, Sir Charles Metcalfe's successful career in the administration of the affairs of Jamaica, is not to be taken as a categorical test of his ability to govern such a country as Canada, let the renown that his Excellency has acquired be ever so great. In Jamaica, Sir Charles Metcalfe had not to deal with the conflicting views and opinions of different political parties, no great commercial problems to solve, or fiscal desiderata to secure, as he will have in Canada. In the former he had merely to convince the labourer and his employer that their interest were indentical, and his having done this with credit to himself may be taken so far as an earnest of his abillity as a statesman, but this is not enough. On his arrival in Canada, his Excellency will find, that the failure of Sir Charles Bagot's policy will place him in a far more different position than he has ever yet been in; he will meet a people indignant at the attempt of his predecessor to force on them a Government selected without thought from a political faction as weak as it is wicked, and as contemptible as it is useless; he will find the wealth, influence, and integrity of the country standing aloof from this flimsy shadow of a tottering administration; he will find the loyalists united to a man claiming, and ready to defend their constitutional rights; and he will, with shame be it said, find the rebel and the traitor filling the post of honour on every side. These difficulties he must grasp at once; he will not be allowed time even to study the interests of the country or the position of parties; he must act without hesitation, and surely experience will suggest to the British population the propriety of waiting to see how Sir Charles Metcalfe will commence his work.

Moral revolutions of opinion are required in Canada, and not political changes; this Sir Charles Bagot saw, but he knew not how to accomplish the former, except through the medium of the latter, and consequently, the matter was left to a general election—a mere game of chance which decided in favour of a political change, leaving the revolution of opinion in favour of the successful political tacticians, the French Canadians, as a work utterly impossible to bring about. Looking at all these circumstances, it is very difficult to say what can be done. They are embarrassments of no ordinary magnitude, and if Sir Charles Metcalfe should overcome them, he will do what no other politician of the day could achieve. It is, however, for the British Canadians now to stand upon their wealth, influence, and intelligence, not as a party, but as a people, and if they will leave Sir Charles Metcalfe to himself without cringing to the dignity of the representative of royalty, or pandering to him as a Governor for the mere sake of place, they will show his Excellency that the dignity of the vice-regal throne and his powers as a ruler, are but empty sounds when unsupported by those manly and generous attachments to the parent state, for which the British Canadians are distinguished above every other class of her Majesty's subjects.—Having thus far admonished those who are to be ruled, we would say a few words to him who is to rule. We do not profess to be prophets, but as simple observers of passing events, we foresaw the failure of Sir Charles Bagot's policy months ago' and we now predict that, unless Sir Charles Metcalfe throws nine-tenths of the difficulties he will have to contend with on the shoulders of the British population of Canada, he will lose much of his well earned reputation as a statesman, and will exhibit a weakness fatal to his powers as a ruler; and if he yields but the simplest point to the flattery of the Wakefield school or to the coquetterie of French conservative party, he will fall headlong into a trap which they are already beginning to bait with their specious tact and usual deceit.

It may not be necessary to make these suggestions to a man experienced in Colonial Administration; but as we shall be the first to review his policy, we wish his Excellency to understand that, even at this distance, we are capable of seeing how the current moves and will not fail to express ourselves on every subject connected with the Government of Canada in the same spirit in which we now address ourselves to the task. As to Sir Charles Bagot's return from office, we trust it will be conducted with that priva-