

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

BELLES-LETTRES AND THE ARTS.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1834.

THE PREVAILING FASHIONS.

It has been frequently said that Fashion is a tyrant of that objectionable school which deserves no support, and which should be abjured by every lover of social happiness and public weal: appeals have been made to the public concerning the pernicious tendency of its existence, but they, by whom those appeals have been made, do not seem to understand the definition of the evil which they anathematize. Now, let us suppose that the present mode of costume, were superseded by one which may be purchased at seventy-five per cent cheaper, and, as our supposition premises, that it should be generally adopted, would it, we ask, be less a fashion than that which now exists? Certainly not! Fashion is whatever prevails—the idol set up for the general adoration—whatever mode of dress is newest, and therefore most generally sought after, that is considered fashionable. Why then do your mock philosophers descant upon the existence of a desire to be fashionable—why attack the abuse of a most commendable and valuable mutability of costume, without offering a word in favour of its utility? Why not, in the spirit of justice, admit, while its abuses are pointed out, that it comes not unaccompanied by benefits which the unthinking observer cannot estimate? It is true, that if this mutability never existed, the world would revolve as regularly as it does at present; but, as it has existed, and continues to exist, and, in fact, to become a part and parcel of the laws of society, an observance of its laws becomes indispensable: nor indeed is it *alone* indispensable, it is *advisable*; and, for the truth of the observation, let the only competent judges, on such occasion—the public—be appealed to. There are but few parents, and perhaps, no lovers, who would not wish to see the objects of their solicitude and affection, distinguished by the *fashionable* adjustment of their persons; if a beautiful *mode* of hat, a rich pattern for a dress, a more gracefully falling cape, a sleeve upon which that cape may rest, and beautifully expand the outline of the shoulders—a more characteristic *mode* of displaying the hair—whether by the rich fold—the playful ringlet, or the Madonna-like braid—if all, or either of these be introduced, Fashion rules the interregnum, and Philosophy is disarmed: for, all doctrines, to the contrary, notwithstanding, the very form of the body, depends, to the public eye, upon the dress in which it “moves and has its being.” It is under this impression that we have introduced into the Lady's Book, those beautiful plates of the prevailing fashions, for which the publication is distinguished; and, actuated by the same view of this subject, we now present to our fair readers, with this number, six coloured engravings of those modes of dress which now fashionably prevail. It will be perceived that they are so executed as to present side and front views, so as to give the most perfect idea of their effect. The number of figures have been increased for the purpose of meeting the various tastes of our readers, which they, who well understand the necessity of selecting such colours as suit the complexion, will readily appreciate. To enter into a detailed explanation of the respective modes of prevailing costume, delineated in the annexed engraving, would be superfluous. There are two of them, however, which we consider very beautiful, and which, indeed, are very attractive; they are the fifth and sixth

of the figures. The great effect of the bosom cut of this beautifully figured dress can be easily understood; and the fine charm which it gives to the neck is particularly winning. There is also a beautiful sweep of swelling outline in the bosom and hip, and it appears to us, that the ingenuity exhibited in forming this style is indicative of the highest knowledge of the art of adapting dress to the perfect beautifying of the human figure. It is, however, of a different character from the other alluded to, which is exceedingly graceful. The colours are selected with much discrimination, and the style in which the hair is arranged, although not possessing the striking boldness which characterises that of the other figures, is replete with a mild and expressive beauty: and indeed, whenever a cap is worn, should be invariably adopted. There seems nothing superfluous or dispensable, and it is a pleasure to see this simple style restored to a competition which we trust will be successful. On this subject we propose to return, when our next engravings of fashions shall appear, as its importance does not permit us to confine it to our present limits.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1833.

EVENING DRESS.—The robe is composed of a kind of gauze, called *gaze fleur des anges*, a rose-coloured ground, flowered in separate sprigs in a blond lace pattern, and worn over a satin slip to correspond. The corsage is low, cut in a very graceful manner on the shoulders, and trimmed with a lappel of the same material.—The lappel is square behind, cleft upon the shoulders, where it is sufficiently deep to form a *mancheron*, and descending in the stomacher shape, terminates in a rounded point a little below the waist. The lappel, bust, and bottom of the corsage, are each edged with blond lace. Bouffant sleeve slashed in front of the arm. The hair parted on the forehead is disposed in light, loose curls, which hang low at the sides. The hind hair is arranged in low bows, from which a few ringlets fall over the back of the head. A half wreath of blue wild flowers is placed rather far back. Scarf of *gaze sylphide*, embroidered round the border, in a very light pattern. Ear-rings and neck-chains, fancy jewellery, gloves of white knitted silk, resembling double grounded lace. Black satin slippers of the sandal kind.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—A pelisse of lemon-coloured *gaze princesse*, plain, high *corsage*. The sleeves very large from the shoulder to the bend of the arm, sit nearly, but not quite, close to the wrist, and are ornamented with knots of satin riband to correspond, placed at regular distances. Pelerine of two falls, deep on the back and shoulders, but open, so as to display the form of the bust in front; each fall is bordered with a bias band of satin; a similar band adorns each side of the front of the skirt, and knots of riband much larger than those on the sleeves are placed at equal distances from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Lemon coloured satin hat, lined with pale lilac velvet, a round and very open brim, which stands much off the face; crown of the helmet form.—The trimming consists of knots of lemon-coloured gauze riband, and a sprig of half blown flowers to correspond. *Cashmere* scarf. Lilac kid gloves. Black *reps* slippers.

Original.

THE CATHOLIC;

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENRIE.

THE history of Father Hilario, is not a tale of fiction, invented to excite the sympathy of the reader. It has its foundation in truth, and needs no false auxiliaries to enhance its affecting interest. Imagination may have slightly embellished some of the minor incidents of his life, but his character stands forth in the simple majesty of reality, and the decorations of fancy, like the light garland thrown round the marble bust, could neither change its noble lineaments nor exalt its classic beauty. The beautiful village of L—, situated in one of the loveliest regions of Spanish Flanders, was the residence of this pure and holy minded Catholic. It was not the place of his nativity, nor has tradition told the land of his birth, or the events of his earlier years. He came to the peaceful valley, commissioned to watch over the souls of the people, and to break to them the bread of heaven. They received with enthusiasm, a pastor, who seemed anointed by the Deity itself for his divine office. There was a silent acknowledgment in every eye that beheld him, that he was a being of superior order, apparently moulded of purer clay, and fitted for nobler purposes than the grosser multitude. At first there was more awe, than affection in the feelings he inspired. From his habits of rigorous self-denial, his air of deep devotion, his love of hermit solitude, they regarded him rather as a saint than a man. It seemed that he held high and invisible communion with nature in her secret places, her pathless woods, her virgin bowers, and by the banks of her silent streams. So constant were his solitary excursions, he was called the wanderer of the forest, or sometimes by a holier appellation, *the angel of the grove*. Some children, once urged by the restless curiosity of childhood, traced his path and concealed themselves in a thick cluster of trees, where they could watch his movements unperceived. Scarcely able to repress their glee at the success of the juvenile scheme, their young eyes pierced through the intervening foliage, but mirth was chastened into awe, when they beheld him prostrate on his knees, his locked hands lifted towards heaven, and an expression in his upturned eyes so deep and solemn, as to strike them with superstitious dread. They imagined they saw a halo round his brow, such as encircled the heads of their tutelar saints, and ever afterwards, they designated him as *the angel of the grove*. There was one of this young group, on whom the impression made by this glimpse of holiness, was ineffaceable. Whenever she bent in prayer by her parent's knee, or at the altar of her God, that kneeling form and upturned brow, invested with such beatific radiance, rose between her and the heaven to which her orisons were addressed, till she associated it with her every idea of that invisible glory which no eye can see and live. Father Hilario was gradually looked upon as something more approachable and human. The children, who had been terrified by his appearance of unearthly sanctity, became accustomed to the benign expression of his countenance, as they met him in their daily walks, and won by the omnipotent charm of goodness, would often forsake their sports, gather round him in his solitude, and listen in breathless silence, while he talked to them of the God who made and the Saviour who redeemed them. Sometimes, with a gush of tenderness, that seemed irrepresible, he would take them in his arms, and weep over them tears as gentle as those which the mother sheds over her newborn babe. They knew not the fountain of his tears, but they had an intuitive conviction that they were holy drops, and like the un-

conscious flower, which opens its chalice to the dew, each innocent heart drank in their heavenly influence. The children repeated in their homes the words of Father Hilario. They said his voice was sweet as the first notes of the birds in the spring; that his eyes were gentle, and as bright as the sun when he looks over the western hills. Parents followed the steps of their children, and sat at the feet of the man of God, listening with childlike docility, while he pointed out to them that luminous path, which shines up through the darkness of earth, to the regions of perfect day. The aged sought his instructions, and it was a touching sight, to see many a head, hoary with the snows of time, bent meekly before him, who convinced them their white locks were a crown of glory—if bowed in penitence and humility—at the foot of the cross.—Profaneness sealed its bold lips in the presence of a being so immaculate. Scepticism abandoned its doubts, as it looked upon one, who seemed the embodied spirit of that religion, attested by the blood of martyred saints, and Christianity itself appeared arrayed in new and renovated charms.

Was Father Hilario *old*—and were those silver cords which bind us to earth, beginning to loosen, that he thus offered himself, a living sacrifice unto God? No! he was still in the glowing prime of manhood; and, as if the Creator had willed, in this instance, to unite the perfection of material and spiritual beauty, he had formed him in his divinest mould. Had the soul been enshrined in a meaner temple, it may be questioned if it had ever attracted so many worshippers, and it is to be feared that some, who came to offer incense to the *Creator*, paid as deep a homage to the *creature*, so nobly adorned. It has been said by one of his contemporaries, that there never was a more imposing or interesting figure than Father Hilario presented, when he stood before the altar in his robes of priesthood, apparently unconscious of every eye, save that which is unseen, his sable hair, shading a brow of marble purity—a brow, where devotion sat enthroned, unmolested by the demons of earth-born passion. It was even averred by some, and the remark was uttered with reverence, that they could trace a striking resemblance between the officiating priest, and the features of the master whom he served, whose lineaments were emblazoned by the altar's sacred lights. There was, indeed, a similitude. Like that divine Master, he was destined to bow beneath the cross of human suffering, and to drain to its dregs the cup of agony and humiliation.

Years, however, passed on in this blessed tranquillity. We spoke of *one* child, on whom the impression made by the glimpse of Father Hilario, in the fervency of prayer was deep and enduring. That child, then older than her juvenile companions, was now in her girlhood, and was acknowledged even by her rivals, the fairest flower in the gardens of L—. Her real name has not been preserved in the annals of this history. It matters not—we will call her Leila. The word conveys an idea of loveliness and fragility; and is appropriate to her, who, like the lily of the field, was transcendent in delicacy and sweetness. There was something about this young maiden so different from the usual characteristics of her age, that the eye of the stranger involuntarily rested on her face, and read there, the indications of a higher, and, perchance, a sadder destiny, than that of her blooming fellows. She was beautiful, but pale as the wild flower, to whom we just resembled her, save when some sudden

emotion passed into her mind; the lightning that plays on the summer's evening cloud, is not more brilliant or evanescent than the colours that then flitted over her cheek. Her eyes—she seemed born, to remind one, of all that is lovely and perishing—the deep hue of the mountain violet, and like their modest emblem had a natural bending towards the earth, but when they were directed towards heaven, as they oftentimes were, there was a holy illumination diffused over her face, like that which is seen on the countenance of the virgin mother, when she is represented as listening to the songs of the angels. She was an only child, and her parents, as they saw her in her innocence and beauty, shrinking from the gaieties and amusements of youth, and devoting herself to meditation and prayer, felt a kind of prophetic gloom steal over their minds, and though they never gave utterance to their forebodings, they feared that one so fair and spiritual, would not long be suffered to dwell on earth. An unpolluted blossom, the heavenly instructions of Father Hilario, were the sun and dew of her existence. While her more joyous companions followed the impulses of their blithe spirits, she sat, a young disciple at the feet of this Gamaliel; and when he talked to her of divine things, till her soul kindled into ecstasy, she was unconscious that one spark of earthly fire mingled with the flame that was glowing within. She would have shrunk with horror from the sacrilegious thought of *loving* the anointed of the Lord, the Apostle, the Saint—she believed herself superior to human passion, and when sought in wedlock, for young as she was, she had already inspired in others, what she imagined she was destined never herself to feel; she would answer that “she wished to be the bride of her Redeemer only.” Alas! she knew not that she had placed an earthly idol in the sanctuary of her heart, that temple which she had solemnly dedicated to the living God. But the veil was yet to be rent away, and the temple to become desolate and dim. Before the further development of the story, it will be necessary to introduce two characters, who were conspicuous actors in some of its darkest scenes.

When the inhabitants of L— were first placed under the pastoral guardianship of Father Hilario, there were two youths, who had gained “bad eminence” in society, as rebels against its salutary restraints. Murillo, the eldest, had one of those subtle, designing spirits, which loved to work in ambush, to hurl the shafts of mischief, from behind some sheltering cloud, and laugh at the consternation they excited. Guido was bold and lawless. He would stand forth in the broad sunshine, and commit the most daring depredations, entirely reckless of their consequences. Yet there was a mixture of openness and generosity, which often exerted their redeeming influence on his character. Unfortunately, exposed to the evil example of Murillo, he suffered from that moral contagion which the purest and firmest have been unable to resist. The inventive wickedness of the former exercised a mastery over him, which he was ashamed to acknowledge, but to which he involuntarily yielded. About the period to which we allude, they entered by stealth, into the church, and desecrated the altar, by the most unhallowed hieroglyphics, then mingling with the throng who came to worship there, watched with eager scrutiny, the effect of their impious ingenuity. Father Hilario felt the insult as a Christian, rather than as a man. He saw every eye directed to the offending characters; and, wishing to give an awful lesson to the perpetrators of such a crime, he came forward, with a majesty he had never before assumed, and in the name of outraged Christianity, commanded the authors of the deed, if within the reach of his voice, to cast themselves before that very altar they had profaned, and with tears of repentance wash out the foul

stains they had made. Guido felt as if thunderstruck by the unexpected appeal. The sacrilege of the act, for the first time glared upon his conscience, and following the impulse of his headstrong and ungovernable nature, he forced his passage through the crowd, threw himself on his knees before Father Hilario, and declared himself one of the offenders. He did not betray his comrade; but, Murillo was too notorious not to be known as his accomplice. Murillo, however, asserted his innocence, with a countenance so imperturbable, and a voice so firm, it was almost impossible to doubt his truth. When the boys next encountered each other on the village green, Murillo assailed the penitent, with every expression of scorn and indignation.

“You have not the spirit of a man in you,” he exclaimed, “pitiful coward that you are, to be frightened by the threats of a canting priest. You have wit enough in your brains for the invention of mischief, but not courage enough in your soul to carry it into execution.”

“I had rather be a coward than a liar,” retorted Guido, contemptuously. “I tell you to your face, Murillo, you are both; and I desire no more fellowship with one whom I despise.” He turned his back as he spoke, and walked several paces from the exasperated Murillo, who pursued him with bitter imprecations.

“You are a base-born wretch, and you know it,” cried Murillo, “deny it if you can—resent it if you dare.”

Guido felt the taunt to his heart's core. There was a mystery attending his birth, which made his claims to legitimacy somewhat doubtful; but, as his mother had expiated her frailty with her life, the shade that darkened her fame, did not long obscure the opening manhood of her son. There were few, who were unfeeling enough to stigmatise in his presence, the parent, who was now beyond the reach of human obloquy and shame. With flashing eyes and boiling blood, Guido turned upon the insulter, and seizing a stone, which unfortunately lay within his reach, he dashed it into his face. Murillo fell to the ground apparently lifeless, while the blood issued in torrents from his wounded head. Guido stood over him, aghast at the consequences of his rashness. He believed himself a murderer, and gazed in an agony of remorse and horror, upon the pale, bleeding form extended before him. The wound, however, did not prove mortal. After suffering excruciating tortures, and lingering long, in a state of painful debility, he was at last restored to his wonted vigour. But one of his eyes—and they were singularly bright—was extinguished forever, and a terrible scar on the temple, disfigured the beauty of a face, which, in spite of the absence of every moral charm, was once eminently handsome. It may well be believed that Murillo, with his vindictive and irascible temper, never, in his heart, forgave the one, who had thus marred his features, and cheated them “of their fair proportions.” He had been particularly vain of the fiery brilliancy of his eyes, and he felt that the glory of his countenance was departed, and a blighting mark set upon him, to make him an object of pity or derision to a gazing world. As the young tree, riven by the lightning's stroke, stands scathed and barren in the midst of abounding verdure, he remained gloomy and dark in the social band, the few, generous affections with which nature had gifted him, blasted by the withering consciousness of personal deformity. Guido, whose better feelings had been awakened by the solemn admonitions of Father Hilario, and whose remorse for the injury he had inflicted, was keen as the resentment that dictated the act, and lasting as its consequences, exerted every energy and every art to soften the hatred of Murillo, and indemnify him for the wrong he had done. But in vain—years passed on, still Murillo's solitary eye scowled indignantly by the grave of its fellow, whenever it turned upon the

unfortunate Guido. Another circumstance served to widen the chasm which separated them. While they were advancing deeper into manhood, the juvenile charms of Leila were assuming the more seductive graces of womanhood, and the hearts of both acknowledged her inspiration. There was nothing strange in this. It would seem as natural to love, nay, as impossible not to love such a being as Leila, as to look upon a rose in the dewy freshness of its bloom, without wishing to inhale its fragrance and gather it from its bower. Her perfect unconsciousness of her own loveliness, her indifference to admiration, the elevation and sanctity of her character, rendered it difficult for one to address her in the language of earthly passion. But Guido emboldened himself to declare the homage she inspired, though he anticipated the denial she gave.

"I would devote myself to God," she answered, and she looked so heavenly when she uttered the words, he almost convinced himself he had a second time been guilty of profaneness, in aspiring to one so saint-like and pure. As for Murillo, his love partook of all that was dark and fierce in a character, whose passions were strong and unamenable as the elements. Once, in a moment of uncontrollable excitement, he revealed to her the strength and depth of emotions, he had long smothered in his breast, where they burned with the intensity of nature's central fires. She shrank from him in terror she had not the power to conceal, and his proud heart chafed almost to madness in his bosom. He remembered the promise of his boyhood, before any defacing touch had swept out the lines of symmetry and beauty, and he cursed Guido in his secret soul, as the author of his misery and degradation. * * *

It was the depth of Summer. Every thing wore that aspect of almost oppressive magnificence and intensity of hue, peculiar to the season, which elicits the latent glories of nature, while it deadens the strength and energy of man. The earth began to pant for one of those liberal showers, which come down with such life-giving influence, on the dry and thirsty plain. The excessive brightness of the foliage gradually waned, the thick leaves drooped, and hung languidly from the branches, as if fainting for the salutary moisture of the skies, while the eye, dazzled and wearied by the continuous sunshine, watched anxiously the faintest shadow that floated over the glowing horizon, till every glance beamed prayer, that the blessing of the rain and the dew might be borne within its bosom. Then welcome was the forest depth, the shadow of the rock, in the sultry land. Leila wandered through the solitudes she loved. From her childhood she had been accustomed to solitary rambles, and her parents, with indulgent tenderness, allowed no restraint to be imposed upon her inclinations, confiding in the purity of their origin. Mid the loneliness of nature, she held deep and unwitnessed intercourse with the mysteries of her own heart, but its language was inexplicable to her simplicity. She could not define the vague, restless consciousness of guilt which mingled with her secret devotions, weighed down her spirit in its upward flight, and spread a dimness over all her dreams of heaven.

She sat in the coolness of one of her favourite retreats, unconscious, in the shadows that surrounded her, of the heavy cloud that was rising, darkening and rapidly diffusing itself over the sky, till a faint flash of lightning, quivering through the gloom, succeeded by a low, sullen roll of distant thunder, warned her that the prayer of the husbandman was about to be answered; and a painful feeling of personal apprehension accompanied the conviction, when she thought of her lonely and unprotected situation. She suffered unconquerable terrors in a thunder-storm. It was one of those constitutional weaknesses which no mental energy could overcome. When a child, she believed

this awful herald of elemental wrath, was the voice of the ancient days, proclaiming his omnipotent mandates to a hushed and trembling world; she associated it with the mountain that burned with unconsuming flame, with all the most terrible manifestations of Almighty power; and though, in after years, she learned the sublime mysteries of nature, she never forgot the impressions of her childhood. Almost powerless from dread, she endeavoured to find her homeward path, while the storm approached with a rapidity and violence, which might have shaken nerves less exquisitely sensitive than hers. The lightning, no longer ran in dazzling chains on the edge of the sky, but spread in bannered pomp over the firmament, and the thunder came on, in gathering peals, louder, deeper, nearer, till the trees of the forest shook in their ancient brotherhood, and the coeval rocks reverberated fearfully with the sound.

Leila thought of the grove, which was consecrated in her mind by the image of Father Hilario, which, even now, might be hallowed by his presence, and though bewildered by fear, she sought it as a city of shelter, to which she might fly and live. She saw the thick vine-wreaths, which hung in unpruned luxuriance, over one of the most lovely and sequestered arbours nature ever arched in the wilderness, for the repose and security of man. She reached the entrance, and glancing through the lattice-work, woven by the interlacing tendrils, was arrested there by the object which met her gaze. The same figure, which, years before, had beamed on her sight, like an angel of peace, now knelt in the centre of the grotto, calm amidst the warring elements, absorbed in adoration and prayer; while the lightning, as it flashed through the foliage, played around his uplifted brow, in wreaths of living glory. Leila trembled as she gazed—she dared not disturb his sublime confidence with her wild, undisciplined terrors; but, faint with fatigue, dread, and a thousand undefined emotions, she leaned against the branches, with a sigh, heavy, as irrepressible.—Father Hilario heard that low sound, though apparently insensible to the thunder's crash. No expression of human suffering ever fell unheeded on his ear, and turning to the direction from whence it proceeded, he saw his beloved disciple, standing exhausted and agitated before him—the death-like paleness of fear, tripping on her cheeks over the lilies of nature. With an involuntary impulse of tenderness and compassion, he extended his arms towards her, and Leila sunk into their protecting fold, with a feeling like that, with which we may suppose the wounded dove seeks the sheltering down of its mother's wings.

Father Hilario endeavoured, with the most persuasive gentleness, to infuse into her mind the composure and confidence, arising from faith in that Being who makes the mightiest elements his vassals, and whose mercy is commensurate to his power. He recalled to her those many instances on holy record, where the faithful had been preserved, and innocence left unharmed, while the most terrible ministers of God's vengeance, were dealing out destruction to the rebellious and polluted. While he was yet speaking, an electrifying flash illuminated the grove—the thunder burst in one magnificent pean over the forest, and the tall tree, beneath whose boughs the grotto was woven, stood with its trunk shivered and scathed, though its green summit seemed still unconscious of the desolation that awaited it. The large raindrops now plashed on the leaves, the wind bowed and twisted the branches, as if anxious to open a passage for the shower, to the panting bosom of the earth.—It came down in deluging torrents. Their canopy of leaves no longer sheltered them, the vine was rent, the frail twigs scattered on the blast, which every moment swept with increasing violence over Father Hilario and his now almost helpless charge. He vainly

endeavoured to shield her from its fury, by wrapping his arms around her and pressing her closer and closer to a heart, which free from the tumults of earthly passion, might well become the resting place of innocence and beauty. Even in that hour of grandeur and horror, when the death-bolts were every moment hissing through the clouds, Leila felt a glow of happiness pervading her being, which triumphed over the effects of the chilling wind and drenching rain—yet no emotion agitated her spotless breast, which an incarnate angel might not have felt, and gloried in acknowledging. It seemed to her that white Omnipotence was bowing the heavens, and coming down in all its glory and majesty, almost annihilating her very existence, with awe, she beheld in the mild, religious eyes that were looking down into her soul, a beam of heaven's own love and mercy, a blessed assurance that man is never forgotten by the Almighty, and that the low prayer of faith rises with acceptance to his ear, high above the din and wailing of the tempest.

There was one eye, which witnessed this scene—it was a solitary one—and the worst passions of which our nature is capable, were concentrated in its rays. Murillo had followed the steps of Leila. He marked the coming storm, and hastened to her accustomed haunts, believing that she would willingly seek a refuge from its violence, even in his sheltering arms. Not finding the object of his search, he continued his pursuit in doubt and alarm, till he discovered the place of her retreat, and saw, himself unseen, all which we have just described. He remained rooted to the spot by a kind of fascination, which he had not the power to dispel. The truth was revealed to him at once—she loved him—she, this vestal beauty, who seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of spherul, unapproachable light, she loved this heaven-dedicated mortal with all the ardour of woman's first, unblighted affection. He read it in every expression of her upturned eye, in the doubtful colour that momentarily dyed her cheek, then left it stainless in its native whiteness. He felt maddened by this discovery. He had always looked upon Guido, whom he had sworn to hate, as a rival, and feared his success; but Father Hilario, a man whose age so much transcended hers, whose profession excluded him from the world's sympathies—it was incredible. He could not, however, but acknowledge to himself, that if Father Hilario had passed the morning of youth; time had not cast one shade over the meridian of his manhood, and while he gazed upon him, as he knelt in the storm, thus tenderly supporting and cherishing the only being, who had ever kindled a sentiment of love in his own dark bosom, he was forced to confess, that man never had a nobler representative.

It is a bootless and unprofitable task, that of attempting to describe the unfathomable hell of a human heart, delivered up to the unresisted mastery of its own evil passions. It is on the consequences of crime that the moralist rests his hope. These, called up by the wizard ward of conscience, glide and glide before the eyes of the pale delinquent, like the accusing phantoms, in the night vision of the guilty and aspiring Thane.

The storm subsided—the heavy clouds rolled towards the eastern horizon, and the covenant token of mercy arched its deepening radiance on the retiring vapours. Father Hilario pointed out to Leila this glorious reflection of the Creator's smile, and dwelt upon that memorable era, when it first bent in beauty over the sinking waters of the deluge. Every object in their homeward path, elicited from him a lesson of gratitude and love. Leila listened, but not to the rich melodies of nature, which were now breathing and gushing around them, in the music of waters, the symphony of birds, and the mellow intonations of the distant thunder, that rolled at intervals its organ-notes

on the gale. She heard but one sound in the magnificent chorus—the voice of Father Hilario.

Had Murillo never stolen, like a serpent as he was, to that bower of shelter, and witnessed emotions, whose purity, the baseness and corruption of his nature could never conceive, and which, he imagined, partook of the unholy ardour of his own feelings, her innocent heart would perhaps never have known the pangs of self-upbraiding, which afterwards so cruelly martyred its peace. He watched his opportunity of meeting her alone. The spell which had enthralled him in her presence was now dissolved. He loved her still, but he no longer feared; for the secret of which he was the master, placed her more upon a level with himself, and brought her down from that high mount of holiness, upon which his imagination had exalted her. He was resolved to humble her, by accusing her to her face of the sacrilege of which she was guilty.

"Yes Leila," cried he, stung by the cold, averted air with which she met his proffered civilities, "I know it all. It is not that your heart is wedded to heaven, that you turn from the gaieties of youth, and scorn the vows of the young and the brave. You love Father Hilario. You cannot, you dare not deny it. All that you have inspired in me, false girl, you feel for him. I saw you, Leila, when you thought no eye but his, was on you, folded to his bosom, in the solitude of the grove, the crimson of passion glowing on your cheek, and its lightnings, brilliant as those which illuminated the sky, kindling in your eyes. In vain—"

He paused, for he was terrified by the effect of his words; she stood, as if smitten by some avenging angel. Every drop of blood seemed to have deserted its wonted channel, for it was scarcely exaggerated, to say, that her face and lips were white as marble, and they looked as deadly cold; while her eyes, which darkened in their intensity, were riveted on his, with a look of wild supplication, which would have melted a less indurated heart. The truth burst upon her like a thunderbolt, and it crushed her to the earth. Had it been whispered her, in the dim shadows of night, by a mother's gentle voice, it would have come over her, even then, with a blasting power, but to have it break upon her thus—The unfortunate girl sunk down upon the fragment of a rock, near the spot where they stood, and covering her face with her hands, wept in agony. Murillo's terror subsided at the sight of her tears, and he went on remorselessly widening the wound he had made.

"Think not," he continued, "longer to deceive the world. It shall know the latent fire which burns beneath the ice of sanctity, with which thou hast encircled thyself. Father Hilario too! Vile wolf, who has clothed himself in shepherd's garb—"

"Forbear!" almost shrieked Leila, at these words; "oh! never by thought, or word, or look—" she stopped despairingly, she knew not in what language to vindicate the character of Father Hilario from the charges of his adversary. She felt that she was in his power, and casting herself on her knees before him, she supplicated for mercy. "You may destroy me, Murillo, I merit it. I have deceived myself and the world; I am guilty beyond forgiveness; but Father Hilario—he lives only for the God who has anointed him. Oh! if through me he should suffer—" her joined hands and beseeching eyes, finished what her bloodless lips in vain endeavoured to articulate. Murillo gazed with malignant triumph upon his victim. He had wrapped his coil around her, and she might seek, with unavailing struggles, to extricate herself from the folds. But whatever was his purpose, he chose to dissemble, and raising her, whom he had so deeply humiliated, from the ground, he assured her that her secret should be safe in his possession, and her feelings sacred in his eyes. He solicited her

pardon, for the extravagancies to which love and jealousy had urged him, in terms so mild and submissive, and begged to be admitted to her friendship and sympathy, with such lowly deference, it is not strange that he deceived one so guileless and confiding.

He left her—left the dart to rankle where he threw it—and it *did* rankle. Never more did she meet with an untroubled eye, the calm and heavenly glance of Father Hilario. No longer did she sit at his feet with the sweet docility of childhood, the deep joy of her soul mirrored on her brow. Father Hilario was grieved at her estrangement; he feared that the flower he had been so carefully rearing for Paradise, was about to lavish its bloom and its fragrance on the perishing things of this world; but when he gently reproved her for her coldness, she would only turn from him silently and weep. Unhappy Leila! the fairest and purest of earth are oft devoted to the saddest destiny; and what doom more sad, than to be condemned to the conviction that the inspirations of virtue and sensibility are sacrilege and guilt!

Father Hilario sat one evening, as he was wont to do, in a chamber which he had consecrated to devotion, surrounded by the authors he loved, and the saints whom he adored. Already the waning sun diffused that golden, religious light through the apartment, which falls with such soothing, solemnizing influence on the soul of the devotee. He sat in spiritual abstraction, an illuminated missal open before him, and the holy emblem of his faith, placed so as to receive the gilding of the western rays. The sound of hasty footsteps, and the confused murmur of voices approaching this hitherto unmolested retreat, roused him from his devout meditations. The door was violently thrown open, and a party of citizens, whose looks were indicative of horror and alarm, entered the apartment.

"What means this tumult?" exclaimed Father Hilario, and he feared some calamitous event had filled the village with consternation. The man, who seemed to be the leader of the group, advanced with an air of mingled authority and trepidation, and laying his hand on the shoulder of Father Hilario, addressed him in these startling words: "You are our prisoner, Father Hilario. We arrest you, by order of the chief magistrate."

"Me! your minister!" exclaimed Father Hilario, in dignified yet sorrowful amazement. "Of what am I accused?"

"Of murder," cried the officer, and the words were muttered by the rest of the party, in tones that seemed to be afraid of their own echoes. Father Hilario looked stedfastly on the faces of each, to see if he were not surrounded by a band of maniacs. With added solemnity he repeated the question, and received the same awful reply. A dead silence succeeded this reiteration, when gathering himself up with indescribable majesty, he commanded them to depart. The indignation of outraged manhood towered over the long suffering meekness of Christianity.

"Ye know me," he cried, and his usually mild voice was fearful in its power. "Ye know that I am not a man of blood. I have toiled, wept, and prayed for your salvation. The delegate of my divine Master, I have broken for you, with unpolluted hands, the bread of life. I have followed your paths in sickness and sorrow, binding up the wounds of human suffering, lifting the bruised reed, and holding the lamp of faith over the valley of death. I have—but oh! perverse generation, is this your return?" He stopped, overpowered by the depth of his emotion, while tears which only agony could have drawn forth, gushed from his eyes. The men looked at each other as if in shame and fear, for the regard they had undertaken. The officer said "it was a most painful task, which had devolved upon him, but that duty was imperative

and must be obeyed. "Who is my accuser?" demanded the victim. "I," answered a deep voice from behind, and Murillo advanced in front of the group. His face was cold and calm, and his manner firm and self-possessed. He spoke as a man conscious of the import of his words and ready to meet their consequences. "I accuse thee of the murder of Guido. I saw the deed. I saw the dagger in his bloody breast. Cold on the earth he lies. I accuse thee, in the face of God and of man, as the perpetrator of the crime."

While Murillo was speaking, Father Hilario resumed his composure, though a deeper shade of solemnity settled on his brow. "Search," cried he, "for the proofs of your accusation. Every recess is open to your scrutiny."

He unfolded the doors to their examination; but what words can speak the consternation of Father Hilario, when as they passed into the antichamber, they lifted his surplice, which he had left there as was his custom, when he retired to the inner apartment, and found it all dabbled with blood; even the print of gory fingers, *darning proof* of the recent death-struggle, was visible on its ample folds. A dagger too, clotted with fresh blood-gouts, fell to the floor, as the officer of justice displayed the ensanguined raiment, and there it lay "in form and shape as palpable" as the air-drawn dagger, which gleamed before the eyes of the Scottish regicide. Father Hilario staggered back against the wall, his ashy lips quivering with unutterable horror, his hair actually recoiling from his brow, as if instinct with the spirit within. It was a scene which an Angelo would have trembled with ecstasy to behold—and which he would have fired upon his canvass in imperishable colours. There was a look of ghastly excitement on every face, save one, such as is seen at the midnight conflagration, when the pallidness of terror is lighted up with an unearthly glare, by the flaming element around. "That face was still and cold in its expression—if there was one feeling predominant over another, it seemed to be scorn, and a slight curl of the lip, turned towards Father Hilario, said, as plainly as words could utter it, "thou Hypocrite!" Father Hilario marked it not. His eyes were directed towards Heaven—his hands folded on his breast, and those who were present, never forgot the manner in which he ejaculated the most affecting appeal on holy record—"Oh! my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

I have undertaken the task, and, however painful, I must not shrink from its fulfilment; then let not the moralist upbraid me, for introducing an event, which the Infidel might exultingly cite, as proof that no superintending Providence watched over the destinies of man. But, who are those who stand around the throne of God, clothed with robes of glory, and immortal crowns upon their brows? They, who have travelled with bleeding feet through the briars and thorns of human suffering, mid darkness and tribulation, and despair—the pilgrims of sorrow, that they may be the inheritors of immortality. Father Hilario had walked uncontaminated, through a path, where the flowers of love and the incense of adulation were dangerously blended; he was now to pass through the refiner's fire, that the fine gold might be purified from the dross of this world's pollution. I will not linger on scenes so revolting. He surrendered himself into the hands of the magistrate, and in one of those cells vaulted for the reception of human guilt, one of the best and purest of God's creation, awaited the trial for life or death. The inhabitants of the village, trembled and clustered together, as when the shock of an earthquake is felt, claiming closer brotherhood in the general calamity. They loudly proclaimed his innocence; they protested against his arrest as an act of sacrilege; they would have burst his prison doors to redeem him, but he would not permit the laws of his country to be

violated. He exhorted them to forbearance, and prayed them to leave the event in the hands of the Almighty. I dare not speak of what Leila suffered. From the moment she heard the awful tidings, she sat speechless as a statue; the look of wild consternation, with which she first listened, imprinted on her face, as if it had been chiselled in the marble she resembled. Could she but have wept!—but hers was not common woe—even maternal tenderness could not fathom its depth. Tears!—horror had frozen their fountain.

The day of trial came; a day never forgotten in the annals of the village of L—. The hall of justice was filled almost to suffocation. Every countenance was flushed with that expression of high-wrought excitement, which extraordinary and awful events are calculated to produce, and it is a strange, inexplicable paradox of the human heart, that, however appalling may be those events, there is something of *leisure*, in the intensity of feeling they call forth. When Father Hilario appeared, there was a murmur through the crowd, like the hushing of autumnal winds, succeeded by the stillness of awe and expectation. His cheek was wan, his eye solemn, yet serene, and his hair hung neglected on his temples, as if heavy with the dungeon's dampness. There was a heaving of the crowd, as he passed through, intimating the restless elements restrained in its bosom. Father Hilario—the revered, the beloved—the almost worshipped—stood arraigned before the bar of his country, accused of the blood of his fellow man. Where was his accuser? There—conspicuous amidst the throng, towered the stately form of Murillo. Men looked upon him askance, unwilling to fix a steady gaze on him, who had armed the avenging laws against one, whom, in spite of the blood-stained robe and dagger, they felt, must be innocent. Murillo knew the part before him, and he was eloquent. His voice, when he chose to modulate it, had something peculiarly insinuating in its tones. He began so low, that the people were obliged to bend forward earnestly to hear his articulation. These low sounds, however, were only the prelude to a burst of impassioned eloquence. He described the scene which he had witnessed—the wild shriek, which, piercing the air, startled him in his evening walk. The form of Guido, sinking beneath the death-steel of the anointed assassin. He painted with graphic power, the flight of Father Hilario; the concealing of the dagger in his bosom; the gathering up of his robe to hide the bloody stains; every thing was minutely marked. The voiceless witnesses, that robe and dagger, were produced and appealed to, almost as powerfully as the dumb wounds of Cesar, by the artful and eloquent Antony. He next enlarged upon the motives of the deed. With the subtlety of a fiend, he stole into the ears of his auditors, throwing out dark hints of the resistless influence of jealousy, sweeping down the landmarks of reason, honour, and religion. Father Hilario knew that Guido was his rival. Then, seeing his audience start, as if electrified at the disclosure, he pursued his advantage, and painted the scene in the arbour, during the awful warfare of nature. He saw a flush of indescribable emotion in Father Hilario's face, and it redoubled his energy. He even disclosed, though with apparent grief and reluctance, the despair and remorse, with which the ill-fated girl had confessed her sacrilegious passion. He closed, with an adjuration to religion and humanity, to vindicate their violated laws, by hurling a bolt "red with uncommon wrath," on the vile impostor, who had clothed himself in white and fleecy robes, to despoil innocence of its bloom, and manhood of the free gift of life.

A death-like silence prevailed, after the accuser had ceased to speak, first broken by a deep, convulsive sob. The mourner sat in a remote corner of the hall, and

his face was bowed on his joined hands. It was the father of Leila, who had heard all that had been uttered of his child, without the power to refute the daring charge. The painful situation to which the unhappy girl was reduced, was a dreadful commentary upon the words of Murillo. With all the anguish of a father, he felt that she was lost to him, and the cause of her fading and despair, burst upon him at once, with horrible reality. The father's sobs pleaded more powerfully against Father Hilario, than the laboured eloquence of Murillo.

At last, Father Hilario rose, and so great was the excitement of the audience, that almost all who were present rose simultaneously. His manner had lost much of its serene composure; his countenance was agitated, and a flush of hectic brightness, burned on his pallid cheek. He had resigned himself to his own fate, but now the destiny of another was identified with his. He felt that his lonely arm, might vainly endeavour to interpose a barrier between them and the gathered storm.

"I have naught," said he, "to offer against the black charges alleged against me, but the evidence of a stainless life; a life whose best and holiest energies have been exerted in your behalf. I am innocent, God knows I am innocent, but the powers of darkness are leagued for my destruction, and I am left alone to wrestle with their wrath. I will not plead for myself, but in behalf of insulted purity, I will lift up my voice, till it meet an answer in the skies. I speak of that innocent being, whom I sheltered in these paternal arms, from the fury of the desolating tempest. I knew not that any eye, save the all-seeing one, beheld the meeting, but never has one thought warmed my breast for her, that angels might not sanction, and Omniscient holiness approve. I have loved her as a young disciple of our common Lord, as the most precious lamb of the flock of Israel, whom my pastoral hand has led through the green fields, and by the deep waters of eternal life. She needs no vindication, ye know that she is pure.—Oh! could the unfortunate youth, whose life-blood dyes yon sacerdotal robe, now rend the cearments of his voiceless grave, enter this crowded hall, and point his mouldering finger at the undetected murderer—the bold accuser of unarmoured innocence would call upon the mountains and the rocks to cover him from the justice of man, and the vengeance of God. But, though no mortal power can bring him before this earthly bar, there is a tribunal, impartial and eternal, where he now pleads, where he will forever plead, against the guilty wretch, who has dared to break the most awful canons of the living God. Oh! ye deluded people!" continued he, extending his apostolic hands towards them; "I weep not for myself, but for you. I yearn not for life. I had hoped to have breathed out my soul on the natural pillow of decay, soothed by the voice of tenderness, and hallowed by the tears of regret; but to go down to an ignominious grave, and leave a dark, dishonoured memory!—Yet it is meet that I suffer. The Almighty wills that I should, or he might rend the heavens for my deliverance, and send down armies of angels, to shield me from your rage. I should rather glory in my martyrdom, as the disciple of Him, in whose name I have lived, in whose faith I will triumphantly die, who wore the crown of agony, and bore the cross of shame. For you, if my condemnation is sealed, the time will come, when the days will roll in sorrow and gloom over your heads; the nights will come on in the *blackness of darkness*, ye will seek for comfort and ye will not find it, for the weight of innocent blood will be on your souls."

There was a sudden parting in the crowd, those who were clustered round the gate fell back, as if by some irresistible impulse, and an apparition glided through the dividing throng, which might well be

taken as a messenger from another world. Pale, white as a death-shroud, her neglected locks floating around her, wild as the tendrils of the forest vine, and her eyes beaming with intense and wandering fires, she rushed forward, regardless of every object, save one, and threw her arms round Father Hilario, with a cry of such piercing anguish, as thrilled through every nerve of her auditors. Need I say, that it was the unfortunate Leila, who, roused from the lethargy of despair, and supported by the unnatural strength of madness, had thus forced her desperate way, in the hope of dying with him she loved? As Father Hilario looked upon this sweet, blighted flower of his fondest earthly affections, lying in drooping, dying loveliness on his bosom, he forgot every thing but her tenderness and devotion, and closing his arms around her, "tears, such as angels shed" baptized her spotless face. In vain did her father, with a breaking heart, strive to release her from the embrace she had sought. She clung to Father Hilario, with an energy that seemed supernatural, a clasp that was almost indissoluble; till, at length, exhausted and apparently expiring, she relaxed her hold, and was borne by her father to his now desolate home. Father Hilario gazed after her, till the last glimpse of her figure was lost, then covering his face with his hands, his Creator only saw and knew the passing agony of that moment.

The sequel of this trial must have been anticipated, from some dark intimations of his fate, at the commencement of the narrative. The unconscious Leila, had sealed by her presence, the doom of him, she would have died to save. Her desperation and love were fatal corroborations of the truth of Murillo's testimony. Father Hilario returned to his cell, a condemned man; condemned to expiate at the stake, the double crime of sacrilege and murder; but it is recorded, that the judges who were men of stern unbending character, wept as they uttered the sentence, and the people sobbed and groaned audibly as they heard it. * * * * *

At length the day dawned, which was marked for the consummation of the dreadful decree. It was one of painful, sickening brightness. Nature had clothed herself in her most magnificent robes, and assumed her fairest smile, as if to mock the crimes and sufferings of man. On a gradual eminence, covered with living green, o'cranopied with dazzling Sapphire, was seen the funeral pile of the victim. A multitude was stretched widely, darkly around it, and heaving heavily, mournfully on the air, the death-bell rolled its long, deep, echoing knell, saddest of all earthly sounds. There was something awful in the stillness of this vast multitude, even more than its wild rush and commotion, when Father Hilario was led forth to the fatal pile. He passed along, clad in white victim robes, the crucifix suspended on his bosom, his face, placid as the lake, on which the moonbeams untroubled repose. Every trace of human emotion had vanished. He had been on the mount of prayer, and the reflection of the invisible glory, was still bright on his brow. If ever mortal, in the expression of saint-like humanity, patience, mildness, and majesty, approached the similitude of the divine sufferer, it was Father Hilario. He passed along to the sound of the mournful bell, through the audible lamentations of the crowd, where man in his strength, woman in her sensibility, and childhood in its helplessness and timidity, were strangely and inexplicably blended. The victim reached the place of sacrifice. He turned around, to take in, for the last time, the glories of creation, then bending his eyes on the multitude, he extended his arms, in benediction over them. He spoke, and that voice, so sweet and solemn, rose through the deepening murmurs, like the diapason of an organ, 'mid the wailings of a storm.

"Ye beloved flock! farewell. To that Almighty

shepherd, who laid down his life for your salvation, with prayers and blessings, I commit you. Again, I say, weep not for me. Rejoice rather that ye see me die, an innocent, a triumphant martyr. Think, when the fiery wreath encircles my brows, how soon it will be converted into a crown of glory. Even now, methinks I see through the opening heavens, the wheels of the descending cherubim."—He looked up as he spoke, with a countenance of inspiration, and kneeling down, exclaimed, with the adoring prophet, "My Father, my Father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." The awe-struck crowd, gazed up into the unshadowed vault, almost believing to witness the same miracle of divine love, wrought in behalf of the sainted victim. But they beheld no burning car rolling through the arch of heaven—no wings of angels, parted its resplendent blue. They looked down to earth, and saw Father Hilario embracing the fatal stake. One flash of the kindling pyre, and a wild, simultaneous shriek rent the air. Higher and higher rose the gathering blaze; still, through the winding-sheet of flame, glimpses were seen of that glorious form, crowned with the awful pomp of martyrdom. Deeper and deeper closed the fiery folds, then paler waxed the wasting splendour, till, at last, naught but the smoke of the holocaust went up to heaven.

Twice the sun rose and set over the scene of sacrifice. The silence of death brooded over the valley. Again the bell swelled in funeral harmony, on the melancholy air, while a long procession darkened the church-yard, and closed around a solitary grave. At the head of that grave, appeared the figure of a grief-stricken man. There was such an expression of unspeakable woe and humiliation in his countenance, that even sympathy turned away, self-rebuked, for having looked at sorrow, too sacred for observation. It was the broken-hearted father of Leila. It was around her grave that mournful throng was gathered. But why were no white-robed maidens there, to perform the customary rite, and scatter the perishing wreath, emblem of fragility and beauty, over one, who was the fairest of their band? A dark spot had been discovered in the whiteness of the lily's chalice, and the flowers of its tribe were not permitted to shed their mourning sweets over its decay. The appalling stillness which precedes the sound, most agonizing to the mourner's ear, the fall of the covering mould, pervaded the scene. The father lay prostrate on the earth, and the throes which shook his frame, were fearful to behold. Some thought, as they gazed on his convulsive pangs, there could be no grief like *his*, but they remembered her, who was left in the forsaken home. The mother's sorrow was not for man to witness. When at length, that damp, heavy, doleful sound, the last knell of mortality, fell startlingly on the ear, Murillo, who had stood in statue-like immobility, somewhat aloof from the general throng, rushed wildly forward, and stepping on the very brink of the grave, exclaimed, in a voice, which might rend the marble slumbers of death.

"Away!—she shall not go down unhonoured and unavenged. She's mine—I bought her—with my soul's price, I bought her—the covenant is written in blood, and sealed with the flames of martyrdom. Yes," he continued, his fiery eye, flashing with intolerable brightness; "yes! ye blind judges, tremble, for ye have need. Ye have condemned an angel of light upon the testimony of a fiend. Ye have done that, which ye would give worlds on worlds to redeem. Behold in me, the assassin of Guido, the murderer of Father Hilario, the destroyer of Leila. I execrated Guido, for he made me a branded Cain among my fellow men. I hated Father Hilario, for Leila loved him, and I, an alien from mankind, lived but to worship her. She loved him, but with a love as pure as that which warms the burning cheru-

him—I stole the robes of holiness, and wrought beneath their folds the deed of hell. The Prince of darkness was with me, and promised me her, who now lies cold in the bed my gory hands have made. Here, in the presence of death, and the prospect of judgment, in the name of that dreadful Deity, I have defied, I proclaim the innocence of my victims, your

own guilt and mine. Live on, if ye will, weighed down with the curse of guiltless blood upon your souls; for me, I lived to destroy—I die, to avenge."

Before an arm could be lifted to avert the deed, he had drawn a dagger from his vest, and plunging it in his bosom, fell, a bleeding, but unavailing sacrifice, to the ashes of Leila.

TO THE OCEAN.

BY J. A. SHEA.

LIKENESS of Heaven!
Agent of Power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In the deep water shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering west—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast!

From the high hills that vigoz
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When, like lambs in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
The canvass is cast;

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to its roll;
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
The splendour of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty—
Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened—unwasted—
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then, shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting
More chainless than thou!

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG WIFE.

BY H. C. DEARIN, ESQ.

No more—no more! Is she no more,
So lately blooming here,
Gone to the dim, the sunless shore,
Her young existence dear?
Is all the light of love and truth
A dream of death at last,
The sinless innocence of youth
A phantom of the past?

An echo from the lonely tomb,
Where her cold ashes sleep,
Tells us, though memory's lips are dumb,
Her sobbing heart must weep.
Oh, sweep the dust of death aside,
Oblivion! rend thy veil:
'Twere vain—on sorrow's sullen tide
No bark of bliss may sail.

The world's cold feelings now no more
Disturb her silent breast,
The strife—the agony is o'er,
She sleeps—she is at rest!
The young fair brightness of her brow,
The lustre of her mind,
Are all that memory worships now,
Are all death leaves behind.

No more parental malice dark
Her bloodless heart shall wound,
Vengeance now fails its rancorous mark—
In joy she smiles around.
No more fraternal insolence
Shall dare the lost condemn,
The fiendish foulness hurries hence
From her, and falls on them.

For ah! whilst pure existence lures
Sweet blessings from below,
Her memory all our love secures,
And curses on her foe.
And whilst the blue sky claims its own
Fair seraph to its sphere,
We'll grave upon her funeral stone,
"A broken heart sleeps here."

A curse—a deep dark curse is hung
From out the burning sky;
A dagger from its sheath is flung,
Like lightning from God's eye.
And retribution's hand red bright
The awful vengeance flames,
But scorn, fierce scorn, refrains to write
Her victim's hateful names!

It is enough to know she's fled
From all their demon wrath,
And that no fiends of earth when dead
E'er walk an angel's path.
As honey in the poison flower
Sometimes may have its birth,
She came—she lived for one brief hour,
The poison left on earth.

Original.

THE FATALIST.

The falling leaf is soon at rest,
But stars that fall, fall on forever.

RANK, wealth, beauty, and talents, are the grand objects of this world's idolatry; these are the things before which the great mass of mankind bow down and worship, though, at the moment, actuated by motives and feelings of the most different kinds. Of these there is none to which the homage is so willingly, and so universally paid, as to beauty. Go through countries civilized or savage—mingle with the polished crowds of the city or the rustic gatherings of the country—those that flutter in aristocratic Broadway, or that people the hamlets of the lone woodlands—and in every place and circle, lovely woman maintains her ascendancy, and in every community, some presiding deity, some bright and beautiful creature will be found, the belle of the city, the May Queen of the country, the one who heads the quadrille of the splendid drawing-room, or sparkles in the French four of a husking or quilting. Beauty may acquire, but it cannot alone maintain this supremacy. It may captivate for a moment, but its power is as evanescent as the rainbow of heaven, and unless united with good sense, native tact, and sweetness of disposition, it will only generate envy, and ere long there will be none to worship or obey. Rank, or riches, can never confer this distinction on a female. Men love to worship, but at the time when the feelings of the heart are the most alive to admiration, it is not titles or gold they prefer—they are willing to be slaves, but not to rank or mammon.

Catharine Stewart, was the individual who by common consent was the admired fair one of the rural village of Fall River, a place embosomed in the hills of the western part of Connecticut, and about forty miles from New Haven; and she was one who richly deserved the distinction. Fair as the loveliest of her sex, pure, and warm-hearted, kind and affectionate, with infinite tact accommodating herself to the company of the young and the aged, those who smiled, and those who wept, she was approved by all, and envied by none. She alone appeared insensible of the homage she received, or of the attractions that won it. Innocent as a child, gay as the spring bird, happy, perhaps, as it is possible to be in life, she moved the star of the village; and, fortunate did that swain consider himself, upon whom her radiant smile fell, who obtained her hand at the dance, or during some evening's walk, with a species of rapture, listened to the low, rich tones of her voice. But, though Catharine had reached her seventeenth year; though the proudest of the village had sighed at her feet, her affections had never been awakened; and their protestations of love had fallen as impulsive on her heart as moonbeams on ice; yet the rejected could not feel offended, for they saw that the base triumph of a coquette, had no place in her bosom, and to her they seemed to concede the right of disposing of herself as she pleased.

Catharine's only brother, Edward, was a member of the college at New Haven; a noble youth, loved by his sister, and bestowing upon her all the endeared affection of a brother, in return. At Yale, Edward's most intimate friend, was Somers Dudley, a young gentleman from one of the southwestern states, high spirited, prodigal of his wealth, of great mental powers, persuasive manners, and with a face and form of the most fascinating and commanding cast. His friend-

ship for Edward was unaffected, and he accepted with pleasure an invitation to spend the last vacation they were to pass together, in the country.

It is difficult to describe the surprise, the pleasure of Dudley, at meeting with such a girl as Catharine, where he had expected to find only the rude and uncultivated. Her frankness and vivacity interested him, her modesty and beauty charmed him, her quick perception of the beauties of nature, was a decisive proof of correct taste, and imperceptibly he found his thoughts reverting to the fair villager, oftener than he would willingly have acknowledged. And Catharine—she had never seen a person who so nearly realized the conception her enthusiastic mind had formed of the man she could love. If she had never read a novel, she was a female, and therefore tinctured with romance—the thousand little attentions, which Dudley knew so well how to bestow, and was so happy in offering, she willingly but blushing received; and ere many days had passed, the sigh that swelled the bosom of the fair girl, as alone, in her chamber, she thought of the agreeable southerner, and the tears that fell upon her pillow as she went to her rest, proved that Catharine was no longer insensible to love. Somers saw with pleasure the ascendancy he was obtaining; he saw that the first young love of Catharine was his own; that her bosom heaved with unwonted emotions, and that the beautiful crimson mounted over her cheek when he pressed her hand, or by the moonlight, in those low tones that belong to love, told her of his devotion, and breathed his professions of attachment. And yet he felt that he had no distinct object in view. That he loved Catharine, he knew, but a wife he was not prepared for; and besides, he remembered that he had often loved before. He felt that he had high objects of ambition before him, and could not then stop to love as he intended to do at some future time; now, the beautiful must be considered as playthings; the attention he could give them a mere recreation; and their love a thing always to be sought, but never repaid. Dudley was then a man who would not willingly have inflicted pain on any one; he had not then schooled his feelings so as to render them callous to the miseries of the young and confiding; and there was a feeling of remorse at the certainty that he was planting thorns in Catharine's bosom—that he was encouraging hopes never to be realized. Still he was a man, and a young man; and an emotion of pride, that the love of one so much admired was his own, and that he had triumphed where so many had failed, impelled him to persevere.

When Dudley found himself among his associates, and his books again, he fancied the memory of Catharine would be shaken off without difficulty; but he soon found that a powerful rival to his studies had arisen; and the purity, tenderness, and artless love of the fair girl, recurred much oftener than he could have wished, had not his conscience told him she was worthy of his best thoughts. Frequently was he on the point of surrendering his restless dreams of greatness, with the intention of sharing that happiness which he was confident the affections of Catharine was placing within his reach; and it is probable his better angel would have triumphed, had not the foul fiend appointed to counteract his monitions, called to

his aid another associate of Dudley's, whose name was Spenser Mason. Detected by young Stewart in some base attempt at defamation, and unmoved by Edward's forbearance in not exposing him, he conceived towards him the most deadly hate, and by the most insidious arts endeavoured to injure Edward in the estimation of Dudley and others. These things gave Stewart no uneasiness, and strong in conscious rectitude, he treated them with the contempt they deserved. The appearance of Mason was far from being prepossessing—he was short and thick set—with a round bullet head, covered with shaggy red hair—massive overhanging eyebrows, and keen restless gray eyes; yet with all these disadvantages he seemed to fascinate those around him, and bend them to his wishes, with a facility which astonished even his victims themselves. His skill lay in his power of persuasion—of casting a strong light around the points he wished to impress, while all the rest was enveloped in haziness and mist—and in the ease, grace, and elegance of his language, which fell on the ear of the listener as gently as the dew on flowers, and left them without the power or will to unravel the plots he was frequently forming, or the intricate web of intrigue he delighted in weaving.

One morning, soon after Somers' return, Mason entered his room, and found him leaning back in his chair against the wall, his feet on the table, and in a profound state of mental abstraction. His books were open before him, but his thoughts were not on them, or the half written sheets of paper spread over the table: they were away, dreaming of Catharine Stewart, and revelling in the light of beauty and innocence.

"Heigho! I see how it is, Dudley, you are in love!" said Mason, with a smile and a yawn; "nay, do not deny it. Your pale cheek—your sunken eye—your day dreaming—this attempt at sketching some fair one"—and he held up a sheet on which Dudley had made, unconsciously, sundry attempts at delineating the features of the fair girl that had enthralled him—"all prove that you are far gone with that desperate disease."

"Do you intend to call me to an account for loving one of the fairest and best of God's creatures?"—replied Dudley, with some impatience in his manner and tone.

"Heaven have mercy!—why Somers your case is more dangerous than I supposed; you have reached the 'counter-check quarrelsome'; I see I must take my morning's walk alone, leaving you to the benefit of reflection, and this cool air;" and Mason threw open a window as he spoke.

"Pardon me Mason, but my dreams, as you call them, were a little too pleasant to lose without regret; but now I am fully awake, and at your command."

"Worse and worse; why what a serious affair you are making of it. Dudley you have been in love as the girls term it, a dozen times, and yet you never before put such a face on the matter; if you look thus, you will marry, depend on it."

"I shall marry, or do worse, I am confident;"—answered Dudley.

"Do better, you mean;—what! have the charms of some simpering country girl chased away all your glorious hopes so easily, that you are content to forego them all, settle down for life, and see the folks point at you, and say, 'there goes Benedict, the married man,' one who sold himself for a woman."

"Laugh at me as much as you please," interrupted Dudley; "but reproach not *her*—you know her not, or you would think of her as I do."

"Then heaven grant I may never see her, for in that case we should certainly quarrel about her;—but I must see *her*, that nameless one, who has so captivated Somers Dudley."

"Not nameless," said Dudley, deliberately; "and

Catharine Stewart too, has beauty and worth, that would add splendour to earth's proudest names."

A sudden light, but it was one from hell, flashed over the mind of Mason. "The girl of whom I have heard Edward speak—the sister he adores—strike her and he will feel the blow acutely—destroy her, and his peace is ruined forever;"—and he paced the room with hasty strides as he muttered the above, and added—"Dudley, poor fool, *must* do as I wish him;—I can, I will use him as I please."

They were interrupted by the letter boy of the college, who handed a packet to Dudley, and man of the world, as he was, a flush, which did not escape the notice of Mason, was visible, as he glanced on the superscription. Somers had obtained the consent of Catharine to address her by letter, and the promise that she would reply. This was her first epistle, and he broke the seal with a mixture of hope and fear, as if his fate hung upon its contents. Dudley believed that the woman who could write a good letter, could not be very deficient in the sterling qualities of the mind: he was also assured that, if in this respect, Catharine answered his expectations, it must be the result of that innate good sense and fine taste she evidently possessed, and he felt an anxiety, hardly acknowledged to himself, that she should be all he believed her to be. Mason, who saw that his company was not particularly desirable at the moment, soon took his leave, while Dudley read and re-read every word of the letter. He was delighted, and not more with the purity of taste and knowledge of the heart it displayed, than with the deep and devoted feeling, which seemed to dictate and breathe in every line.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of their love. Their correspondence continued, and, as I have often observed, absence only served to heighten their attachment. They who love, when separated, forget imperfections, if they exist; their thoughts dwell only on the tender and beautiful, they see only the bright and sunny side of the picture, and they dwell on the perfections of the loved one, until they are invested with every delightful attribute, some of which, if they were present, that relentless disturber of fancy's visions, reflecting judgment, would say were not to be found. If, by the heart, we are to understand the affections, the command to commune with our own hearts, must be a dangerous one, when the passions are prompting to a course, the correctness of which, conscience pronounces doubtful; for the rebellious passions find such powerful advocates in the affections, that the voice of the inward monitor is too easily and frequently silenced. This is especially the case, when individuals are destitute of fixed virtuous principles, or are by temperament and habit, fluctuating and undecided. Dudley was not exactly one of this class; but he was one of those unfortunate men who pride themselves on being governed by circumstances, and the certainty with which, by this course, he invariably accomplished his wishes. He prided himself too, on being a philosopher, and aided by Mason, had reasoned himself into the Turkish notion of fatalism, one of the most convenient doctrines in the world, for the man whose notions of obligation, loose as they may hang about him, have still operated as a check on his vicious propensities.

In spite of his philosophy, however, there existed at this time, a violent struggle in the bosom of Dudley, between his love, honour, and ambition. If he obeyed the first, the long cherished schemes of eminence which he had dreamed of reaching, must be given up, he fancied, and this erroneous conclusion, Mason, who, without appearing to intend it, read his very soul, exerted himself to strengthen. Honour forbade the thought of desecrating so fair a flower, or sullyng the innocence of one so dear to him. Strange waywardness of the heart, that can be induced by passion

doubt whether it shall destroy or bless, save or ruin the object of its adoration! Unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion, Dudley determined to do the worst thing which a person with his feelings and sentiments could do—be governed by feelings; and with this opiate to a conscience, that at times, accused him of meditating the deadliest injury to one, who, unsuspecting of his arts, he was using every exertion to entangle deeper and deeper in the toils of love, he passed the months that intervened between his arrival at New Haven, and his receiving an honourable degree. He did not dare to ask himself the nature of his ulterior intentions; and it needs no second sight to foresee, that the person who indulges feelings, the motives of which will not bear the closest scrutiny, is in danger of being irretrievably lost.

As soon as the usual ceremonies attending the close of the collegiate year were completed, Edward again accompanied by Somers, hastened to Fall River; the former on the wings of duty, and the holiest affection, the latter on those of passionate love. Mason remained at New Haven, to influence, or second, as the case might be, the wishes of his friend. "What a wretch I am, even to have thought that Catharine's honour might be compromised," said Dudley to himself, one evening as he entered his chamber, after a walk, in which he had poured out his love, in passionate words—pressed it, for the first time, in burning kisses on her lips, and heard her faltering tongue confess the depth of her affection for him; "she is too pure, too holy for my polluting presence; I feel by her side as a fallen spirit would, placed near a seraph, awed and crest-fallen; yet, can I avoid my fate? No; I do but follow the current—I shall not swim with the tide." De-luded man!—he did indeed swim with the tide; but it was one created by his own ungovernable passions; and sad will be the lot of him who attempts to fix on destiny, the guilt attached to the long record of his crimes. I do not know, that I can convey to the reader a better idea of the events which occurred during this visit of Somers to Fall River, than by transcribing entire, a letter of his to Mason, after he had been there about five weeks.

MY DEAR MASON—I have triumphed—at least, in part—and that, considering the obstacles I have been compelled to surmount, is no mean achievement. My own beautiful and adored Catharine, has consented to leave the place of her birth; the sweet home of her childhood; brother, and friends, and fly with me to the south. Mason, chaunt with me, *Laus Deo!* You will ask how I have consented to burden myself in this way?—the answer is, I could not at present live without her, and I could obtain her in no other way;—remember, my neck is not yet in the noose, (I confess, I am sometimes squeamish enough, to think it almost deserves to be in a hempen one;—although it may be; and, should she, before that event happens, if ever, become a burden, why I must shake her off, that's all. You have no idea of the difficulties which attend undermining the virtue of one, who, strong in the triple mail of innocence, cannot be made to understand what it is to do wrong; whose heart and feelings are so pure, that you cannot fix a stain upon them. There is, Mason, you well know, a pleasure in essaying the immaculateness of those Zaharenians of virtue, who dwell in the fashionable world; and there is a secret delight in witnessing the ease with which they understand an innuendo, and show by ill-affected blushes, that the poison of novel and romance reading has already destroyed that rich intuitive modesty which forms the charm, and shield of woman. But there was not a particle of this stain of earth about Catharine. She loves me with all the fervour of her young affections—as such pure unhackneyed creatures only can love—and she looks to the day when she shall be

mine, lawfully mine, with agonisations little short of rapture. And, here I am deliberately plotting—shall I, dare I speak it?—her ruin. The devil of this garden of Eden, I feel myself to be—but I cannot recede—destiny has thrown her in my way, and destiny must determine whether she remains for life the loved one of my heart, or whether I am to trample her under my feet; but, of the future, so far as Catharine is concerned, I will not at present think. I had prepared her mind for the proposal of a flight, by hinting the probability of my speedy return to the south—of the necessity I was under of consulting my parents on such an important step as marriage—and the impossibility of our union until that had been accomplished. I touched on the misery of a separation from her—I cursed the stars that controlled my fate—and I saw the tears flow, as I mentioned the possibility of her accompanying me; and, as I clasped her to my bosom, and kissed them away, there was an imploring look, which said, 'Oh, if you love me, never mention such a thing again.' I did not urge it then; but two nights ago, we were walking in a little grove, just such a place, and just such an evening as lovers would choose; bright and glorious above, serene and calm below; the moonbeams fell on the green turf, scarcely lighter than our feet, and the intensity of feeling was oppressive; I could not speak aloud, but I whispered, or rather breathed my hopes and wishes—I reverted to the subject I had mentioned before, and found her less willing to listen—I saw it was a favourable moment; I redoubled my entreaties and protestations, as we slowly retraced our steps to the dwelling, and when we had entered, with her hands clasped in mine, on my knees, I begged her not to render me, by denying my request, miserable forever. She was irresolute—she trembled like a leaf—her bosom heaved almost convulsively, and tears streamed down her cheeks, as, with a voice that emotion rendered almost inarticulate, she said, 'And if I should fly with you, Somers, what shall I have to guarantee my safety, my honour, my happiness—what to forbid you forsaking me, far away from home, among strangers, and far from friends?—what to prevent my being cast on the wide world, a wretched, helpless creature?—O! Somers, I love you, but do not destroy me—leave me, to remember your affection; and, till I die, forget all else in the world—but do not urge me to forsake my friends, to render a father and a brother wretched. I cannot deny you, but I throw myself on your mercy.' I was shaken for a moment by her agitation; her grief and her tears moved me; but the melting mood soon passed, and I was myself again. 'Catharine,' said I, and as I pressed her to my bosom, I felt the tumultuous throbbings of her young heart; 'by a word that never yet was broken—by the honour of a man—I swear to obey you in every thing, even the slightest of your wishes, if you will but throw yourself upon my fidelity. My father, (how could I dare to use that name), will rejoice to make us happy; and my whole life shall be spent in proving how high I value your condescension, and prize the precious treasure committed to my trust; only say that you will fly with me, and in the strongest and most lawful of ties, be mine forever.' She raised her head from my bosom, her dark eyes were filled with mingled tenderness and confidence, her rich lips scarcely parted, yet, I distinctly heard—Dudley, I cannot refuse you, I am yours, and yours alone. I throw myself on your love—your honour.' I laid my hand on a book which was on the table, whether it was the Don Juan I had brought from New Haven, or the pocket bible of Catharine, I knew not, and I cared not, and invoked the heaviest imprecations on my head if I proved false, or unfaithful to the trust and confidence reposed in me: and then, when I had sealed my oath upon her lips, she gently disengaged herself from my arms and hastened to her chamber. You

may perhaps say, though I do not imagine you are over conscientious on such topics, and at such times, that my promises included more than was necessary, and that the oath about marrying, ought to have been avoided. So it should, and so it would, if any thing short would have done, but nothing else would go down, and that was not a moment to hesitate about trifles. Besides, I remember that 'Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries,' and mine will come under that class, should they ever occur, which you will understand is as yet by no means a settled point. To-morrow, yes, to-morrow, for every thing is arranged, and that without exciting the least suspicion, we commence our journey, or rather flight, for such it will be, and when once away from this place, where every thing is too sacredly pure, where the sky, and the moon, and the stars, and every breeze of heaven, enter their protest against the profanation of love's temple; I shall introduce Catharine to the world, endeavour to induce her to cast away some of her fastidious scruples, and then be governed by circumstances, or follow destiny to the completion of my wishes. Every woman has her weak side—Catharine of course is not excepted; though where it is, unless in her love for me, I am yet unable to discover. Adieu, my dear Mason—we shall meet at Baltimore, and then you will see my charming Catharine—again, Adieu.”

The next evening, after this precious missive was despatched, a carriage drove through the village of Fall River, without stopping, but it drew up in a piece of woodland, about half a mile from the residence of the Stewarts. A low whistle was heard, and in a few minutes a gentleman, with a lady, whom he rather supported in his arms, than led, made their appearance, and entering the carriage, it was immediately driven off. It was Somers and Catharine; he exulting in the success of his arrangements, and she weeping at the thoughts of home, and friends forsaken; and trembling with apprehension and fear, for the consequences of the step she had taken. For the first hours of their ride, Dudley was employed in soothing the feelings of the agitated girl; and no person could be a greater adept in those numberless assiduous and attentions that affection prompts, and love always accepts with pleasure; nor could any person be treated with more deference, or the behaviour of any one be more constantly respectful, than was that of Somers to Catharine. He felt the sacrifice of feeling she had made, and his better genius prompted him to a course which should leave no cause for regret; but indecision was his ruin; incorrect principle the rock on which he floundered, and was lost.

They made a few days stay when they reached Baltimore, where they were joined by Mason, and from which place Somers and Catharine addressed a joint letter to Edward, explaining the motives which had induced the rash step they had taken; begging pardon for the pain they had inflicted, and assuring him that their course, in future, should be such as he would approve, and that they should never cease to regard him as the dearest of brothers and friends. Mason was not sparing in his commendations of Catharine. Her situation, and her feelings, had thrown an air of sadness around her, which gave her new charms, and caused Mason frequently to declare, he had never seen a person so lovely; yet, true to his fell purpose, his encomiums of her to Dudley, always wound up with a sneer at female purity—a sarcasm on her plain manners, or a doubt as to her virtue being more than a mere pretence. They left Mason at Baltimore, and by easy journeys, Somers and Catharine proceeded to his home; and he found reason for increase of admiration, in her striking perception of natural beauty, and her delight in the magnificent, as well as the beautiful and placid scenery, through

which they travelled. Dudley introduced her to his family and friends, as a young lady from the north, whose health required the sojourn of a few months at the south; but the quick delicacy of Catharine saw at once that they were doubtful whether to consider him as speaking the truth, or whether they were to regard his conduct, and her presence, as one of those *hiasons* in which he had formerly indulged. To her pure mind, such a state of things was inexpressibly painful; but Dudley's father was absent, and nothing could be done until his return; and she determined to live as much secluded, and see as little company as possible, until that wished for event should take place. In the mean time, her affections, having but one object around which to twine, gathered around that one with tenfold intensity; and the love and pity he felt for her, and his real or pretended regrets, at the delay of their union, made him dearer than ever to her; and when he sat by her side, when he read to her, and sung with her; and while she listened to the rich melody of his voice, and his low breathed tones of love, she learned to forget all else, and be happy.

The strength of her affections received a severe test, when in a few weeks after their arrival, they were surprised by the appearance of Edward. He felt that all was not right; and he could not give up such a sister as Catharine, without an effort. He therefore followed them, and was received by Dudley with expressions of the highest satisfaction. The motives which had actuated them, were placed before Edward, apparently without the least reserve—the reasons which had prevented their marriage so long, were stated—but Edward was not satisfied, and he determined not to return without his sister, or seeing her the wife of Dudley. Somers, who was conscious of his power over Catharine, while he frankly stated the impossibility of the marriage; until the consent, and presence of his father should be obtained; while he feelingly reverted to the certainty that her departure would be the death blow to his happiness; at the same time agreed to submit the decision of the question entirely to her. It was as he expected—love triumphed over duty—one tender, imploring look from Dudley, rendered her departure from him impossible; and, almost insensible, from the violence of her emotions, she saw her brother depart for the north, after receiving from Dudley the strongest pledges and assurances of his honourable intentions.

The disinclination of Catharine to see company, and mix with the world, was a source of unqualified pleasure to Dudley. He was a thorough judge of woman's heart, and he well knew that the plant of love flourishes the most vigorously when reared in the solitude of our own thoughts, and nourished by the tenderness that home, and the society of one loved being, can bestow. He knew the mind must have some rallying point, that the young affections of the heart must have something to support them, and that hers were more likely to centre on him, and her affections cling closer to him, than if she mingled in the giddy circles of fashion, and her mind was filled with the woman's ambition of being considered the fairest of the fair. It gave him an opportunity also to controul her reading, without the appearance of a wish to dictate; books, such as he chose, fascinating and dangerous, and the more so from the state of her feelings, and her having never been but partially acquainted with such portions before, were continually on her table; music, including music too, lent its aid to melt her soul, and with the most tender and delicious sensations, she drank poison from the passionate glances of his eyes; her life was fast becoming a bewildered dream, in which the traces of innate virtue were becoming dimmed and clouded by an all controlling passion; each day saw them grow fainter and fainter, and less able to resist the subtle and unceasing attacks made upon

them; and each night saw her pillow wet with tears, as alone, she thought on her danger, caught her heart pleading for him she had so much reason to fear was betraying her, and reflected on the impossibility of her escaping the meshes of that net, in which she was so fearfully entangled. Dudley saw the ineffectual strife which was going on within her, and a feeling of pity, which prompted the most dangerous sympathy and riveted her chains more strongly, was most strangely blended with the exultation he felt, and which, without that would have been fiendish. He saw the struggles of the beautiful girl grow more feeble; and felt, in her wildly beating heart, as he clasped her to himself—in her breath as he pressed his kisses on her lips—in her crimson blushes, and in her eyes, floating in loves dewy light, the existence of that passion which would soon make her all his own. O, passion, what a shocking perverter of reason thou art! Had a friend, at this moment, dared to have hinted to Dudley, that he was intending to become the seducer of innocence, blood would have wiped out the foul aspersion—yet, in the stillness of the night, conscience would whisper, that “as sure as day follows night,” every step he was taking, was leading to that inevitable result, and yet he paused not.

Gone abroad, as a diplomatic agent in the employ of government, the father of Dudley did not return, and the expectation of his doing so immediately, was less than at first. Catharine’s feelings were tinged with melancholy—she was no longer the gay, careless, happy girl she once was—she was miserable; not because Dudley loved her less—not because he was inattentive to her slightest wishes—not because she felt more deeply the cruel wrong she had inflicted on her brother and friends, or because he had become less dear to her:—oh no; Dudley was all the world to her now; but she was miserable, because a voice within her, deep and terrible as that of a spirit, pronounced her a polluted, wretched, degraded, fallen thing! She felt, and the consciousness was bitter as death, that she who forfeits the richest jewel in the crown of woman, is at the mercy of the seducer; that she has surrendered herself bound for his disposal; and that the return to virtue and happiness, becomes each day more impossible, since he who knows he can cast away a woman when tired of her charms, will be base enough, at times, to make the victim feel that he possesses the power. O, how frequently the happiness of a life is lost by the mad infatuation of a single moment! and Catharine felt this in all its anguish. Months hasted away in quick succession, and within two years from the time that Catharine left Fall River, she was a mother; and, in watching with maternal fondness, the beautiful boy she held in her arms, and in witnessing the pleasure with which Somers regarded it, she found a new source of happiness, mingled, indeed, with thoughts of sadness, but purer and deeper than she had for a long time enjoyed.

But the bitterest ingredient in the cup of error and guilt, from which they had been drinking, and which Catharine, it seemed, was destined to drain to the very dregs, was still behind. She had hoped, and that hope had been almost the only ray of light that reached her tortured mind, that Dudley would fulfil his oft repeated vows, and make her his wife; that she should be saved the misery of becoming a wretched castaway—a creature, sunk so low, that her thoughts recoiled with horror from the prospect. Though he retained his tenderness, and there was no positive abatement of his kindness, yet, the quick sense of the affectionate Catharine, perceived a change, and reason with herself as she might, plead for him as her fond heart dictated, the cause she could trace to but one source, his affections had been diverted into another channel, and she was to be the victim of broken vows, and promises unredeemed. Catharine had a servant, a faithful girl

who loved her mistress, and would almost have given her life to have made her happy. She saw that Catharine was wretched, and was not slow in divining the cause; and she revealed the stunning fact, that Dudley was in a few weeks to be married to a young lady of high pretensions, and great wealth. Though Catharine felt that her heart would break, she determined to come to an *eclaircissement*; suspense was dreadful, and a confirmation of her worst fears would be preferable; yet, how could she introduce the subject of perfidy to one who never met her without a kiss, or parted from her without an expression of regret. Catharine had lately noticed that he was frequently absent when in her company; his thoughts seemed to be wandering, and he sometimes answered pettishly, where once he could not have spoken an unkind word; still she knew that the affections of a man were not to be measured by those of a woman, and she felt the love she wished was not to be retained by complainings.

It was but a few evenings after the servant had given her the above information, that Dudley came as usual to her room; and, after playing with, and caressing the innocent child, and engaging in his usual fascinating conversation, for a short time, elapsed into one of his fits of abstraction. He and Catharine were sitting on the sofa at the moment, and her head was reclining on his bosom; playfully patting him on the cheek, she sweetly said, “Somers, you are unhappy!”

He started as if a serpent had bit him; “And, if I am so, who will make me otherwise?” was his reply, as he fixed on her a searching glance of inquiry.

“I will,” said Catharine, and her eloquent eyes looked all she said; “only be what you used to be, only perform what you have promised, and happiness shall again be yours—be mine.” But the light which was for a moment visible on the countenance of the lovely Catharine, faded away, when she saw that it met with no answering expression, from his.

“I have made many foolish promises, Catharine; and there are some I must not remember, and of which I do not like to be remembered,” was his reply; and the cold cruelty of it went to her heart. “Catharine,” he continued, after a moment’s pause, and during which neither broke the silence, “it is necessary that we should understand each other.”

“I believe we do,” interrupted Catharine, with as much firmness of voice as she could assume.

“Perhaps not fully,” he said, “unexpected circumstances since we left Fall River.”—Catharine sighed at the word—“have placed me in a situation different from any I could then have anticipated. Called to fill an important station in public life, the conservator of public morals ought to be above reproach; my friends think it necessary that I should wed, and you—”

“And I,” said Catharine, “who am what crime and you have made me, must be cast away—sacrificed for another.”

“Separated it is necessary we should be,” said Dudley, in those soothing tones which awakened with anguish the memory of by-gone days; “but not that you should be sacrificed; you will find, Catharine, that the arrangements I have made will place you above want—will give you affluence.”

“O Somers,” said Catharine, rising, her brow flushed, and her whole frame agitated; “can you think that priceless affection is to be weighed against wealth?—That virtue, conscience, the earliest and only love of the heart, can find a compensation in paltry gold?—Oh God! is there no hope! Somers, if you cannot love me, have pity on me, and save me from disgrace—destruction!”

Dudley was touched with her grief, he could not be callous to her despair; yet, it was but for a moment, that he relented; the subject he had so long dreaded was introduced, the ice was broken, the gulf was open—

ed, and he determined at once to render it impassable, heedless of the pain he might inflict. "I pity you, Catharine," he said, "but, from the consequences of your conduct I cannot save you; it is too late; when woman falls, she falls never to rise again."

The blood rushed over the countenance of Catharine, but as instantly receded, and left it deadly pale. She was falling, when Dudley caught her, and placing her on the sofa, called the servant, by whose exertions she was soon restored. As she recovered her recollection, Somers was standing over her, her hand clasped in his, and when she opened her eyes, he involuntarily stooped to kiss her: "No," said she, averting her face, "no, those kisses have stamped perdition on my soul deep enough already; let me leave you I entreat you, and never let us meet more."

"I shall obey you," said Dudley, "but that shall not prevent my caring for you."

Catharine had now risen and was leaving the apartment, when she suddenly stopped, and fixing on him a piercing look, said, "Somers, your pride will not permit you to live with the guilty, fallen Catharine; hers will not permit her to live without you; we shall, we must meet again;" and, supported by the servant, she left the room.

"Poor girl!" murmured Somers, as she disappeared, "poor girl, I do pity her; cruel, hard work this, and I am glad it is over; and, though I shall never love any one again, as I have loved her, marrying her is out of the question: such things cannot be helped; if girls will be foolish enough to believe every thing that is said to them, who is to blame. If we do not notice them, they are offended, if we do, they are ruined. They tempt us, and are tempted in return; if they fall, it is their destiny." And thus, as he paced up and down the room, he was endeavouring, with a mixture of truth and falsehood, to silence remorse. "But what did she mean by not being able to live without me? I fear she intends some desperate act; that she dies by her own hand. God forbid? I have guilt enough to answer for, without her blood being on my head; but we are to meet again, so till then, let me dismiss her and all consequences."

The conflict in Catharine's bosom after she retired to her room, was dreadful; thoughts and feelings she did not believe she could ever have indulged, rushed through her mind with a whirlwind's force. Resolves that made her shudder, came crowding around her, dark and terrible as the spirits of evil. She could not weep—her fountains of tears were dried up by burning despair; and a settled purpose of revenge, cold, deep, and deadly, gathered around her, as the clammy night-fog broods upon the still and beautiful lake, bearing disease and death on its heavy wings. "O God!" she exclaimed, in agony, as exhausted with her emotions she sunk upon her bed; "oh why have I been reserved for this? and from him too—him whom I have loved, distractedly loved—him for whom I have sacrificed reputation, friends, peace, honour, and—" she shuddered as she said it, "I fear my hope of heaven;—to be reproached by him for my weakness and guilt—to have him who has been my tempter to evil become my tormentor, and with words, which I feel are burnt in upon my soul, taunt me with my own shame; this is too much; it cannot, it shall not be endured. Had he forsaken me, cast me off, but spared his reproaches, my foolish heart would have forgiven him for the sake of the past—but now—" and a cold shivering ran over her agitated frame, and her tongue refused to utter the half bewildering resolve.

That night neither slept but little. Somers attempted to banish reflection by meeting some gay associates; and Catharine's mind brooded over her love and her wrongs, and her cherished desire of vengeance. O, who can tell whither a single step from the paths of rectitude may lead!—who can foresee the avalanche

of guilt, which a single whisper of guilty passion may bring down to overwhelm, and render forever miserable, the victim of heedless indiscretion! The mild Catharine had, in a few short hours, been completely changed. A single word, had touched springs which roused a deep and powerful, but hitherto, unknown current of feeling; an emotion, deadly as the match which fires the hidden mine, destined to level towers and battlements in the dust. She thought of home—of her brother—but, such thoughts were speedily banished, as too pure to associate with such sensations as were reigning in her bosom. She felt she could never return to them; oh no; the gulf that divided them from her, was not for such as she to cross.

In the morning, Catharine sent her servant to Dudley, to request that she might see him; and, learning that he was already up, she fervently kissed her beautiful boy, who was sweetly sleeping, and hastily brushing away a tear which she felt was softening a mother's heart, she went to Somers' chamber. Lightly tapping at the door, it was as quickly opened, and she entered. Dudley had been writing, but he arose, and advanced to meet her with the same smile, which always welcomed her, and his voice had assumed the same low rich tones it always possessed. He could not help thinking he had never seen her look so beautiful—her dark hair fell unconfined, around a bosom as white as the spotless muslin she wore—an unusual brilliancy lighted up her expressive eyes, a brilliancy, that an accurate observer would have pronounced unnatural, when compared with the varying hues of her cheek, now flushed with crimson, and now ashy pale; and the agitated and tremulous tones of her voice, as she shrunk from his proffered embrace, and said—"No, Somers, that smile, and that sweet voice have destroyed me, but they must destroy no more;"—would have shown that her bosom was the seat of no ordinary emotions.

"Catharine," said Somers, as using some little force he threw his arm around her, and drew her to him; "because we are compelled to part, that should be no reason why we should not still be friends."

"Friends!" repeated Catharine, her lip curled with bitter scorn; "can there be friendship among the fallen spirits?—can there be friendship where love is lost?—You cannot live with me, with one you have ruined—but"—she hesitated a moment, then added, in a voice scarcely audible from suppressed emotion—"I can die for you—or with you"—and, quick as thought, she plunged a dagger belonging to Somers, and which she had brought concealed in her sleeve, to his heart. He fell instantly. A few drops of his blood sprinkled her white dress, and faintly murmuring, "Oh Catharine!—justice!—justice!"—his spirit made its exit without a struggle. The noise of his fall alarmed his friends, who, rushing into the apartment, and seeing none but Catharine, hastily demanded whether the assassin had fled? "I killed him," said Catharine, firmly, and glancing her eye upwards—"O God, have mercy on an erring creature!" she said, and buried the dagger still wet with his blood in her own bosom.

Near the banks of one of those noble streams that flow through the state of Alabama, and mingle their waters in the Bay of Mobile, the two graves, in which these ill-starred victims of passion sleep, are still pointed out to the traveller; and, in an undertone, as if aerial listeners might be near, the magic tale is told, as a proof of the undying love of woman—man's perfidy—and woman's revenge.

A man is not even thought to be a man of talents till he gets something by his talents. The bargain he makes, the price he gains, is, in most people's estimation, the value of the public man.

Original.

THE BRIDE.

'Tis summer evening—one of those,
That o'er the closing eye of day,
Gently her starry mantle throws,
As the fond mother yields the ray,
Which shines upon her infant's eye,
Whose cradled sleep she watches nigh.

The sky is clear, and still the beam

Of rosy twilight warms the west—

Loch Lomond, each retiring gleam,

Reflects on its transparent breast.

Its waters sleep—yet sweet and low,

O'er their calm bosom, seem to flow,

Soft murmured tones, such as belong,

So fancy deems, to syren's song,

Breath'd in her calm, cool, coral cave,

Hid far beneath the azure wave.

And near that bold, romantic shore,

A bower in sylvan beauty stands;

By vines and roses shadow'd o'er,
Train'd by the white and fairy hands

Of sylph-like girl, as bright and fair,

As rose-bud fann'd by morning air;

Whose eyes of dark, cerulean hue,

Beneath their lids of ivory beaming,

Look like blue violets wet with dew,

In morning sunlight, softly gleaming;

Whose cheek of rich, and varying bloom,

Through tresses dark as raven's plume,

Gleams as she bends with childish grace

Weaving a coronal, to place

Upon the high and manly brow

Of knight, as brave as those of old,

Who won in tourney spur of gold,

And whose approaching footsteps, now,

Press perfume from full many a flower,

That decks the pathway to her bower.

But less elastic and less free,

His step than it is wont to be,

And th' accustom'd smile's forgot,

With which he greets the lovely spot,

Where Helen reigns the fairy queen,

Till bright-ey'd summer quit the scene.

When she arose to place the crown,

Which she in playful mood had wove,

And saw upon that brow a frown,

The native seat of smiles and love,

Hasty she dash'd the wreath away,

And softly laid, on his, her hand,

But still he gazed where sleeping lay

The sleeping waters on the strand,

Nor saw the tearful, timid glance,

With which she marked his gloomy trance.

At length, he started from his dream,

Or, Helen turn'd his dark eye's beam,

Untill a gathering tear betray'd

Emotion, vainly he essay'd

To hide within his swelling heart.

He spok—“ My Helen, we must part.

Brief time ago, I left thy sire,

Our hearts inflam'd with mutual ire.

‘Content,’ said he, ‘to be the chief

Of e'er so pitiful a fief,

Thy days, in vain, inglorious ease,

Pass idle, as the summer-breeze.

My daughter weds none but the brave—

No dreaming boy, half lord, half slave.’

He had forgot the boyish deed,

By which this arm won glory's meed—

Thought not how with my own good sword,

When dark the stream of slaughter pour'd,

I fell'd the warrior's daring hand,

That o'er him wav'd the battle brand—

Forgot—but stay—I'll boast no more

Of deeds, whose very mem'ry's o'er;

Over, at least, within his breast,

Which but for them would be at rest.

To-morrow, love, I go afar,

To seek the dangerous toil of war.

Not that I value taunt or frown,

Except, my Helen, for thy sake,

More than you rock, that gazing down,

Regards the waves that 'gainst it break.

But, ere I go, where dangers reign,

Repeat thy vow of troth again.”

“What? dost thou doubt me?”

“No, love, no—

A heart like thine, in weal or wo,

When once its love hath found a home,

Ne'er knows a change—it cannot roam.

Yet, though I know and feel all this,

O, still, methinks it would be bliss,

Now, while the gentle dews are falling,

And while the nightingale is calling

Its mate from yonder whispering grove,

To hear, once more, thy vow of love.”

And Helen did repeat the vow,

And pass'd her hand across her brow,

To veil the tears, that gather'd fast,

In eyes, that up to heaven were cast.

“It is enough, my love, my bride—

I'm thine, whatever may betide.

Now fare thee well, accept this ring,

’Twill seal the compact, and may bring

My image back, if happier youth,

But no—my life upon thy truth.

And should a fear, a doubt arise,

One moment's gaze upon the eyes

Of this dear semblance, which shall part

Ne'er from thy Rodolph's faithful heart,

Distrust will banish, and his breast,

On thy dear faith secure will rest.”

They parted—months had roll'd away,

When on an evil-omen'd day,

Allan, the dark-brow'd warrior came,

Young Rodolph's promis'd bride to claim.

Its lurid light, a grim smile flung,

’Thwart the old chieftain's sallow brow—

“To see thee, makes my old heart young—

Thine, is the long sought guerdon now.

Come, Helen, greet thy future lord;

None wields a truer, keener sword.”

While she with curseye scent and brief,

Welcom'd the rude and haughty chief,

She met the glance of her stern sire,

Who near with eye observant stood,

And in that searching look of fire,

The sign of most ungente mood,

With sinking heart, too well she saw,

T' obey was hers—his will the law.

But long, with firm, unwavering heart,

She brav'd each threat, repell'd each art,

By which the sire and lover strove,

To shake her faith, or turn her love.

One dark device, if others fail,

They have in store, still to assail

A heart, which waits but this to brave,
 Ere it find refuge in the grave.
 And soon the fabled tale they tell,
 How Rodolph had in battle fell,
 By hand of an ignoble serf,
 A coward, on the gory turf.

She shriek'd not—wept not—but her eye,
 Long fix'd its gaze on vacancy.
 When broke that dreadful spell at last,
 Stream'd the bright tears, long, long and fast.
 Alas! that fountain never dries,
 Whose source a breaking heart supplies,
 Until the hand of death, so chill,
 Its last tumultuous throbbings still.
 Henceforth she's passive, nor withstands,
 Her sire's entreaties or commands,
 While in love's lore, not deeply read,
 Rude Allan is content to wed
 So fair a maid; pass lightly by
 The coldness of her faded eye.

Jocund the bridal morn arose—
 In troops the merry guests drew near;
 Nor did the passive bride oppose
 Display of all her costlier gear.
 Many a jewel rich and rare,
 Sparkled amid her raven hair,
 And late so dim, yet on that day,
 Her eye shone with unearthly ray—
 Her cheek, whence long the rose had fled,
 With hectic flush was overspread;
 And oh! her hand, so damp and cold,
 Heart rending was the tale it told.
 But ere the holy rite was over,
 That bound her to a hated lover,
 A footstep in the corridor,
 Rang loud along the echoing floor.
 Amid the throng there was one ear,
 That hail'd the sounds with joy and fear.
 She, who so oft, at evening hour,
 Had heard that step approach her bower,
 How can she now mistaken be?
 Wildly she cried—"Tis he! 'tis he!"
 Young Rodolph rush'd into the room,
 With pallid face, disorder'd hair—
 Eyes flashing 'neath a brow of gloom,
 Which quick and sternly settle where,
 Stood Helen, his affianc'd bride,
 Now perjurd, by another's side.
 Rebuke, remonstrance, vainly fell,
 From those, who wondering, gather'd near—
 He had no voice, no eye, no ear,
 Save but for her he loved so well;
 And him, who cower'd beneath the blaze,
 Of those dark eyes' concentrated rays,
 Who still the trembling hand retain'd,
 That art with perjury had stain'd,
 And Rodolph took that hand in his;
 With quivering lip, his heart's last kiss,
 One moment linger'd there, and then,
 All weakness vanish'd—he again,
 Wore the same stern and haughty look;
 Indignant from his bosom took
 The smiling pledge by Helen given,
 To seal the vow forever riven,
 And fiercely dash'd it to the ground,
 While the bright fragments strown around,
 Beneath his scornful foot he spurn'd,
 Until to very dust they turn'd.
 Then of the trembling bride demands,
 His pledge, the costly ring she wore,
 But vainly try her shaking hands,
 The gift demanded, to restore.
 One moment her vain efforts last,
 And then—the mortal pang is past—

With that fond look to Rodolph given,
 Her spirit wing'd its flight to heaven.
 More than a world of words could say,
 That eye's last faint and darkening ray,
 A light o'er his crush'd spirit threw,
 Revealing that to him, still true,
 Her heart remain'd unto the last,
 And that dark perfidy had cast
 Its toils around her, to ensue
 The ruin of a heart so pure.

Relentless sire! where now's the flower?
 That grac'd with bloom, thy withering age,
 Sweet as the snowdrop in its bower,
 That wins a smile from winter's rage.
 The pride that wrought her early doom,
 Has spread o'er thine eternal gloom.

Allan is gone, but ere he went,
 His eye with threat'ning frown is bent,
 Where Rodolph, statue-like, and pale,
 As the dim silver of his mail,
 Stood gazing on the lifeless form
 Of her, who like a lily lay,
 In all its beauty swept away,
 Untimely, by the cruel storm.
 And Rodolph, hence was seen no more,
 Save by one wandering on the shore,
 At fall of eve, who saw him stand
 On a high cliff, where far below,
 Upon a bleak and rocky strand,
 The wave burst with impetuous flow.
 Still, on that spot, glows many a stain
 Of blood, unbleach'd by dew or rain,
 Which, if at evening hour effac'd,
 The morn will find still freshly trac'd;
 And footprints on the gory sod,
 As if in mortal struggle trod.
 And oft is seen, at dead of night,
 When shines the moonbeam cold and bright,
 By those, who dare to wander near,
 Where yon tall cliffs their summits rear,
 A shadowy form, that lingers there,
 Or beckons them with mournful air,
 On to'ards the spot, where Helen's grave,
 O'erlooks, from far, dark Lomond's wave.

LOS MOROS VIENEN.

THERE'S a sound of arrows on the air—
 A sound of the thundering atabal;
 I see through the trees the banners glare,
 This eve they shall hang on the Christians' wall;—
 And the haughty hands that those banners bore,
 This eve shall be stiff in their own dark gore.

Then leave me, sweet lady; thy starry eyes
 Are made for love, and love alone;
 These glowing lips are for passion's sighs,
 That form for the silk and the gold of a throne.
 Before the dawning sky is red,
 Yon plain shall be heaped with the dying and dead.

Hark!—hark!—'tis the Christians' battle-horn;
 Behold the red-cross standard wave,
 Like a fiery gleam in the opening morn,
 The shout is "glory or the grave."
 Unclasp my hand—no tears—away!
 The Saracen shouts his last to-day.

One kiss, sweet love—go pray for Spain—
 Light every taper—pray for him,
 Whose soul may be on that fatal plain,
 But linger for thy parting hymn.
 No—be that idle thought forgiven.
 We'll meet in bliss, in earth—or Heaven!

Original.

THE TWO RINGS;

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Bar. How came you by this ring, landlord?*Hutz.* That ring?—very honestly—very honestly indeed, madam.—— I had it, I am sure, from a man I cannot suspect—from a very good man.—
The Distended Officer.

[THE courts of the holy Feme, although they owe their origin to Charlemagne, were not organized until after the fall of Henry the Lion, and their secret power, which, during the 14th and 15th centuries, was so terrible as to spread dismay throughout Germany, was, comparatively but little exerted, even as late as the reign of Frederic II. There were not wanting instances, however, during the first dawns of their power, of persons, who, to gratify revenge, or some other selfish passion, had recourse to these secret tribunals. The president of the Feme court was called *Freigraf*—his associates, who concurred in, and executed the sentence, *Freischoffen*, and all that was necessary to condemn a person for a real, or an imaginary crime, was for one of the latter to make oath of his guilt.]

On the summit of a steep crag, overlooking the Rhine, and which is now marked by a pile of venerable, moss-grown ruins, rose one of those old baronial castles, characterized by the strength and stately magnificence of the feudal times. Count Hermann, the proprietor, was one of the most powerful of the royal vassals, his followers being numerous and well appointed, consisting mostly of valiant youths weary of inactivity, and thirsting for military glory. He was never married, and the females of his household, with the exception of the domestics, were his sister, who lost her husband a few years after her marriage—her daughter, the Lady Agnes—and a young girl about seventeen years of age, whom he had found, when a child, in a house deserted of the rest of its inhabitants, during the sacking and burning of a town. The child, who could only tell that her name was Theresa, was exquisitely beautiful, and, in her centred all his dearest affections—circumstances which naturally excited the envy and ill will of the countess and her daughter.

It was the soft hour of twilight, such as ushers in one of those evenings, the power of whose beauty is better felt than described. It was an hour, when there is music in the stirring of the leaf, sweetness in the voices of those we love, and, in the bosom, a voiceless rapture; when the atmosphere, which we breathe, seems more ethereal, and we appear almost to possess the power of mingling with its subtle essence. It was at this hour, that Theresa was seated on the terrace, with Raymond, a young chevalier of France by her side. A few soft white clouds floated slowly over the face of the calm blue heavens.

"What rapture would it be," said Raymond, "to sail on the bosom of yonder cloud, to overlook the wildest cliff of the mountains, and to see the tameless eagle soaring far beneath; to drink in, as it were, the whole beauty of this most beautiful earth, or to mix with the pure beams of some lovely star, without clouding its effulgence."

"Perhaps," said Theresa, "when the spirit is freed from the form which it animates on earth, it will have the power to do all this. I have sometimes thought," she continued, "that could our vision be extended to the perception of objects less gross, that in the breeze, which fans and refreshes us, or in the light, which sheds around us its glories, we might behold the now

viewless forms of those we loved, when they were beings of earth like ourselves."

"It is, at least, pleasing to think so," said Raymond, "but there are only a few blessed moments that we have the power to enjoy such an illusion. We cleave to the dust of which we are formed. There is something humbling in the thought, Theresa, that we are of the same order of beings as the meanest boor, who is capable of no higher enjoyment, than to eat and to sleep; who can feel his eyes dazzled in the flood of glory poured upon him from the eye of the universe, nor feel one pulse of his bosom throb quicker, than if he were half obscured in the smoky light of his cabin. And, yet, I have endured moments, when I have envied his inability to think and to feel, for though knowledge may confer moments of rapture, it makes years of sorrow. It is humbling to think that we are of the same order as these, but there is another thought, that is maddening. I have a foe, Theresa," continued he, with a vehemence of voice and action, that made her start—"I have a foe, and when I think that his hated form is made also of the same clay—his, whose lip I saw curl with scorn, when I sought redress for deep and unmerited injury—then it is, that I no longer wish to breathe the air, which he contaminates."—During the close of this speech, Raymond rose from his seat, and stood opposite to Theresa. There was something grand, almost terrible, in his appearance, as he thus stood erect before her, his countenance kindling with the strong passions, which shook his frame.

"Alas!" said Theresa, "what human being can have the power to move you thus?"

"You know him well. His name is Von Gratz. His spirit is base, mean, and grovelling, and yet, over mine, it maintains the mastery. It is he, to whom the crimes, which, like spectres, would haunt the midnight pillow of an ordinary man, are a jest. But I am a wretch," said he, perceiving the distress painted on the countenance of Theresa; "for having been so violent and passionate. We are the slaves of passion—else, how could other than calm and serene thoughts possess the breast, while by your side, and gazing on a prospect so fraught with loveliness. Even the rough, bleak mountains appear soft and beautiful, in the dim, starry light now resting upon them."

"Surely," said Theresa, "you must be deceived as respects Von Gratz. When Count Hermann first gave me a home, he was his favourite page, and from thence he has risen to the honours of knightship; honours, which no one knows better than the Chevalier de Raymond, cannot be obtained without the union of many great and noble virtues."

"Count Hermann," replied Raymond, blushing deeply at the just compliment implied in the speech of Theresa; "is of a nature so generous and open, that it is easy for a person so consummately artful as Von Gratz, to deceive him."

"It may be as you say," said Theresa, rising from her seat. "It is late—the evening star is set. Good night."

"Stay one moment, Theresa. Promise that you will forget this evening. I am not myself when I think of that man. In a few days I depart for the now

Holy Land, perhaps, never to return. I entreat you, that ere I go, you will give me an opportunity of bidding you farewell."

"I cannot promise to again meet you," said Theresa, "I fear I have done wrong this evening."

The mystic adoration, which characterized the passion of love in those days, forbade Raymond to press the subject, and he contented himself by requesting her, should she relent, to inform him by some token or message.

"I will," she replied, and hastily entered the castle.

The following day towards sunset, Count Hermann commanded his followers to array themselves in their armour, and to assemble on the lawn in front of the castle. The command was obeyed with unusual alacrity, for the Emperor, Frederic II. who, the year previous had, by the disease of his army, and his own illness, been prevented from reaching the Holy Land, and, who had now set out on a new crusade, was expected to honour the mansion of their chief with his presence that night, or it might be, during a number of days, in order to give his army time to assemble at the appointed place of rendezvous. All, therefore, were eager, not only to behold, but to be of the number, who were to meet and welcome a sovereign, whom their imaginations pictured in glowing colours, and to whom they had heard ascribed all those noble qualities, by which he so eminently deserved the appellation of the great Frederic. The lawn was soon covered with animated groups, which were momentarily shifting, each individual being haunted by that restlessness, ever attendant on keen expectation. But the most conspicuous figure present, was Count Hermann. He was between forty and fifty, and in his person almost realized the description given by the Roman writers, of the inhabitants beyond the Rhine. His eyes, though blue, were keen and fierce in their expression, and his forehead was almost entirely shrouded by a thick mass of deep yellow hair; but this part of his physiognomy was in a measure atoned for by a handsome mouth, well furnished with beautiful teeth, which were frequently disclosed by a warm, benevolent smile. His strong, sinewy frame, full expanded chest, and gigantic height, seemed well fashioned to sustain the weight of the heavy armour worn at that period, and to render him, in point of personal appearance, an appropriate leader of a brave and warlike band. The Count, on the present occasion, with a busy anxious brow stood apart with a few of his followers, more experienced than the rest, consulting with them relative to some points of etiquette, proper to be observed in the reception of his anticipated guest. While engaged in this consultation, a voice, such an one as of itself, has power to thrill the inmost recesses of the human soul, came floating on the air, mingling its melodious tones with the din of voices and clash of arms, which arose from the assembled warriors. In a moment, all was silent, and every eye was raised to a lofty oak, among the branches of which sat a Troubadour, singing the *plaintes*, so called, which mourned the sorrows of Palestine. All present bowed to the simple and touching eloquence of the song, and the roughest cheek was unconsciously moistened with a tear. While every heart was swelling with mingled emotions of sorrow and indignation at the oppression of those Christians, who dwell in the land sanctified by a Saviour's sufferings, the Troubadour suddenly changed his lamentation into one of those spirit-stirring melodies, which kindles the soul of the warrior, and causes it to yearn for the strife, and the rapture of the battle. The flush of excitement lighted the eye, and was on the cheek of the young knights, and many a hand involuntarily grasped the sword, and drew it half way from its scabbard. The attention of one, and only one, appeared to be divided. The eye of the Chevalier de Raymond frequently wandered from the

songster to the window of a turret chamber, which overlooked the lawn, and he began to despair of receiving at this time, any token from Theresa, to show that she intended to grant him the solicited interview, when a white hand glanced quickly through the high, open lattice of the turret, and a small knot of rose-coloured riband fell at his feet. He eagerly seized it, and imprinting on it a fervent, yet reverent kiss, hid it in his bosom.

Shortly after the close of the song, a messenger, who had been despatched for the purpose, returned and announced the approach of the Emperor. While he was yet speaking, strains of warlike melody came floating on the gale, and the cavalcade, hitherto concealed by rising ground, rose to view; its arms and armour glittering brightly in the setting sun, and the royal banner spreading its broad folds to the wind. Most present, especially the younger portion, now glanced their eyes over their dress, and hastened, for perhaps the twentieth time, to adjust some favourite weapon; while Count Hermann, shaking his mighty limbs, as if to settle himself more firmly in his armour, placed himself forthwith at the head of his followers, and advanced to meet and welcome his sovereign.

They had hardly passed the drawbridge, before the Lady Agnes entered the apartment of Theresa. The room was furnished partly in the oriental fashion, a style the Europeans had learned to imitate during the crusades, and Theresa was sitting on a sofa by which it was nearly surrounded, in such a manner as to command a view of the Count and his attendants, without being herself seen. She was dressed in a robe of rose coloured silk, embroidered with silver tissue, which was gathered round her waist with a girdle sprinkled all over with jewels, and fastened in front with a sapphire of uncommon size and beauty. The delicious brilliancy of her complexion was heightened by an exuberant mass of soft glossy hair, which was of a dark chestnut, save where a sunbeam happened to fall, when it reflected a bright, almost golden lustre. Nothing could be finer than her features, which, in form, resembled the antique; while the deep richness of her dark, intellectual eyes, at this moment, beaming with a "radiant earnestness," might have reminded those, who had beheld that land of female loveliness, of the beauties of Ionia. She was leaning her head in a thoughtful attitude on her left hand, which sunk so deep amid the luxuriant curls, as almost to conceal the exquisite delicacy of its form and colour, but not so as to hide a ring of rare brilliancy, which sparkled on one of her fingers. Theresa was unconscious of the presence of Lady Agnes, until she tapped her somewhat rudely on the shoulder. She started up, while a deep blush suffused her countenance. Agnes did not speak, but holding the trembling Theresa from her at arm's length, she fastened on her, her keen, piercing eyes, as if she could thereby read the secrets of her bosom. Theresa soon recovered her self-possession, and assuming an air, at once calm and dignified, she gently disengaged herself from the grasp of Agnes, and pointing to the sofa, invited her to be seated.

"No," said Agnes, "I may not tarry. I bear a message from my mother, who commands you to retire to an inner apartment, lest a lasting reproach be brought on our modesty and discretion by one of our sex, who does not hesitate in the most public and shameless manner, to distribute tokens to every handsome gallant, who happens to strike her fancy."

"I am not insensible to the justness of your mother's rebuke," replied Theresa, "though communicated in somewhat an ungracious manner, and will take care, in the future, to be more discreet—but I shall not leave the apartment assigned me by the count, save by his desire."

"When my uncle chooses to exalt a beggar above those of his own house," said Agnes, "he must expect

the natural consequences." Theresa made no reply to this taunting speech, and the lady Agnes soon retired.

The shades of evening had begun to gather, when the tramp of horses, and the loud, cheerful notes of the trumpet, announced the near approach of the count and his illustrious guest. The stir and bustle among the servants were now redoubled, and the countess hastily descended to the room where supper was to be served, to take a last look at the arrangements, and to see if her orders had been properly regarded. The table was soon loaded, not only with the substantial edibles suited to the German palate, but with a variety of dishes prepared by cooks procured for the occasion, who professed to understand the more luxurious gastronomy of the Romans. The emperor had travelled a considerable distance without refreshment, and the savour sent forth by the good things smoking on the board, induced him to despatch, with all possible haste, those ceremonies, which were a barrier between him and the table, much to the chagrin of the countess, who felt her dignity sensibly deteriorate, at being the subject of a sovereign so devoid of that solemn staidness, which she had ever been accustomed to couple with royalty. Notwithstanding this querulousness, however, when in his immediate presence, there was something so majestic in his mien, that it put to flight all those studied graces, which she had long kept in requisition, to lavish forth during the present opportunity.

Frederic, although not tall, was well made, and his fair complexion corresponded well with the benevolent expression of his eye and mouth, while his fine forehead was sufficiently expressive of his intellectual riches, and gave to his countenance a look of dignity, which accorded with his elevated station. As his frame had been strengthened, so had his manners been rendered graceful by those chivalrous exercises, to which he had been accustomed during youth, and, probably, no man in his empire surpassed him in ease and elegance of address. All were seated at the table, and deeply engaged in doing justice to the delicious fare, when a middle aged man, in the habit of a pilgrim entered the apartment, and leaning on his staff, seemed patiently awaiting an opportunity to satisfy his appetite. He was considerably above the common stature, and notwithstanding the coarseness of his apparel, there was something picturesque—even majestic in his appearance, as silent and pensive he stood apart from the festive company. During a time like the present, however, a person like him, was likely to attract but little notice, and, at length, he was constrained to ask for a cup of water and a piece of bread. His voice was deep and harmonious, and there was that in its tones, which caused Theresa to start, and look in the direction whence they proceeded. On beholding him, she forthwith filled a cup with wine, and commanded it to be given him, together with some food. Soon after this, the ladies rose to retire, and having occasion to pass the spot where stood the pilgrim, he looked earnestly at Theresa, and entreated her to inform him if she were the daughter of the host—"No," replied Theresa, "count Hermann is not my father, although I receive from him a father's care and tenderness."

"May God's benison be with thee, fair damsel, whoever thou art," said the pilgrim. "Thy countenance brings back to me scenes of my youth, which passed away like a vision of the night."

Theresa now passed on, but instead of directing her steps towards her chamber, she turned aside into a room, where Raymond, unheard, as he imagined, by any person excepting herself, had requested her to give him the promised meeting. Raymond had left the hall some minutes before she withdrew herself, and she expected to find him already there. A flush of shame crossed her cheek, when she found that she had anti-

ipated him; but thinking that some unforeseen occurrence might, for a moment, have detained him, she seated herself on a bench, near an open window, to await his coming. She had not remained there long, before she thought she heard his voice, and looking out of the window, she beheld him and lady Agnes walking together, apparently in close conversation. A keen sense of injury shot coldly through her heart, and hastening to her chamber, she for a while, indulged in mingled emotions of grief, shame and resentment. But, although young, her situation had made her acquainted with self-discipline, and she soon succeeded in giving to her feelings a calmer tone.

It was now nearly midnight, and the wind which came moaning through the corridor, seemed to her awakened imagination, like the voice of a melancholy spirit warning her of some sad event; and as her eye involuntarily wandered to a fierce looking chieftain, portrayed at full length on the ceiling, and who, according to tradition, had foully murdered his near kinsman, she almost imagined, that his eye, which followed her, wherever she went, kindled into an expression of real life, and that the lips curled with one of those smiles more dreadful to look upon than the darkest frown. But Theresa was one, to whom

"The awe of such a moment is not fear,"

and she almost wished that the shadowy form of the murdered chief would glide along in the pale moonlight that gleamed through the lattice. The spell was soon broken by the closing and barring of the heavy doors of the castle, and the sound of the numerous voices and footsteps of those who were retiring to their respective chambers. Though late, Theresa felt no inclination to sleep, and approaching an open casement, she looked out upon the beautiful scene. The clear, cold moon was walking in her brightness through the midnight heavens, silencing the dark clouds that sailed slowly past her, ere they gathered themselves to the fleecy mass which rested in the eastern horizon. The breeze was awake, whispering soothingly in the trees, and blending its voice with the murmurs of a stream, near the edge of which, rose a rude, though picturesque hermitage, shaded by a cluster of willows. The holy spirit of repose, which wrapt all the visible world, communicated itself more and more to her bosom, and she was giving way to the full tide of those calm, but rapturous sensations, which the true worshipper of nature can alone feel, when her attention was arrested by two persons, who approached the hermitage, and, who, after having looked cautiously around, entered it. One of them Theresa knew to be Agnes. Her companion, who was a man, she was unable to recognize, he being muffled in a cloak, evidently for the sake of disguise; she knew, however, by his size, that it was not Raymond. They were likewise observed by a nearer, and it might be an equally curious spectator. The pilgrim, when he retired from the castle, struck by the lonely beauty of the hermitage, and being in a musing, melancholy mood, had entered it, and thrown himself at length on the bench, which surrounded the interior. The spot where he reclined happened to be in deep shadow, and partly hid by some columns, which supported the roof. The new visitants seated themselves on the opposite side, through the windows of which, the moonbeams streamed in full splendour, distinctly revealing the countenance of each. The pilgrim was not a little surprised when he beheld the lady Agnes, whom an hour before, he had seen in the banquetting hall, dispensing the sunshine of her smiles on all around, enter, a building so lonely, in company with a man, in whose appearance, though attired as a knight, there was something peculiarly suspicious, pale and ghastly—her eyes flashing fire, and all her features dis-

torted with anger. A few passionate tears glittered in her eyes, which having dashed impatiently away, she addressed her companion, who assumed an attitude of humble and profound attention.

"Did you observe the colour, which the recreant Raymond wore on his shield to-day?" said she.

"I did lady—the colour of the rose, if I mistake not."

"Yes, the hated colour, which Theresa loves best. Silly boy! his boldness has sealed her fate."

"And why not *his* fate also, lady?"

"Von Gratz," said she, laying her hand on his, while the expression of her features, as well as the tone of her voice, became milder, "I love him."

"You mean lady, that you *did* love him. Never let it be said, that the high-minded and noble Agnes of B——, can, for a moment, lavish her affections on one who receives the treasure with indifference and scorn."

"It is, at least, some consolation that I prevented their concerted meeting to-night. But we will speak no more of Raymond—tell me if you noticed a diamond ring of remarkable size worn by the emperor."

"I did," replied Von Gratz.

"I heard him say," said Agnes, "that he valued it far above its price." Agnes remained thoughtful a few moments, and then resumed the conversation.—

"You know Von Gratz," said she, "that through my influence, you have risen from obscurity to a state of affluence and respectability. I have power to raise you still higher, and most assuredly will, if you will promise to obey the request I am about to make you."

"Will it not be prudent for me to know the kind of service you require of me, before I promise to perform it?" said Von Gratz.

"Go," said Agnes indignantly. "I require no service from one so nice. It is sufficient for you to know that your reward shall be prompt and ample."

"Which for aught I know, may be to deliver me up to the power of the holy Feme."

"Are you not a member? did you not take the oath the last time the tribunal assembled?"

"Ay, and a terrible oath it was. Nevertheless, I will promise to perform no service before I know its import."

"Obstinate fool!" said Agnes. But since it must be so, I will reveal my wish, and leave it to your own option, whether to perform it or not. In a word, I must have that diamond ring of the emperor's."

"You shall have it," said Von Gratz.

"Not unless this good steel fail me," said the pilgrim, suddenly starting from his recumbent posture, and drawing a pious from his bosom. At the same moment, he seized the astonished Von Gratz by the arm, and made a thrust at his breast. But the weapon was met by armour of proof, and glanced aside. Von Gratz was a powerful man, and instantly recovering his self-possession, he seized his sword, and aimed at the unmailed breast of his antagonist, who fell to the ground covered with blood. Von Gratz raised him in his arms, and without ceremony, threw him into the stream that washed the base of the hermitage.—"There," said he, "tell what thou hast heard to the fishes, if they are not too deaf to hear thee." Agnes smiled, and bidding Von Gratz good night, hastened back to the castle. The tumult of her feelings prevented her from sleeping, and about two o'clock she heard a low knock at her door. She arose, and hastily enveloping herself in a robe, admitted Von Gratz. As he entered, he cast a furtive glance around the room.

"I am alone," said Agnes—"where is the ring?"

"Here lady, and do not forget that I procured it at the risk of my life."

"We will talk of that, hereafter," said Agnes. "You may retire."

As soon as he was gone, she took a lamp and hastened to the apartment of Theresa, who was, as she had hoped, in a deep sleep. Her cheek, which glowed with all the freshness of her own favourite colour, rested on her right hand, while her left, on which sparkled the ring before alluded to, laid on the outside of the coverlet. Agnes cautiously approached the bed, and began to slip the ring from the small, taper finger which it ornamented. Theresa started, and murmured a few words indistinctly to herself. Agnes sat patiently by her side, until her breathing became again quiet and free, when she resumed the operation of removing the ring, and was successful. She then deposited a billet on the table, which she had prepared for the purpose, and, in which was enclosed the ring procured by Von Gratz. The billet was signed Raymond, and ran thus:—"Having after you retired last evening, found a ring which I knew to be yours, I could not resist the temptation of retaining it, and most humbly do I beg, that you will pardon my presumption, and wear the enclosed for my sake." Agnes, then, with all the haste consistent with prudence, returned to her own chamber. As soon as Theresa rose the following morning, she perceived that her ring was gone, but ere she had time to dwell on her loss, lady Agnes entered the room. Her countenance was dressed in smiles, and with much apparent concern, she inquired of Theresa how she had rested.

"Indifferently," she replied, "and had I observed before I slept, that I had lost the ring I so highly value, I think I should have rested still worse."

"What ring?" inquired Agnes, with a voice and look of affected ignorance.

"The ring your uncle gave me, and which you know he found on the floor of the same apartment in which he found me when a child. I value it the more highly, because I thought that it might possibly prove the means of my being recognized by some of my family—if, indeed I have any relatives," she added with a sigh.

"A visionary thought truly. But what have you here?" said Agnes, pointing to the billet, which lay on the table.

Theresa hastily opened it, and with cheeks glowing with blushes, read its contents. "A token from some gallant, I dare aver," said Agnes. "I will not press you on the subject, however, for I perceive that it makes you sufficiently unhappy."

"You speak ironically," said Theresa, "but it surely does make me unhappy to part with my ring, in any way whatever."

Theresa, had she chosen, might have expressed the resentment pervading her bosom, owing to Raymond's having failed to meet her the evening previous.—Agnes had sufficient penetration to divine the cause of the momentary conflict in her feelings, and being at the same time convinced that she had no suspicion of the fraud which had been practised upon her, she left her with a light heart. "Now Raymond, ingrate that thou art," she murmured, as she regained her own apartment, "my revenge is sure."

Scarce an hour from this, bustle and inquiry were abroad in the castle. The emperor had arisen, and immediately missed the valuable ring, which he constantly wore. His bed-chamber and every place which it could be remembered he had visited, were searched in vain. The sentinels were then questioned, and one of them related, that an hour or two past midnight, hearing a noise in his majesty's chamber, he entered it, and beheld on the opposite side of the room, a hand just closing a panel—that he went forthwith to the spot, and examined it, but that the panel was fitted into the ceiling with so much exactness, that his search proved ineffectual. Whatever Frederic might think of this circumstance, he declared that he was well satisfied with the zeal which had been manifested

for the recovery of a mere bauble, and commanded that no further anxiety and trouble might be evinced concerning it in his presence. All thought strange that his solicitude for its recovery should receive so sudden an abatement, as not long before he had been heard to say, that it was the gift of a valued friend; while at the same time, they were unanimous in the belief, that the command was issued in consequence of a message, just delivered to him by a grotesque looking person, whom nobody knew, and who immediately disappeared. There was little time, however, for the discussion of an affair, which they deemed so important and so mysterious, for Frederic gave orders for every thing to be made ready for his immediate departure, much to the discomfiture of many present, for had he remained until the next day, it was the intention of lady Agnes to give a splendid ball that evening, where they doubtless would have figured, equally to their own satisfaction, and the edification of the spectators.

The countess, lady Agnes and Theresa were summoned to take leave of count Hermann, as he was too much pressed for time, to admit of his visiting them in their own apartments. The chevalier de Raymond, with a number of others, stood at the lower end of the hall, and Theresa could not forbear looking to see if he wore her ring, and finding he did not, she was rejoiced that she had removed from her finger the one enclosed in the billet, before appearing in his presence. Count Hermann brushed away a tear, as he murmured, "God bless thee, my dear Theresa," while without daring to trust her own voice, or to again look towards Raymond, she hastened from the hall. The night was "far upon its watches," when Theresa heard footsteps in the corridor, and voices speaking in a whisper; one of which she thought to be the voice of Von Gratz. The next moment the door opened, and lady Agnes entered. She was perfectly pale, and her keen black eyes flashed with an expression of mingled terror and triumph. "Oh! Theresa," said she, "you are cited to appear before the court of the holy Feme—the citation is fixed at the entrance of the great hall. Von Gratz was the first to discover it, who immediately caused the appalling intelligence to be communicated to my mother and myself.

"Who can have been so bold," said Theresa, "as to accuse the innocent of crime?"

"That is, and ever must remain a secret," replied Agnes. "The proceedings of the holy tribunal have never been known to transpire in any instance."

"Have you any suspicion of the crime of which I am accused?"

"None," replied Agnes, averting her face to hide a blush, which even her boldness could not check. She then inquired if Theresa intended to await the third citation, ere she appeared before the tribunal.

"Will it not be best?" said Theresa. "I shall need time to fortify my mind against so dreadful an hour."

"You are surely at liberty to do as you please," said Agnes; "but to my mind, such reluctance to attend the summons, will appear like a tacit confession of guilt."

"I believe you are right," said Theresa—"I am ready to go this moment."

"Your determination shall be made known," said Agnes, and she quitted the apartment.

When left to herself, her fortitude forsook her, and varied and agonizing sensations came thronging to her bosom. She had succeeded in acquiring a degree of composure, when a man, whom she had never before seen, conducted by Agnes, entered the room. Hardly knowing what she did, she fled to its remotest corner. The man approached her within a short distance, and calling her by name, informed her that he had come in the name of the tribunal of the Holy Feme, then assembled, to conduct her to its presence. Theresa stepped forward a few paces, and with a dignity and composure that astonished him, demanded first an in-

terview with the countess, that she might receive the benefit of her counsel.

"The countess," said he, "is a woman of too much sense, to endeavour to interrupt the course of justice."

"In other words," said Theresa, "she knows and approves of your business here."

"It is even so," he replied. "The lady Agnes also entertains a just sense of the respect and veneration due to our holy and august council."

"If all human aid then fail me," said Theresa, and she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven, "to thy protection, Almighty Father, do I commit myself."

"Please to make what haste you may—remember the holy council awaits your presence."

"I am ready," said she, throwing a mantle about her, while refusing his proffered support, she followed him with a firm step—a person, whom they met in the corridor, and whom Theresa suspected to be Von Gratz, acting as guide. He conducted them to a court-yard, where stood a litter, near which were a number of persons, whom by the light of the moon, she took to be Saracens—many of whom, in the capacity of slaves, accompanied the crusaders on their return to Europe. Having, according to orders ascended the litter, she was borne by the Saracens, as far as she was able to judge, a number of miles, the latter part of the way being through an almost impenetrable forest. The path terminated in a glade, formed something like an amphitheatre, and, except by this single avenue, rendered either by nature or art impervious on every side. The spectacle presented to view was imposing—almost sublime. The thick and lofty trees excluded all outward objects from view, even the heavens themselves, save a small space directly overhead. Nearly in the centre of this, glistened a single star of intense radiance, which seemed like an eye gazing on the dreadful and mysterious proceedings of a tribunal, on which no human being was permitted to look, save the members themselves and the victims of its power. The Freigraf occupied a seat considerably elevated above the rest, while the Freischoffen, who concurred in, and executed the sentence, were ranged on either side. A few lamps, suspended from the branches of the trees, just sufficient to render the gloom perceptible, shed a wavering light on their harsh visages, while all was so silent, that Theresa could alone hear the sighings of the breeze mingle with the audible beatings of her heart. She did not quail, as she entered this stern assembly; but walked with an unflinching step to the seat designated by her conductor, and though her cheek and lip were pale as the blighted rose-leaf, her eye shone with a free and clear light. A being so beautiful, so friendless, could not fail to elicit a degree of sympathy from the hardest hearts, and some of the younger members, had they dared, would willingly have interposed in her behalf. Even the Freigraf seemed to be conscious of some visitings of nature, when he arose to address her, and for a moment, remained silent. Shortly, however, he appeared to have summoned the requisite sternness of purpose, and in a voice, whose intonations were deep and startling to the unaccustomed ear, he commanded Theresa to rise.—She obeyed mechanically, for her thoughts were far away with count Hermann and with Raymond. As her mind wandered to those only objects whom she held dear, her features wore a soft, dreamy expression, which made it evident, that, for the time, she was insensible to the horrors of her situation. But when the Freigraf alluded to the crime for which she had been arraigned, and which was the first intimation she had received of its nature, the spell was broken. A confused idea of the snare which had been laid for her, gleamed upon her mind, and clasping her forehead with both hands, she uttered a cry of agony. The fatal ring was thus exposed to the view of the whole

assembly. Murmurs of disapprobation ran from mouth to mouth, at her hardihood, in thus exhibiting the stolen treasure.

"Blame her not," said the Freigraf—"the stings of a guilty conscience urge her, in this manner, to confess a crime which she could find no words to utter." He then proceeded to expatiate on the heinous nature of her offence, remarking that it seemed to call for a punishment more severe than the ordinary one of banishment. He, therefore, passed on her, sentence of death by decapitation, which was to be carried into effect the next day save one, between the hours of noon and the setting of the sun. Theresa was then conveyed from the scene of her condemnation to a place appropriated to the reception of criminals.

When left alone in the gloom and solitude of her prison, and no longer sustained by that intensity of feeling, which a sense of difficulty and danger is, during its first moments, so apt to awaken, her heart sunk within her. She arose and went to the grated window. The scene without, which lay wrapt in a flood of moonlight, was beautiful. But though she appeared to gaze so intensely on the prospect before her, she beheld it not. A vision of undefinable horror floated before her eyes, which seemed "frozen in their gaze." It was the vision of the grave, and even amidst its palpable darkness, she could behold all its secret terrors. "O God," said she, "must I, then, even in the spring time of life, leave all I have loved on earth, to lie so low in darkness and in shame?—where the stranger shall shun the unconsecrated spot, and where he, who has loved me as a father—where even Raymond will scorn to linger and weep?" There was a "burning, harrowing pain" in this last thought, which broke the trance-like spell which bound her, and swelled her heart almost to bursting. But this could not endure. A kind of "blank repose" came over her spirits, and as the day dawned, she sunk into an unquiet slumber. During the day, her solitude was unbroken, save by the presence of the gaoler, who brought her food. When about sunset, he entered with her supper, he handed her a letter. It was from count Hermann, who assured her that if possible, he should be with her the next day. The letter closed with the most touching expressions of comfort and sympathy, rendered more affecting by their extreme simplicity.—They were the first she had received during the whole scene of her trial, and on reading them, a gush of tears, the first she had shed, fell upon the paper. "If he think me innocent," thought she, "why should I ask for more?" But the image of Raymond rose involuntarily before her, and she felt, that he also must believe her free from guilt, or she could not with indifference meet the gaze of the cold, heartless throng, whom idle curiosity should assemble to see her die. A bell from a neighbouring tower had tolled the hour of midnight, and soon after, a heavy foot-fall echoed through the passage which led to the place of her confinement. The door was opened by a sentinel, and an elderly man in the habit of a friar entered. "Daughter," said he, as he approached her, "be of good cheer. I am the bearer of earthly consolation, as well as heavenly." He then informed her, that a disclosure had been made by a man attired as a pilgrim, implicating one Von Gratz, of the crime for which she herself was condemned. Whereupon, Von Gratz, being expert in the use of weapons, having carried away the prize three several times, at the last tournament, challenged the pilgrim to single combat, who by reason of a wound, being unable to accept the challenge, had procured a champion to do him battle.

"Know you the name of the wounded pilgrim?" inquired Theresa.

"I do not," he replied, "but he, who has undertaken to be his champion, is called Raymond."

"Did he not then accompany Count Hermann?"

inquired she, while a faint blush, for a moment, brightened her cheek.

"He did not," replied the friar. "He was the first, who discovered the wounded pilgrim, half buried in a stream of water, who, it is said, communicated to him some secret intelligence, which induced him to defer his departure for a few days."

After having performed the appropriate duties of his holy office, and exhorted her to meet her fate with fortitude and resignation, should Von Gratz prove victorious, the friar departed. At length, the day dawned, which was to decide her fate, and that of the two knights, who were to meet in battle. Raymond when he rose, attired himself in a green dress, and devoted the morning to the inspection and preparation of his arms and armour. Lady Agnes helped to arm Von Gratz with her own hands, and, ere he went forth to the combat, she drew his sword from its scabbard, and fixing her eye intently on the blade that gleamed brightly through her coal black dishevelled hair, which fell upon it, said, with a ghastly smile, "This then is for the heart of *him*." As he was leaving the room, she sprang forward and suddenly seized his arm with a strong, convulsive grasp. "Von Gratz," said she, "do your best. Should he die, it may break my heart, but my name will remain unsullied."—"Do not fear for me, lady," he replied; "I am sure of him." After he withdrew, she remained some minutes rooted to the spot as if still gazing at him, slowly repeating his last words—"I am sure of him." But the struggle was too powerful. The chain of reason, from that hour, was broken, and she could never be made conscious of the result of that day's proceedings.

Precisely at the appointed hour, Theresa was brought forth and placed on the scaffold, which had been erected at a little distance from the space marked out for the combatants. A murmur of compassion ran through the assembled multitude, at the sight of one so young, and so lovely, condemned to a fate so cruel. The first sight of preparations so dreadful, caused her to shudder, but she soon became calm, and viewed the insignia of death leisurely and with perfect composure. In a few moments, the herald sounded the trumpet, and the combatants entered the lists. Hope, now, for the first time, seemed to spring up in the bosom of Theresa, and her varying complexion and trembling frame evinced her agitation. The interest of the spectators became intense, and they bent forward in breathless anxiety, to witness the result of the first onset. The majority, evidently desired the success of Raymond, but when they beheld his slight, youthful figure, and compared it with the powerful frame of Von Gratz, and remembered also the late dexterity and success of the latter in the use of his weapons, their hopes were nearly extinguished. There were other circumstances too, that favoured Von Gratz. Raymond was much agitated; while he appeared confident of victory, and was, consequently, cool and collected; his horse also was larger and better trained. At the appointed signal, each rushed furiously forward. Raymond, relying on the excellence of his weapon, aimed at the breast of his antagonist; at the same instant he received the lance of Von Gratz against his shield, which was shivered to pieces. Raymond, however, was swayed in his saddle, while Von Gratz maintained a firm and upright position. Von Gratz having received another weapon, they prepared for a second shock. It was plainly the intention of Von Gratz to overthrow both the horse and his rider, and many a friendly voice, warning Raymond to be on his guard, came forth from the multitude. At the moment of meeting, Raymond, raising himself erect in his stirrups, aimed a blow full at the head of his opponent, which clove his helm in twain, and a stream of gore, which instantaneously rushed through the rent, showed that he was wounded. Nevertheless, he succeeded in his intention of over-

throwing Raymond, and as he fell, his helmet untied, leaving his head without any defence. Von Gratz became dizzy and his eyesight began to fail, but with a desperate effort, collecting all his remaining strength, he prepared to inflict a mortal blow on the bared head of his adversary; his strength, however, failed him—his weapon descended powerless, and he reeled and fell to the ground.

Loud cheers re-echoed through the assembly, when a man, who, during the whole scene had sat silent and unobserved, arose, and throwing off some loose garments worn as a disguise, discovered the form and features of Prince Conrad. "Long live Prince Conrad, the beloved son of the great Frederic," saluted him from every quarter. Having received this expression of the love and respect of the people, with a dignity and affability, similar to that exercised on like occasions by his royal father, he waved his hand to them to be silent, and beckoning Raymond to approach him, he drew a ring from his bosom, which Raymond immediately knew to be the same, he had seen worn by Theresa. "Bear this," said he, "to yonder beautiful maiden, and tell her, that the Emperor requests her to bestow it on him, and, in return, he begs her to accept, as a memento of his esteem, the diamond ring, which was recently taken from his finger for so vile a purpose. He furthermore bids you tell her, that the two rings were, many years ago, exchanged between himself and her father, as tokens of mutual friendship, and that, through Providence, they are likely, now, to prove the means of restoring to the latter an only child, whom he supposed lost forever."

"Not on the scaffold, can I execute my commission," said Raymond.

"Has she not converted it to a throne?" said the prince. "Let her descend, however, if it be your wish."—"Bear her from the scaffold," was the repeated cry of the multitude, while a number of noble youths collecting numerous splendid and costly garments, arranged them tastefully around a seat more elevated than the rest, converting it, into a small, but superb pavilion. Theresa was conveyed thither, and Raymond had just performed the command of the Emperor, relative to the two rings, when a stir was perceived among the crowd, and, shortly after, a number of persons, among whom was Count Hermann, appeared before the pavilion, supporting a man, whom Theresa instantly recognized as the pilgrim, whose appearance, she had thought so interesting, and who spoke to her, as she retired from the banquetting hall. Instead of the coarse habit of a pilgrim, he was now attired in the dress usually worn by noblemen at that period, and the prince addressed him as Baron Vozalberg. "My daughter," said he, addressing Theresa, "behold your father." She sprang forward, and would have knelt at his feet, but preventing her, he folded her to his bosom. He then turned to Prince Conrad. "Let me, for once," assume the privilege of adjudging to the victor his prize." He then took the hand of his daughter, and placing it within that of Raymond, "I have obtained," said he, "the sanction of Count Hermann, to bestow on you the hand of his and my daughter, and may God bless you both."

Raymond received the hand, which he had so long coveted, with tears of joy, while the radiant countenance of Theresa, showed that she, in no wise, disapproved of her father's choice in selecting a prize to bestow on the victorious knight.

THE BIRTH OF PORTRAITURE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

As the Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bow'rs,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreathed the flowers.
The youth was skilled in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow
Nor knew the colouring, which the heart
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

Chorus—Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that is fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh! if such magic power there be,
This, this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,
To paint that living light I see,
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd,
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dies
Upon the locks of Beauty threw:
And violets transformed to eyes,
Enshrined a soul within their blue.

WILLIE'S COURTSHIP.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

Young Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller,
An' yet the blythe callant's as crouse as a king;
He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her—
"Tak tent, an' ye'se hear what the laddie does sing:
"O, Jenny! to tell that I loe you 'fore ony,
Wad need finer words than I've gatten to tell!
Nor need I say to ye, ye're winsome an' bonnie—
I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' brawly yourself!"

"I've courted ye lang—do ye hear what I'm telling!
I've courted you, thinkin' wi' ye yet wad be mine;
An' if we suld marry wi' only ae shilling,
At the worst, only ae shilling, Jenny, we'se tane.
But love doens aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,
Nor happiness dwell whar the coffers are fu';
As muckle we'll surely aye gather atreus,
That want ne'er sail meet us, nor mis'ry pursue.

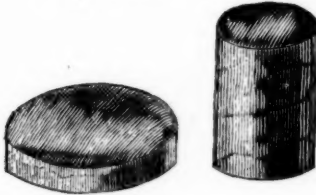
"The chieft that are christen'd to riches and grandeur,
Ken nought o' the pleasure that hard labour brings;
When in idleness comes, they in idleness squander,
While the lab'ring man toils a' the lang day, an'
sings!

Then why suld we envy the great an' the noble?
The *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours what we hae!—
A boast that repays us for sair wark and trouble—
'I've earn't it!' is mair than a monarch can say.

"The green buds now peep thro' the auld runckled
timmer,
The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale morning dew,
An' nature is glad at the comin' o' simmer,
As glad as I'm aye at the smiling o' you!
The flowers are a' springing, the birds are a' singing,
And beauty and pleasure are wovin' the plain;
Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it—
The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again!"

THE TOILET.

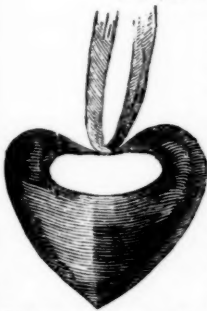
FROM a very pleasing and ingenious work by Miss Leslie, entitled the "*American Girl's Book*," the accompanying representations and descriptions of useful amusements are selected; with a desire to make them familiar to the young mind, and to direct its attention to a method of occupying time, which may lead to practically industrious habits. As cuts of this description are likely to be both instructive and amusing to the young, they will be occasionally introduced into the *Lady's Book*, in order that it may be additionally acceptable to its fair patrons.



FLANNEL PINCUSHIONS.

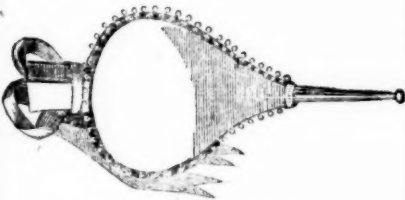
Take very long slips of old flannel, cut quite straight and even. For a flat pincushion, the flannel must be little more than an inch broad; for a tall one four inches. Roll up the flannel as tightly as possible (as they roll galloon in the shops) and sew down the last end so as to secure it. Measure as much riband or silk as will go round the flannel, and sew it on. Then cut out circular pieces of silk and sew them on to cover the top and bottom of the pincushion. These pincushions are more easily made than any others, and are very convenient to keep in your work-basket or reticule.

A HEART PINCUSHION.



the shape of a heart. Put a string to the top. Emery bags are frequently made in this manner. Pincushions should always be stuffed with bran, wool or flannel. Cotton will not do.

Cut two pieces of linen into the shape of a half-handkerchief. Sew them together, leaving a small open space at the top, and stuff them very hard with bran or wool. When sufficiently stuffed, sew up the opening and cover the pincushion with silk, sewed very neatly over the edge. Then make the two upper corners meet, and fasten them well together. This will bring the pincushion into



A BELLOWS NEEDLE-BOOK.

Cut two pieces of thick pasteboard into the shape of a pair of bellows, and cover them with silk. Or you

may have four pieces of covered pasteboard in the bellows shape, uniting two of each by a narrow riband, sewed all round between, to stuffing of wool. This makes the sides of the bellows thicker and handsomer, but is more difficult to do, or rather, more tedious. Get two pieces of cloth; cut them nearly as large as the bellows, and overcast their edges. These are the flaps for needles. Sew them to one of the halves of the bellows on the inside. Then sew the two sides of the bellows together by a few tight stitches at the bottom or narrowest part, leaving a small open space for the insertion of the bodkin, which forms the nose or spout of the bellows. To secure the bodkin more firmly, make a little loop of sewing silk on the inside of the bellows about an inch from the bottom, and slip the bodkin under the loop and through the aperture below.

Sew strings of narrow riband to the handle of the bellows, and tie them tightly over it, when the needle-book is not in use. Stick pins along the edge which forms the pincushion part.



A THISTLE NEEDLE-BOOK.

Take some thick wire, and wrap it round closely with green sewing silk, or narrow green hank riband. Then cut large leaves of green cloth, and stiffen them with wire sewed on the under side. Sew the leaves to the stalk. These leaves are to stick the needles in.

Make a ball of linen stuffed with emery, and cover it with green velvet, worked or crossed with yellow sewing-silk in the form of diamonds. This ball may be about the size of a hazel-nut.

Cut a piece of pasteboard into the shape of a funnel; the bottom exactly fitting the emery-ball, but the upper part spreading out wide. Have also a flat circular piece of pasteboard, cut out to lay on the top of this. Cover both these things with lilac silk, and sew the flat top to the funnel-shaped piece. This when sewed to the emery-ball, forms the thistle flower, which must, when finished, be fastened to the stalk.

Stick pins round the seam at the upper edge of the flower.

This little contrivance answers the purpose of needle-book, emery-bag, and pincushion, and is to be kept in a work-box.

The first English Bible ever printed in the United States, was published by Aitkin, in Philadelphia, 1781, a time when the supply from England was interrupted by the war. It was recommended to the people by the American Congress, signed by their Secretary, Charles Thompson. A copy of this Bible was used by a gentleman, who stated the fact to me, and was worn out in the service of his family: he cherished the most lively regard for this Bible of his childhood, and has purchased and preserves a copy.

Original.

LAURA LOVEL,

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY;

BY MISS LESLIE.

The world is still deceived with ornament.—Shakespeare.

LAURA LOVEL was the eldest surviving daughter of a clergyman settled in a retired and beautiful village at the western extremity of the state of Massachusetts. Between Laura and her two youngest sisters, three other children had died. Being so much their senior, it was in her power to assist her father materially in the instruction of Ella and Rosa; as after his family had become small, Mr. Lovel thought it best that the two little girls should receive all their education at home, and never were children that conferred more credit on their teachers. Mrs. Lovel was a plain good woman, of excellent practical sense, a notable seamstress, and a first rate housewife. Few families were more perfectly happy, notwithstanding that the limited income of Mr. Lovel (though sufficient for comfort) left them little or nothing for superfluities.

They had a very neat house standing in the centre of a flourishing garden, in which, utility had been the first consideration, though blended as far as possible with beauty. The stone fence looked like a hedge of nasturtiums. The pillars supporting the rustic piazza that surrounded the house, were the rough trunks of small trees with a sufficient portion of the chief branches remaining, to afford resting places for the luxuriant masses of scarlet beans that ran over them; furnishing when the blossoms were off, and the green pods full grown, an excellent vegetable-dish for the table. The house was shaded with fruit-trees exclusively; the garden shrubs were all raspberry, currant, and gooseberry, and the flowers were chiefly those that had medicinal properties, or could be turned to culinary purposes—with the exception of some that were cultivated purposely for the bees. A meadow which pastured two cows and a horse, completed the little domain.

About the time that Laura Lovel had finished her seventeenth year, there came to the village of Rosebrook an old friend of her father's, whom he had long since lost sight of. They had received their early education at the same school, they had met again at college, and had some years after performed together a voyage to India; Mr. Brantley as supercargo, Mr. Lovel as a missionary. Mr. Brantley had been very successful in business, and was now a merchant of wealth and respectability, with a handsome establishment in Boston. Mr. Lovel had settled down as pastor of the principal church in his native village.

The object of Mr. Brantley's present visit to Rosebrook, was to inquire personally into the state of some property he still retained there. Mr. Lovel would not allow his old friend to remain at the tavern, but insisted that his house should be his abiding place; and they had much pleasure in comparing their reminiscences of former times. As their chief conversation was on topics common to both, Mr. Lovel did not perceive that, except upon mercantile subjects, Mr. Brantley had acquired few new ideas since they had last met, and that his reading was confined exclusively to the newspapers. But he saw that in quiet good-nature, and easiness of disposition, his old friend was still the same as in early life.

Mr. Brantley was so pleased with every member of

the Lovel family, and liked his visit so much, that he was induced to prolong it two days beyond his first intention; and he expressed an earnest desire to take Laura home with him, to pass a few weeks with his wife and daughter. This proposal, however, was declined, with sincere acknowledgments for its kindness; Mr. Lovel's delicacy making him unwilling to send his daughter as a guest to a lady who as yet was ignorant of her existence, and Laura sharing in her father's scruples.

Mr. Brantley took his leave: and three months afterwards, he paid a second visit to Rosebrook, for the purpose of selling his property in that neighbourhood. He brought with him a short but very polite letter from his wife to Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, renewing the invitation for Laura, and pressing it in a manner that could scarcely be withstood. Mr. Lovel began to waver; Mrs. Lovel thought it was time that Laura should see a little of the world, and Laura's speaking looks told how much pleasure she anticipated from the excursion. The two little girls, though their eyes filled at the idea of being separated from their beloved sister, most magnanimously joined in entreating permission for her to go, as they saw that she wished it. Finally, Mr. Lovel consented; and Laura seemed to tread on air while making her preparations for the journey.

That evening, at the hour of family worship, her father laid his hand on Laura's head, and uttered a fervent prayer for the preservation of her health and happiness during her absence from the paternal roof. Mrs. Lovel and all her daughters were deeply affected, and Mr. Brantley looked very much inclined to participate in their emotion.

Early next morning, Mr. Brantley's chaise was at the door, and Laura took leave of the family with almost as many tears and kisses as if she had been going to cross the Atlantic. Little Ella, who was about eight years old, presented her, at parting, with a very ingenious needle-book of her own making, and Rosa, who was just seven, gave her as a keepsake, an equally clever pin cushion. She promised to bring them new books and other little presents from Boston, a place in which they supposed every thing that the world produced, could be obtained without difficulty.

Finally, the last farewell was uttered, the last kiss was given, and Laura Lovel took her seat in the chaise beside Mr. Brantley, who drove off at a rapid pace; and in a few moments, a turn in the road hid from her view the house of her father, and the affectionate group that still lingered at its gate to catch the latest glimpse of the vehicle that was bearing away from them the daughter and the sister.

As they proceeded on their journey, Laura's spirits gradually revived, and she soon became interested or delighted with every thing she beheld; for she had a quick perception, with a mind of much intelligence and depth of observation.

The second day of their journey had nearly closed before the spires of the Boston churches, and the majestic dome of the State House met the intense gaze of our heroine. Thousands of lights soon twinkled over the city of the three hills, and the long vistas of lamp

that illuminated the bridges, seemed to the unpractised eyes of Laura Lovel to realize the glories of the Arabian Nights. "Oh!" she involuntarily exclaimed, "if my dear little sisters could only be with me now."

As they entered by the western avenue, and as Mr. Brantley's residence was situated in the eastern part of the city, Laura had an opportunity of seeing as she passed, a vast number of lofty, spacious, and noble-looking dwelling-houses, in the erection of which the patrician families of Boston, have perhaps surpassed all the other aristocracies of the union; for sternly republican as are our laws and institutions, it cannot be denied that in private life every section of our commonwealth has its aristocracy.

At length they stopped at Mr. Brantley's door, and Laura had a very polite reception from the lady of the mansion, an indolent, good-natured, insipid woman, the chief business of whose life was dress and company. Mr. Brantley had purchased a large and handsome house in the western part of the town, to which the family were to remove in the course of the autumn, and it was Mrs. Brantley's intention when they were settled in their new and elegant establishment to get into a higher circle, and to have weekly soirées. To make her parties the more attractive, she was desirous of engaging some very pretty young lady, (a stranger with a new face) to pass the winter with her. She had but one child, a pert, forward girl about fourteen, thin, pale, and seeming "as if she suffered a great deal in order to look pretty." She sat, stood and moved, as if in constant pain from the tightness of her corsets, the smallness of her sleeve-holes, and the narrowness of her shoes. Her hair, having been kept long during the whole period of her childhood, was exhausted with incessant tying, brushing and curling, and she was already obliged to make artificial additions to it. It was at this time, a mountain of bows, plaits, and puffs; and her costume was in every respect that of a woman of twenty. She was extremely anxious to "come out," as it is called, but her father insisted on her staying in, till she had finished her education; and her mother had been told that it was very impolitic to allow young ladies to "appear in society" at too early an age, as they were always supposed to be older than they really were, and therefore would be the sooner considered *passee*.

After tea, Mrs. Brantley reclined herself idly in one of the rocking-chairs, Mr. Brantley retired to the back parlour to read undisturbed the evening papers, and Augusta took up some bead-work, while Laura looked over the souvenirs with which the centre-table was strewed.

"How happy you must be, Miss Brantley," said Laura, "to have it in your power to read so many new books."

"As to reading," replied Augusta, "I never have any time to spare for that purpose, what with my music, and my dancing, and my lessons in French conversation, and my worsted-work and my bead-work; then I have every-day to go out shopping, for I always will choose every thing for myself. Mamma has not the least idea of my taste; at least, she never remembers it. And then there is always some business with the mantua-makers and milliners. And I have so many morning visits to pay with mamma—and in the afternoon I am generally so tired that I can do nothing but put on a wrapper, and throw myself on the bed, and sleep till it is time to dress for evening."

"Oh!" thought Laura Lovel, "how differently do we pass our time at Rosebrook! Is not this a beautiful engraving?" she continued, holding one of the open souvenirs towards Augusta.

"Yes—pretty enough," replied Augusta, scarcely turning her head to look at it—"mamma, do not you think I had better have my green pelerine cut in scollops rather than in points?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Brantley, "that scollops are the prettiest."

"Really mamma," said Augusta, petulantly, "it is very peculiar in you to say so, when you ought to know that scollops have had their day, and that points have come round again."

"Very well then, my love," replied Mrs. Brantley indolently, "consult your own taste."

"That I always do," said Augusta, half aside Laura, who addressing herself to Mrs. Brantley, made some inquiry about the last new novel.

"I cannot say that I have read it," answered Mrs. Brantley, "at least, I don't know that I have. Augusta, my love, do you recollect if you have heard me say any thing about the last new book—the—a—the—what is it you call it, Miss Lovel?"

"La! mamma," said Augusta, "I should as soon expect you to write a book as to read one."

There was a pause for a minute or two. Augusta then leaning back towards her mother, exclaimed—"Upon second thought, I think I will have the green pelerine scolloped, and the blue one pointed. But the points shall be squared at the ends—on that I am determined."

Laura now took up a volume of the juvenile annual, entitled the Pearl, and said to Augusta—"You have, most probably, a complete set of the Pearl."

"After all, mamma," pursued Augusta, "butterfly bows are much prettier than shell bows. What were you saying just now, Miss Lovel, about my having a set of pearls?—you may well ask"—looking spitefully towards the back-parlour, in which her father was sitting. "Papa holds out that he will not give me a set till I am eighteen—and as to gold chains, and corals, and carnelians, I am sick of them, and I won't wear them at all—so you see me without any ornaments whatever, which you must think very peculiar."

Laura had tact enough to perceive that any further attempt at a conversation on books, would be unavailing; and she made some inquiry about the annual exhibition of pictures at the Athenæum.

"I believe it is a very good one," replied Mrs. Brantley. "We stopped there one day on our way to dine with some friends out of town. But as the carriage was waiting, and the horses were impatient, we only stayed a few minutes, just long enough to walk round."

"Oh! yes, mamma," cried Augusta, "and don't you recollect we saw Miss Darford there in a new dress of lavender-coloured grenadine, though grenadines have been over these hundred years. And there was pretty Mrs. Lenham, as the gentlemen call her, in a puce-coloured italianet, though italianets have been out for ages. And don't you remember Miss Grover's canary-coloured reps bonnet, that looked as if it had been made in the ark. The idea of any one wearing reps!—a thing that has not been seen since the flood! Only think of reps!"

Laura Lovel wondered what *reps* could possibly be. "Now I talk of bonnets," pursued Augusta; "pray, mamma, did you tell Miss Pipingcord that I would have my Tuscan leghera trimmed with the lilac and green riband, instead of the blue and yellow?"

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Brantley, "I found your cousin Mary so extremely ill this afternoon when I went to see her, and my sister so very uneasy on her account, that I absolutely forgot to call at the milliner's, as I had promised you."

"Was there ever any thing so vexatious!" exclaimed Augusta, throwing down her bead-work—"Really, mamma, there is no trusting you at all. You never remember to do any thing you are desired." And flying to the bell she rang it with violence.

"I could think of nothing but poor Mary's danger," said Mrs. Brantley, "and the twenty-five leeches that I saw on her forehead."

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Augusta. "But you might have supposed that the leeches would do her good, as of course they will. Here, William," addressing the servant man that had just entered; "run as if you were running for your life to Miss Pipingcord, the milliner, and tell her upon no account whatever, to trim Miss Brantley's Tuscan Leghorn with the blue and yellow riband that was decided on yesterday. Tell her I have changed my mind, and resolved upon the lilac and green. Fly as if you had not another moment to live, or Miss Pipingcord will have already trimmed the bonnet with the blue and yellow."

"And then," said Mrs. Brantley, "go to Mrs. Ashmore's, and inquire how Miss Mary is this evening."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Augusta; "aunt Ashmore lives so far from Miss Pipingcord's that it will be ten or eleven o'clock before William gets back, and I shall be all that time on thorns to know if she has not already disfigured my bonnet with the vile blue and yellow."

"Yesterday," said Mrs. Brantley, "you admired that very riband extremely."

"So I did," replied Augusta, "but I have been thinking about it since, and as I tell you, I have changed my mind. And now that I have set my heart upon the lilac and green, I absolutely detest the blue and yellow."

"But I am really very anxious to know how Mary is to-night," said Mrs. Brantley.

"Oh!" replied Augusta, "I dare say the leeches have relieved her. And if they have not, no doubt Dr. Warren will order twenty-five more—or something else that will answer the purpose.—She is in very good hands—I am certain that in the morning we shall hear she is considerably better. At all events I will not wear the hateful blue and yellow riband—William what are you standing for?"

The man turned to leave the room, but Mrs. Brantley called him back. "William," said she, "tell one of the women to go to Mrs. Ashmore's and inquire how Miss Mary is."

"Eliza and Matilda are both out," said William, "and Louisa is crying with the tooth-ache, and steaming her face over hot yerbs—I guess she won't be willing to walk so far in the night-air, just out of the steam."

"William!" exclaimed Augusta, stamping with her foot, "don't stand here talking, but go at once; there's not a moment to lose. Tell Miss Pipingcord if she has put on that horrid riband, she must take it off again, and charge it in the bill, if she pretends she can't afford to lose it, as I dare say she will—and tell her to be sure and send the bonnet home early in the morning—I am dying to see it."

To all this Laura Level had sat listening in amazement, and could scarcely conceive the possibility of the mind of so young a girl being totally absorbed in things that concerned nothing but external appearance. She had yet to learn that a passion for dress, when thoroughly excited in the female bosom, and carried to excess, has a direct tendency to cloud the understanding, injure the temper, and harden the heart.

Till the return of William, Augusta seemed indeed to be on thorns. At last he came, and brought with him the bonnet, trimmed with the blue and yellow. Augusta snatched it out of the bandbox, and stood speechless with passion, and William thus delivered his message from the milliner—

"Miss Pipingcord sends word that she had riband'd the bonnet afore I come for it—she says she has used up all her laylock green for another lady's bonnet, as chose it this very afternoon; and she guesses you won't stand no chance of finding no more of it, if you sarch Boston thorough; and she says, she shew you all her ribands yesterday, and you chose the yellow blue

yourself, and she han't got no more ribands as you'd be likely to like. Them's her very words."

"How I hate milliners!" exclaimed Augusta, and ringing for the maid that always assisted her in undressing, she flounced out of the room and went to bed.

"Miss Level," said Mrs. Brantley, smiling, "you must excuse dear Augusta. She is extremely sensitive about every thing, and that is the reason she is apt to give way to these little fits of irritation."

Laura retired to her room, grieving to think how unamiable a young girl might be made, by the indulgence of an inordinate passion for dress.

Augusta's cousin Mary did not die.

The following day was to have been devoted to shopping, and to making some additions to the simple wardrobe of Laura Level, for which purpose her father had given her as much money as he could possibly spare. But it rained till late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Brantley's coach was out of order, and the Brantleys (like many other families that keep carriages of their own) could not conceive the possibility of hiring a similar vehicle upon any exigency whatever.

It is true that the present case was in reality no exigency at all; but Mrs. Brantley and her daughter seemed to consider it as such, from the one watching the clouds all day as she sat at the window, in her rocking-chair, and the other wandering about like a troubled spirit, fretting all the time, and complaining of the weather. Laura got through the hours very well, between reading *Souvenirs*, (almost the only books in the house,) and writing a long letter to inform her family of her safe arrival, and to describe her journey. Towards evening, a coach was heard to stop at the door, and there was a violent ringing, followed by a loud sharp voice in the entry, inquiring for Mrs. Brantley, who started from her rocking-chair, as Augusta exclaimed "Miss Frampton!—I know 'tis Miss Frampton!" The young lady rushed into the hall, while her mother advanced a few steps, and Mr. Brantley threw down his paper, and hastened into the front-parlour with a look that expressed any thing but satisfaction.

There was no time for comment or preparation.—The sound was heard of baggage depositing, and in a few moments Augusta returned to the parlour, hanging lovingly on the arm of a lady in a very handsome travelling dress, who flew to Mrs. Brantley and kissed her familiarly, and then shook hands with her husband, and was introduced by him, to our heroine.

Miss Frampton was a fashionable looking woman of no particular age. Her figure was good, but her features were the contrary, and the expression of her eyes was strikingly bad. She had no relations, but she talked incessantly of her *friends*—for so she called every person whom she ever knew by sight, provided always that they were *presentable* people. She had some property, on the income of which she lived, exercising close economy in every thing but dress.—Sometimes she boarded out, and sometimes she billeted herself on one or other of these said friends, having no scruples of delicacy to deter her from eagerly availing herself of the slightest hint that might be construed into the semblance of an invitation. In short, she was assiduous in trying to get acquainted with every body from whom any thing was to be gained, flattering them to their faces, though she abused them behind their backs. Still, strange to tell, she had succeeded in forcing her way into the outworks of what is called society. She dressed well, professed to know every body, and to go every where, was an fait to all the gossip of the day, and could always furnish ample food for the too prevailing appetite for scandal. Therefore, though every one disliked Miss Frampton, still every one tolerated her; and though a notorious calumniator, she excited so much fear, that it was gener-

ally thought safer to keep up some slight intercourse with her, than to affront her by throwing her off entirely.

Philadelphia was her usual place of residence; but she had met the Brantley family at the Saratoga Springs, had managed to accompany them to New-York on their way home, had boarded at Bunker's during the week they stayed at that house, had assisted them in their shopping expeditions, and professed a violent regard for Augusta, who professed the same for her. Mrs. Brantley's slight intimation "that she should be glad to see her if ever she came to Boston," Miss Frampton had now taken advantage of, on pretext of benefitting by change of air. Conscious of her faded looks, but still hoping to pass for a young woman, she pretended always to be in precarious health, though of this there was seldom any proof positive.

On being introduced to Laura Lovel, as to a young lady on a visit to the family, Miss Frampton, who at once considered her an interloper, surveyed our heroine from head to foot, with something like a sneer, and exchanged significant glances with Augusta.

As soon as Miss Frampton had taken her seat, "My dear Mrs. Brantley," said she, "how delighted I am to see you! And my sweet Augusta too! Why she has grown a perfect sylph!"

After hearing this, Augusta could not keep her seat five minutes together, but was gliding and flitting about all the remainder of the evening, and hovering round Miss Frampton's chair.

Miss Frampton continued, "Yes, my dear Mrs. Brantley, my health has, as usual, been extremely delicate. My friends have been seriously alarmed for me, and all my physicians have been quite miserable on my account. Dr. Dengué has been seen driving through the streets like a madman, in his haste to get to me. Poor man—you must have heard the report of his suffering Mrs. Smith's baby to die with the croup, from neglecting to visit it, which, if true, was certainly in very bad taste. However, Dr. Dengué is one of my oldest friends, and a most charming man.

"But, as I was saying, my health still continued delicate, and excitement was unanimously recommended by the medical gentlemen—excitement and ice-cream. And as soon as this was known in society, it is incredible how many parties were made for me, and how many excursions were planned on my account. I had carriages at my door day and night. My friends were absolutely dragging me from each other's arms. Finally they all suggested entire change of air, and total change of scene. So I consented to tear myself awhile from my beloved Philadelphia, and pay you my promised visit in Boston."

"We are much obliged to you," said Mrs. Brantley. "And really," pursued Miss Frampton, "I had so many engagements on my hands, that I had fixed five different days for starting, and disappointed five different escorts. My receiving-room was like a levee every morning at visiting hours, with young gentlemen of fashion, coming to press their services, as is always the case when it is reported in Philadelphia that Miss Frampton has a disposition to travel. A whole procession of my friends accompanied me to the steamboat, and I believe I had more than a dozen elegant smelling-bottles presented to me—as it is universally known how much I always suffer during a journey, being deadly sick on the water, and in a constant state of nervous agitation while riding."

"And who did you come with at last?" asked Mrs. Brantley.

"Oh! with my friends the Twamberleys, of your city," replied Miss Frampton. "The whole family had been at Washington, and as soon as I heard they were in Philadelphia on their return home, I sent to inquire—that is, or, rather, I mean, they sent to inquire as soon as they came to town, and heard that I

intended visiting Boston—they sent to inquire if I would make them happy by joining their party."

"Well," observed Mr. Brantley, "I cannot imagine how you got along with all the Twamberleys." Mr. Twamberley, besides being a clumsy fat man, upwards of seventy years old, and lame with the gut, and nearly quite deaf, and having cataracts coming on both eyes, is always obliged to travel with his silly young wife, and the eight children of her first husband, and I should think he had enough to do in taking care of himself and them. I wonder you did not prefer availing yourself of the politeness of some of the single gentlemen you mentioned."

"Oh!" replied Miss Frampton, "any of them would have been too happy, as they politely expressed it, to have had the pleasure of waiting on me to Boston. Indeed, I knew not how to make a selection, being unwilling to offend any of them by a preference. And then again, it is always in better taste for young ladies to travel, and indeed to go every where, under the wing of a married woman. I doat upon chaperones; and by coming with this family, I had Mrs. Twamberley to matronize me. I have just parted with them all at their own door, where they were set down."

Mr. Brantley smiled when he thought of Mrs. Twamberley (who had been married to her first husband at fifteen, and was still a blooming girlish looking woman) matronizing the faded Miss Frampton, so evidently by many years her senior.

Laura Lovel, though new to the world, had sufficient good sense and penetration to perceive almost immediately, that Miss Frampton was a woman of much vanity and pretension, and that she was in the habit of talking with great exaggeration; and in a short time she more than suspected that many of her assertions were arrant falsehoods—a fact that she well known to all those numerous persons whom Miss Frampton called her friends.

Tea was now brought in, and Miss Frampton took occasion to relate in what manner she had discovered that the famous silver urn of that charming family, the Sam Kettlethorps, was, in reality only plated—that her particular favourites, the Joe Sowerbys, showed such bad taste at their great terrapin supper, as to have green hock-glasses for the champagne; and that those delightful people, the Bob Skutterbys, the first time they attempted the new style of heaters at a venison dinner, had them filled with spirits of turpentine, instead of spirits of wine.

Next morning, Miss Frampton did not appear at the breakfast table, but had her first meal carried into her room, and Augusta breakfasted with her. Between them, Laura Lovel was discussed at full length, and their conclusion was, that she had not a single good feature—that her complexion was nothing, her figure nothing, and her dress worse than nothing.

"I don't suppose," said Augusta, "that her father has given her much money to bring to town with her."

"To be sure he has not," replied Miss Frampton, "if he is only a poor country clergyman. I think it was in very bad taste for him to let her come at all."

"Well," said Augusta, "we must take her a shopping this morning, and try to get her fitted out, so as to make a decent appearance at Nahant, as we are going thither in a few days."

"Then I have come just in the right time," said Miss Frampton. "Nahant is the very place I wish to visit—my sweet friend Mrs. Dick Pewsey has given me such an account of it. She says there is considerable style there. She passed a week at Nahant when she came to Boston last summer."

"Oh! I remember her," cried Augusta. "She was a mountain of blonde lace."

"Yes," observed Miss Frampton, "and not an inch of that blonde has yet been paid for, or ever will be. I know it from good authority."

They went shopping, and Augusta took them to the most fashionable store in Washington street, where Laura was surprised and confused at the sight of the various beautiful articles shown to them. Even their names perplexed her.—She knew very well what gros de Naples was, (or gro de nap, as it is commonly called,) but she was at a loss to distinguish gros de Berlin, gros de Suisse, gros de Zang, and all the other gros. Augusta, however, was au fait to the whole, and talked and flitted, and glided, producing, as she supposed, great effect among the young salesmen at the counters. Miss Frampton examined every thing with a scrutinizing eye, undervalued them all, and took frequent occasions to say that they were far inferior to similar articles in Philadelphia.

At length, a very light-coloured figured silk, with a very new name, was selected for Laura. The price appeared to her extremely high, and when she heard the number of yards that were considered necessary, she faintly asked "if less would not do." Miss Frampton sneered, and Augusta laughed out, saying, "Don't you see that the silk is very narrow, and that it has a wrong side and a right side, and that the flowers have a top and a bottom. So as it cannot be turned every way, a larger quantity will be required."

"Had I not better choose a plain silk," said Laura; "one that is wider, and that *can* be turned any way." "Oh! plain silks are so common," replied Augusta; "though for a change, they are well enough. I have four. But this will be best for Nahant. We always dress to go there, and, of course, we expect all of our party to do the same."

"But really this silk is so expensive," whispered Laura.

"Let the dress be cut off," said Miss Frampton, in a peremptory tone. "I am tired of so much hesitation. 'Tis in very bad taste."

The dress was cut off, and Laura on calculating the amount, found that it would make a sad inroad on her little modicum. Being told that she must have also a new printed muslin, one was chosen for her with a beautiful sky blue for the predominant colour, and Laura found that this also was a very costly dress.—She was next informed that she could not be presentable without a French pelerine of embroidered muslin. Pelerines in great variety were then produced, and Laura found, to her dismay, that the prices were from ten to twenty-five dollars. She declined taking one, and Miss Frampton and Augusta exchanged looks which said, as plainly as looks could speak, "I suppose she has not money enough."

Laura coloured—hesitated—at last false pride got the better of her scruples. The salesman commended the beauty of the pelerines; particularly of one tied up of the front, and ornamented on the shoulders with bows of blue ribbon—and our heroine yielded, and took it at fifteen dollars; those at ten dollars, being voted by Miss Frampton "absolutely meann."

After this, Laura was induced to supply herself with silk stockings and white kid gloves, "of a new style," and was also persuaded to give five dollars for a small scarf, also of a new style. And when all these purchases were made, she found that three quarters of a dollar were all that remained in her purse! Augusta also bought several new articles; but Miss Frampton got nothing. However, she insisted afterwards on going into every fancy store in Washington street—not to buy, but "to see what they had," and gave much trouble in causing the salesmen needlessly to display their goods to her, and some offence by making invidious comparisons between their merchandize and that of Philadelphia.

By the time all this shopping was over, the clock of the Old South had struck two, and it was found expedient to postpone till next day, the intended visit to the milliner and mantua-maker, Miss Frampton and

Augusta, declaring that of afternoons they were never fit for any thing but to throw themselves on the bed and go to sleep. Laura Lovel, fatigued both in body and mind, and feeling much dissatisfied with herself, was glad of a respite from the pursuit of finery, though it was only till next morning; and she was almost "at her wit's end" to know in what way she was to pay for having her dress made—much less for the fashionable new bonnet which her companions insisted on her getting—Augusta giving more than hints, that if she went with the family to Nahant, they should expect her "to look like other people;" and Miss Frampton signifying in loud whispers, that "those who were unable to make an appearance, had always better stay at home."

In the evening, there were some visitors, none of whom were very entertaining or agreeable, though all the ladies were excessively drest. Laura was reminded of the homely proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together." The chief entertainment was listening to Augusta's music, who considered herself to play and sing with wonderful execution. But to the unpractised ears and eyes of our heroine, it seemed nothing more than an alternate succession of high shrieks and low murmurs, accompanied by various contortions of the face, sundry bowings and wavings of the body, great elevation of the shoulders and squaring of the elbows, and incessant quivering of the fingers, and throwing back of the hand. Miss Frampton talked all the while in a low voice to a lady that sat next to her, and turned round at intervals to assure Augusta that her singing was divine, and that she reminded her of Madame Fearon.

Augusta had just finished a very great song, and was turning over her music-books in search of another, when a slight ring was heard at the street door, and as William opened it, a weak hesitating voice inquired for Miss Laura Lovel, adding, "I hope to be excused. I know I ought not to make so free; but I heard this afternoon that Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the Reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, is now in this house, and I have walked five miles into town, for the purpose of seeing the young lady. However, I ought not to consider the walk as any thing, and it was improper in me to speak of it at all. The young lady is an old friend of mine, if I may be so bold as to say so."

"There's company in the parlour," said William, in a tone not over respectful—"very particular company."

"I won't meddle with any of the company," proceeded the voice. "I am very careful never to make myself disagreeable. But I just wish, (if I am not taking too great a liberty,) to see Miss Laura Lovel."

"Shall I call her out," said William.

"I would not for the world, give her the trouble," replied the stranger. "It is certainly my place to go to the young lady, and not hers to come to me. I always try to be polite. I hope you don't find me unpleasant."

"Miss Lovel," said Miss Frampton, sneeringly, "this must certainly be *your* beau."

The parlour-door being open, the whole of the preceding dialogue had been heard by the company, and Miss Frampton from the place in which she sat, had a view of the stranger, as he stood in the entry.

William, then, with an unsuppressed grin, ushered into the room a little thin weak-looking man, who had a whitish face, and dead light hair, cut strait across his forehead. His dress was scrupulously neat, but very unfashionable. He wore a full suit of yellowish brown cloth, with all the gloss on. His legs were covered with smooth cotton stockings, and he had little silver knee-buckles. His shirt-collar and his cravat were stiff and blue, the latter being tied in front with very long ends, and in his hand he held a

blue bandana handkerchief, carefully folded up. His whole deportment was stiff and awkward.

On entering the room, he bowed very low with a peculiar jerk of the head, and his whole appearance and manner denoted the very acme of humility. The company regarded him with amazement, and Miss Frampton began to whisper, keeping her eye fixed on him all the time. Laura started from her chair, hastened to him, and holding out her hand, addressed him by the name of Pyam Dodge. He took the proffered hand, after a moment of hesitation, and said, "I hope I am properly sensible of your kindness, Miss Laura Lovel, in allowing me to take your hand, now that you are grown. Many a time have I led you to my school, when I boarded at your respected father's, who I trust is well. But now, I would not, on any account, be too familiar."

(Laura pointed to a chair.)

"But which is the mistress of the house? I know perfectly well that it is proper for me to pay my respects to her before I take the liberty of sitting down under her roof. If I may presume to say that I understand any thing thoroughly, it is certainly good manners. In my school, manners were always perfectly well taught—my own manners, I learnt chiefly from my revered uncle, Deacon Ironskirt, formerly of Wicketquock, but now of Popsquish."

Laura then introduced Pyam Dodge to the lady of the house, who received him civilly, and then to Mr. Brantley, who perceiving that the poor school-master was what is called a character, found his curiosity excited to know what he would do next.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge bowed round to each of the company separately. Laura saw at once that he was an object of ridicule; and his entire want of tact, and his pitiable simplicity had never before struck her so forcibly. She was glad when, at last, he took a seat beside her, and in a low voice she endeavoured to engage him in a conversation that should prevent him from talking to any one else. She found that he was master of a district school about five miles from Boston, and that he was perfectly contented—for more than that he never had aspired to be.

But vain were the efforts of our heroine to keep Pyam Dodge to herself, and to prevent him from manifesting his peculiarities to the rest of the company. Perceiving that Augusta had turned round on her music-stool to listen, and to look at him, the school-master rose on his feet, and bowing first to the young lady, and then to her mother, he said, "Madam, I am afraid that I have disturbed the child in striking on her piano-forte. I would on no account cause any interruption—for that might be making myself disagreeable. On the contrary, it would give me satisfaction for the child to continue her exercise, and I shall esteem it a privilege to hear how she plays her music. I have taught singing myself."

Augusta then, by desire of her mother, commenced a new bravura, which ran somehow thus:—

Oh! drop a tear, a tender tear—oh! drop a tear, a tender, tender tear. Oh! drop, oh! drop, oh! drop—o-o-o-p a te-en-der te-e-ear—a tender tear—a tear for me—a tear for me; a tender tear for me.

When I, when I, when I-I-I am wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring far, far from thee—fa-a-ar, far, far, far from thee—from thee.

For sadness in—for sadness in, my heart, my heart shall reign—shall re-e-ign—my hee-e-art—for sa-a-adness in my heart shall reign—shall reign.

Until—until—unt-i-i-ill we fondly, fondly meet again, we fondly meet, we fo-o-ondly me-e-et—until we fondly, fondly, fondly meet—meet, meet, meet again—we meet again.

This song (in which the silliness of the words was increased ten-fold by the incessant repetition of them,) after various alternations of high and low, fast and

slow, finished in thunder, Augusta striking the concluding notes with an energy that made the piano tremble.

When the bravura was over, Pyam Dodge, who had stood listening in amazement, looked at Mrs. Brantley, and said, "Madam, your child must doubtless sing that song very well when she gets the right tune."

"The right tune," interrupted Augusta, indignantly. "The right tune!" echoed Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton.

"Yes," said Pyam Dodge, solemnly—"and the right words also. For what I have just heard, is of course, neither the regular tune nor the proper words, as they seem to go every how—therefore I conclude that all this wandering and confusion, was caused by the presence of strangers: myself in all probability being the greatest stranger, if I may be so bold as to say so. This is doubtless the reason why she mixed up the words at random, and repeated the same so often, and why her actions at the piano-forte are so strange. I trust that at other times she plays and sings so as to give the proper sense."

Augusta violently shut down the lid of the piano, and gave her father a look that implied, "Won't you turn him out of the house." But Mr. Brantley was much diverted, and laughed audibly.

Pyam Dodge surveyed himself from head to foot, ascertained that his knee-buckles were fast, and his cravat not untied, and finding all his clothes in complete order, he said, looking round to the company, "I hope there is nothing ridiculous about me—it is my endeavour to appear as well as possible; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Upon my word," said Miss Frampton, leaning across the centre-table to Mrs. Brantley, "your protegee seems to have a strange taste in her acquaintances. However, that is always the case with people who have never been in society, as my friend Mrs. Tom Spradlington justly remarks."

A waiter with refreshments was now brought in, and handed round to the company. When it came to Pyam Dodge, he rose on his feet and thanked the man for handing it to him—then taking the smallest possible quantity of each of the different articles, he put all on the same plate, and unfolding his blue bandana, he spread it carefully and smoothly over his knees, and commenced eating with the smallest possible mouthfuls, praising every thing as he tasted it. The wine being offered to him, he respectfully declined, signifying that he belonged to the Temperance Society. But he afterwards took a glass of lemonade, on being assured that it was not punch, and again rising on his feet, he drank the health of each of the company separately, and not knowing their names, he designated them as, the lady in the blue gown, the lady in the white gown, the gentleman in the black coat, &c.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge took out an old-fashioned silver watch, of a shape almost globular, and looking at the hour, he made many apologies for going away so soon, having five miles to walk, and requested that his departure might not break up the company. He then bowed all round again—told Laura he would thank her for her hand, which on her giving him, he shook high and awkwardly, walked backwards to the door and ran against it, trusted he had made himself agreeable, and at last departed.

The front-door had scarcely closed after him, when a general laugh took place, which even Laura could scarcely refrain from joining in.

"Upon my word, Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "this friend of yours, is the most peculiar person I ever beheld."

"I never saw a man in worse taste," remarked Miss Frampton.

In a moment another ring was heard at the door, and on its being opened, Pym Dodge again made his appearance in the parlour, to beg pardon of the lady of the house, for not having returned thanks for his entertainment, and also to the young lady for her music, which, he said, "was, doubtless, well meant." He then repeated his bows and withdrew.

"What an intolerable fool!" exclaimed Augusta.
 "Indeed," replied Laura Lovel, "he is, after all, not deficient in understanding, though his total want of tact, and his entire ignorance of the customs of the world, give an absurdity to his manner, which I confess it is difficult to witness without a smile. I have heard my father say that Pym Dodge is one of the best classical scholars he ever knew, and he is certainly a man of good feelings, and of irreproachable character."

"I never knew a bore that was not," remarked Miss Frampton.

There was again a ring at the door, and again Pym Dodge was ushered in. His business now, was to inform Miss Laura Lovel, that if she did not see him every day during her residence in Boston, she must not impute the infrequency of his visits to any disrespect on his part, but rather to his close confinement to the duties of his school—besides which, his leisure time was much occupied in studying Arabic; but he hoped to make his arrangements so as to be able to come to town, and spend at least three evenings with her every week.

At this intimation, there were such evident tokens of disapproval, on the part of the Brantley family and Miss Frampton, and of embarrassment on that of Laura, that poor Pym Dodge, obtuse as he was to the things of this world, saw that the announcement of his visits was not perfectly well received. He looked amazed at this discovery, but bowed lower than ever, hoped he was not disgusting, and again retreated.

Once more was heard at the door the faint ring that announced the school-master. "Assuredly," observed a gentleman present, "this must be the original Return Strong."

This time, however, poor Pym Dodge did not venture into the parlour, but was heard meekly to inquire of the servant, if he had not dropped his handkerchief in the hall. The handkerchief was picked up, and he finally departed, humbly hoping "that the gentleman attending the door, had not found him troublesome." The moment that he was gone, the gentleman that attended the door, was heard audibly to put up the dead-latch.

Next day, Augusta Brantley gave a standing order to the servants, that whenever Miss Lovel's school-master came, he was to be told that the whole family were out of town.

In the morning, Laura was conveyed by Augusta and Miss Frampton, to the mantua-maker's, and Miss Boxpleat demurred a long time about undertaking the two dresses, and longer still about finishing them that week, in consequence of the vast quantity of work she had now on hand. Finally she consented, assuring Laura Lovel that she only did so to oblige Miss Brantley.

Laura then asked what would be her charge for making the dresses. Miss Boxpleat reddened, and vouchsafed no reply. Miss Frampton laughed out, and Augusta twitched Laura's sleeve, who wondered what faux pas she had committed, till she learnt in a whisper that it was an affront to the dress-maker to attempt a bargain with her before-hand, and our heroine, much disconcerted, passively allowed herself to be fitted for the dresses.

Laura had a very pretty bonnet of the finest and whitest split straw, modestly trimmed with broad white satin ribbon; but her companions told her that there was no existing without a dress-hat, and she was ac-

cordingly carried to Miss Pipingcord's. Here they found that all the handsomest articles of this description, were already engaged, but they made her bespeak one of a very expensive silk, trimmed with flowers and gauze ribbon, and when she objected to the front, as exposing her whole face to the summer-sun, she was told that of course she must have a blonde gauze veil. "We will stop at Whitker's," said Augusta, "and see his assortment, and you can make the purchase at once." Laura knew that she could not, and steadily persisted in her refusal, saying that she, must depend on her parasol for screening her face.

Several other superfluities were pressed upon our poor heroine, as they proceeded along Washington-street, Augusta really thinking it indispensable to be fashionably and expensively dressed, and Miss Frampton feeling a malignant pleasure in observing how much these importunities confused and distressed her.

Laura sat down to dinner with an aching head, and no appetite, and afterwards retired to her room, and endeavored to allay her uneasiness with a book.

"So," said Miss Frampton to Mrs. Brantley, "this is the girl that dear Augusta tells me you think of inviting to pass the winter with you."

"Why, is she not very pretty," replied Mrs. Brantley.

"Not in my eye," answered Miss Frampton, "Wait but two years, till my sweet Augusta is old enough, and tall enough to come out, and you will have no occasion to invite beauties, for the purpose of drawing company to your house—for, of course, I cannot but understand the motive; and pray how can the father of this girl, enable her to make a proper appearance? When she has got through the two new dresses that we had so much difficulty in persuading her to venture upon, is she to return to her black marcelline?—You certainly do not intend to wrong your own child by going to the expense of dressing out this parson's daughter yourself. And after all, these green young girls do not draw company half so well as ladies a few years older—decided women of ton, who are familiar with the whole routine of society, and have the veritable air distinguée. One of that description would do more for your soirées, next winter, than twenty of these village beauties."

Next day our heroine's new bonnet came home, accompanied by a bill of twelve dollars. She had supposed that the price would not exceed seven or eight. She had not the money, and her embarrassment was increased by Miss Frampton's examining the bill, and reminding her that there was a receipt to it. Laura's confusion was so palpable, that Mrs. Brantley felt some compassion for her, and said to the milliner's girl, "The young lady will call at Miss Pipingcord's, and pay for her hat." And the girl departed, first asking to have the bill returned to her, as it was receipted.

When our heroine and her companions were out next morning, they passed by the milliner's, and Laura instinctively turned away her head. "You can now call at Miss Pipingcord's and pay her bill," said Miss Frampton. "It is here that she lives—don't you see her name on the door?"

"I have not the money about me," said Laura, in a faltering voice—"I have left my purse at home."—This was her first attempt at a subterfuge, and conscience-struck, she could not say another word during the walk.

On the last day of the week, her dresses were sent home, with a bill of ten dollars and a half for making the two, including what are called the trimmings, all of which were charged at about four times their real cost. Laura was more confounded than ever. Neither Mrs. Brantley nor Augusta happened to be present, but Miss Frampton was, and understood it all.—"Can't you tell the girl you will call and settle Miss Boxpleat's bill," said she. "Don't look so confused,"

adding in a somewhat lower voice. "She will suspect you have no money to pay with—really your behaviour is in very bad taste."

Laura's lip quivered, and her cheek grew pale.—Miss Frampton could scarcely help laughing, to see her so new to the world, and at last deigned to relieve her by telling Miss Borpleat's girl that Miss Lovel would call and settle the bill.

The girl was scarcely out of the room, when poor Laura, unable to restrain herself another moment, hid her face against one of the cushions of the ottoman, and burst into tears. The flinty heart of Miss Frampton underwent a momentary softening. She looked awhile in silence at Laura, and then said to her, "Why, you seem to take this very much to heart."

"No wonder," replied Laura, sobbing—"I have expended all my money; all that my father gave me at my departure from home. At least I have only the merest trifle left; and how am I to pay either the milliner's bill or the mantuamaker's?"

Miss Frampton deliberated for a few moments, walked to the window, and stood there awhile—then approached the still weeping Laura, and said to her, "What would you say, if a friend was to come forward to relieve you from this embarrassment?"

"I have no friend," replied Laura in a half-choked voice—"at least none here. Oh! how I wish that I had never left home!"

Miss Frampton paused again, and finally offered Laura the loan of twenty-five dollars, till she could get money from her father. "I know not," said Laura, how I can ask my father so soon for any more money. I am convinced that he gave me all he could possibly spare. I have done very wrong in allowing myself to incur expenses which I am unable to meet. I can never forgive myself. Oh! how miserable I am!"—And she again covered her face and cried bitterly.

Miss Frampton hesitated—but she had heard Mr. Brantley speak of Mr. Lovel as a man of the strictest integrity, and she was certain that he would strain every nerve, and redouble the economy of his family expenditure, rather than to allow his daughter to remain long under pecuniary obligations to a stranger. She felt that she ran no risk in taking from her pocket-book notes to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and putting them into the hands of Laura, who had thought at one time of applying to Mr. Brantley for the loan of a sufficient sum to help her out of her present difficulties, but was deterred by a feeling of invincible repugnance to taxing any farther the kindness of her host, conceiving herself already under sufficient obligations to him as his guest, and a partaker of his hospitality. However, had she known more of the world and had a greater insight into the varieties of the human character, she would have infinitely preferred throwing herself on the generosity of Mr. Brantley, to becoming the debtor of Miss Frampton. As it was, she gratefully accepted the proffered kindness of that lady, feeling it a respite. Drying her tears, she immediately equipped herself for walking, hastened both to the milliner and the mantua-maker, and paying their bills, she returned home with a lightened heart.

Laura Lovel had already begun to find her visit to the Brantley family less agreeable than she had anticipated. They had nothing in common with herself; their conversation was neither edifying nor entertaining. They had few books, except the Annuals; and though she passed the Circulating Libraries with longing eyes, she did not consider that she was sufficiently in funds to avail herself of their contents. No opportunities were afforded her of seeing any of the lions of the city, and of those that casually fell in her way, she found her companions generally more ignorant than herself. They did not conceive that a stranger could be amused or interested with things that having always been within their own reach, had failed to awaken

in them the slightest curiosity. Mr. Brantley was infinitely the best of the family; but he was immersed in business all day, and in the newspapers all the evening. Mrs. Brantley was nothing, and Augusta's petulance and heartlessness, and Miss Frampton's impertinence, (which somewhat increased after she lent the money to Laura,) were equally annoying. The visitors of the family were nearly of the same stamp as themselves.

Laura, however, had looked forward with much anticipated pleasure to the long-talked-of visit to the seashore, and in the mean time her chief enjoyment was derived from the afternoon rides that were occasionally taken in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and which gave our heroine an opportunity of seeing something of the beautiful environs of Boston.

Miss Frampton's fits of kindness were always very transient, and Laura's deep mortification at having been necessitated to accept a favour from such a woman, was rendered still more poignant by unavoidably overhearing (as she was dressing at her toilet-table that stood between two open windows,) the following dialogue; the speakers being two of Mrs. Brantley's servant girls that were ironing in the kitchen porch, and who in talking to each other of the young ladies, always dropped the title of Miss:—

"Matilda," said one of them, "don't you hear Laura's bell? Didn't she tell you arter dinner, that she would ring for you arter a while, to come upstairs and hook the back of her dress?"

"Yes," replied Matilda—"I hear it as plain as you do, Eliza; but I guess I shan't go till it suits me. I'm quite beat out with running up stairs from morning to night to wait on that there Philadelphia woman, as she takes such high airs. Who but she indeed! Any how, I'm not a going to hurry. I shall just act as if I did not hear no bell at all—for as to this here Laura, I guess she an't much. Augusta told me this morning, when she got me to fix her hair, that Miss Frampton told her that Laura axed and begged her amost on her bare knees, to lend her some money to pay for her frocks and bunnet."

"Why, how could she act so!" exclaimed Eliza.

"Because," resumed Matilda, "her people sent her here without a copper in her pocket. So I guess they're a pretty shabby set, after all."

"I was judging as much," said Eliza, "by her not taking no airs, and always acting so polite to every body."

"Well now," observed Matilda, "Mr. Scourbrass, the gentleman as lives with old Madam Montgomery, at the big house, in Bowdin Square, and helps to do her work, always stands out that very great people of the rale sort, act much better, and an't so apt to take airs as them what are upstarts."

"Doctors differ," sagely remarked Eliza. "However, as you say, I don't believe this here Laura is much; and I'm thinking how she'll get along at Nahant. Miss Lathersoap, the lady as washes her clothes, told me, among other things, that Laura's pocket-handkerchers are all quite plain—not a worked or a laced one among them. Now our Augusta would scorn to carry a plain handkercher, and so would her mother."

"I've taken notice of Laura's handkerchers myself," said Matilda, "and I don't see why we young ladies as lives out, and does people's work to oblige them, should be expected to run at the beck and call of any strangers they may chuse to take into the house; let alone when they're not no great things."

Laura retreated from the open windows, that she might hear no more of a conversation so painful to her. She would at once have written to her father, told him all, and begged him, if he possibly could, to send her money enough to repay Miss Frampton, but she had found by a letter received the day before, that he had

gone on some business to the interior of Maine, and would not be home in less than a fortnight.

Next day was the one finally appointed for their removal to Nahant, and our heroine felt her spirits revive at the idea of beholding for the first time in her life, "the sea, the sea, the open sea." They went in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and Laura understood that she might ride in her black silk dress, and her straw bonnet.

They crossed at the Winnisimmet Ferry, rode through Chelsea, and soon arrived at the flourishing town of Lynn, where every man was making shoes, and every woman binding them. The last sun-beams were glowing in the west, when they came to the beautiful Long Beach that connects the rocks of Lynn with those of Nahant, the sand being so firm and smooth, that the shadow of every object is reflected in it downwards. The tide was so high that they drove along the verge of the surf, the horses' feet splashing through the water, and trampling on the shells and seaweed left by the retiring waves. Cattle, as they went home, were cooling themselves by wading breast-high in the breakers; and the little sand-birds were sporting on the crests of the billows, sometimes flying low and dipping into the water the white edges of their wings, and sometimes seeming with their slender feet to walk on the surface of the foam. Beyond the everlasting breakers rolled the unbounded ocean, the haze of evening coming first upon it, and the full moon rising broad and red through the misty veil of the eastern horizon.

Laura Lovel felt as if she could have viewed this scene for ever, and, at times she could not refrain from audibly expressing her delight. The other ladies were deeply engaged in listening to Miss Frampton's account of a ball and supper given by her intimate friend, that lovely woman, Mrs. Ben Derrydown, the evening before Mr. Ben Derrydown's last failure, and which ball and supper exceeded in splendour any thing she had ever witnessed, except the wedding-party of her sweet love Mrs. Nick Rearsby, whose furniture was seized by the sheriff a few months after; and the birth-night concert at the coming out of her darling little pet, Kate Bolderhurst, who ran away next morning with her music-master.

Our party now arrived at the Nahant Hotel, which was full of visitors, with some of whom the Brantleys were acquainted. After tea, when the company adjourned to the lower drawing-rooms, the extraordinary beauty of Laura Lovel drew the majority of the gentlemen to that side of the apartment on which the Brantley family were seated. Many introductions took place, and Mrs. Brantley felt in paradise at seeing that her party had attracted the greatest number of beaux. Miss Frampton generally made a point of answering every thing that was addressed to Laura, and Augusta glided and flitted, and chattered much impertinent nonsense to the gentlemen on the outskirts of the group, that were waiting for an opportunity of saying something to Miss Lovel.

Our heroine was much confused at finding herself an object of such general attention, and was also overwhelmed by the officious volubility of Miss Frampton, though none of it was addressed to her. Mrs. Maitland, a lady as unlike Mrs. Brantley as possible, was seated on the other side of Laura Lovel, and was at once prepossessed in her favour, not only from the beauty of her features, but from the intelligence of her countenance. Desirous of being better acquainted, and seeing that Laura's present position was any thing but pleasant to her, Mrs. Maitland proposed that they should take a turn in the veranda that runs round the second story of the hotel. To this suggestion Laura gladly assented—for she felt at once that Mrs. Maitland was just the sort of woman she would like to know. There was a refinement and dignity in her

appearance and manner that showed her to be "every inch a lady;" but that dignity was tempered with a frankness and courtesy that put every one round her immediately at their ease. Though now in the autumn of life, her figure was still good—her features still handsome, but they derived their chief charm from the sensible and benevolent expression of her fine open countenance. Her attire was admirably suited to her face and person; but she was not over-drest, and she was evidently one of those fortunate women who without bestowing much time and attention upon it, are no fault to all that constitutes a correct and tasteful costume.

Mrs. Maitland took Laura's arm within hers, and telling Mrs. Brantley that she was going to carry off Miss Lovel for half an hour, she made a sign to a fine-looking young man on the other side of the room, and introduced him as her son, Mr. Aubrey Maitland. He conducted the two ladies up stairs to the veranda, and in a few minutes our heroine felt as if she had been acquainted with the Maitlands for years. No longer kept down and oppressed by the night-mare influence of fools, her spirit expanded, and breathed once more. She expressed without hesitation, her delight at the scene that presented itself before her—for she felt that she was understood.

The moon now "high in heaven," threw a solemn light on the incrimbing expanse of the ocean, and glittered on the spray that foamed and murmured for ever round the rocks that environed the little peninsula, their deep recesses slumbering in shade, while their crags and points came out in silver brightness.—Around lay the numerous islands that are scattered over Boston harbour, and far apart glowed the fires of two light-houses, like immense stars beaming on the verge of the horizon; one of them, a revolving light, alternately shining out, and disappearing. As a contrast to the still repose that reigned around, was the billiard-room, (resembling a little Grecian temple) on a promontory that overlooked the sea—the lamps that shone through its windows, mingling with the moon-beams, and the rolling sound of the billiard-balls uniting with the murmur of the eternal waters.

Mrs. Maitland listened with corresponding interest to the animated and original comments of her new friend, whose young and enthusiastic imagination had never been more vividly excited; and she drew her out, till Laura suddenly stopped, blushing with the fear that she had been saying too much. Before they returned to the drawing-room, Aubrey was decidedly and deeply in love.

When Laura retired to her apartment, she left the window open, that she might from her pillow look out upon the moonlight-sea, and be fanned by the cool night breeze that gently rippled its waters; and when she was at last lulled to repose by the monotonous dashing of the surf against the rocks beneath her casement, she had a dream of the peninsula of Nahant—not as it now is, covered with new and tasteful buildings, and a favourite resort of the fashion and opulence of Boston, but as it must have looked two centuries ago, when the seals made their homes among its caverned rocks, and when the only human habitations were the rude huts of the Indian fishers, and the only boats, their canoes of bark and skins.

When she awoke from her dream she saw the morning-star sparkling high in the east, and casting on the dark surface of the sea a line of light which seemed to mimic that of the moon, long since gone down beyond the opposite horizon. Laura rose at the earliest glimpse of dawn to watch the approaches of the coming day. A hazy vapour had spread itself over the water, and through its gauzy veil she first beheld the red rim of the rising sun seeming to emerge from its ocean bed. As the sun ascended, the mist slowly rolled away, and "the light of morning smiled upon

the wave," and tinted the white sails of a little fleet of outward-bound fishing-boats.

At the breakfast table the majority of the company consisted of ladies only: most of the gentlemen (including Aubrey Maitland,) having gone in the early steamboat to attend to their business in the city. After breakfast, Laura proposed a walk, and Augusta and Miss Frampton, not knowing what else to do with themselves, consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Blunsdon, (who being an heiress, and of a patrician family, conceived herself privileged to do as she pleased, and therefore made it her pleasure to be a hoyden and a slattern,) volunteered to pioneer them, boasting of her intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the neighbourhood. Our heroine, by particular desire of Augusta and Miss Frampton, had arrayed herself that morning in her new French muslin, with what they called its proper accompaniments.

Miss Blunsdon conducted the party to that singular cleft in the rocks, known by the name of the Swallow's Cave, in consequence of its having been formerly the resort of those birds, whose nests covered its walls. Miss Frampton stopped as soon as they came in sight of it, declaring that it was in bad taste for ladies to scramble about such rugged places, and Augusta agreeing that a fancy for wet slippery rocks was certainly very peculiar. So the two friends sat down on the most level spot they could find, while Miss Blunsdon insisted on Laura's following her to the utmost extent of the cave, and our heroine's desire to explore this wild and picturesque recess, made her forgetful of the probable consequences to her dress.

Miss Blunsdon and Laura descended into the cleft, which as they proceeded, became so narrow as almost to close above their heads; its lofty and irregular walls seeming to lose themselves in the blue sky. The passage at the bottom was in some places scarcely wide enough to allow them to squeeze through it. The tide was low, yet still the stepping stones, loosely imbedded in the sand and sea-weed, were nearly covered with water. But Laura followed her guide to the utmost extent of the passage, till they looked out again upon the sea.

When they rejoined their companions—"Oh! look at your new French muslin," exclaimed Augusta to Laura. "It is dragged half way up to your knees, and the salt water has already taken the colour out of it—and your pelerine is split down the back—and your shoes are half off your feet, and your stockings are all over wet sand. How very peculiar you look!"

Laura was now extremely sorry to find her dress so much injured, and Miss Frampton comforted her by the assurance that it would never again be fit to be seen. They returned to the hotel, where they found Mrs. Maitland reading on one of the sofas in the upper hall. Laura was hastily running up stairs, but Augusta called out—"Mrs. Maitland do look at Miss Lovel—did you ever see such a figure? She has demolished her new dress, scrambling through the Swallow's Cave with Miss Blunsdon." And she ran into the Ladies' drawing-room to repeat the story at full length, while Laura retired to her room to try some means of remedying her disasters, and to regret that she had not been permitted to bring with her to Nahant some of her gingham morning dresses. The French muslin, however, was incurable; its blue, though very beautiful, being of that peculiar cast which always fades into a dull white when wet with water.

Miss Frampton remained a while in the hall: and taking her seat beside Mrs. Maitland, said to her in a low confidential voice—"Have you not observed, Mrs. Maitland, that when people, who are nobody, attempt dress, they always overdo it. Only think of a country clergyman's daughter coming to breakfast in so expensive a French muslin, and then going out in

it to clamber about the rocks, and paddle among the wet sea-weed. Now you will see what a show she will make at dinner in a dress the cost of which would keep her whole family in comfortable calico gowns for two years. I was with her when she did her shopping, and though, as a friend, I could not forbear entreating her to get things that were suitable to her circumstances and to her station in life, she turned a deaf ear to every thing I said, (which was certainly in very bad taste,) and she would buy nothing but the most expensive and useless frippery. I suppose she expects to catch the beaux by it. But when they find out who she is, I rather think they will only nibble at the bait—Heavens! what a wife she will make! And then such a want of self-respect, and even of common integrity. Of course you will not mention it—for I would on no consideration that it should go any further—but between ourselves, I was actually obliged to lend her money to pay her bills."

Mrs. Maitland, thoroughly disgusted with her companion, and disbelieving the whole of her gratuitous communication, rose from the sofa and departed without vouchsafing a reply.

At dinner, Laura Lovel appeared in her new silk, and really looked beautifully. Miss Frampton observing that our heroine attracted the attention of several gentlemen who had just arrived from the city, took an opportunity while she was receiving a plate of chowder from one of the waiters, to spill part of it on Laura's dress.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel," said she, "when I took the soup I did not perceive that you and your new silk were beside me."

Laura began to wipe her dress with her pocket-handkerchief. "Now don't look so disconcerted," pursued Miss Frampton, in a loud whisper. "It is in very bad taste to appear annoyed when an accident happens to your dress. People in society always pass off such things, as of no consequence whatever. I have apologized for spilling the soup, and what more can I do?"

Poor Laura was not in society, and she knew that to her, the accident was of consequence. However she rallied, and tried to appear as if she thought no more of the mischance that had spoiled the handsomest and most expensive dress she had ever possessed. After dinner she tried to remove the immense grease-spot by every application within her reach, but had no success.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she was invited to join a party that was going to visit the Spouting Horn, as it is generally denominated. She had heard this remarkable place much talked of since her arrival at Nahant, and she certainly felt a great desire to see it. Mrs. Maitland had letters to write, and Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton were engaged in their sisters; but Augusta was eager for the walk as she found that several gentlemen were going, among them Aubrey Maitland, who had just arrived in the afternoon boat. His eyes sparkled at the sight of our heroine, and offering her his arm, they proceeded with the rest of the party to the Spouting Horn. This is a deep cavity at the bottom of a steep ledge of rocks, and the waves as they rush successively into it with the tide, are immediately thrown out again by the action of a current of air which comes through a small opening at the back of the recess, the spray falling round like that of a cascade or fountain. The tide and wind were both high, and Laura was told that the Spouting Horn would be seen to great advantage.

Aubrey Maitland conducted her carefully down the least rugged declivity of the rock, and gave her his hand to assist her in springing from point to point. They at length descended to the bottom of the crag. Laura was bending forward with eager curiosity, and looking steadfastly into the wave-worn cavern, much interested in the explosions of foaming water, which

were sometimes greater and sometimes less. Suddenly a blast of wind twisted her light dress-bonnet completely round, and broke the sewing of one of the strings, and the bonnet was directly whirled before her into the cavity of the rock, and the next moment thrown back again amidst a shower of sea-froth.—Laura cried out involuntarily, and Aubrey sprang forward, and snatched it out of the water.

"I fear," said he, "Miss Lovel, your bonnet is irreparably injured."—"It is, indeed," replied Laura; and remembering Miss Frampton's lecture, she tried to say that the destruction of her bonnet was of no consequence, but unaccustomed to falsehood, the words died away on her lips.

The ladies now gathered round our heroine, who held in her hand the dripping wreck of the once elegant bonnet; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion, that nothing could possibly be done to restore it to any form that would make it wearable. Laura then tied her scarf over her head, and Aubrey Maitland thought she looked prettier than ever.

Late in the evening, Mr. Brantley arrived from town in his chaise, bringing from the post office a letter for Laura Lovel, from her little sisters, or rather two letters written on the same sheet. They ran thus:—

"Rosebrook, August 9th, 18—

"DEAREST SISTER.—We hope you are having a great deal of pleasure in Boston. How many novels you must be reading—I wish I was grown up as you are—I am eight years old, and I have never yet read a novel. We miss you all the time. There is still a chair placed for you at table, and Rosa and I take turns in sitting next to it. But we can no longer hear your pleasant talk with our dear father. You know Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we frequently forgot to eat our dinners. I see advertised a large new book of Fairy Tales. How much you will have to tell us when you come home. Since you were so kind as to promise to bring me a book, I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

"Dear mother now has to make all the pies and puddings herself. We miss you every way. The Children's Friend must be a charming book—so must the Friend of Youth.

"Yesterday we had a pair of fowls killed for dinner. Of course, they were not Rosa's chickens, nor mine—they were only Billy and Bobby. But still, Rosa and I cried very much, as they were fowls that we were acquainted with. Dear father reasoned with us about it for a long time; but still, though the fowls were made into a pie, we could eat nothing but the crust. I think I should like very much to read the Robins, and also Keeper's Travels in search of his Master.

"I hope, dear Laura, you will be able to remember every thing you have seen and heard in Boston, that you may have the more to tell us when you come home. I think, after all, there is no book I would prefer to the Arabian Nights—no doubt the Tales of the Genii are also excellent. Dear Laura, how I long to see you again. Paul and Virginia must be very delightful.

"Yours affectionately,

"ELLA LOVEL."

"DEAR SISTER LAURA—I cried for a long time after you left us, but at last I wiped my eyes, and played with Ponto, and was happy. I have concluded not to want the canary-bird I asked you to get for me, as I think it best to be satisfied by hearing the birds sing on the trees, in the garden, and in the woods. Last night I heard a screech-owl—I would rather have a young fig-tree in a tub—or else a great quantity of new flower-seeds, if you do not get either the fig-tree or the flower-seeds. I should like a blue cat, such as I have read of—you know those cats are not sky-blue, but only a bluish gray. If a blue cat is not to be had, I should be glad

of a pair of white English rabbits; and yet, I think, I would quite as willingly have a pair of doves. I never saw a real dove—but if doves are scarce, or cost too much, I shall be satisfied with a pair of fan-tailed pigeons, if they are quite white, and their tails fan very much. If you had a great deal of money to spare, I should like a kid or a fawn, but I know that is impossible; so I will not think of it. Perhaps, when I grow up, I may be a president's wife—if so, I will buy an elephant.

"Your affectionate sister,

"ROSA LOVEL."

"I send kisses to all the people in Boston that love you."

How gladly would Laura, had it been in her power, have made every purchase mentioned in the letters of the two innocent little girls. And her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed when she thought how happy she might have made them at a small part of the expense she had been persuaded to lavish on the finery that had given her so little pleasure, and that was now nearly all spoiled.

Next day was Sunday; and they went to church and heard Mr. Taylor the celebrated mariner clergyman, with whose deep pathos and simple good sense Laura was much interested, while she was at the same time amused with his originality and quaintness.

On returning to the hotel, they found that the morning boat had arrived, and on looking up at the veranda, the first object Laura saw there was Pyam Dodge, standing stiffly with his hands on the railing.

"Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "there's your friend, the schoolmaster."

"Mercy upon us," screamed Miss Frampton, "has that horrid fellow come after you? Really, Miss Lovel, it was in very bad taste to invite him to Nahant."

"I did not invite him," replied Laura, colouring; "I know not how he discovered that I was here."

"The only way, then," said Miss Frampton, "is to cut him dead, and then perhaps he'll clear off."

"Pho," said Augusta, "do you suppose he can understand cutting—why he won't know whether he's cut or not."

"May I ask who this person is?" said Aubrey Maitland, in a low voice, to Laura. "Is there any stain or any suspicion attached to him?"

"Oh! no, indeed," replied Laura, earnestly. And, in a few words, as they ascended the stairs, she gave him an outline of the schoolmaster and his character.

"Then do not cut him at all," said Aubrey. "Let me take the liberty of suggesting to you how to receive him." They had now come out into the veranda; and Maitland immediately led Laura up to Pyam Dodge, who bowed profoundly on being introduced to him, and then turned to our heroine, asked permission to shake hands with her, hoped his company would be found agreeable, and signified that he had been unable to learn where she was from Mr. Brantley's servants; but that the evening before, a gentleman of Boston had told him that Mr. Brantley and all the family were at Nahant. Therefore, he had come thither to-day purposely to see her, and to inform her that the summer vacation having commenced, he was going to pay a visit to his old friends at Rosebrook, and would be very thankful if she would honour him with a letter or message to her family.

All this was said with much bowing, and prosing, and apologizing. When it was finished, Maitland invited Pyam Dodge to take a turn round the veranda, with Miss Lovel and himself, and the poor schoolmaster expressed the most profound gratitude. When they were going to dinner, Aubrey introduced him to Mrs. Maitland, placed him next to himself at table, and engaged him in a conversation on the Greek classics, in which Pyam Dodge finding himself precisely in his

element, forgot his humility, and being less embarrassed, was therefore less awkward and absurd than usual.

Laura Lovel had thought Aubrey Maitland the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen. She now thought him the most amiable.

In the afternoon there was a mirage, in which the far-off rocks in the vicinity of Marblehead, appeared almost in the immediate neighbourhood of Nahant, coming out in full relief, their forms and colours well-defined, and their height and breadth seemingly much increased. While all the company were assembled to look at this singular optical phenomenon, (Aubrey Maitland being earnestly engaged in explaining it to our heroine,) Miss Frampton whispered to Laura that she wished particularly to speak with her, and accordingly drew her away to another part of the veranda.

Laura turned pale, for she had a presentiment of what was coming. Miss Frampton then told her, that presuming she had heard from home, she concluded that it would, of course, be convenient to return the trifle she had lent her; adding that she wished to give a small commission to a lady that was going to town the next morning.

Poor Laura knew not what to say. She changed colour, trembled with nervous agitation, and at last faltered out, that in consequence of knowing her father was from home, she had not yet written to him on the subject, but that she would do so immediately, and hoped that Miss Frampton would not find it very inconvenient to wait a few days.

"Why really, I don't know how I can," replied Miss Frampton; "I want a shawl exactly like Mrs. Horton's. She tells me they are only to be had at one store in Boston, and that when she got hers the other day, there were only two left. They are really quite a new style, strange as it is to see any thing in Boston that is not quite old-fashioned in Philadelphia. The money I lent you is precisely the sum for this purpose. Of course I am in no want of a shawl—thank heaven, I have more than I know what to do with—but, as I told you, these are quite a new style—"

"Oh! how gladly would I pay you, if I could!" exclaimed Laura, covering her face with her hands.—"What would I give at this moment for twenty-five dollars!"—

"I hope I am not inconvenient," said the voice of Pyam Dodge, close at Laura's back; "but I have been looking for Miss Laura Lovel, that I may take my leave, and return to town in the next boat."

Miss Frampton tossed her head and walked away, to tell Mrs. Horton, confidentially, that Miss Lovel had borrowed twenty-five dollars of her to buy finery; but not to add that she had just been asking her for payment.

"If I may venture to use such freedom," pursued Pyam Dodge; "I think, Miss Laura Lovel, I overheard you just now grieving that you could not pay some money. Now, my good child, (if you will forgive me for calling you so,) why should you be at any loss for money, when I have just received my quarter's salary, and when I have more about me than I know what to do with. I heard you mention twenty-five dollars—here it is, (taking some notes out of an enormous pocket-book,) and if you want any more, as I hope you do—"

"Oh! no, indeed—no," interrupted Laura. "I cannot take it—I would not on any consideration."

"I know too well," continued Pyam Dodge, "I am not worthy to offer it, and I hope I am not making myself disagreeable. But if Miss Laura Lovel, you would only have the goodness to accept it, you may be sure I will never ask you for it as long as I live. I would even take a book-oath not to do so."

Laura steadily refused the proffered kindness of the poor schoolmaster, and begged Pyam Dodge to mention the subject to her no more. She told him that all she

now wished was to go home, and that she would write by him to her family, begging that her father would come for her (as he had promised at parting,) and take her back to Rosebrook, as soon as he could. She quitted Pyam Dodge, who was evidently much mortified, and retired to write her letter, which she gave to him as soon as it was finished, finding him in the hall taking a ceremonious leave of the Maitlands. He departed, and Laura's spirits were gradually revived during the evening, by the gratifying attentions and agreeable conversation of Mrs. Maitland and her son.

When our heroine retired for the night, she found on her table a letter in a singularly uncouth hand, if hand it could be called, where every word was differently written. It inclosed two ten dollar notes and a five, and was conceived in the following words—

"This is to inform Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the Reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, that an unknown friend of hers, whose name it will be impossible for her to guess, (and therefore to make the attempt will doubtless be entire loss of time, and time is always precious,) having accidentally heard (though by what means is a profound secret,) that she, at this present time, is in some little difficulty for want of a small sum of money—he, therefore—this unknown friend, offers to her acceptance the before-mentioned sum, hoping that she will find nothing disgusting in his using so great a liberty."

"Oh! poor Pyam Dodge!" exclaimed Laura, "why did you take the trouble to disguise and disguise your excellent hand-writing." And she felt, after all, what a relief it was to transfer her debt from Miss Frampton to the good schoolmaster. Reluctant to have any further personal discussion on this painful subject, she inclosed the notes in a short billet to Miss Frampton, and sent it immediately to that lady's apartment. She then went to bed, comparatively happy, slept soundly, and dreamed of Aubrey Maitland.

About the end of the week Laura Lovel was delighted to see her father arrive with Mr. Brantley. As soon as they were alone, she threw herself into his arms, and with a flood of tears explained to him the particulars of all that passed since she left home, and deeply lamented that she had allowed herself to be drawn into expenses beyond her means of defraying, and which her father could ill afford to supply, to say nothing of the pain and mortification they had occasioned to herself.

"My beloved child," said Mr. Lovel, "I have been much to blame for entrusting you at an age so early and inexperienced, and with no knowledge of a town-life and its habits, to the guidance and example of a family of whom I knew nothing, except that they were reputable and opulent."

Mr. Lovel then gave his daughter the agreeable intelligence, that the tract of land which was the object of his visit to Maine, and which had been left him in his youth by an old aunt, and was then considered of little or no account, had greatly increased in value by a new and flourishing town having sprung up in its immediate vicinity. This tract he had recently been able to sell for ten thousand dollars, and the interest of that sum would now make a most acceptable addition to his little income.

He also informed her that Pyam Dodge was then at the village of Rosebrook, where he was "visiting round," as he called it, and that the good schoolmaster had faithfully kept the secret of the twenty-five dollars which he had pressed upon Laura, and which Mr. Lovel had now heard, for the first time, from herself.

While this conversation was going on between the father and daughter, Mrs. Maitland and her son were engaged in discussing the beauty and the apparent merits of our heroine. "I should like extremely," said Mrs. Maitland, "to invite Miss Lovel to pass the

winter with me. But you know we live rauch in the world, and I fear the limited state of her father's finances could not allow her to appear as she would wish. Yet perhaps I might manage to assist her, in that respect, without wounding her delicacy. I think with regret of so fair a flower being born to bluish unseem, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"There is one way," said Aubrey Maitland, smiling, and colouring, "by which we might have Miss Lovel to spend next winter in Boston, without any danger of offending her delicacy, or subjecting her to embarrassment on account of her personal expenses—a way which would enable her to appear as she deserves, and to move in a sphere that she is well calculated to adorn, though not as *Miss Lovel*."

"I cannot but understand you, Aubrey," replied Mrs. Maitland, who had always been not only the mother, but the sympathizing and confidential friend of her son—"yet be not too precipitate. Know more of this young lady, before you go so far that you cannot in honour recede."

"I know her sufficiently," said Aubrey with animation. "She is to be understood at once, and though I flatter myself that I may have already excited some interest in her heart, yet I have no reason to suppose that she entertains for me such feelings as would induce her at this time to accept my offer. She is extremely anxious to get home; she may have left a lover there. But let me be once assured that her affections are disengaged, and that she is really inclined to bestow them on me, and a declaration shall immediately follow the discovery. A man, who after being convinced of the regard of the woman he loves, can trifle with her feelings and hesitate about securing her hand, does not deserve to obtain her."

Laura had few preparations to make for her departure, which took place the next morning, Aubrey Maitland and Mr. Brantley accompanying her and her father to town, in the early boat. Mrs. Maitland took leave of her affectionately, Mrs. Brantley smilingly, Augusta coldly, and Miss Frampton not at all.

Mr. Lovel and his daughter passed that day in Boston, staying at a hotel. Laura showed her father the children's letter. All the books that Ella mentioned were purchased for her, and quite a little menagerie of animals was procured for Rosa.

They arrived safely at Rosebrook. And when Mr. Lovel was invoking a blessing on their evening repast, he referred to the return of his daughter and to his happiness on seeing her once more in her accustomed seat at table, in a manner that drew tears into the eyes of every member of the family.

Pyam Dodge was there; only waiting for Laura's arrival to set out next morning on a visit to his relations in Vermont. With his usual want of tact, and his usual kindness of heart, he made so many objections to receiving the money with which he had accommodated our heroine, that Mr. Lovel was obliged to slip it privately into his trunk before his departure.

In a few days, Aubrey Maitland came to Rosebrook and established himself at the principal inn, from whence he visited Laura the evening of his arrival. Next day he came both morning and evening. On the third day he paid her three visits, and after that it was not worth while to count them.

The marriage of Aubrey and Laura took place at the close of the autumn, and they immediately went into the possession of an elegant residence of their own, adjoining the mansion of the elder Mrs. Maitland. They are now living in as much happiness as can fall to the lot of human beings.

Before the Nahant season was over, Miss Frampton had quarrelled with or offended nearly every lady at the hotel, and Mr. Brantley privately insisted that his wife should not invite her to pass the winter with them. However, she protracted her stay as long as

she possibly could with any appearance of decency, and then returned to Philadelphia under the escort of one of Mr. Brantley's clerks. After she came home, her visit to Boston afforded her a new subject of conversation, in which the predominant features were general ridicule of the Yankees, (as she called them,) circumstantial slanders of the family to whose hospitality she had been indebted for more than three months, and particular abuse of "that little wretch, Augusta."

Original.

DEATH OF CHARLES IX. OF FRANCE.

Of all the instructive lessons human nature can present to the mind, that of a bad man at the point of death is certainly the most impressive.

The eloquent but unfortunate Dr. Dodd, has drawn the picture of an unhappy wretch at that awful moment, in a most pathetic and masterly style; and history affords numerous instances of a similar nature; but none strikes the mind with such impressive awe as the description Dr. Cayet gives of the death-bed pangs which tortured the bigoted and cruel Charles the Ninth.

"The singular death of this misguided prince," says the historian, "was regarded by his cotemporaries as a remarkable instance of divine justice; and the man who had been the means of spilling the blood of seventy thousand of his fellow creatures,* found his own bursting from every vein, in an unheard of and surprising manner."

Charles, two days before his death, having called for Mazzille, his chief physician, and complaining of the pains he suffered, inquired if it were not possible that he, and so many other physicians in his realm, could contrive to alleviate his agony; "For I am," said the wretched sufferer, "cruelly and horribly tormented!" To which Mazzille replied, "That whatever depended on them had been tried, but that, in truth, *God alone* could be the sovereign physician in such complaints."

"I believe what you say is true," replied the king; "therefore draw from me my large cap, that I may try to rest." Mazzille obeyed the order, and then withdrew, desiring all except the nurse and two of his attendants, to do the same. The nurse fatigued with watching, attempted likewise to repose; but the sighs and groans of the wretched monarch prevented her from sleeping, and going to the bed-side, she attempted to soothe his affliction; when the king exclaimed, in half-broken sentences, which were interrupted by the violence of his grief—"Ah! my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Oh! I have followed wicked advice!" (this he said alluding to the influence the queen had over him, and the shocking cruelties that had been committed at her instigation.) "Oh my God! pardon me, and be merciful; I know not where I am, they have so perplexed and agitated me. How will this end? What shall I do? I am lost, lost for ever!" This pathetic exclamation received the following reply from the kind attendant. "Sire, be the murders on those who forced you to order them; your majesty could not help it; and since you never willingly consented, and now regret them, believe me, that God will never impute them to you. Ah! for the honour of God, cease this weeping!" Having said this, she rose for a handkerchief, for the king was drenched in tears; and Charles taking it gently from her, subdued his grief, and promised to endeavour to repose. What an impressive lesson may be derived from the agonized sufferings of this afflicted man.

* Alluding to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

Original.

INCANTATION OF HERVOR.

The ancient Scandinavians believed that there existed in the spells of poetry a power to raise the dead, or obtain from them any boon whatever.—In the legend, Hervor is represented as claiming from her slain ancestor the enchanted sword which had raised him to power and eminence.

SPIRIT of the royal dead!

Many a weary year has sped,
Since these stern mountains, wild and high
Echoed thy lofty battle cry—
And centuries their hallowed gloom
Have shed, upon the warrior's tomb.
I come to break the sacred rest
The grave has heaped upon thy breast:
The daughter of a warlike naac,
And deeds of might—'tis mine to claim
The sword of more than mortal fire,
That fiercely armed my royal sire—
That drank the Saxon's murderous breath,
And held at every point a death.

I know the spell's with danger fraught,
With which that fearful blade was wrought;
I know the hand, whose mystic seal
Gave power and vengeance to the steel;
When the dark Dwarf-king, in his ire,
Begot it thrice with central fire;
And thrice denounced, in accents dread,
His curse upon the victor's head,
Who bore it from its flaming bed.
I know that curse, whate'er it be,
Has not been all fulfilled in thee.
That he who dares this sword to wield,
Must his own heart its victim yield;
And refi of friend or offspring, see
His name sink to obscurity.
Yet dearer far than life or fame,
My destined vengeance I would claim;
And gladly would I brave the guilt,
To grasp in pride its blood-stained hilt.
I fear not threats—and magic art
I'll meet with stern unshrinking heart—
Now give—believe the subtle brand
Shall grace a northern maiden's hand.

Still silent!—then by spear and shield,
I bid thee to my wishes yield.
By bucklers strewn upon the plain—
By thousand foes in battle slain—
By Saxon bones in fearful trust,
That crumble o'er thy conquering dust—
By banners in the red field borne—
By hearts from bleeding bosoms torn—
By hate-lit eye, and lowering brow—
By lifted hand, and solemn vow—
I charm thee from repose—and doom
Thine ashes to a restless tomb;
Till from the shelter of the grave,
Thy hand shall give the boon I crave.

By this o'ershadowing tree, whose stem
Gives forth a mournful requiem—
By spreading forest-flowing stream—
By mountain shade, and sunlight's beam—
By crimson'd clouds at eve that lie
Upon the margin of the sky—
By midnight voices from each flower—
By viewless steps in every bower—
By songs that from its caverns deep,
When twilight shrouds the foaming deep—
By moonlight forms that nightly lave
Their locks upon the emerald wave—
By all that's bright in earth and sky,
Monarch! I charm thee to comply.

By airy palaces that rise
In misty heights along the skies—
By gathering clouds and tempest driven,
When the red lightning rends the heaven—
By Odin's self, when his dread form
Bestrides and guides the vengeful storm,
And prostrate earth in wild dismay
Shrinks from the shrouded light of day—
By Eger's hoary sceptre, spread
Across the ocean's crystal bed—
By mighty Thor's cloud-circled throne,
Who rolls the thunderbolt alone—
I ask the gift with spirit bold,
Which none but these would dare withhold.

Now by the hidden spells that lie
Within the soul of poesy—
By the stern death-song of the brave,
The last best gift that Odin gave—
By thousand deeds of wonder, sung
By my own fame dispensing tongue—
And by the power that gives to me
The keys of nature's secrecy—
And by the prophet glances thrown
Into the depth of worlds unknown—
And by the voice that bids me hold
Treasures that never can be told—
By thy once proud and royal name,
Once more the enchanted sword I claim.

It comes! the gleaming point I see!
It comes with solemn minstrelsy!
With bounding heart and rapturous eyes,
I grasp the long contested prize.
Now let the broken turf-bed close
In peace, above thy deep repose—
Thou can'st not feel another spell,
Prince! to thy dust a long farewell.

DINNA FORGET.

HERE, put on your finger this ring, love,
And, when thou art far o'er the sea,
Perhaps unto thy mind it will bring, love,
Some thought—some remembrance of me;
Our moments of rapture and bliss, love—
The haunts where so oft we have met,
These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,
It tells thee—O "dinna forget!"

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,
Oft gazed on by us with delight,
And think of each other alone, love,
At one sacred hour every night:
But, ah! ere she'd rise to thy view, love,
To me, she long, long would be set;
Then look to *this* token more true, love,
On thy finger, and—"dinna forget!"

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,
And charms more attractive than mine—
Be moved by a more winning air, love,
Or struck by a finger more fine;
But shouldst thou a brighter eye see, love,
Or ringlets of more glossy jet,
Let *this* still thy talisman be, love—
Look on it, and—"dinna forget!"

And O when thou writest to me, love,
The sealing impress with this ring;
And *that* a sweet earnest will be, love,
To which, with fond hope, I will cling,
That thou to thy vows will be true, love—
That happiness waiteth us yet:
One parting embrace—now adieu, love—
O, this moment I'll never forget!

Original.

THE VISIONARY.

Ich habe geliebt, und geliebet.—Schiller's Wallenstein.
I have lived, and I have loved.

Und sterblich denn, so sterblich doch
Durch sie—durch sie.—Goethe.

And if I die, at least I die
With her—with her.

THERE is a name—a sound—which, above all other music, vibrates upon my ear with a delicious, yet wild and solemn melody. Devoutly admired by the few who read, and by the very few who think, it is a name not as yet, indeed, blazoned in the escutcheon of immortality; but there, nevertheless, heralded in characters of that Tyrian fire hereafter to be rendered legible by the breath of centuries.

It is a name, moreover, which for reasons intrinsically of no weight, yet in fact conclusive, I am determined to conceal. Nor will I, by a fictitious appellation, dishonour the memory of that great dead whose life was so little understood, and the received account of whose melancholy end is a tissue of malevolent blasphemies. I am not of that class of writers who, making some euphonous cognomen the key-stone to the arch of their narrations, can no more conclude without the one than the architect without the other.

Ill-fated and mysterious man!—bewildered in the brilliancy of thine own imagination, and fallen in the flames of thine own youth! Again in fancy I behold thee. Once more thy form hath risen before me—not, oh not as thou art—in the cold valley and shadow; but as thou *shouldst be*—squandering away a life of magnificent meditation in that city of dim visions, thine own Venice, which is a star-beloved city of the sea, and the wide windows of whose Paladian palaces, gleaming with the fires of midnight revelry, look down with a sad and bitter meaning upon the secrets of her silent waters.

Yes! I repeat it—"as thou shouldst be." There are surely other worlds than this—other thoughts than the thoughts of the multitude—I would almost venture to say other speculations than the speculations of the sophist. Who, then, shall call thy conduct into question?—who blame thee for thy visionary hours—or declare those occupations a wasting away of life, which were but the overflowings of thine everlasting energies?

It was at Venice, beneath the covered archway there called the "Ponte di Sospiri," that met me, for the third or fourth time, the person of whom I speak. It is, however, with a confused recollection, that I recall to mind the circumstances of that meeting—yet I remember—ah! how should I forget! the deep midnight—the Bridge of Sighs—the beauty of woman, and the Demon of Romance who stalked up and down the narrow canal.

It was a night of unusual gloom. The great clock of the piazza had sounded the fifth hour of the Italian evening. The square of the Campanile lay silent and deserted, and the lights in the old Ducal palace were dying fast away. I was returning home from the Piazzetta, by way of the Grand Canal. But as my gondola arrived opposite the mouth of the Canal San Marco, a female voice from its recesses burst suddenly upon the night in one wild, hysterical, and long-continued shriek.

Startled at the sound, I sprang upon my feet, while my gondolier, letting slip his oar, lost it, in the pitchy

darkness, beyond a chance of recovery, and we were left at the mercy of the current, which here sets from the greater into the smaller channel. Like some huge bird of sable plumage, we were drifting slowly down towards the Bridge of Sighs, when a thousand flambeaux flashing from the windows and down the staircases of the Ducal palace turned, all at once, the deep gloom into a ghastly and supernatural day.

A child slipping from the arms of its own mother, had fallen from an upper window of the lofty structure into the deep and dim canal. The quiet waters had closed placidly over their victim, and although my own gondola was the only one in sight, many a stout swimmer already in the stream, was seeking in vain upon the surface the treasure which, alas! was only to be found in the abyss.

Upon the broad black marble flag-stones at the entrance of the palace, and a few steps above the water, stood a figure which none who then saw, can ever since have forgotten. It was the Marchesa Bianca, "the adoration of all Venice—the gayest of the gay;" but, alas! the young wife of the old and intriguing Mentoni and the mother—the mother of that fair child; her first and only one—who now, deep beneath the water, was thinking in bitterness of heart upon her gentle caresses, and exhausting its little life in struggles to call upon her name.

She stood alone. Her small, bare, and silvery feet gleamed in the black mirror of marble beneath. Her hair partly loosened, for the night, from its ball-room array, clustered amid a shower of diamonds, round and round her classical head in curls like the young hyacinth. A snowy-white, and gauze-like drapery seemed to be nearly the sole covering to her delicate form; but the midsummer, and midnight air was hot, sullen, and still—and no motion—no shadow of motion in that statue-like form itself, stirred even the folds of that raiment of very vapour which hung around it as the heavy marble hangs around the weeping Niobe.

Her large lustrous eyes were not however bent downwards to the grave where her dearest hope lay buried; but riveted—ah! strange to say! in a widely-different direction. The prison of the city is, I think, the fairest building in all Venice; but how could that lady gaze so fixedly upon it, when her only child lay stilled at her feet? You dark, gloomy niche yawns right opposite her chamber-window—what then could there possibly be in its shadows—in its architecture, that the Marchesa di Mentoni had not wondered at a thousand times before? Nonsense!—Who does not remember that, at such a time as this, the eye, like a shattered mirror, multiplies the images of its sorrow, and sees, in a million far-off places, the woe which is close at hand?

Many steps above the Marchesa, and within the arch of the water-gate, stood, in full dress, the Satyr-like figure of Mentoni himself. He was occasionally occupied in thrumming a guitar, and seemed ennuied to the very death, as, at intervals, he gave directions for the recovery of his child.

Stupified, and bewildered, I had no power to move from the upright position I had assumed upon first hearing the shriek, and must have presented to the eyes of the agitated group a spectral and ominous appearance, as with my pale countenance and rigid limbs, I drifted down among them in that funeral gondola.

All efforts were in vain. Many of the most energetic in the search were relaxing their endeavours, and yielding to a gloomy sorrow. There seemed but little hope for the child—how much less then for the mother! But now, from the dark niche which has been before mentioned as forming part of the old Republican prison, and fronting the lattice of the Marchesa, a figure muffled in a cloak, stepped out within reach of the light, and pausing a moment upon the verge of the giddy height, plunged headlong into the canal. As in an instant afterwards he stood with the still living and breathing child within his grasp, upon the marble flagstones by the side of the Marchesa—his cloak heavy with the water, became unfastened, and falling in folds about his feet, discovered to the wonder-stricken spectators, the graceful person of a very young man, with whose name the greater part of Europe was then ringing.

No word spoke the stranger. But the Marchesa! She will now receive her child—she will press it to her heart. She will cling to its little form, and smother it with her caresses.—Alas! another's arms have taken it away, and borne it afar-off unnoticed into the palace. And the Marchesa! a tear is gathering into her eyes—those eyes which like Pfiny's own Acanthus, are "soft and almost liquid." Her lip—her beautiful lip trembles; the entire woman thrills throughout the soul, and the statue has started into life! The pallor of the marble countenance—the swelling of the marble bosom—the very purity of the marble feet, is suddenly flushed over with a tide of ungovernable crimson, and a slight shudder quivers about the entire frame, like a soft wind at Napoli, about the rich lilies in the grass.

Why should that lady blush? To this demand there is no answer, except that having left in the haste and terror of a mother's heart, the privacy of her own bureau, she has neglected to enthrall her feet in their tiny slippers, and utterly forgotten to throw over her Venitian shoulders that drapery which is their due. What other possible cause could there have been for her so blushing?—for the glance of those large appealing eyes?—for the unusual tumult of that throbbing bosom?—for the convulsive pressure of that trembling hand which fell, as Mentoni turned into the palace, accidentally, upon the hand of the stranger?—or for the low—the singularly low tone of those unmeaning words which the lady uttered, and departed? "Thou hast conquered," she said, or the murmurs of the water deceived me—"thou hast conquered, one hour after sun-rise—let it be."

The tumult had subsided—the lights had died away within the Piazza, and the stranger whom I now recognized, stood alone upon the flags. He shook with inconceivable agitation, and his eye glanced around in search of a gondola. I could do no less than offer him the service of my own; in a hurried manner he accepted my civility. An oar was obtained at the water-gate, and as we passed together to his residence, he rapidly recovered his self-possession, and spoke of our former slight acquaintance in terms of great apparent cordiality.

There are some subjects upon which I take pleasure in being minute. The person of the stranger—let me call him by that title, who to all the world was still a stranger—the person of the stranger is one of these subjects. In height, he might have been below rather than above the medium size; although there were moments of intense passion when his frame actually expanded, and belied the assertion. The light, almost

slender symmetry of his figure, promised more of that ready activity which he evinced at the Bridge of Sighs, than that of Herculean strength which he has been known to wield without an effort, upon occasions of more dangerous emergency. With the mouth and chin of a deity—a nose like those delicate creations of the mind to be found only in the medallions of the Hebrew, full eyes, whose shadows varied from pure hazel to intense and brilliant jet, and a profusion of glossy black hair, from which a forehead rather low than otherwise, gleamed forth, at intervals, all light and ivory. His were features than which I have seen none more classically regular, except perhaps the marble ones of the emperor Commodus.

Yet his countenance was nevertheless, one of those which all men have seen at some period of their lives, and have never afterwards seen again. It had no peculiar—I wish to be perfectly understood—no settled, predominant expression, to be fastened upon the memory; a countenance seen, and instantly forgotten—but forgotten with a vague, intense, and never-ceasing desire of recalling it to mind. Not that the spirit of each rapid passion failed, at any time to throw its own distinct image upon the mirror of that face; but that the mirror, mirror-like, retained no vestige of the passion when the passion had departed.

Upon parting from him on the night of our adventure, he solicited me in an urgent manner, to call upon him very early the next morning. Shortly after sunrise, I found myself accordingly at his Palazzo, one of those huge piles of gloomy, yet fantastic grandeur which tower above the waters of the Great Canal. I was shown up a broad winding stair-case of mosaics, into an apartment whose unparalleled splendour burst through the opening door with an actual glare, making me sick and dizzy with luxuriousness.

I knew my acquaintance to be wealthy. Report had spoken of his possessions in terms which I had even ventured to call terms of ridiculous exaggeration; but as I gazed about me, I could with difficulty bring myself to believe that the wealth of any subject in Europe could have supplied the far more than imperial magnificence which burned and blazed around.

Although as I say, the sun had risen, yet the room was still brilliantly lighted up, and I judged from this circumstance, as well as from an air of apparent exhaustion in the countenance of my friend, that he had not retired to bed during the whole of the preceding night.

In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident design was to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called "keeping," or to the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none; neither the "Grotesques" of the Greek painters, nor the sculptures of the best Italian days, nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt.

Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibrations of low melancholy music, whose unseen origin undoubtedly lay in the recesses of the red coral trellice-work which tapestried the ceiling. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes reeking up from strange Arabesque censers which seemed actually endued with a monstrous vitality as their particoloured fires writhed up and down, and around about their extravagant proportions. The rays of the rising sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single huge pane of crimson-tinted glass, and glancing to and fro in a thousand reflections from curtains which rolled from their cornices like streams of molten silver, mingled at length, fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering and subdued upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of gold.

Here then had the hand of genius been at work.—A wilderness—a chaos of beauty was before me; a

sense of dreamy and incoherent grandeur took possession of my soul, and I remained speechless.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the proprietor, pointing me to a seat, and throwing himself back upon an Ottoman. There was, I thought, a tincture of bitterness in the laugh, and I could not immediately reconcile myself to the *bienvenue* of so singular a welcome.

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!" continued he. "I see you are surprised at my apartment—my statues—my pictures—my originality of conception in architecture—in upholstery; absolutely drunk with my magnificence! Ha! ha! ha! pardon me; my dear sir, pardon me—I must laugh or die—perhaps both," continued he, after a pause. "Do you know, however," said he, musingly, "that at Sparta, which is now Palaochori—at Sparta, I say—to the west of the citadel, among the scarce visible ruins, is a kind of sose, upon which are still visible the letters ΑΑΣΜ. They are, I verily believe, part of ΓΕΑΣΜΑ. How many divinities had altars at Sparta, and how strange that that of Laughter should be found alone surviving! But just now, to be sure, I have no right to be surprized at your astonishment. Europe—the world, cannot rival this my regal cabinet. My other apartments, however, are mere matters of fact—ultras of fashionable insipidity. This is better than fashion—is it not? Yet this has but to be seen, to become the rage; that is to say, with those who could afford it at the expense of their entire patrimony. But I have guarded against any such profanation, with one exception"—(here the pallor of death rapidly overspread his countenance, and as rapidly passed away)—"with one exception; you are the only human being, besides myself, who has ever set foot within its imperial precincts."

I bowed in acknowledgment, for the unexpected eccentricity of his address and manner, had filled me with amazement, and I could not express in words my appreciation of what I might have construed into a compliment.

"Here," said he, arising and leaning upon my arm, as he sauntered around the apartment—"here are paintings of all ages, from the Greek painters to Cimabue, and from Cimabue to the present hour. Many are chosen, as you see, with little deference to the opinions of Vertu. Here too, are some *chef-d'œuvres* of the unknown great—and there, unfinished designs by men celebrated in their day, whose very names the perspicacity of the Academies has left to silence, and to me. What think you," said he, turning as he spoke—"what think you of this Madonna della Pieta?"

"It is Guido's own," I said, with all the enthusiasm of my nature; for I had been poring intently over its surpassing loveliness—"it is Guido's own—how could you have obtained it? She is undoubtedly in painting what the Venus is in sculpture!"

"Ha!" said he, thoughtfully—"the Venus!—the beautiful Venus!—the Venus of Venuses!—the Venus de Medicis!—the work of Cleomenes, the son of the Athenian! as much as it is the work of mine own hands!—part of the left arm, and all the right, are restorations; and in the coquetry of that right arm lies, I think, the quintessence of affectation. The Apollo too!—you spoke of the Apollo!—it is a copy; there can be no reasonable doubt of it. Sir, I will not bow to falsity, although begrimed with age—there is no inspiration in the boasted Apollo, and the Antinous is worth a dozen of it. After all, there is much in the saying of Socrates—that the statuary found his statue in the block of marble." Michel Angelo was not original in his couplet—

"Non ha l'ottimo artista aleu concetto
Chè un marmo solo in se non circunscriva."

It has been, or should be remarked, that in the man-

ner of the true gentleman, we are always aware of a difference from the bearing of the vulgar, without being able at once precisely to determine in what such difference consists. Allowing the remark to have applied in its full force to the outward demeanour of my friend, I felt it on that eventful morning, still more fully applicable to his moral temperament and character—nor could I better define that peculiarity of spirit which seemed to place him so essentially apart from all other human beings, than by calling it a habit of intense and continual thought, pervading even his most trivial actions, intruding upon his moments of dalliance, and interweaving itself into his very flashes of merriment, like the adders which writhe from out the eyes of the grinning masks in the cornices around the temples of Cybele.

I could not help, however, repeatedly observing, through the mingled tone of levity and solemnity with which he rapidly descanted on matters of little importance, a certain air of trepidation—a nervous inquietude of manner, which appeared to me unaccountable, and at times even filled me with alarm.

Frequently pausing in the middle of a sentence, whose commencement he had apparently forgotten, he seemed to be listening, in the deepest attention, as if either in expectation of a visitor, or to sounds which must have had existence in imagination alone.

It was during one of these apparent reveries, or pauses of abstraction that, in turning over a page of Politian's beautiful tragedy, the "Orfeo," which lay near me upon an Ottoman, I found a passage underlined in pencil. It is a passage near the conclusion of the third act—a passage of heart-stirring pathos—a passage which, divested of its impurity, no man could read without a thrill—no maiden without a sigh. The whole page was blotted with fresh tears, and upon the opposite interleaf were the following lines written, as I now write them, in English; but in a hand so very different from the peculiar and bold characters of my acquaintance, that I had difficulty in recognizing it as his own.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love—
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed round with wild flowers,
And all the flowers were mine!

But the dream—it could not last;
Young Hope! thou did'st arise
But to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries
"Onward!" while o'er the Past,
Dim Gulf!—my spirit hovering lies,
Mute—motionless—aghaast!

For alas!—alas!—with me
Ambition—all—is o'er;
"No more—no more—no more"—
(Such language holds the breaking sea
To the sands upon the shore.)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my hours are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances—
And where thy footstep gleams
In what ethereal dances,
By far Italian streams!

Alas! for that accursed time
They bore thee o'er the billow
From me—to titled age and crime,
And an unholy pillow—

From Love, and from our misty clime
Where weeps the silver willow!

That these lines were written in English, a language with which I did not believe their author acquainted, afforded me little matter for surprize. I was too well aware of the variety of his acquirements, as well as the strange pleasure he took in hiding them from the world, to be astonished at any similar discovery. But I must confess that the date of the M. S., appeared to me singular. It had been written "London," and afterwards carefully overscored; although not so effectually as to conceal the word from a scrutinizing eye. I repeat that this appeared to me singular—for I well remembered having asked him if he had ever met with, some person—I think, the Marchesa di Mentoni, who resided in England some years before her marriage—if he had, at any time, met with her in London; and his answer led me to understand that he had never visited Great Britain. I must here add that I have more than once heard, but, of course, never gave credit to a report involving so much improbability—that the person of whom I write, was not only by birth, but in education an Englishman.

"There is one painting," said he, turning to me with evident emotion, as I replaced the volume upon the Ottoman—"there is one painting which you have not seen," and throwing aside a drapery, he discovered a full length portrait of the Marchesa di Mentoni.

Human art could have done no more in the accurate delineation of her superhuman beauty. The same sylph-like figure which stood before me the preceding night, upon the steps of the Ducal palace, stood before me once again. But in the expression of her countenance, which was beaming all over with smiles, there still lurked that incomprehensible strain of melancholy which is, I do believe, inseparable from the perfection of the beautiful. On a scroll which lay at her feet were these words—"I am waiting but for thee." Her right arm was folded across her bosom, and with the left she pointed downwards to a curiously-fashioned vase. One small, fairy foot, alone visible, barely touched the earth—and, scarcely discernible in the brilliant atmosphere which seemed to encircle, and enshrine her loveliness, floated a pair of delicately-imagined silvery wings.

I glanced from the painting to the figure of my friend, and the powerful words of Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, quivered instinctively upon my lips—

— I am up
Here like a Roman statue—I will stand
Till death hath made me marble!

"Come," said he at length, approaching a table of massy silver, upon which were some beautifully dyed and enamelled goblets, together with two large Etruscan vases, filled with what I took to be Vin de Barac, and fashioned in the same extraordinary model as the vase in the foreground of the portrait.

"Come," he said abruptly, "let us drink—it is early; but let us drink. It is indeed early," he continued, as a cherub, with a heavy golden hammer, made the chamber ring with the first hour after sunrise—"it is indeed early; but what matters it—let us drink. Let us pour out, like true Persians, an offering to that solemn sun which these lamps and censers are struggling to overpower." Here having made me pledge him in a bumper, he swallowed in rapid succession, several goblets of the wine.

"To dream," continued he, resuming the tone of his desultory conversation, as he held up to the rich light of a censer one of the magnificent vases—"to dream has been the business of my life, and I have therefore decked out for myself, as you see, a Bower of Dreams. Here, in the heart of Venice, could I have erected a

better? You behold around you, it is true, a medley of architectural embellishments. The chastity of Ionia is offended by antediluvian devices, and the Sphinxes of Egypt are stretching upon cloth of gold. Yet the effect is incongruous to the timid alone. Proprieties of place, especially of time, are the bugbears which terrify mankind from the contemplation of the magnificent. Once I was myself a decorist, but that sublimation of folly has palled upon my soul. All this is now the fitter for my purpose. Like these Arabesque censers, my spirit is writhing in fire, and the whirling delirium of that land of real dreams whither I am rapidly departing."

Thus saying, he confessed the power of the wine, and threw himself, at full length, upon a *chaise-longue*. A quick step was now heard upon the stair-case, and a loud knock at the door rapidly succeeded. I hurried to anticipate a second disturbance, when a page of the Marchesa di Mentoni burst into the room, and, in a voice choking with emotion, faltered out the incoherent words, "my mistress!—Bianca!—poison!—horrible! horrible!"

Bewildered, I flew to the sleeper, and endeavoured to arouse him to a sense of the startling intelligence; but his lips were livid—his form was rigid—his beautiful eyes were riveted in death.

I staggered back towards the table—my hand fell upon a cracked and blackened goblet, and a consciousness of the entire and terrible truth, flashed suddenly over my soul.

Original.

MADAME DE SIMIANE.

THIS lady was ambitious of forming herself after the model of Madame de Sevigne, her grandmother; and seemed possessed of a character similar to her. Madame de Simiane was born in the year 1674; and as Pauline de Grignan, Madame de Sevigne describes her in the flower of youth to have been possessed of the most winning attractions, with a well cultivated understanding, and fertile imagination.

At the age of twenty-one, she married the Marquis of Simiane who had embraced a military life, and who obtained a regiment through the interest of Madame de Maintenon; in the year 1716, Madame de Simiane became a widow.

All who knew Madame de Sevigne were struck with the resemblance her grand daughter bore her; she also resembled her in disposition, and in that Epistolary style which distinguished the writings of her grandmother, and which would no doubt have been equally charming with the correspondence of Madame de Sevigne, had the times produced matter of equal interest; but the period at which Madame de Sevigne wrote, afforded all those little details, so eminently calculated to give a charm to letter writing. Madame de Simiane possessed in a high degree the talent of conversation, and the powers of pleasing. This lady has left to posterity, besides her letters, the most convincing proofs in her verses and detached pieces, that she was a woman of extraordinary talent, as well as virtue.

Had I a careful and pleasant companion, that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill; some are wont to have a looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.

Original.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

A VOICE of woe at the gates of Nain!
 A voice of woe and a funeral train;
 And many a lip is raising there
 The death-chant on the burthen'd air;
 And many a bursting tear is shed
 Above the bier of the early dead;
 And noiseless, voiceless, in despair,
 With wilder'd look, and frenzied air,
 A mourner stands, her tearless eye
 Is blank with grief's vacancy;
 While man's deep sob, and woman's wail
 Are mingling on the passing gale.
 But hark! the death-dirge! sad and slow
 In measur'd chaunt the accents ring,
 Hymning of death and mortal woe
 Above a deathless and immortal thing!

"Room, room for another guest!
 Room, room in thy marble courts, oh! death!
 For another fair young head;
 This lip but yesterday scorn'd thy breath,
 To-day take back the dead!"

"We have brought thee many a spoil!
 Thou hast bidden the fondest friends to part,
 Thou hast laid the strong man low,
 But thy chain ne'er bound a truer heart
 Than his we bring thee now.

"He was the widow's son!
 And which amid our dark-eyed youths,
 The stately and the brave,
 Can fill for her the place of him
 She follows to the grave.

"He was the lone one's stay!
 He waked the thoughts of days long past,
 Her trust in days to come;
 Of all her blighted hopes, the last,
 Goes with him to the tomb!"

"He was a mother's joy!
 And ah! whose smile shall now
 For her make glad the day,
 When o'er this bright young brow
 The valley's sod shall lay!"

But see! who stops that wailing band,
 With motion slight of eye and hand?
 It ceased—that song of deep despair
 Has died upon the stilly air;
 "Place ye the bier," in silent dread
 The wondering crowd their steps have staid,
 And hurrying hands the bier have lower'd,
 And the dead man lies before his Lord;
 And the mother's eye, in sorrow dim,
 Turns its bewilder'd gaze on Him;
 And again her grief is gushing wild,
 In torrents o'er her shrouded child.
 The summer air is breathing now
 Its freshness o'er his lifeless brow;
 And as it lifts the raven hair
 Whose dark locks thickly cluster there,
 Cold, white, and still, as marble shows
 Each feature in its deep repose;
 So heavenly calm, so still and fair.
 A faint smile yet is lingering there:
 As if the dreamer had forgot,
 In visions blest, his earthly lot,
 Nor thought on her whose tears are shed
 Like summer's rain-drops o'er his head.

But Jesus speaks, the crowd to hear,
 Are closer thronging round the bier:

"Weep not," he said, the mourner's eye
 Turned on him half reproachfully;
 Weep not!!! she stands beside the bier,
 Where slumbers all that made life dear—
 He should have power to break death's sleep
 Who bids that mourner not to weep—
 He has—he will—he bends o'er the bier,
 And whispers his call in that death-shut ear;
 And the spirit returns to the form it had fled,
 And the life-pulse beats in the heart of the dead,
 His loved voice rings in his mother's ear,
 That voice she hath panted again to hear;
 She meets those eyes whose gladdening ray,
 Can turn her age's night to day,
 They wear the same smile his childhood wore,
 Gone are the shades of death they bore,
 And the grave's damp dew from his brow are gone,
 The redeemed from death! her ransom'd son!
 Then burst from the lately sorrowing train,
 A shout of joy at the gates of Nain!

Original.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT star and beautiful, that far away,
 In the blue depths of ether, all day long
 Hath slept; awake! and pour thy silvery ray,
 Through the umbrageous wood-tops, where the
 song
 Of pensive night-bird, plaintive, sweet and low,
 Mingles its music with the rill's soft flow.

Awake! and where the bubbling fountain plays,
 Sprinkle it over with a thousand gems;
 Make crystal every dewy drop that lays
 On the blue violets bending on their stems,
 Before eve darkens into night, and throws,
 Her sable drapery over their repose.

Awake! and cheer the seaman, who apart
 From all he loves, o'er the lone deep must roam;
 Thy beams are holy to his lonely heart,
 For ere he left his lovely cottage home,
 His latest look, save that to Julia given,
 Was fix'd with hers, on thee, fair star of even.

Pensive the soldier, on the battle plain,
 Hails thy bright rising o'er yon distant tower;
 In fancy hears the gentle song again,
 His bride was wont to sing him in her bower.
 When on her lovely face, thy beams alone,
 Peering through clustering roses softly shone.

Thy dewy light, that through the leaves soft gleams,
 Brings a full quiet to the tranquil breast;
 Yet, though so calm, so throbless still it seems,
 Too full of feeling, too awake for rest.
 All, all are open, heart, and eye, and ear,
 Intensely to enjoy, to see, to hear.

Refulgent star! bright fancies, like a dream,
 Come down upon my spirit, while to thee,
 I lift my gaze, until I almost deem,
 It is a guardian angel's form, I see
 Embodied in thy beams, who from above,
 Watches benignly over those I love.

Visions like this, more evanescent still,
 Than thy short sojourn in the western sky,
 Wait not upon the longing spirit's will,
 But like a thing of wings, away must fly;
 While with a sense of feverish thirst the heart,
 Pants from its dull, cold prison-house to part.

Original.

THE CONDEMNED.

Who would have the veil that shadows things to come, withdrawn, and the secrets of futurity laid bare? Who would know the nature, or the amount of the sufferings he must endure—the hours of sorrow, of misery that probably await him?

Thoughts like these floated in the brain of Mrs. Manning, as waking from the sleep, by which a powerful opiate had subdued her delirium, she lay in the miserable, yet dreamy consciousness, that follows such oblivion. It was a stormy evening in the month of March; and she heard, without heeding the rain, as it beat against the casement, and the creaking and groaning of the trees, as the wind, in fierce and sifful gusts, swept through their naked branches. As apprehension grew more vivid, how congenial seemed the strife of elements without; for she felt that to her troubled soul, sunshine, or moonlight, would have seemed like cruel mockery. As she raised her head, to listen more distinctly to the tempest, her eye fell on her husband, sitting in deep reverie before the fire. So long and profound was his abstraction, so pallid his face, so changed his whole expression, that leaning her head on her hand, she regarded him with bewildering terror, half doubting his identity. "My poor husband," thought she, "what suffering has been there? I have found refuge in insensibility, while he has borne our grief: wild and tumultuous it must have been, and this is the terrible re-action." She would have spoken but she could not—she would have given the world for some sound, to break the dreadful stillness—when suddenly changing his attitude, he exclaimed—"How is it I have this power of endurance? I should have thought my brain would have reeled, my senses been locked in forgetfulness; would they were in death," he added, relapsing into gloomy silence. Their house was pleasantly lighted up that evening, and to a casual observer, looked like the home of joy; but desolation was in their bosoms; the light of hope had gone out; the world seemed a dreary prison-house, and mankind a universal foe. "Do you hear this terrible storm to-night, my dear," said Mrs. M——, half breathless with terror. "This terrible storm," said he, looking fixedly at her. "How think you it sounds to our poor Mary, as it beats against her prison walls? Merciful God!" added he, convulsively, "temper the wind to the shorn lamb—desert her not in her extremity," and he buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud; His almost fainting wife sought to offer consolation; but how could she impart it, who so much needed it herself—how speak hope to another, when her own heart was bursting with anguish? and she half articulated—"resignation."

"Resignation," said he, impatiently, as he rose and rapidly paced the room. "In such a calamity as this what source for resignation can be found, but in stupidity? Ah resigned—'tis a word often used. Resigned to sin, to shame, to crime, to the perpetuation of crime in its punishment; for look at it as we may, think of it as we will, what is an execution, but a legalized murder—the forcible taking of life—as if a law given to dwellers in tents, was binding on men who have prisons of stone."

Overcome by emotion, he leaned, pale and exhausted, against the mantel-piece. "Do you remember," at last, said he, in a low subdued tone; "how our poor girl, when she was no higher than my cane, used to come every morning, and kiss us till we awoke? Do you remember?"—"Spare, for mercy, spare such recollections," said Mrs. M——, who had sunk back exhausted; "I must think, and feel, and perhaps I

may have strength given me to bear it—but to hear you talk as you do, terrifies—kills me."—"I was merely going to ask, if you remembered how proud we were of her beauty?"—"I remember, and desire to remember, all my errors with regard to her, and to humble myself in the dust, and to pray that my sins may not be visited upon her in another world; for to this, I know she is lost."

Mr. Manning could admire the spirit, with which his amiable wife sought to meet this calamity, but he could not imitate it. This seemed one of those afflictions of rare occurrence, indeed, when resignation scarce seems a virtue. And no maxim so generally adopted by the world, is perhaps more fallacious, than that man is the maker of his own happiness or misery. The hermit in his cell, may make his mind his empire; but the happiness of a being connected with the world, is entirely beyond his control. Our affections are chains that bind us to states, from which we have neither the power nor the inclination to shake ourselves free, and which, after all, no doubt form the discipline, best fitted for our moral improvement, and ultimate destination.

Mr. Manning and his wife were persons of easy fortune, and respectable character, and not very far advanced in the downhill of life. They regarded their children, with a love that if not idolatry, was little less; and sacrificed their dearest happiness to a fancied good, when they sent their daughter from the paternal roof, and confided her to the care of strangers. Their confidence was not perhaps misplaced; but who will watch with a mother's tenderness and a mother's care? They saw her from time to time, and with her personal beauty, and winning affectionate ways, she seemed to their partial eyes, like a faultless being. And of intentional evil she was wholly guiltless. But her heart was wayward; her imagination unbridled; her fancy dazzled by the admiration excited by her beauty, and her mind, undisciplined by thought and reflection, wholly incapable of estimating such admiration at its proper value. She was continually in a state, of all others, the most unfavourable to the formation of character—*excitement*. No matter of what kind it may be, its effect is the same; impatience of restraint, unfitness for application of any kind, dissipation of thought and of time. In such a state, imagination is active, and judgment sleeps. The romance of her nature, thus deepened by the circumstances of her life, she exulted in the admiration of many, while the secret treasure of her heart was the fervent whispered love of one.

To the really striking external appearance of this one, she, in the true spirit of romance, added every moral and mental perfection, of which she could form an idea. Wrapped in love's young dream, repeated evidences of an exacting spirit, and of deep-rooted selfishness, were to her, as though they had never been. Blinded by his apparently impassioned devotion, she forgot that the hours which he daily and idly gave to her, must be at the expense of study, or business, or of some unheeded call of active duty.

Happy, had she some kind friend, to gently strip life of some of the illusions with which her fancy invested it; to bring forward, from the dim perspective of her disordered vision, its avenues to woe, and its sad realities; to unveil the heart of man, and show her that love in him was but one, among nameless passions, countless desires, and high aspirations. To show her how rare in him, was the all engrossing love she looked for; how utterly incompatible with his active

pursuits in life, and when found, if lasting, how totally destructive to his energy of soul. She had no such friend, and she turned from the offered love of one, whom she knew, and might have trusted, to the meteor-like passion of one, almost a stranger, and with whose principles and character she was wholly unacquainted.

How difficult for the parents to understand the secret and treasured fault of the child; how, if possible, without continued intercourse, and unbroken confidence; and how next to impossible to keep this confidence unimpaired, while exercising a proper censorship, and a just restraint.

Mr. Manning was a man of great pride, and violent passions; a being of impulse; and like all such, rash and impetuous. When first awakened from his fancied security, by information of his daughter's infatuated and misplaced attachment, he wrote her a passionate letter, upbraiding her for her deceit, and informing her of the day when he should be in L—, to bring her home. Mary trembled over her father's letter—a few hours after she met her lover, and to leave him was impossible. His personal appearance, his dress, and his manner, were precisely such, as are best calculated to captivate a weak minded girl.

Yet Miss Manning was not weak. She had the germ of all that was excellent, in her nature. Her misfortune was, that she was brought within such an influence, before the qualities of her mind had opportunity for development. She had surrendered herself to the guidance of one, who was more to her than her father; and he was one of those spirits, who grow more determined in proportion to the obstacles that thwart their schemes; no matter whether for good or evil. He hurried on the preparations for their marriage, and profuse and ostentatious in his habits, and accustomed to live by expedients, he was yet as lavish in show and decoration, as if he drew upon the public revenue for his supplies. Mr. Manning's letter but accelerated his plans; and when he arrived, the frightened, yet happy girl, placed in his hands the certificate of her marriage, and threw herself at his feet.

Mr. Manning sat with his eyes riveted on the paper, silent as death; wholly overpowered by the nature of this unexpected calamity. "Are you aware," at last, said he, "that you have given yourself to a villain?" "O no, father; to me, he is the best, the fondest, the most affectionate."—"Very possible; you may be the whim of the moment; but if half I have heard of him be true, he is wholly incapable of sincere and honourable affection."—"See him, dear father, and judge for yourself."—"I have no wish to see him; neither with my present feelings, would it be safe. But what is the meaning of these corded trunks, and boxes," said he, his eye glancing round the room; "a wedding journey, or was you going to make your parents a bridal visit?" Tears of wounded pride, and mortified feeling, gushed from the poor girl's eyes; for the question was asked with a sneer, that seemed the very overflow of mortification and anger. "Dry your tears, my child," said he, much moved, "I cannot see them; forgive me," continued he, "and now let me know the object of these preparations." Chilled by her father's manner, and secretly apprehensive that all was not right with her husband, she replied coldly, and with some hesitation, "That they were to leave L— in the evening; it was rather sudden, but Frederic's business was urgent; she could not tell precisely, where would be their destination, perhaps to South America, where some of his estates lie."—"God grant me patience; can such credulity exist with common sense? My poor deceived child," continued he, seating himself and taking her in his arms; "and you will leave your parents; and follow this mere adventurer, from St. Lawrence (for there was Mr. Manning's location,) to South America, or wherever else he may find

it convenient to belong? Say you will go home with me to your mother, my loved child," said he, folding her to his bosom; "say you will go."—"Most willingly, most gladly, if my husband may go with me."—"I do not think it would be safe for him to remain in this vicinity. I had an intimation to that effect, when I was first informed of your ill-fated attachment to him. But no doubt, he calculated on my influence and wealth, to carry him through his difficulties."—"He did indeed say to-day," said she despondingly, "that no consideration would detain him here another day; but forgive me, dear father, I must go with him."—"You are lost to us, Mary," said he, releasing her from his arms. She hung upon his neck, in an agony of tears. "But you will give me your forgiveness, your kind wishes?"—"I have no power to withhold them, but what will they avail?—yet think again, you have still time to choose between us." The choice was made; and he did not again seek to alter her determination. He returned her the certificate of her marriage with a strict charge to keep it safe; and taking out his pocket-book, gave her a large sum of money. "I will not have you wholly dependant upon him now; and remember," said he, embracing her for the last time, "that your father's house and heart will be ever open to you." He did not trust himself with another word, another look; but left her with sad presentiments as to her fate.

The two years succeeding Mary's marriage were, to her, years of rapid and eventful vicissitude—to her parents, of mournful regret, and sickening apprehension. They had, at uncertain intervals, received letters from her, dated at widely distant places—one from Charlestown and one from New Orleans. Her letters indicated great improvement in her powers of mind; but of her mode of life, or of the feelings of her heart, they were wholly ignorant.

The day before the commencement of our narrative, Mrs. Manning had a letter placed in her hands. She saw by the post-mark, it was from one of the United States; but let me forbear descriptions, localities and dates, for it is of distressing realities we write. She read a few lines, and fell, as if struck by a flash from heaven. While they hung over her lifeless form, Mr. Manning read the fatal contents.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—How shall I tell you, what for days, I have been struggling for strength to write; how tell you of the cruel and utter abandonment of him whom I loved and trusted; of my deep and hopeless misery; and can I live to write it, of my terrible fate. May God give you strength to bear it, and cast me not off, for I am innocent; but your poor Mary is the condemned *murderess* of her child. Yet, believe me, mother, I am innocent, and the consciousness that I am so, enables me at times to look death in the face, as he approaches near. At this moment I feel for you, more than for myself; and would have gone down to my ignominious grave in silence, could I have hoped you would have remained ignorant of my fate. So I feel now; yet, at other times, the terrors of death are indeed upon me. My senses have grown painfully acute; I shrink in agony at sight of a stranger, and tremble at an approaching footstep, as if sure that it brought the warrant for my death. Yet the deep silence of my cell is even more insupportable. The wearisome night is consumed in one long thought of the scaffold—the scaffold, on which I am so soon to stand. It is forever before me. When I prostrate myself in prayer, it rises between me and God. When I sink into a feverish slumber, I stand upon it, a spectacle of shame to the gazing crowd. I feel the horrid pressure of the cord upon my neck—and *mother—father—pity me; I spring from my wretched bed, with a convulsive scream, that rings in my ears for the rest of the night, and fills me with shuddering terror. And in such a state, I am to prepare for my great account.*

O! if they believe me guilty, how can they cut short my days of repentance—how take from me my chance of forgiveness. If they would but let me live, if they would but leave me the gift of God, till He recalled it—if they would but leave me to wait my appointed time, unknowing when it would come, though in a cell far more miserable than this, I could possess my soul in tranquillity, and days of thanksgiving, of penitence and prayer, might fit me for the presence of my judge. Yet let me be thankful, that my soul, like that of thousands, is not in reality, to seek its home, fresh from a crime of such deadly dye, as that of which I am accused. Dreadful to make the tomb, the gate of despair—to hurry the soul steeped in guilt, into the presence of its creator.

Forgive me for distressing you; but if I said any thing, I could say no less; and now for my last request. Will you and my dear father come to this place of shame, and see, for the last time, your miserable child? God forbid you should be here when they take me out—no, that I could not endure. But if I could once more be folded in your arms—once lay my throbbing head on your bosoms, and hear your beloved voices assure me that you forgive all my errors, and that you believe me guiltless of crime, I think, I hope, I could then say, thy will be done. My brother is already here; poor George, had I known he was so near me—he read the report of my trial, and owned to me—I cannot, bear to write it, he was exulting in the conviction of the murderer, when his eye was arrested by the description of my person. You, my dear parents, may have read it too, without dreaming of your poor child, for I was indicted and tried by my husband's real name, which I assumed and kept through all changes. I have written myself into perfect calmness, almost to insensibility. How our passions wear themselves out; in my case, unhappily, but too soon renewed. There are times when I am indifferent to every thing, to life, to fame, to heaven and its hopes; for the highest wish I am then capable of forming is to be at rest. I am faint and weary; on my knees I bless you, and pray God that you may be supported in the misery I have brought upon you."

Ah! had the most vindictive avenger of blood been there; had he seen the ravages a few hours wrought on these stricken parents—heard the terrific cries, the frantic shriek of the mother, as waking from a death-like swoon to wild delirium, she fancied the final scene was come—seen the sweat roll from the brow of the agonised father, as with convulsive, yet ineffectual effort, he sought to suppress the groans that burst from his inmost soul, of "the scaffold—the scaffold—any thing but that—would to God I could stand there for thee, my child, my child!" Had he seen all this, his stern purpose would surely have relented, had it rested with him, he would have bid the doomed one live. The doubt would have pressed itself home upon his soul, whether the *uncertain good*, in the exaction of blood for blood, could balance its wide spread desolating ruin. He would have said, "not for me, not for me, to swell the cup of their misery, already overflowing; not for me, to trample them to the earth, forgetful that we are the children of one common Father, and of the precept of our common Master, that enjoins us to seek the welfare of a brother as our own."

Swiftly, yet heavily, the hours rolled on to the imprisoned Mary. She had written to her parents; that distressing duty was done. She had given the treasurer's certificate of her marriage to her brother, in the hope of exciting some interest for her life. She had retained it as long as she dared, anxious that Frederic, whom her soul revolted from bringing forward in this unhappy affair, should leave the country. She sat gloomily in her cell, when her brother, with a quick step, and a cheerful air, (unwonted sight), entered.—"What is it George? speak quick," said she breath-

lessly. "All goes well my love; I have strong hopes for your life—circumstances much in your favour." "What circumstances?" inquired she anxiously. "I have not time to tell them all; but rally yourself, do not look so deadly pale—see here," said he, unrolling the petition for her life—"these names were set down the instant I showed the certificate of your marriage; I have no patience with you," said he impetuously, "that you did not produce it sooner." "I did not know it could do any good," said she faintly.

He looked at her with a scrutinizing eye. "I think, I think I understand you," said he almost sternly, "and from my soul I pity, though I cannot comprehend such weakness. You was afraid it might lead to some investigation." She sighed heavily. "I however did not spare him," he continued, highly excited. "His perfidy, his desertion, your sufferings in your unprotected state—believe me, I made good use of every circumstance I had ever wrung from you." She was still silent. "It is rumoured that he is still in the country—I suppose you do not know?" inquired he, looking earnestly at her. "How should I George? but do not talk about him."—"It shall be my care to find him out, the moment I can leave you in safety." "Safety is a strange word in my ear," said she mournfully.—"It shall be no longer so. The Governor is a humane, feeling man, and those who know him best, say he will be glad of such an excuse to be merciful, as these representations and names afford him. I feel quite confident of your life—of your liberty, I have doubts. There is a mystery in that transaction—if I could but unravel it." "Do not seek to," said she, with a beseeching, alarmed look—"do not. Let a veil for ever rest upon it; I do not want my liberty," said she rapidly. "What is the world to me now!"—"Not even wish for liberty?" said he incredulously. "No," said she, almost coldly—"convicted—the tenant of a condemned cell. Where would be my place in the world? If the state does not find me a prison," continued she gloomily, "I shall find one for myself. If you and my parents believe me innocent, it is enough." "At this moment I half doubt it myself. What words you have just uttered—yet shrink from the scrutiny that if innocent, would prove you so. You paralyze my efforts to serve you, Mary,—how can I impress another with the belief of your innocence, when I secretly waver myself?" "I shall not wish even for life, George, if you begin to suspect me." The tears swam in his eyes as he looked on her quivering lips and pale cheek. "I do not my love—I will not," said he hastily; "do not look so miserable. But I must leave you now," said he, affectionately kissing her. "I have no time to lose." She listened to his retreating footsteps. "So it ever is with me," sighed she. "The birth of one hope, is the destruction of another. Why cannot I be willing to lay down my aching head, and be at rest?"

Rather late in the evening, after George's departure, the jailer came into her cell, to know whether she would see a gentleman who was very urgent to be admitted. She knew at once it was her father. "Let him come," said she; "but how can I see him?" She threw herself on the floor, and buried her face in her bed. His step sounded along the passage—her heart died within her, as he came into her cell, and stood in silence by her side. She heard the rustling of his cloak—she almost felt his breath. "Speak to me father," she at last articulated. "I cannot look up to you, till I hear your voice."—Still he spoke not. "But one word father—call me Mary." The name was spoken, in a deep low tone. She started to her feet as if stung by an adder; all humility was gone, as drawing herself up to her full height, and retreating from him, she exclaimed, "Cruel—ungrateful—you know your voice is a terror to me; even the thought of seeing you here, almost death—and yet you haunt

me like my evil spirit. "This is the first time," said he in a suppressed voice, "that I have intruded myself upon you." "Yes, for I heard your voice, and refused you."—"Yet I came in kindness." "Ah Frederic, you withheld that kindness when it would have been prized by me, beyond all the world can give, and what will it avail me now?" "Much, if you will trust to me." "When did I ever trust to you, that you did not deceive me? The last time I saw you, how earnestly, how passionately I prayed that you would go far away, where I might never see you more, and how solemnly you promised me." "How could I go, and leave you in such peril." "I tell you once for all, that your solicitude now, seems like insult added to injury. Some mysterious fate surely detains you here; some strange infatuation is upon you, or you would not dare trust yourself with me. You know not what thoughts have been in my heart—what words have hovered on my lips. I tell you I distrust myself, and at the last, should all hope desert me, I do believe the dreadful ax-wail will burst forth. Fly then, I beseech you, beyond the reach of the consequences.—God forbid that I should see you what I am! I have heard of a woman," continued she in a low tone of horror, "who saved her life, by throwing her children one by one to the famished wolves that followed her. Desperation may turn me to stone." There was a pause of deep silence. "You say if all hope deserts you at last," resumed he. "Have you any hope?" "O yes," said she, bursting into a passion of tears, "of life, but not of liberty. Poor George, how different is his love from yours, is doing every thing for me. I thought myself dead to human feelings and hopes; but none can know how dear to the soul is human sympathy, till like me, they find it where they thought it utterly lost." "Is there then much feeling in your favour?" "Yes, and now you are here, answer me, for a horrible doubt has sometimes assailed me—am I your wife? or was the marriage I thought so sacred, a mere pretence?" "Most truly, most honorably."—"Thank heaven for that—and yet how easily you cast me off—how cruelly abandoned me to reproach and shame." "Circumstances mastered me, my dear; but talk of the future—not of the past." "Yes, my name of wife, stood between you and an alliance that would have given you consequence, patronage, and wealth, and no principle, no feeling of pity for my wretchedness restrained you. I heard it all in the miserable abode in which you left me. I heard of you, by your assumed name in B—; of your gaiety, your expenses, your notoriety, and I tried to be resigned and patient. I considered it the fitting retribution for my deceit and ingratitude to the best of parents—the natural consequences of my weak vanity, and senseless love of admiration. I should have returned to my parents; but hope never deserted me till that dreadful morning after the birth of my child, when you appeared like a spectre before me. How dare you come into my presence!" continued she, a momentary fierceness flashing in her face, "knowing what I know. What hinders me," (she went on with increasing passion,) "from this moment"—"You will not Mary; I came here to save you," said he soothingly, alarmed at her burning cheek and sparkling eye. "No, I will not," said she, suddenly softening—"you know me well. I have lived for you, suffered for you, and at the last and worst, I can but die for you." "Listen to me now," said he earnestly—"had you attended to the suggestions I caused to be conveyed to you before your trial, you would have been now at liberty. I could not personally interfere; concealment once begun, must be continued. No one here suspected that I had ever seen you. But why did you not exert yourself to prepare for your trial?" "My mind was all gone. I was so wholly unconscious of any thing like guilt, and so ignorant of the force of circumstantial evidence, that

I could not comprehend my danger. I had no confidence neither in your suggestions, and of what was you made," continued she, (exciting recollections flashing on her mind,) "that you could bear to hear my trial." "I could not stay away." "I marked you when you entered. You little know the danger you was in—for the sight of you woke a demon in my soul. Your dress, your air, the company you was in, your presence on that spot, all seemed premeditated insult. My heart was wrapped in fire—my nerves were braced like iron, and I had just leaped forward to make myself heard, when you cast one look on the poor criminal in her box, so full of pity, and I thought of tenderness, that I sunk back subdued, and felt with bitterness and shame, that where I had once loved, I must still love on." "Calm your agitation, Mary," said he, much affected—"I will save you at all events, and if you love me so, you may yet be happy." "Never, never," said she as she paced her cell almost wildly; "I watched you through that day, with a bursting heart, and would have given worlds for one answering glance—yet shaded my eyes with my hand, dreading lest a look, might bring suspicion upon you. I was so abstracted at times, that I fancied myself again in my miserable hovel—my infant in my arms. I heard you again make that degrading proposal, that never man but yourself made, that I would destroy the certificate of my marriage: be contented with your love, while another possessed the name of wife. I pressed my hands convulsively on my bosom, as I said almost audibly, never for this infant's sake. I heard again the tone of fierce passion, with which you said, "if this then is the cause," and I shrieked aloud, (they called it the terror of guilt, as I thought you ore it from my arms.) "For God's sake stop—you are going wild; you will be overheard," said he in a low oppressive tone, "and will bring upon me the ruin you dread." Terrified into calmness, she threw a startled inquiring look round the cell, and sunk upon her chair in silence.

After an interval of deep silence, he said, "I am prepared to leave this country, for South America. I can effect your escape and take you with me—that is, if you will be calm and comply with me." "I go with you, did you say?" "Certainly—'s not life dear to you?" "Dear to me—but I told you there was almost a certainty that my sentence will be changed to imprisonment." "But would you not rather go with me?" "Frederic," said she, with a deep sigh, "you know I could have followed you over the world—vice, unkindness, neglect, all had been forgiven and forgotten, as soon as abandoned; but now, how can I? To be with you daily—eat at the same table—lay my head on the same pillow: one horrible thought forever, with me—it would poison every moment of my life." "Name it not again," said he impatiently; "it was repeated before it was done." "Yet it was done, and the thought that it was, would haunt me forever. Even now, at times, concealment weighs on me like sin. No, dear as life is, I could not live with you. Yet," continued she, musing, "had you come last night, when I had no hope to escape the dreadful alternative that awaited me, I should have braved even such a fate, and have gone with you. My hopes grow strong for myself—yet I dread that my safety will be the signal for your destruction." "What does your brother say of me?" "Every thing that the bitterest feeling can suggest. He has no suspicion of where you live, nor of your present name—yet his slightest allusion to you, fills me with a nameless dread of what may follow. Why will you not go this instant? leave the country forever," said she imploringly. "I cannot draw my breath with ease till the sea rolls between us.

"Then be it so," said he rising, and folding his cloak about him. "You have suffered enough for me. The situation of my affairs is not bad; my present standing in society, most men would think enviable;

yet I will give it up without an effort to retain it, and place, as you say, the sea betwixt us; but I will first ensure not merely your life, but your liberty." "My life, I am confident, is already secure—my liberty you cannot gain, but by implicating yourself, and I tell you it would be worthless to me, at that price. Promise me that you will not." A half smile played on his dark features. "I will not—that is, if I find your confidence well founded. Then, at least I shall not be haunted through life, with the thought of your death." "Selfish to the last," she murmured; "but no matter." "And now Mary, farewell." He held out his hand; she folded hers upon her bosom. "At least say you forgive me." "I do forgive you," said she, the tears streaming down her pale cheeks, "as I hope to be forgiven." "And you will think of me without hatred?" "With the deepest anxiety, and with the hope, if my life is spared, that my continued prayers for you, may not be altogether unavailing. I do not ask you to remember me in prosperity and pleasure—in adversity and sorrow you cannot forget me." "I will remember you," said he, for the first time trembling with emotion, "as one whose love passed the love of woman, and I will never seek it in another. Farewell."—"May heaven forgive you—may God be with you." He paused a moment at her cell-door, and looked back. She had thrown herself on her knees. "Injured being; I will not again disturb her," said he, and with a cloud upon his brain, and a weight upon his heart, he silently glided down the passage. "I have seen her for the last time—the last time," said he to himself, as the harsh and grating sound of the prison bolts died upon his ears. As he emerged into the open air, he drew his breath long and deep, and uncovered his head, that the chill evening wind might play upon his burning forehead. He looked to the moon, as if her dim shorn beams, as she struggled through masses of clouds, could impart light to his clouded spirit. He looked to the stars, but their pure, and placid, and eternal beauty, seemed only to render more visible the darkness within. He fixed his eye on one star on which from childhood he had delighted to look, with a dim and shadowy consciousness that *there* was his origin, and *there* his ultimate home—it met his gaze like a dull pale spot of blood. "I am of the earth, and with the things of earth, must be my communion," and turning, he passed quickly down the almost deserted street, and was lost in darkness.

The next night found him in an elegant apartment of a fashionable hotel in B. It was midnight—he had just returned from an evening party; lights and music, and the gay and inspiring presence of youth and beauty, had charmed to rest recollections, over which this victim of vice had, during the day, mused, and almost maddened.

"I have been *there too*, for the last time," said he, throwing himself into a chair, and fixing his eyes on the still glowing embers. "How could I go there at all, and when there, how could I catch the spirit of the crowd? Poor Mary, which of all the light-hearted beauties that smiled on me to-night, dreamt of my visit so late, to thy miserable cell? Ah! and how much *less* would they have smiled," continued he contemptuously, "had they known all—even all, except the legal tie that binds us. There is H—, and G—, and W—, weighed by a strict morality—their offences, every one of them, are as great as mine—not so tragical in their end perhaps; but equally wretched and revolting. Even *my* imperfect morality, tells me they ought to be spurned from society; but the gilding of their vices, conceals their deformity, and my chance is as good as theirs, so long as I can manage to keep up the exterior of a gentleman." But he mused on, pursuing the train of thoughts thus awakened. "*Woman* is what *man* has made her—a being of usages and customs. He has kept her in ignorance of her own

power; he has taught her to see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and to be, while sufficiently severe in judgment on herself, lenient and forgiving to the vices in *him*, on which she *should* have with the deepest abhorrence."

These reflections it must be remembered, were made near forty years ago, and we say of them as the Bramins do of the paradoxes in their sacred books, let them in their application, be referred solely to a former age.

"But to my task," said Frederic, rising, and seating himself at his table. "I will not be that monster in nature, a perfect villain. I will provide for thy safety, Mary, and one secret spot in my soul shall be sacred to thy memory. With the morning's dawn, every trace of me will vanish. I will leave to infamy a name I will never again bear, and go where fortune guides me." With a firm and steady hand, he wrote a few lines to the Governor of —, stating in brief terms, the case of the unhappy being, in whose behalf he would soon be solicited for a pardon, acknowledging himself her husband, and avowing that he was the real perpetrator of the crime, half in accident—half in anger. It was too frail to stand the rude grasp with which he snatched it from its mother's arms; "but in my soul," he went on, "I do not feel that I am a murderer. Yet my wife I know considers me one, and she has from affection to me, hitherto concealed it. My sudden flight from B. will be considered evidence of guilt—it is indeed the consequence of my acknowledgment. It is of little consequence what becomes of me; but at all events, save the innocent."—He signed, sealed and superscribed the letter, placed it in his bosom, then threw himself on the bed, and sank into a profound slumber. In the morning he was gone, and had left no clue to his retreat.

Early in the morning ten days after the date of Frederic's letter, a fine young man, drenched with the rain that had fallen the preceding night, and soiled with the mud that flew at every bound of his horse's feet, rode rapidly through the village of S.

"Who can he be? He rides as if life or death were on his errand." Hope and confidence seemed struggling with anxiety and alarm in his countenance; suddenly curbing his powerful horse, he inquired the state of the river. "Is it passable since this heavy rain?"

"No sir,—it rose so rapidly, that every skiff and canoe is swept away."

"My horse is a good swimmer. Cannot he manage it?"

"Impossible! timber and logs are every moment floating over the dam."

"Then I must make for the bridge further down;" and turning his horse, he rode hastily onward. He gained the bridge—it that moment went down—it slid from its foundations before his eyes, and he gazed for an instant, half stupified upon its floating ruins. He covered his eyes with his hands, and looked again as if his harassed senses had misled him. Nothing remained but the stone piers, resisting the floating ruins that accumulated round them, and dashing back the waves into a raging foam. Horror struck, he comprehended at a glance the entire ruin. He laid the reins upon his horse's neck in mute and perfect helplessness. "We are a doomed family—even the elements are against us." Then with the restlessness of misery, he retraced his steps, even in the water's edge, looking wistfully, but vainly, for some spot where he might attempt a passage. In this way he reached the little landing place of S. It was an early hour in the morning; yet many of the villagers were out, gazing upon their rivulet thus swollen during a single night into a mighty stream. They enjoyed the spectacle; for to them it deferred no hope.

"I must pass this stream," said he, throwing him-

self from his horse. "I suppose one spot is as safe as another."

"Make yourself easy young man till the water falls," said a man advancing from the group; the same of whom he had an hour before inquired the state of the water. He grasped the hand held out to him convulsively; but could not speak.

"Let us know what is the matter my young friend. Perhaps we can assist you."

With forced momentary calmness, he said, "My sister is condemned to death. This day at noon she will stand upon her scaffold. I have her free pardon; but you see the river. Pity me—help me, my friends; think for me," giving way to child-like passion—"I cannot think for myself."

All was confusion in S. that morning. The houses were literally emptied of their inhabitants, who flocked to the river side to see, and assist if they could, the afflicted stranger. Call it not curiosity, or excitement, or the vulgar love of the wonderful. It was the pure spontaneous sympathy of nature. They began lashing logs for a raft, and splicing strong ropes to fasten round his body, and, care dearer than all, they inclosed the pardon in a water-proof envelope. They fed and rubbed the paining horse; and they would have poured oil and wine into the master's wounds, but they were beyond their reach. Manning during these brief preparations, stood by the water in the most cruel suspense. He held his watch in his hand, counting the seconds as the minute-hand went past. "Tis madness to attempt it—death if I defer it." He threw an agonized look upon the sun now rising. "O for the power that of old staid its course." He looked despairingly upon the water—no hand for him rolled back their waves.

The attention of the group was now drawn to a gathering of people round a gentleman on the opposite bank.

"Our old white horse," said George incredulously, "even he could not stay at home, in this family mourning." The mist now rolled away.

"My father, as I live." He sprang upon a log, and shouted "father," so loud, he was heard above the waters—"father shall I dare it?"

No sound brought back an answer; but he knew he was understood. He took out the envelope that contained the pardon and held it high in the air. They saw the father's hands raised to heaven—his head thrown back—his hat fell off, and they saw his hair, bleached by short misery, to the hue of age. Mr. Manning was in ordinary cases, half religious and half sceptical. Yet now his soul wrought up by overwhelming emotion above the shackles of the senses, flew at once to heaven—at once, and with no reserve, acknowledged its dependence on its Maker.—So it ever is. In such cases, my Father, my God, springs instinctively to the lips—an unfailing sign and a sure evidence of the "divinity that stirs within."

George watched his father's motions, and his irresolution inspired him with sudden energy. "It is cruel," he said to the anxious bystanders, "to ask him to decide. My horse is a trained swimmer," and I will try it."

At the water's edge he looked round. "God bless you—if I live, I will come back to thank you." The crowd scarcely breathed as he waded into the water. They saw him begin to swim; and, never let human nature be libelled—as the danger seemed to increase, they manned the slight raft, and ventured after him. His father looked on with straining eyes and beating heart.

"Get him a fresh horse for God's sake—if he gets through, he will never do to go on."

For a time, it seemed as if some unseen hand cleared the way before him. The horse swam as if in his element, and the rider fixing his eye on one promi-

nent object on the opposite bank, sat firm, and apparently fearless of danger. A cry from the spectator first warned him that an uprooted tree was floating rapidly towards him. For a moment his heart sunk; but the horse, as it smeed, aware of the danger, and nerved by desperation, made mighty efforts, and cleared its course at a rapid rate. But it came rapidly on—The chance for clearing it, seemed gone. The spectators looked on in silent terror, as if fearful that a sound would precipitate the danger, and the agonized father sunk upon the ground, and covered his eyes to shut out the horrid spectacle. A moment after he looked, the tree had gone down, and the horse was "struggling like a strong swimmer in his agony," past its track, but on the very edge of its current. He looked again—he had cleared it, and was in comparatively calm water—another glance, and the paining animal sunk upon the wet sand, as George leaped upon the bank. Another instant, and he was on horseback, the water pouring from his clothes, but insensible to chill or languor. He exchanged one word with his father, and rode swiftly onward.

It wanted but one half hour to the dreaded noon; and Mary half wild with terror, stood at the window that overlooked the road. She had watched incessantly from the earliest dawn of morning.

"Do not," she said to the Sheriff, "take me on the scaffold—the pardon will certainly come. My father went out to meet him last night; it was the rain detained him; but he will certainly come."

Indeed, since Frederic's visit, she had felt perfectly secure of life, and was still confident that her brother would arrive in time. The Sheriff was by no means so sanguine; he had seen the termination of many such hopes, and in his heart believed she would be disappointed. The scaffold was erected near the prison-yard, and an immense crowd already surrounded it.

Of how many generations past, have the sympathies and sensibilities been deadened by spectacles like this! And in how many to come, will the sense of the sacredness of human life, be impaired by its constantly recurring public violation?

"I cannot see him," said she to the Sheriff, as he entered her cell for the last time. "Look and see if you cannot. I told him to tie a white handkerchief round his hat, that I might know him when he first came in sight."

He did as she suggested.—"I see nothing. But the crowd below are clamorous and excited, and begin to call loudly for the prisoner."

"Horrid wretches, to feast on my agony!"

"You must go—I dare defer it no longer." She sprang wildly from him to the farthest corner of her cell.

"I cannot—will not go," cried she, clinging to the wall. "I know he will be here—I know he will. God grant me time."

"But the time will not be shortened by going on the scaffold, and it will appease the crowd."

She turned from him shuddering. She wrung her hands, and beat her head against the wall.

"How little I thought when my father left me, I should come to this. Thank God mother is not here to see me. But look again," said she imploringly and passionately. "Let me look—he will be here if you will give me time," cried she convulsively, and springing to the window.

He could not tell her her hope was vain; but he said, "Your brother can find you there, as well as here; I will give you to the last moment; but you must now go."

He placed his hand upon her arm, and she again sprang from him like lightning. She raved in the wildest desperation, declaring she would not go—then throwing herself at his feet, she bathed his hands with her tears, and with broken sobs and cries, implored

his mercy. Affected and distressed beyond measure, he seized the first moments of calmness that followed this storm of passion.

"Mary—I am an officer of the government, and must do my duty. I have done all that I could for you, and you do not wish to bring me into trouble."

"O no."

"Then go with me now. Where you will stand, you will see the road farther than you can here; and if he does not come, you shall yourself give the signal." She flew again to the window; but sighed hopelessly as she turned away.

"Well, if I must—but you will give me time?"

"To the very last, and more."

"And you will not pinion or blind me," said she—a cold shudder creeping over her.

"If I can do without."—At her cell-door she stooped, and turned deadly pale. He took out his watch.

"I will put back the hands that you may be sure."

"God bless you for that. Will you? Now I will go."

"Remember, you are yourself to give the signal."

And at the hour of noon, she stood upon the platform.

With every faculty and sense concentrated in sight, she stood and fixed her eyes on the spot where the herald of hope was to appear. She heeded not the cord upon her neck—she saw not the crowd—she heard not the sacred service—knew not that it had ceased; that there was an interval of deep silence, of dreadful expectation. Her straining eyes now caught a glimpse of an object moving in the distance. It came nearer. Her eyelids were seen to fall once, as if to clear her vision. It was a horseman—nearer still; she saw the white token streaming from his hat. It was he.—O transport; she was safe. She raised her hands to heaven, and fainted.

The sheriff saw her raised hands. It was to him, the long delayed signal. He saw she had fainted, and anxious to save her the horror of awaking, unpinioned, unblinded, he let the drop fall. Three minutes more, and the horseman who had pressed his way through the crowd that gave way on either side, bounded into the area, and the rider with blood bursting from his lips, fell senseless at the scaffold's foot.

They took her hastily down; but no signs of life remained. She perished in youth, innocence and beauty; yet in ignominy and shame. Her soul fled in that moment of ecstasy. She knew not the death she died. Mysterious Providence—why was it so? Was that gush of blissful transport thy compensation for all before? Or did some ethereal form stand waiting to catch her fleeting spirit, as in rapture she sighed it forth—the essence and element of which, must be hope and joy? Hope and joy so intense, they could spring only from the depths of despair. Who can know? Darkness is upon the tomb—of the mode of our existence beyond, all is dim conjecture.

Fifteen years after the events detailed above, a notorious pirate lay in irons in one of our Southern cities, awaiting the day of his execution. His easy, unconcerned demeanor while in prison, no less than his daring crimes upon the ocean, gained him a dreadful celebrity. Every question of his former life, he met with a repulsive look and determined silence; but of his execution, he would speak with a levity that seemed more impious as the day drew near.

"Why is it," said he to Captain B—, of the navy, who had called with the Chaplain, to spend an hour in his cell—"why is it that men gaze on me as on some strange and unnatural object? Is it because I can look death in the face, when I know the day—nay, the very hour, when he intends me a visit? You are not so sure of a day's existence, as I am of a month; for, shut up in this cell, I am exposed to none of the casualties that may carry you off in a moment. Why

then is my indifference more unaccountable than yours?"

"Our lives may be prolonged for years. The date of yours is fixed."

"I know not that. I have escaped where the chances seemed more against me than at present."

"But would it not be wise to prepare for death, when it appears so near?"

"In a month."

"Why it is the work of a life sir, to prepare for death."

"Do you think," he continued impatiently, "that you can say any thing to me that my own reflections would not suggest over and over again? You know little of the life of a sailor—of the thoughts that come to him in his lonely watches. But I have made up my mind to die on the scaffold, an example to all who shall come after me. No power in heaven or earth, shall see me tremble before or then."—He stood erect before them, and as they looked on his stern, decided features and fine proportions, they secretly owned that his power could scarcely be overrated.

Their attention was now drawn to a slight movement at the door, and a ghastly attenuated man, clad in the coarse garb of a labourer, entered. He said nothing, but sat down and looked at the pirate. Unwilling recollections seemed to force themselves on the pirate's mind, as he gazed on the humble man. I will question him thought he, and know the worst.

"Is your name George Manning?"

"It was once—they call me George now."

"Good God what a wreck! Do you live at home?"

"No body lives in the old house; it is falling to ruins."

"What a wreck," he repeated—"for he answers all these questions in the subdued tone of imbecility and weakness."

At last, summoning all his resolution, he said, "and where is Mary?"

The man looked upward—"In heaven I trust," said he in the same subdued tone.

"Dead!—When, and where? I thought she had sent you to me."

"Fifteen years ago. I did all I could for her. I swam the river when the flood was up; but I was not in time; they had swung her off just before I got there. I have never been well myself since," said he in the same quiet tone.

"Swung her off! God, thou hast indeed found a way." And the pirate staggered back against the wall.—"Swung her off," repeated he in horror; "through all my wanderings, in all my crimes, I remembered my vow to her."

His knees trembled—his breast heaved—his face grew livid, and the man of Iron bowed himself and died.

B—.

SOCRATES CANONIZED.

THAT great philosopher Socrates, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these words:—

"Whether or no God will approve of my actions I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this, my endeavour, will be accepted by him."

Erasmus, who was an unbigoed Roman Catholic, was so transported with this passage, that he expressed himself upon it in the following manner:—

"When I reflect on such a speech, pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Sancete Socrates, ora pro nobis! O. holy Socrates pray for us!*"

Original.

A FRAGMENT.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows;
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierces to the fibres,
Weeps only tears of poison.—Coleridge.

It was an hour of mirth, and glad festivity;
The spacious hall was thronged with gallant youths,
And bright-eyed maidens, mingling in the dance.
The rich, enchanting notes of minstrelsy,
Like Asia's balmy fragrance, floated through
The midnight air, and tuned the soul to love's
Bright visions, and sweet dreams of happiness.
Time, and its gross concerns, its ills and cares,
And cold realities, were all forgot,
Or merged in joy, while sparkling eyes bespoke
Light hearts; and buoyant spirits, pure and free,
As mountain air, leapt forth exultingly.

But who is he, that dark, mysterious man,
Who, ghost-like, bursts upon the brilliant scene?
Comes he to join the revelry, and share
Its bliss? Ah! no: the writhing bosom finds
No fellowship in gaiety! the sounds
Of mirth, are frenzy to the burning brain,
And mockery to the sad, and bleeding heart!
A sable garb, which sweeps the ground, in long
And careless folds, conceals his tottering form:
Haggard and wan his cheek; the livid lip
Curls with a stern, defying, desperate smile;
And 'neath a brow of death-like hue, keen eyes,
Deep sunk into their sockets grim, dart forth
A wild unearthly gleam; as through the crowd,
With slow and solemn step he stalks along:
Gazing like one who feels that he is not
What he has been, and that the merriest throng
Is off the dreariest, loneliest solitude.
That sad and fearful gaze! Ah! how it chills
The glow of youthful feeling, and drives back
Its current, to the shivering, quailing heart!
He pauses now, and waves his trembling hand;
A flush sweeps o'er his ghastly features, and
His bosom heaves tumultuous, till the soul's
Emotions utterance find; and thus he breaks
The awful silence, which himself had made.

"Hear me! ye young, ye gay, ye fair, listen!
For now the spirit of the past is on
Me: I must speak; and ye, perchance, may learn,
I too was young, and gay, and happy; ay,
Even I was happy; but no matter now,
Those days are gone: to speak of them, were vain;
To think of them is madness—agony.
Remembrance! oh! it is a load that weighs
Us down to earth, and crumbles us to dust!
Bear witness to the truth, these shrivelled limbs,
And these white locks; bleached, not by course
Of time, (for I am young in years, though old
In misery,) but by the ceaseless floods
Of anguish, which, like wrath, have rolled across
My soul, since that all fated hour, when fate—
But let that pass.
I said, methinks, that I was happy once,
'Tis true; the dawn of life to me was calm,
Its morning sun shone sweetly on my youth,
And manhood brought the highest, purest bliss,
That mortals share. I loved, and was beloved.
Oh, yes! *Amantha!* Heaven, who guards, thy mild
And blessed spirit, mingling with the pure
And radiant host that gild the eternal throne,
Heaven knows I loved thee: death attests thy truth.
Thou wert to my young heart the star of peace;
So fair, so bright—I fondly dreamed that naught
Its lustre e'er could dim. Alas! for man,

His warmest hopes are ever blasted first!
But I—complaint becomes me not—for I,
The author am of my own misery.
I yielded to the guilty thirst for pomp
And show, which caused me to neglect, and slight
The matchless being, whose affections were
Too true, to bear cold looks and careless words.
And yet, I was not false, nor faithless, as
The many are, in these degenerate times:
My vows remained unbroken—but alas!
The wide world lay before my youthful eye,
In all its gaudiness—inviting me
To taste its gilded and illusive joys!
Need more be said? I fluttered in the train
Of fashion; knelt before the glittering shrine
Of the alluring, shadowy Goddess, till,
In fond communion with her votaries,
I half-forgot *Amantha's* peerless love.

"But retribution came; ah! yes, that hour
Of blasting anguish, deep engraven on
My throbbing brain, still haunts my very dreams!
In this same hall, that night, we were convened:
Soft music and sweet voices, then, as now,
Were heard, and I, the gayest of the gay;
When lo! a messenger breathed in mine ear,
"*Amantha's* dying." * * *

Sense and reason fled,
And I, as if the bolts of Heaven had pierced
My soul, sunk to the earth, and all seemed dread
And lurid darkness. Oh, that I had ne'er
Awoke to light and life! It was not so:
I did revive, and breathless, flew to her,
My wronged and slighted, yet still dearest love.
But all too late: cold dews were gathered on
Her brow; the hues of death were stamped upon
Her cheek; and when, to seek forgiveness, I
Knelt down beside her couch, she did not speak,
But fixed on me one long, last, thrilling look
Of melting tenderness, then smiled, and died.
She died! the young and fair *Amantha* died,
While I, the murderer, still live!"
Thus spake the wretched man: then gathering up
His loosened robes, he swiftly strode away. S.

NIGHT.

ANOTHER day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure meads of heaven. And oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks;
Far gleaming hills, and light in waning streams,
And sleeping boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-haired valleys—all in glory dressed,
Make up the pageantries of night. One glance
Upon old ocean, where the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hush'd,
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.

A lone owl's hoot—
The waterfall's faint drip—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves—or infant wind
Ruffling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers,
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of all; as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,
Man's immortality within him stirs,
And thou art all around! Thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens;
Thy glory's shadowed on the slumbering world.

Original.

THE INSURGENT.

In the year 1676, when Sir William Berkley was governor of Virginia, many dissensions existed between the people and the executive authority of that province. These had their origin in several causes, of which the unjust conduct of the mother country was not the least. Charles II. who at that time sat upon the English throne, had made profuse grants of lands in the choicest parts of Virginia, to numbers of his needy friends, who had lost their fortunes in the cause of his unhappy father, and with the thoughtless levity which distinguished his character, had paid very little regard to the rights of original proprietors. Pleased at finding so cheap a method of getting rid of the troublesome clamours which continually assailed him, the king was careless how much of justice was violated, or how much of wrong was inflicted, provided that the murmurs of the oppressed could not reach his ear, or disturb him in the enjoyment of his pleasures. Another, and perhaps a more active cause, as being more immediate, was the unpopular conduct of Sir William Berkley. Bred up in the old school of the cavaliers, with all those high notions of the divine right of kings and the supremacy of their prerogative, which had formed the leading tenets of that party, the governor considering himself the representative of royalty, upon the first symptoms of discontent, had determined to act upon those principles in America which had proved so fatal to his ancient master in England. He therefore listened with indifference to the remonstrances of the people; and, by his haughty demeanour, aggravated those discontents which it ought to have been his greatest study to appease.

Such a course of conduct long pursued, had transported the people almost to madness, and infused into their bosoms a most deadly hatred against their oppressors. The lines of party faction were distinctly marked. On the one side were arrayed the partizans of the governor—the wealth and aristocracy of the land—on the other, stood the yeomanry, the strength and substance of the country. While party animosity thus influenced all ranks of men in the colony, and many were dreading a collision which all foresaw must sooner or later take place, there was one man who viewed the progress of contention with secret satisfaction, and who looked forward with anxious anticipation to the moment when it should break out in open strife. This man was Nathaniel Bacon. He was descended of a respectable family in England, and had emigrated from the mother country some years before the spirit of discontent had become universal. Young, talented and enterprising, Bacon had not only found his way into the esteem and favour of the colonists, but had obtained, also, a seat in the council, an honour which was seldom granted to any but to the wealthy or the aged. Whether he had caught his restless disposition from living amid the bustling scenes of his native country, or whether he was naturally of that cast of temper which delights in stirring times, he had early distinguished himself by the active part which he took in the disputes between the governor and the inhabitants of the province. His penetrating mind was not long in discerning which way the balance would preponderate. He had seen enough of the power of an exasperated people in his own country, to know that when fully aroused, it was invincible. He therefore early appeared as the champion of the people; and the colonists, proud of so able an advocate, gladly placed him at the head of their party. But Bacon had designs in view far beyond the mere redress of griev-

ances, or even the satisfaction of political vengeance. His ambitious spirit, swelling with a consciousness of its own abilities, and viewing with delight a field so well adapted to their exercise, began to entertain certain indefinite emotions, to which, perhaps, had circumstances been different, it would have forever remained a stranger. In a word, he wished to possess himself of the chief power in the government, though it is very doubtful whether he had any plan designed by which he could hope to retain it, or whether he had any other guide than the suggestions of an aspiring mind. With this view, he let slip no opportunity of fanning the flame of discord, and widening the breach between the contending parties. He upbraided the opposite faction from his seat in the council, his voice was heard in every assembly of the people, and his emissaries throughout the country were busy in exciting the murmurs of discontent. Professing the utmost loyalty to the king, he contrived to throw upon the governor the odium of the royal conduct, and to direct that hatred towards the deputy alone, which ought to have been shared equally by the master.

In the autumn of 1676, when these dissensions raged so furiously that nothing but an occasion was wanting to produce open war, news came to Jamestown that the Pamunkees, a powerful tribe of Indians, with whom the whites had waged war, at intervals, for several years, were committing dreadful havoc upon the frontier settlements, and rumour soon failed not to add her appalling tales of plantations desolated, and of men, women and children slaughtered. The clamours of faction were now for a while hushed, under the apprehension of a danger which threatened both parties alike. The hardy yeomanry from the country began to flock into the town, armed for battle, and several tribes of friendly Indians, led by Ponatou the successor of the celebrated Powhatan, repaired to the same place of rendezvous, glad to take advantage of the assistance of the whites to gratify their love for war, and their vengeance on their hereditary foes.—Upon an eminence, near the centre of Jamestown, stood a long, irregular building, the lower story of which was constructed of unhewn stone, and the remaining part of the walls consisted of large logs fitted closely together, and painted white. A small steeple, rising from the middle of the roof, denoted the edifice to be public—it was, indeed, the Council House of the province. Here were assembled the rulers of the infant nation, whom the recent reports had drawn hastily together. At one end of the hall, upon a small elevation, sat Sir William Berkley, his erect posture and dignified demeanour suiting well the place he occupied. Around a long table were arranged the members of the council, among whom was Nathaniel Bacon. He was conversing gaily with the person who sat next to him, and was apparently free from that concern which seemed depicted upon the faces of many. How long their deliberations would have continued, or what was their probable result, is unknown; for ere they had arrived at any thing definite, the door of the chamber was thrown open, and, a young man entering with a bow, announced that the people, urged by the pressing danger, had resolved to march against the Indians on the ensuing day; that they had unanimously chosen Nathaniel Bacon for their leader, and waited only for the sanction of the governor and council to confirm the election. The patrician pride of Sir William Berkley was roused at this act of presumption; the more unwelcome, because it favoured

the man whom, most of all others, he had reason to hate, and he replied with asperity:

"Sir, this proceeding, on the part of the people, is wholly unauthorised. The business of this province, at least while I have the honour to preside over it, must be transacted in this council, and not in a tumultuous mob: and so, sir, you may inform those that sent you."

The young man seemed to hesitate; when a voice from the lower part of the hall cried, "Sir William Berkley, I view this not only as a gross insult to myself, but as a flagrant violation of the just rights of the people."

"What! am I to be bearded here?" cried the old cavalier.

"Sir, when you arrogate to yourself powers to which you have no right, I shall never fail to warn you of the usurpation—if you call that bearding, be it so," rejoined Bacon.

"Who made thee a judge of rights or powers, thou factious man, thou fire-brand to the public peace?" exclaimed the governor.

"In the name of the people of this province," cried Bacon, "I demand a commission!"

"In the name of his majesty and of the royal authority of this province, I shall grant you none," replied the other.

A tumultuous movement now took place in the chamber; many members pressed around the governor, and begged of him, for the sake of peace, and as the danger was urgent, to grant the request of the people.

"Never!" exclaimed he. "Were the enemy upon the outskirts of the town, I would not abate one fraction of my prerogative to gratify this ambitious demagogue."

"Ay," rejoined the young man, who, in the ardour of passion, had advanced near the governor's chair, "Sir William Berkley's regard to the welfare of the province, is well known. His whole administration has shown that he prefers the gratification of his pride to the safety of the people. But haughty as you are, your pride shall not avail you now; for I swear if this commission be not issued, your seat in that chair shall not protect you from the indignant people whom you have so long oppressed."

Whether any signal had been communicated to the messenger at the door, or not, he had disappeared, and at this moment, the shouts of a multitude were heard—then the heavy tramping of a crowd, ascending the stairway, mingled with the sound of confused murmurs and of arms ringing against the bannisters or clashing against each other.

"Here," cried the old man, rising and baring his breast, "strike!—bring all the bayonets of your infernal rabble, and direct them here!"

The whole council, now in a state of alarm, crowded around the governor, and prevented his further speech. They besought him not to provoke the fury of the populace, who were sufficiently excited to do any thing; and one elderly gentleman, thrusting a paper into Sir William's hand, and holding fast to his garments, "Here, sir," said he, "is a commission already drawn up; it extends but to one month's time, and, during that period, makes the office dependent on the executive will. Our lives are in danger; for Heaven's sake sign it—if you please, we can reconsider it hereafter." The countenance of the governor expressed the mingled emotions of rage, disappointment and chagrin, and hard was the struggle between his pride on the one hand, and his concern for the safety of his friends on the other. He hastily signed the paper, and, throwing it towards his adversary, said, in a voice tremulous with passion, "Here, young man, I have done that at the solicitation of my friends, to which my will shall never consent; and let me tell

you, you may find an occasion to repent of this insult."

The newly made officer smiled coldly, and folded up the paper without making any reply. The crowd which filled the ante-chamber now bursting open the door which, being locked by some of the members, had long resisted their efforts, rushed into the hall.—Seeing their object attained, they crowded around their favourite, and, partly raising him upon their shoulders, bore him with loud shouts from the chamber.

On the evening of this day, the young commander, with a companion of apparently equal age, might have been seen walking, as if for recreation, along the outskirts of Jamestown. They appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation, though the suppressed tone of their voices would not have betrayed the subject of their discourse to a distant listener. The stranger was Charles Markham, the intimate friend of Bacon, though unlike him in every thing except in age. Reared together as companions in their native country, and emigrating at the same time to a foreign land, their mutual friendship had continued unbroken from their earliest years, though the one was as gentle and unassuming, as the other was bold and impetuous. Though inclined to the side of the people, Markham had taken no active part in the disputes which then disturbed the province; but retiring latterly to the country, he had given himself up to the pleasures of literature and the allurements of love, when the present alarm summoned him to his duty and to arms. Himself of highly respectable parentage, and possessing considerable influence in the colony, Markham was about to be united in marriage to the fair Elvira——, the daughter of a wealthy planter, and the long cherished object of his affections. By this union, the two families being combined, their concentrated influence would be extensive. Perhaps it was partly from this circumstance, as well as from regard to his friend, that Bacon had been so solicitous, ever since the beginning of the civil contentions, to draw him into a more active participation therein. Their conversation may show how far he had succeeded in infusing his own ardent spirit into the bosom of his friend.

"And all these dreadful reports of our savage enemies are unfounded? I am heartily glad of that."

"They were circulated at my instance," replied Bacon, "for the purpose I tell you of, to collect the armed force of the province, for the purpose of trying the last method of putting an end to our dissensions and our sufferings."

"A daring plan, Bacon, and I fear a dangerous one," said his friend.

"Tis no more daring or dangerous than necessary," replied the other; "it is only anticipating what must shortly take place, else under more bloody auspices."

"Think you the governor will comply with your requisitions without resistance? Methinks his conduct this morning evinced as little of the conciliatory, as yours did of the prudent."

"To speak plainly, my friend," replied Bacon, "it matters very little whether the governor be disposed to comply or not. You know very well, Markham, that the miseries of this people have accumulated to a degree beyond endurance; you also know that every mild measure which patience, which humility could dictate, has been employed in vain. The confiding spirit of the people has been abused, their rights have been disregarded, and each succeeding injury, which they hoped would be the last, has been made the foundation upon which to pile another. In short, petition, supplication, and remonstrance, having proved ineffectual, there is no way left of getting rid of our burdens, but by throwing them off; and if Sir William Berkley be so wedded to his dogmas, why, we will throw him off along with them."

They had both stopped during this speech at the pause of which, the eyes of Markham which had been

fixed upon the animated face of the speaker, now fell to the ground; and folding his arms upon his breast, he remained silent. Bacon resumed:

"This should convey no alarm to your mind, my friend. To-morrow's sun shall see it all accomplished. The governor compelled to retire, some one of the council can take his place until the king send us a new officer: besides, it is the only way left us of showing his majesty the extent of our grievances, which he never can know, so long as those who should inform him truly, are interested in misrepresenting us. I know your respect for Sir William Berkley, but what then? Shall a whole province be ruined because one man chooses to be obstinate? Or do you think that the king will uphold him in his infatuated course, and attempt to punish us for rebellion? Believe me, the king has seen enough of such rebellions to know, that it is easier to appease than to suppress them."

"I have dreaded this," said Markham, in a tone slightly plaintive; "I have dreaded this, ever since these unhappy discussions arose amongst us; and should the governor find means of resistance from his own adherents, as I fear he will, and from the king's troops in this and the adjoining provinces, what havoc and ruin will you bring upon this wretched land!—When I remember the sad effects of civil war in our own country, I shudder to think of the scenes that must attend it here."

"Ay, no doubt," replied the other, contemptuously; "no doubt it is much to your interest, whom fortune has placed beyond the reach of oppression, to dread the approach of any tumult that may disturb your quiet. No doubt it would be much more pleasant to shut your ears against the cries of misery which are issuing from every quarter of this land, and reposing yourself in the arms of the fair Elvira, to dream away your days in blissful indolence. No doubt it would be the height of impolicy in you, to forfeit the favour of the rich and the noble, for the sake of men whose miseries touch you not, and who have nothing to recommend them but justice and truth. But your father, Charles Markham, your gallant father, thought not so when he followed the standard of the parliament from Eagle Hill to Naseby."

"You wrong me, Bacon," cried Markham, "you wrong me. That I prefer peace to war, and the calmness of retirement to the bustle of political life, I freely confess. But be assured, I have not yet forgotten the precepts of my father, nor have I lost sight of his glorious example; and when the time comes that mild measures will not avail in lightening this people of their burdens, I will draw my sword, and use it too, with as bold a spirit as yourself."

"Spoken like the son of Richard Markham!" exclaimed his companion. "Look around you and see that the period you speak of has come. Lay aside, for a while, your native softness, and remember that the times demand a sterner temper. Remember, too, that we draw our swords in the cause of justice—the cause of an oppressed people—the cause in which Hampden fell!"

As he said this, with sparkling eyes, he caught the hand of his friend and shook it violently; then letting it drop—"Farewell!" said he, "I must go see our Indian allies; their assistance may be needful on the morrow."

The friends separated. The one in a melancholy mood bent his way towards the town, while the other, with a heart exulting in the prospect of a speedy completion of his wishes, directed his steps towards the camp of the Indians. "I'll warrant," muttered the latter, as he walked slowly onward, "that Charles is this moment consoling himself with the hope that our demands will be complied with on the morrow, without the necessity of fighting. Poor youth! with what horror he regards blood and wars, and the like. His

sword must be well fleshed, ere these sickly quails will subside. I must secure him, at any rate: his presence will draw adherents to my standard, and add respectability to my cause, without any danger of his ever becoming a rascal."

He had now entered a thin wood, and by the fire which burned brightly before him, he knew that he was near his place of destination. As he approached, he beheld the savage warriors engaged in the evening occupations of an Indian camp—some squatting around the large fires, were broiling stakes of venison on the coals; some sitting in a circle, were silently passing the long pipe around, while others, stretched upon the ground, seemed to prefer the pleasures of rest or meditation. Directing his steps to a small hut which stood somewhat apart from the rest, Bacon, in a few moments, stood before the quarters of the Indian chief. The door was open, and there remained enough of firelight, from a heap of embers in the centre of the hut, to discover the form of the Indian as he sat with his head resting upon his knees, in profound abstraction. Looking up for a moment, and eyeing keenly the intruder as his footsteps sounded in the doorway, Ponatou resumed his posture, and his visiter imitating his manner, took a seat silently by the fire. They remained thus for some time, until, as the long silence was becoming irksome to the impatient young man, who was sufficiently acquainted with Indian manners, as to know that it was not for him to break it, the savage, without raising his head, thus spoke in a monotonous tone:

"Ponatou has been dreaming of the scalps he will take to-morrow from the enemies of the whites."

"I dreamed," replied Bacon in the same tone, "that the Pamunhees had fled to the mountains like deer, when the panther pursues."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Indian, looking sharply into the face of his guest, as if to know whether he spoke in earnest or not.

"I speak truly," replied the other; "they have fled without waiting to catch a glimpse of our banners, or to hear the first roll of our drum."

"Ponatou will return with his warriors," said the Indian; "the deer are upon the hills."

"Ponatou must not return," said the other.

"Will the white men follow the trail of the Pamunhees to the mountains?" inquired the chief.

"Will my brother listen till I speak?" said Bacon in a low tone.

"My ears are open," replied the other, assuming an attitude of attention.

He now gradually made the Indian comprehend the nature of the designs he had on foot, and the reasons of his hatred towards the governor; artfully insinuating that the various acts of oppression which the Indians from time to time had suffered from the whites, were owing to the tyranny of Berkley. He endeavoured to excite the indignation of Ponatou, and, by putting him in mind of the former greatness of his tribe, he sought to arouse his pride.

"There was a time," said he, "when the great Poubattan could lead a thousand warriors to the field, or as many hunters to chase the deer over a thousand hills. His bow was strong; he could stand in the door of his wigwam and send his arrow to the heart of his enemy, though afar off. The scalps of chiefs adorned his cabin; the white men were under his foot; if he had put it down, they would have been crushed.—Now his sons are weak: they dare not hunt on the grounds of their fathers; their enemies mock them and call them women, and the descendants of Poubattan are not able to take revenge. Would not my brother wish to be strong again, as were his fathers?"

"Will ye give us back our lands?" said the Indian, betraying some emotion at the picture of his tribe's degradation.

"Nay, that cannot be," replied the other; "but when he is driven away who is an enemy to us both, the Indian shall not range the wild forest more freely, than the grounds of the planters. Ponatou shall be a great chief; he shall have a seat in the council of the whites, and his voice shall be heard among the wisest of the land. His enemies shall be our enemies, and his friends shall be our friends."

"Ponatou has smoked the pipe of peace with your sachem, would you have him break his faith?" said the Indian.

Finding him inflexible on this point, the young man next attempted to excite his cupidity.

"There is much spoil," said he, "in the town of the whites; there are warm blankets on the beds of the squaws; there is much rum in the shops of the traders."

The countenance of his auditor still continued unmoved.

"Or," resumed Bacon, "if fire-water be not joyful to the heart of my brother, there are beautiful maids, with dark eyes and flowing hair—the fairest shall be his. Her feet shall be more nimble than the dove—her voice shall be sweeter than the singing of birds."

Observing the face of the Indian to express some emotion, he continued—

"He shall take her to his wigwag; she shall sit by his side, when the evening comes, and sing the deeds of Ponatou and his fathers; brave sons shall she bear him; they shall be chiefs among the red men, and brothers to the whites."

The Indian, whose kindling eye and beaming countenance, had evinced, during this speech, something more than the mere impulses of general desire, now turned full upon the speaker, and said in a rapid voice,

"Will my white brother lay his hand upon his heart, and promise this?"

They both rose, and Bacon laying one hand upon his bosom, extended the other to be grasped by his ally, and looking upwards, said,

"I call upon the Great Spirit to witness the promise I have made, and so to prosper me as I do keep my faith."

The next morning, which dawned brightly upon Jamestown, beheld the little village in a state of no ordinary bustle. Squads of men, with guns upon their shoulders, and horsemen, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, were hastening along the streets, all directing their course towards the eminence, near the Council House, where an incessant rolling of drums seemed to summon them. Maids and matrons, from the doors, gazed silently upon them as they hurried along, while near the parade ground, a troop of curious boys were enjoying, cautiously and at a distance, the sight of military preparation. At length, every thing being arranged, as the sun whirled his broad disk above the tops of the eastern pines, the whole band, with colours flying, and to the sound of martial music, marched gallantly away.

But scarcely had the troops advanced beyond the plantations immediately bordering about Jamestown, and embosomed themselves in the dense forest, when the order was given to halt; and while many were wondering at a command of which some well knew the meaning, their leader advancing in front and waving his hat, seemed to solicit the attention of his men. Having arranged them in compact order, and obtained a suitable eminence, which was, indeed, the stump of a large tree, he began, by informing them, that from certain intelligence, he was assured that the enemy against whom they had set out, were dispersed, and were in no condition to molest the peace of the colony. He acknowledged that he had been in possession of this information before their departure from Jamestown, but relying on the favour which they had al-

ways shown him, and actuated by an honest desire for their good, he had ventured to lead them to this spot to confer with them upon subjects touching their political and dearest welfare. The signs of approbation which followed this announcement, assured him that he spoke not to an unwilling audience. He proceeded to tell them, that having considered well their unhappy condition, and the issue of every method which had been taken to alleviate it, he was convinced that there was but one other method that promised a different termination. What that method was, he should not conceal from them—indeed they must know it already, since the present opportunity, their united strength, those arms in their hands, all plainly indicated it. He declared his loyalty to the king, and appealed to them for the many evidences which he had given of it. The king, he said, was imposed upon concerning his subjects in America. He assured them they need not fear his displeasure, and he pointed them to the instance of Yeardeley, who, on account of his iniquitous administration, had been seized by the colonists, and sent prisoner to England; which act, instead of provoking the displeasure of the king, caused him to ameliorate the condition of the province, and send them another governor. He spoke bitterly of Sir William Berkeley—remined them of his conduct on the day before, and boasted that he had become the object of the governor's impleacable hatred, on account of his zeal for the rights of the people. He then dwelt upon their wrongs, and here catching the spirit which he saw kindling in the eyes of his hearers, the speaker gave vent to his emotions. He described their once happy condition when civil liberty was theirs, and while he enumerated the wrongs which were now heaped upon them, he declared that their sufferings had been equalled by their patience—but patience was now worn out. "The Navigation Act," cried he, "hard as it was, we could have endured, since it was of some benefit to our brethren at home, and might have become, in time, less burdensome to ourselves. Nay, we could have lived under all the numerous imposts and duties which tyranny had imposed, and which the rapacity of collectors rendered doubly severe. Happy would we be, if these were all that we had to complain of. The ancient right of electing our representatives to the council, has been taken from us; the old, long-tried citizens of the province, have been driven from their seats in the assembly, to make room for the fresh importations from Europe, and our right to our own property, to the lands of our fathers, delivered to us in undisputed succession, has been basely violated. Large tracts of the most fertile lands, have been bestowed upon the minions of official favour, so encroaching upon long-held estates, that not a deed or a charter in the province, can possess the slightest validity. Families, once thriving and happy, have been thus, at a single stroke, reduced to beggary, and have been compelled to endure the bitter mortification of beholding the earnings of a life of toil, pass, without requital, into the hands of thankless strangers. And see, with what arrogance, these petty lordlings enjoy possessions which they never merited, and with what indifference they look upon the sufferings of men whom their rapacity has ruined! My countrymen, what remains for us to do? What can we do but resort to the last resource which Heaven has left in the power of injured men? Why should we employ these arms to attack an enemy abroad, when a greater enemy remains at home? Why should we be solicitous to brush away the flies that may buzz about our ears, when a monstrous serpent is coiling about our necks? Let us first strangle the serpent, and then we may, with more security, crush the flies. Let us march our men against our oppressor, where he is, perhaps, devising with his colleagues some new plan to strip us of what few rights are left us. Let us show our enemies, that

though we have borne every thing which patient suffering could endure, we are yet capable of taking, by force, what will not be granted to just petition. Let us show our countrymen, in England, that we have a true sense of the rights of Englishmen, and that though far separated from the land of our fathers, we have lost nothing of their spirit."

To men whose minds had long been accustomed to take fire upon such a theme, nothing could be more acceptable than this harangue. They answered with loud shouts, demanding to be led, instantly, back to Jamestown. Their commander was not disposed to cool their ardour, and the line of march was quickly formed, and the march resumed against an enemy very different from the one that most of them, that morning, had expected to encounter. They marched swiftly, and in stern silence; though the flushed features of some, and the dark frowns that settled over the countenances of others, expressed the intensity of their feelings more forcibly, than the most boisterous acclamations could have done. Civil wars have always been remarkable for the implacable hatred with which the parties, though of the same nation, always regard each other. The reason seems to be, that men, whose minds as they will, feel a private wrong more keenly, than a national injury, and that private hatred proves a more active spur, than patriotic indignation.

As the insurgents now ascended a slight eminence at the edge of the forest, Jamestown lay in full view before them; and from the sight of flying banners and the sound of drums, they were assured that the governor was preparing for the worst.

The resolution of the insurgents had not been taken so hastily, but that Sir William Berkeley, either from spies of his own, or from deserters who might have contrived to steal away from the ranks of the people during the harangue of their leader, was informed of the danger which threatened him. Instantly the active old cavalier set about preparing such means of defence as his situation allowed. The inhabitants of Jamestown, who were generally his adherents, were put under arms; two small pieces of cannon were cleansed and prepared for use, and a small body of the king's troops, in whom he placed his chief dependence, and whom, as if in anticipation of danger, he had kept near his own person, were drawn up for battle. He, himself, went among his troops—exhorted them to behave manfully, and declared his intention of resisting to the last.

As the army of the insurgents approached, Markham rode to the side of his friend, and with a countenance expressing some anxiety.

"Will you not," said he, "send some one to propose a parley?"

"Tut! 'twill be useless," replied Bacon. "Do you not see he is preparing for a battle?"

"Nay," replied Markham, "but—"

"Well, since you wish it," interrupted the other, "here, Johnson," said he to a lieutenant, near him, at the same time drawing a white handkerchief from his pocket, "tell the governor, if he be disposed, we are willing to parley, and state our terms; and this is the last offer of reconciliation that will be made by us."

Markham stood watching the progress of the messenger, with intense interest, and seeing an officer of the governor's party advance to meet him, he began to entertain some hopes of a peaceful accommodation: but when he beheld the envoy of the insurgents hold up the emblem of peace in one hand, and with his drawn sword in the other cut it into strips, then grasp the fragments and throw them from him, with a menacing gesture, his heart died within him; and, turning his eyes away, gave vent to his grief and disappointment in a heavy sigh. The insurgents, who had halted at the departure of their ambassador, no sooner

beheld the action which signified the unsuccessful termination of his mission, than, with one accord, they resumed their march, without waiting for any command.

The conflict commenced with all that fury which civil animosity inspires. Men who had been little accustomed to war, and never to a war like this, rushed, with avidity, to slaughter and death. The veteran troops of the governor, fought with unyielding valour; and the artillery, though not very skillfully served, greatly embarrassed the operations of the insurgents. But courage and discipline could not long withstand the incessant attacks of superior numbers, urged on by a deadly hatred. The adherents of the governor fled; and it required the utmost speed of Sir William's noble charger, to save his master from the hands of his pursuers. And now came on those other consequences of civil war, more horrible even than the carnage of the field. The houses of the obnoxious were plundered with wanton fury, and flames were seen in some parts of the town, bursting from the windows of the deserted habitations. The unhappy females ran shrieking in every direction, to avoid the tomahawk of the savage, whose yells rose fearfully above the general noise. In the midst of this tumult, the cavalry returned from an unsuccessful pursuit of the governor. The reins lay loosely upon the necks of their horses, whose jaded appearance evinced the vigour of the pursuit. By the side of their leader, whose eye glanced proudly as he contemplated the scene before him, rode Charles Markham. A shade of melancholy was upon his face, which was bent towards the ground, as if he was unwilling to behold the havoc that victory was making. He was aroused from his melancholy meditations by shrieks; and a female voice, near him, cried out,—

"Save me, Markham! Charles Markham, save me Oh, save me!"

He looked around, and beheld his own Elvira in the arms of a huge Indian, who, despite of her shrieks and struggles, was in the act of bearing her off.

"Heavens, Elvira!" muttered he, "I thought thou wert far from this dreadful place."

Then leaping from his horse, he flew to the spot, and seizing his beloved girl with one hand, with the other he smote her savage captor with such force, as caused him to relinquish his hold, and to stagger some distance from the spot.

"She is mine," exclaimed the savage, recovering himself, and attempting to regain his prize.

"Away!" cried Markham, directing the point of his sword towards the breast of the Indian, "away, or by my faith your life shall pay for this audacity."

"I appeal to the chief," said the savage, pointing towards Bacon, in the indifferant tone of one who is certain of gaining his point.

That personage had heard the same cries which aroused his friend, and had beheld, with infinite chagrin, the unlucky choice that Pomton had made.

"Curse on thee, savage," muttered he, as he approached the parties, "was there but this one for thee to choose among a hundred? Yet I cannot lose thee, Markham, yet." Then turning steely on Pomton—

"Go, seek a squaw," cried he, "among yonder flying wretches; this one is not for the like of thee."

"Is this thy faith?" said the Indian, in a deep tone.

"Away!" cried the other, unwilling to be put in mind of his broken promise.

"Thou didst swear by the—"

"Get thee gone, savage! dost stand to quarrel?—away!"

The Indian glanced fiercely upon his adversary—upon the retreating form of Markham, who, with one arm encircling his beloved maiden, and breathing consolation in her ear, was carrying her from the

scene of altercation; then turning suddenly, he darted out of sight.

Deep were the feelings of revenge that settled in the bosom of Ponatou. He had long loved the fair Elvira, with all the ardour of unbridled passion. Often, when he ranged the forest, he and his hunters had been entertained at the hospitable dwelling of her father, and as he beheld her moving with the grace of an angel, his heart burned, though with a hopeless desire, of possessing her. On the evening before the attack upon Jamestown, he had seen the carriage of her father arrive at the village, where he had been induced to come, through the hope of enjoying that safety which he doubted of finding at his own more solitary dwelling. In the hope of consummating his wishes, the Indian had broken his faith to the governor, to whom he had been a friend; and now, when he saw himself deceived, neglected, and insulted, his soul could think of but one resource, and that was revenge. But the incessant activity of the insurgent army in the war that followed, their continual changing of camps, and their sudden marches, eluded, for a long time, his attempts.

At length, Sir William Berkeley, who had been driven beyond the bay into the counties of Accomac and Northampton, having received soldiers from England, now began his march to take the field once more.—The rebel army encamped near Jamestown, to await his arrival. At length he came in sight; and as the day was far spent, both armies reposed in their encampments, determined to try, on the ensuing morning, in a pitched battle, the fortunes of Virginia.

At a late hour in the night, the young commander of the insurgent army sat in his tent. Every necessary order had been issued, and all things prepared for the coming contest. His officers having retired, he was alone; and, leaning his elbow upon the table, seemed buried in a profound reverie. From the sudden gleams which occasionally appeared upon his countenance, one might suppose that the thoughts of victory, or the hopes of future greatness, were passing through his mind. Happening to look upwards, he recoiled, instinctively, at the sight of a dark countenance, the eyes of which were glaring fiercely upon him, while a weapon, like a javelin or short spear, hung over him as in the act of striking. His sudden start partly avoided the descending weapon, which only grazed his neck; but instantly a dull insensibility came over him, and Bacon found himself unable to draw the sword, which, in the moment of alarm, he had grasped. As the unfortunate young man sunk to the ground, turning his dying eyes, gleaming with impotent rage, upon his assassin, whom he instantly recognised, the Indian exclaimed,

"Tis done!—the deer never flies that is scratched by the poisoned arrow of Ponatou. The Great Spirit whom thou hast mocked, demands thy blood. Go, see how he will receive thee. Hee! hee! Ponatou is revenged!"

Early on the ensuing morning, the troops were assembled in arms, and all were surprised at the absence of their leader, who was usualy among the first on parade. At length, an officer went to his quarters to ascertain the cause of his delay. He soon appeared again at the door of the tent, and waving his hand, several others hastened to the spot. Within lay their leader stretched upon the ground. His countenance was distorted, his teeth firmly clenched, and each hand held a tuft of grass, which, in his agony, he had plucked from the earth. All expressed their sorrow and astonishment, and wondered at the cause of his death. Some one pointed to the rupture upon his neck which was slightly swelled. "No," said another, "he got that scratch in a skirmish three days ago;" and history has attributed to the ordinary visitation of Providence, the death of him who fell a victim to an In-

dian's revenge, or perhaps it may be said, to his own overleaping ambition.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The following extract, from Sir Philip Warwick's memoirs, page 247, is very curious:

"The first time that I ever took notice of Cromwell, was in the beginning of the parliament, held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman. I came one morning to the house, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a band; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour. Yet I lived to see this gentleman, by multiplied and good successes, and by real (but usurped) power, (having had a better tailor and more converse among good company,) in my eye appear of a great and majestic deportment."

Also, in Bulstrode's memoirs, page 192.

"This conference puts me in mind of what Mr. Hampden said to the Lord Digby, in the beginning of the war. As they were going down the parliament stairs, Cromwell, just going before them, the Lord Digby (who was then a great man in the House of Commons,) asked Hampden who that man was? "for I see," saith the Lord Digby, "he is one of our side, by his speaking so warmly this day."

Upon which, Mr. Hampden replied.

"That slovenly fellow which you see before us, if we should ever come to have a breach with the King, (which God forbid!) I say, that sloven in that case, will be one of the greatest men of England;" which was, indeed, a prophetic speech. But Hampden knew him well, and was intimately acquainted with him.

Some years after this, about December, 1644, Charles the first, sent for Archbishop Williams to Oxford, to take his opinion upon the situation of his affairs at that time. In the course of their conversation, speaking of Cromwell, the Archbishop said—"That Cromwell, taken into the rebels' army by his cousin Hampden, is the most dangerous enemy your majesty has; for though he is, at this time, of mean rank, and use amongst them, yet he will climb higher. I knew him at Bugden, but never knew his religion. He was then a common spokesman for sectaries, and maintained their post with stubbornness. He never discoursed as if he were pleased with your majesty, and your great officers; and, indeed, he loves none that are more than his equals. Your majesty did him but justice in repulsing a petition, put up by him, against Sir Thomas Steward, of the Isle of Ely; but he takes all those for his enemies that would not let him undo his best friend: and above all that live, I think he is the most mindful of an injury. His fortunes are broken; that it is impossible for him to subsist, much less to be what he aspires to, but by your majesty's bounty, or by the ruin of us all, and a common confusion. In short, every beast hath some evil properties, but Cromwell hath the properties of all evil beasts. My humble motion to your majesty, therefore is, that either you would win him to you by promises of fair treatment, or catch him by some stratagem, and then cut him short." All of which the king received with a smile, and said nothing.—*Philip's Life of Archbishop Williams, page 290.*

Original.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES.

THE paramount influence of woman on the character, morals, and destiny of a nation, cannot be too often insisted on, or its importance too fully developed. In attaining their ends, and accomplishing their purposes, men generally use means open and undisguised, and frequently even when not intending it these approximate to commands, or force. Woman in accomplishing her intentions does no such thing; her powers, and she is, as she ought to be, fully sensible of the fact, lie in a different sphere of action, a course of conduct very dissimilar. Pliant and winning in her manners; in her motions as in her speech, persuasive and seductive, she succeeds in making an impression where man would fail; and while her charms captivate and soften, the yielding material receives whatever impulse and impress she pleases to give. Her grace and beauty win their way to the heart, and throw a fascinating attraction over every thing she says or does; if she pleads the cause of virtue we are already the converts to her opinions; if she appears, where woman never should, and never does appear, till all that renders the female character lovely is irretrievably lost, as the champion of immorality, we can scarce bring ourselves to condemn; we pity, we excuse, we palliate. Hence a woman destitute of correct principles, and an outcast from honour, and virtue, is ten times more dangerous to the welfare of a community, than a man, however abandoned and vile he may be. Hence too results the necessity of giving the power woman possesses, a proper direction by education, by inculcating sound and healthy principles of moral action, and by pointing out to the pure hearted, but young and inexperienced, the dangers which may be averted when known, but which are perhaps not suspected. Our instinctive passions and feelings lie deep in our very natures, and it is right they should be there, for the hand of the Creator implanted them; it is right, however, that the godlike faculty of reason should still retain the ascendancy originally given to it, and the affections and the passions still keep their proper place of servants, and not assume that of imperious masters in the human breast. So long as this is the case, the noble faculties of the heart will be developed, innocence be unspotted, the feelings unperverted, and virtue triumphant. The female mind will be intent on the important duties which belong to her, instead of those useless but more showy objects, perhaps, which too often fix female attention, and admiration. The very habit of contemplating foolish, indecent, or frivolous things, if we do not give way to their adoption or indulgence, has an injurious and enervating effect on the mind, destroys its capabilities, and incapacitates it for healthy and vigorous exercise. Among the various causes which act with greater or less intensity in giving a decided tone to female character and influence, I think the connexion which invariably exists between extravagance and indecency in dress, and laxity of morals, is not the least deserving of notice; and I also believe that it is altogether more intimately connected with the happiness and prosperity of the country, than it would seem to be considered by those conservators of public morals who have alluded to it in their strictures on the numerous causes which have a tendency to public demoralization.

The scale which marks the rise and fall of nations, is graduated much in the following manner:—unbending virtue; simplicity of dress and manners; purity of morals; courage; conquest; wealth; luxury; effeminacy; licentiousness; degradation; ruin. Such is the voice of all history—such the experience of all ages;

and if living witness of the correctness of this division is required, look at Italy. Here the stern virtues of the old Romans have been swallowed in a sea of luxury produced by conquest and wealth, and the degeneracy of their sons is without a parallel among the nations. Licentiousness has made the men women, and the women of this beautiful clime are, in morals—what must not be named among those accustomed to the virtue, purity, and decencies of the unperturbed female heart. Like causes will produce like effects; and if, as the Roman moralists assert, the females of Italy paved the way for this unlimited deprivation of morals, by their disregard of propriety and decency in dress and manners, we may expect the results of similar experiments in any other, or our own country, will not be more favourable.

I know there are many who affect to treat the connexion between dress and morals, as a question solely relating to broadcloths and merinos—ribands and muslin—large or small waists—and hence by their causticity or their sneers, have aggravated the very evil upon which they were animadverting. Experience has satisfactorily proved, that few men or women can be laughed out of a fashion; when there are many, who, if convinced it was wrong, would abandon it without a moment's hesitation. The passion for dress, or for particular modes of dress, when carried as it frequently is to excess, becomes a mania, or phrenzy, and renders a person ridiculous, if nothing worse. Men, sometimes render themselves the objects of deserved contempt by their costume; but these foolish departures from propriety, are generally confined to a few individuals of a certain class, who are well understood, and whose claims to intelligence and decency are nine times in ten, exactly on a par with the affected decorations of their exterior. With the women of our country the case is different. Whether owing to a disposition anxious to captivate and please—or a taste more disposed for show and parade—or an opportunity being furnished for the indulgence of dress, in a greater amount of unoccupied time, I do not decide—certain it is, a fondness for, and in some instances a lamentable extravagance in dress may be traced among the various classes of our females, which I think has a direct tendency to demoralize, and render frivolous and vain, our fair countrywomen, who ought to look upon themselves as created for nobler and better purposes. Nothing can be more clearly established from the example of the past, or the experience of the present, than the fact, that the morality and happiness of a people is in an exact ratio to the intelligence, modesty, and virtue of the women; and further, that the modesty and virtue so absolutely essential to the character of woman, is in precise proportion to the general decency and propriety of the female costume of the country. It is idle to talk of the innate principles of virtue implanted in the female bosom, being proof to the unceasing and undermining attacks of a dress which sets modesty and decency at defiance.

Such is the structure of the human mind, that improprieties, vices, and crimes, which at first startle with disgust and horror, soon lose their deformities, and are embraced, and perpetrated with scarce a compunctious visiting of conscience: and departures from decency and propriety in dress, however revolting at first sight they may appear, soon cease to scandalize, as at their earliest introduction. It is here lies the danger of indelicacy in female costume: the mind is gradually and insensibly corrupted and depraved; and when the instinctive delicacy of the mind is destroyed—when

that fine sense of propriety which shrinks intuitively at the least appearance of immodesty is blunted—the individual, however unconscious of it she may be, is on the verge of a precipice where a single step may be utter ruin. With the ever changing fashions of the day, I do not intermeddle; and although I maintain, that the true medium of elegance in a lady's dress, like truth in conflicting arguments, is generally to be found about midway between the extremes; yet so long as the fashions do not interfere with public health or public morals, those who introduce, or those who adopt them, are not amenable to the bar of public opinion, however absurd or ridiculous they may render themselves.

Still, no man, who is a real friend of the fair sex; who wishes to see them what God has made them, worthy of a love and friendship of the most pure and elevated kind; no man who is a real lover of his country, and believes that in an elevated standard of morals and virtue, is to be found its safety, and the permanence of its republican institutions, could wish to see the dresses of Vestris, Fay, or Tagliani, the fashions of the Parisian or Neapolitan opera dancers, introduced among his fair countrywomen, sensible the same deterioration in female virtue and public morals would assuredly follow in their train. No man who values the reputation of his country, and is acquainted with the state of morals which exists among the females of fashion in Italy, Paris, and London, and knows that the same effects may be produced here, will remain silent, but enter his decided protest, and raise his monitorial voice, against the introduction of those causes which in those places have produced so fearful a catastrophe. If the fountain of female influence is poisoned at its source—if her thoughts and feelings instead of being pure, noble, and worthy of her place in society, are diverted into vain, trifling, unworthy, or depraved channels, instead of spreading health, happiness and virtue in her course, she becomes the fruitful source of a moral malaria, of pestilence and death.

One of the most infallible indications of the true character of a woman is to be found in her dress. If it be plain, neat, and becoming; without ostentation or finery, or vulgar coarseness—free from affected prudery, or shameless exposure of person, it may well be supposed to indicate an intelligent mind, not without a desire to please, but unwilling in the attainment of that object, to sacrifice that which in women is without price, unspotted purity of heart. On the contrary, if we see a woman whatever may be her station or pretensions, with a dress in the extreme of fashion and bedecked with all imaginable frippery, she may safely be set down as wanting in sound sense and possessed of an extra portion of vanity. If, in addition to this, a determination to display a pretty foot and ankle at any hazard is visible; and the corsage is so low, that—but I am not writing for a medical journal, and really have no words to express without giving offence, how far what the celebrated Burke calls "the most beautiful part of a beautiful woman," in these days of nudity is sometimes unveiled by the votary of fashion; there is a moral certainty that that woman's heart is corrupted; and that however insensible of the fact she may be, the inflammable train is laid, which a single spark may cause to explode, and thus complete a ruin she herself had incautiously invited.

A pure hearted girl who by her devotion to fashion, suffers herself to be led inadvertently into improprieties in dress, and an immodest exposure of her person, cannot know to what revolting suspicions she exposes herself in the estimation of those, whose long acquaintance with the world has enabled them to see much of it as it really is, and quite enough to confirm them in the opinion, that innocence never dwells long where

that instinctive sense of decorum which causes lovely woman like the sensitive plant to recoil from the least violence, is obliterated from the mind. No matter by what names they may be justified—no matter in what circles they may be adopted—that woman is lost who submits to practices which her unsophisticated and pure feelings tell her are incorrect: who begins to tamper with the warning monitions of unperverted taste, and feels a pleasure in advancing in her dress to the very verge of decency, if not continually venturing on the well known precincts of immodesty and indelicacy. If advice on this very delicate topic might safely be suggested, or would be accepted, I would say to my fair friends, in the words of Pope, with a slight alteration:

"Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,
As veil their charms too little, or too much."

And desire them to rest fully assured of the fact, that imagination in picturing the charms of woman, can always equal if not exceed the reality; and that the ardour of pursuit inevitably ceases, when fancy whispers, there is nothing more to win. C. L. O.

LETTER OF LORD MEADOWBANK,

TO THE YOUNG ROSCIUS, MASTER BETTY.

SIR—I take the liberty of sending you the little work I recommended yesterday to your perusal. It is by much the most valuable production of the most eminent person of your name,* and on that account might merit your attention. But my reason for wishing you to read it again and again is, that it exhibits a most interesting picture of youthful genius, and of the anticipations of future excellence, while it delineates, in delightful and true colours, that immense field of study which you must cultivate and master, before you can be entitled to the highest honours of your profession.

I am convinced that your mind will burn within you as you read; and that you will thence be induced to form or confirm a resolution on which (whatever be your natural endowments) the height of your future eminence will assuredly depend—the resolution to initiate yourself thoroughly (whatever sacrifices it may cost) in the school and discipline of those great masters, who have formed the taste, and commanded the admiration of the superior and cultivated minds of all civilized ages. It is in the wisdom and diction of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Terence, Cicero, and Demosthenes alone, that you can acquire that strength of character, that feeling of moral excellence, and of elate and irresistible composition and elocution which can enable you to satisfy fully the taste of a discerning audience, or animate the multitude with the energies of Milton, Shakspeare, and the higher composition of the Tragic, or even of the Comic muse; and give me leave to add, that the strictest guard over your own conduct, and the most inviolable seclusion from the brutifying society of coarse or immoral characters, is essential either to obtain or preserve bodily vigour, the penetrating discernment, and the purity of taste, on the happiest combination of which your future eminence must depend.

The earnestness of my wish that the tree may thrive, and bear fruit suitably to its promise, will, I hope, plead my apology for troubling you with these observations, and procure me credit, when I assure you that I am with much respect,

Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,

A. MACONACHIE.

Lord Meadowbank, of the Court of Sessions.

* Dr. Beattie's Minstrel.

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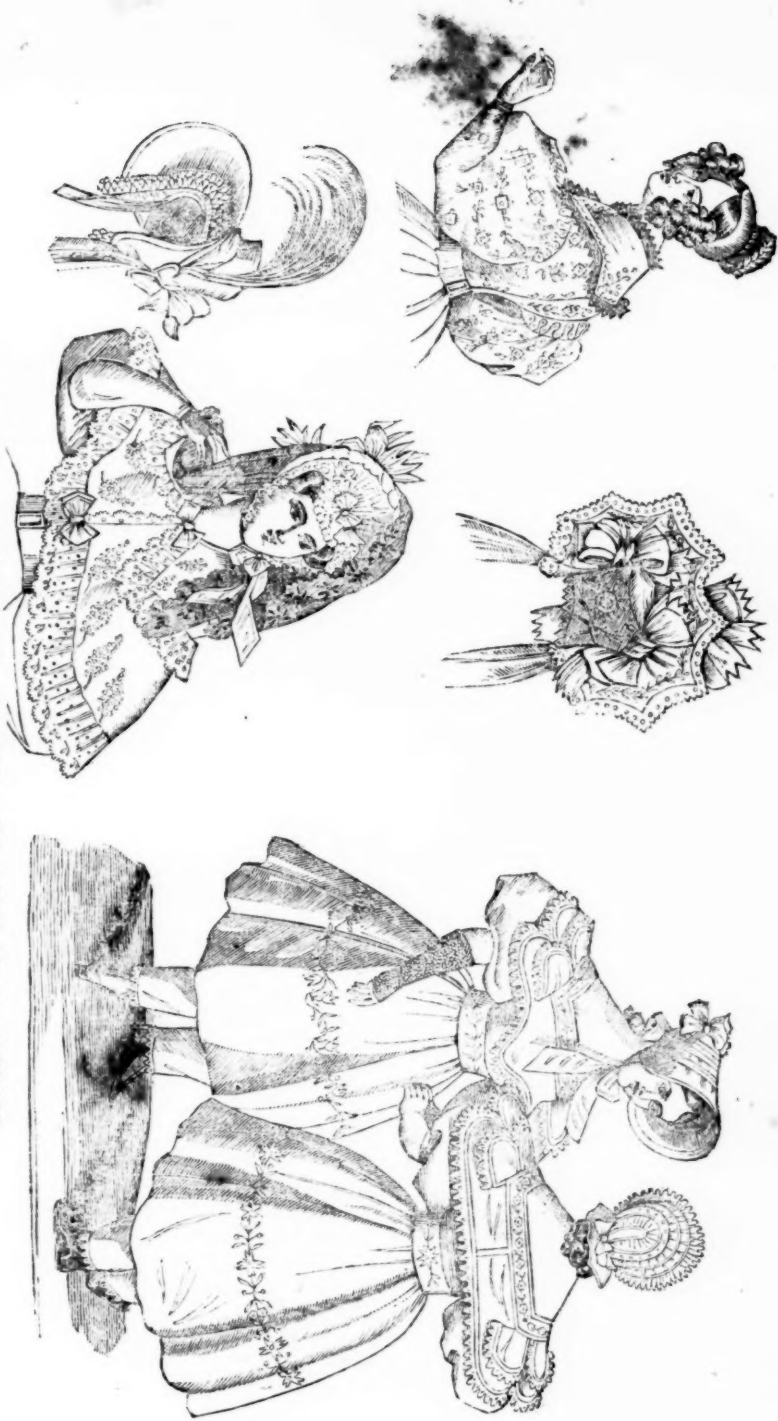
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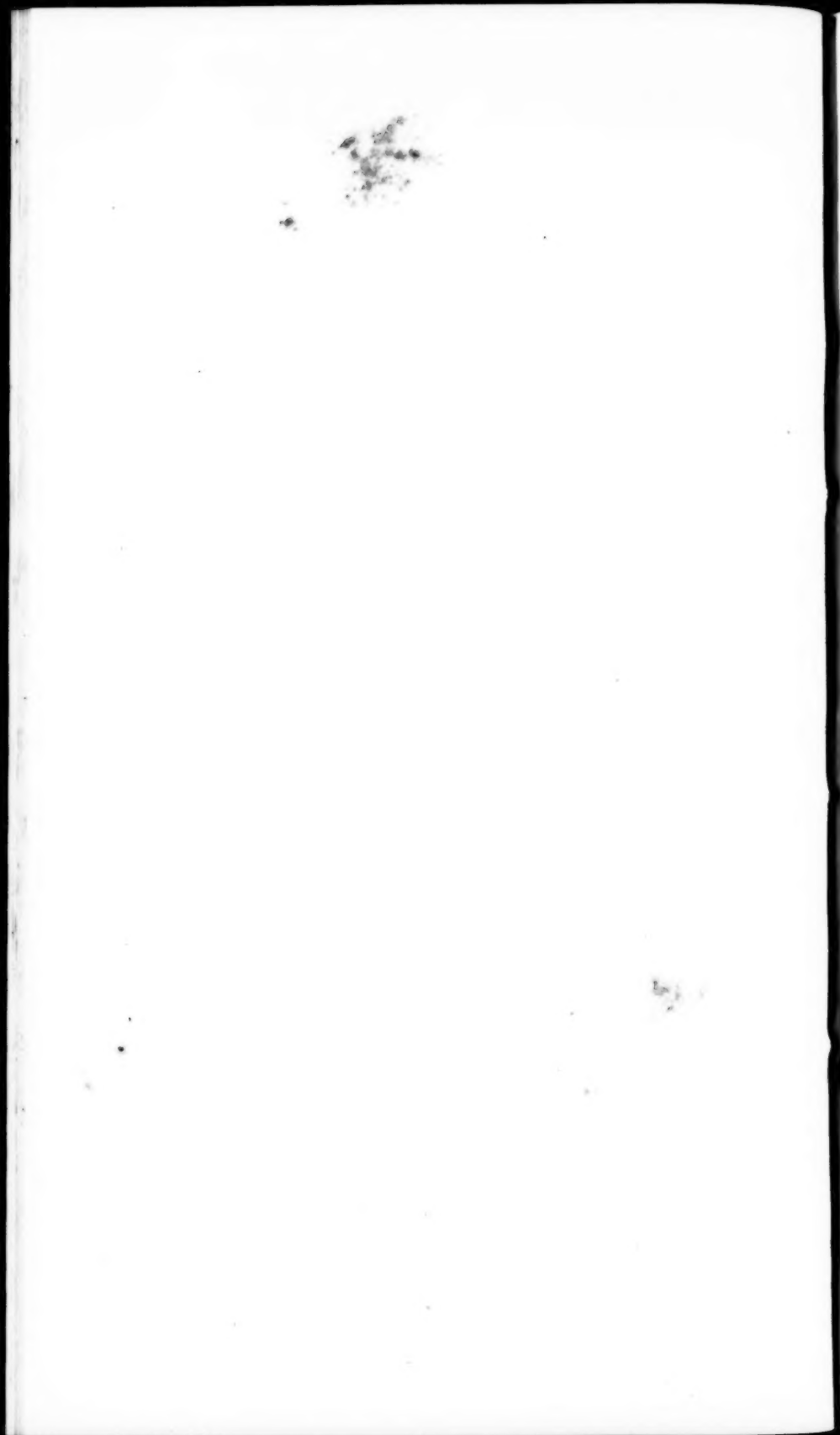
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ADDITIONAL FASHIONS—FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.





Original.
THE SNOW SHROUD.

"**HIST** prattler! for thine infant voice will drown
The echo of their footfall, and the wind
Is wild without. Methought I heard even now
A tramp upon the threshold, but the drifts
Are lumbering its passage.—**HIST**, was that
The voice of Ponto's welcome? He is wont
With like uncouth and boisterous joy to hail
His master's dwelling, bounding on before
To herald his return.—Softly, my babe,
I'll stop thy lips with kisses—shut thine eyes
And nestle in thy mother's bosom, boy,
'Twill pillow all thy cares. And Mary, dear,
Pile the broad blaze with fagots. We will hold
A beacon to the wanderers, for the night
Is blind as boisterous, and mayhap the storm
Has blocked their narrow footpath. See you how
As the light flashes out athwart the gloom,
The snow is swept in billows by the gust!
It is a fearful night. Thy brother ill
Could with his puny arm and boyish might
Buffet with such a tempest, but for aid
Of stronger sinews. Haste thee, girl, to spread
The evening table, for his father's arm
Will bear the loved one that he stumble not.
Bewildered 'mid the darkness; be it ours
To task our care, and welcome their return
With fitting comfort.—Did I hear again
The howl of Ponto? hark!—it was the breath
Of the mad tempest, as it groans without,
Dashing the sleet against the panes. Pile high
The glowing hearth, and wicel, before its blaze,
The ancient cushioned chair. So, daughter—now,
Look at the hour once more—how tardily
The minutes waste, but he will come anon.
Weary and way-worn, with the boy, to greet
Thy provident kindness with his wanted kiss.
Heaven shield them in the horrors of the night!"

But the long hours crept on. The lazy clock
Numbered the strokes of midnight, and the eyes
Of the late watchers, heavy grew and dull,
All, save the eyes of one, and they were dim,
But 'twas with tears. The babe was laid to rest
Bolstered within its cradle, while at hand
His sister, patient sat, her little arm
Resting upon the cushioned chair she smoothed
Long hours ago, for one she had no power
Longer to wake for, and despite her fears
Her head sunk down in slumber. Dished around
On the warm hearth, the evening meal was ranged,
As yet untasted, for he had not come
Who should have blessed the food. The matron sat
Brooding her fears in anguish, with quick ear
Catching at every sound, and gathering hope
As the mad tempest lulled. Her throbbing heart
Beat achingly, and her dim eye was strained
To pierce the shadows; but a cloud of woe
Settled upon her brow. Could she have deemed
The father of the household, and his boy,
Were floundering in the mountain drift!

Morn broke
At last, a still, and wintry morn. The air
Bit with its piercing crystals, and the sun
Looked out upon a wilderness of snow,
Heaved into surges, as the eddy wind
Had tossed it madly, and in bitter sport,
Wreathed it in thousand shapes fantastical.
The hardy peasants, burrowing from their doors,
Gathered amain to force the trackless paths
Impassable. Few furlongs had they sped,
Ere with a mournful and continuous howl,
A dog that brooked no chiding, hailed their aid,
Where from a mighty drift, a garment skirt

Peered forth. In curious search beneath, they found
A frozen corse, and pinioned in its arms,
A marble boy, his little hands, the dead
Still clutching, with a death gripe. In his eye
A half-formed tear was frozen, and his lips
Were parted, as he would have lisped, in death,
The name of MOTHER!

Original.
THE DEATH-BED.

"——— Thou hast first begun
The travel of Eternity. I gaze
Amid the stars, and think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.—*Southern.*

God speed thy parting spirit, love! thine hour has
come at last,
And well hast thou the trial dire of bitter suffering past;
The earth, and all its nothingness, fast fading from thy
view,
Opens a heavenly world to thee, fair, holy, calm, and
true.
Thy cheek is very pale, love, thy brow is damp and
cold,
But oh! the brightness on that brow is wondrous to
behold;
Yet why do we thus marvel that a soul so pure and good
Should spring with rapturous joy to meet its Father
and its God.
God speed thy dark, cold journey, love! and guide
thee thro' the vale,
Where Death's pale grisly shadows, still the parting
soul assail;
But the white robes of Innocence, so brightly round
thee wave,
Their radiance will soon dispel the horrors of the
grave.
Around thee all is joyful, our hearts alone are drear,
And not for thee, but for ourselves, gushes the bitter
tear!
For we had lived so long within the sunshine of thine
eye,
We thought our treasure still secure, nor dream'd that
thou could'st die.
God speed thee well, thou sinless one! to that celestial
home,
From whence in all thy loveliness so lately thou did'st
come;
For when indulgent Heaven sent its choicest gift in
thee,
It gave thee all its attributes, save immortality.
Oh! precious was thy fondness, love, to this cold heart
of mine,
And all my young affection's wealth was freely pour'd
in thine;
And soothing 'tis to know and feel, 'mid all this cease-
less pain,
Yet a few years, or months, perhaps, and we shall meet
again.
God speed thy gentle spirit, love! I little deemed that
thou
Should'st ever cause such heartfelt grief as swells my
bosom now;—
I loved to think my childhood's friend, would fondly,
sadly weep
O'er me, when early laid to rest, in death's unbroken
sleep.
Affection's brightest dream was ours, too lovely far to
last,
And all that now remains to me is memory of the past:
Ev'n this sad scene is over now, our parting hour is
come.
God speed thee, best and dearest one! God speed thee
to thy home. H—S.

THE GOLDEN STARS!

COMPOSED BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

PIANO.

p

The first system of the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in G major, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

p

Why seeks that fair, that lovely maid, The Closter's chilling gloom, To

The second system, containing the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Why seeks that fair, that lovely maid, The Closter's chilling gloom, To". A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

should that beauty's radiant rose With - in a living tomb?

The third system, containing the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "should that beauty's radiant rose With - in a living tomb?".

That scarf she tears, her dear one wore, 'Tis

fz *p* *fz* *p*

The fourth system, containing the third line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "That scarf she tears, her dear one wore, 'Tis". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords with dynamic markings *fz* and *p*.

with his life - blood dyed: A bra - ver heart, a hold - er hand, Ne'er

dar'd the bat - tle tide, Ne'er dar'd the bat - tle tide, Ne'er dar'd

the bat - tle tide.

II.

Why droops in grief that aged form,
 That honour'd Sire—ah! say!
 Why wear those high and lordly tow'rs
 The hues of lone decay?
 In childless sorrow fades his days,
 His valiant heir is slain!
 That home of love, with wonted joy,
 Will ne'er resound again—
 Will ne'er resound again,
 Will ne'er resound again.

III.

Ye golden stars! that high in air,
 In boundless revel glow,
 Think ye, at all, of gentle hearts
 That suffer here below!
 Ah! no, the woes o'er which we sigh,
 "Alas! why should they be?"
 Leave, as I view your bright'ning smiles,
 But wond'ring tears for me—
 But wond'ring tears for me,
 But wond'ring tears for me.

Original.

CECIL GORDON.

"No," said Cecil Gordon, as he hastily pushed from him a letter, whose contents had ruffled his calm and manly brow, and curled his beautiful lips into an expression of scorn, very foreign to their usually bland and benign smile; "no, never, never can I consent to become the husband of this proud heiress;—to be dependent upon her wealth for a subsistence—to wed without affection or esteem a reluctant bride, who if she is possessed of one spark of soul, must despise me; or if she be heartless enough willingly to become the wife of one whom she does not know and cannot love, our chance of happiness must be small indeed. No, never, never will I consent to a union so degrading to both. I will write to my father and acquaint him with my unconquerable reluctance to fulfil a contract entered into without my knowledge or consent; and should he, after my arrival in England, persist in urging this detested union, I will return once more to India in the hope of finding there, at least an honourable grave."

It was thus that the young soldier felt and determined in the first transport of indignation and displeasure, at the unwelcome intelligence conveyed in the letter before him.—General Gordon, the father of our hero was the younger son of a noble but decayed family in the north of England. Devoted to his profession from his earliest youth, he had arrived at great and deserved distinction in the service. A few years previous to the period of our story, while exposing his own life in defence of a brother officer, (Sir John Lessingham,) he had received a wound, which disabled him from future service. As, in the ardent pursuit of glory, General Gordon had paid no attention to his pecuniary affairs, he found himself, still in the prime of life, thrown out of his profession, with nought but empty honour to repay him for thirty years of toil and danger. His only son was, at the time of this accident, travelling on the continent, and General Gordon was reluctantly compelled, from the sudden reverse in his prospects, to recall him to England and solicit for him an appointment in the India service.

In the meantime, Sir John Lessingham had not been unmindful of the interests of his benefactor. His gratitude was fervent and sincere, and in the first warmth of his feelings he proffered his friend the half of his fortune. But the proud spirit of General Gordon shrank from receiving compensation for an impulsive act of generosity, which he would have performed for the humblest of his fellow creatures. Sir John formed the project of uniting his only daughter, who was the sole heiress of his immense possessions, to the son of his deliverer. Arbitrary in his temper, unaccustomed to contradiction, and indefatigable in the accomplishment of any plan on which his mind was bent, he looked upon his daughter's acquiescence as a thing of course; but in obtaining the concurrence of General Gordon in this favourite project, he encountered many serious obstacles. Yet the brave and independent soldier was not without ambition for his only child, and at length yielding to arguments which won upon his feelings, though they could not convince his judgment, he promised to use all his influence to insure the compliance of his son; but only on the conditions that, no further step should be taken in the business until Cecil's return to England, and that the marriage should not take place until Miss Lessingham was of age, that she might not be hurried into a union, while yet too young to judge for herself, or to appreciate the character of the man to whom she was to confide her destiny.

Years passed on, and the regiment in which young Gordon now held the rank of lieutenant, was ordered home. It was a few weeks previous to his embarkation for England that he received the letter from his father which conveyed to him the first intelligence of that long cherished project, in the accomplishment of which, General Gordon now felt an interest not inferior to that of Sir John Lessingham; and it was this intelligence that had so powerfully aroused the latent pride of the noble and high minded young soldier.

On his arrival in London he found a letter from his father, informing him that he had purchased an estate in —shire, in the neighbourhood of Lessingham Hall, and requesting him to join him there as soon as possible. It was with deep regret that Cecil discovered from the tenor of this communication, that his reply to his father's last unwelcome letter had never been received. In that reply he had expressed his deep sense of the honour intended him, accompanied by his fixed determination to decline the proffered favour; and he now felt with deep chagrin that his silence would be construed into acquiescence in the proposal.

He commenced his journey with a reluctance that increased as he proceeded, and amounted to repugnance almost unconquerable as he approached its dreaded termination. In this state of mind, willing to delay for a time the approaching interview with his father, he resolved to linger awhile amid the beautiful and secluded scenery of the lakes, in order that he might reflect in solitude and retirement on the course of conduct most proper for him to pursue. It was early autumn when he reached those beautiful regions, and the gentle, and soothing influence of that twilight season of the year, accorded well with the wild and solitary grandeur of the scenes around, and with the pensive and desponding nature of his own reflections. He felt as if he were about to sacrifice the happiness of his whole life to gratify the whims of the capricious, though generous hearted baronet. He was led to believe that Miss Lessingham already looked upon him as her betrothed husband, and sedulously shunned all attentions which either her wealth or personal attractions called forth. If so, "would it be honourable for him to refuse to fulfil a contract which his father, however unwarrantably, had made in his name?" Cecil resolved these thoughts in his mind 'till they goaded him almost to madness. Day after day he lingered amid the wild hills and lonely glens that surround the western lakes, in a state of gloomy and apathetic abstraction, while his morbid fancy made him look upon life as a cheerless and barren path divested of a single ray of happiness or hope.

It was towards the close of a day, spent, as usual, in wandering over hill and heath, gazing for hours in listless abstraction on the deep and quiet waters, spread out far beneath him, that Lieut. Gordon was overtaken by one of those violent and sudden thunder-storms, so common in those mountainous regions. The night was coming on rapidly, and, in his hurry to descend, he had missed his way and found himself on the verge of a ledge of rocks, in a situation from which it seemed equally difficult either to proceed or retreat. The descent though abrupt was not very deep, and determining to make the trial, rather than remain exposed to the united evils of darkness and storm, he descended a few steps, clinging to the scanty shrubs and brambles near him for support, when, on placing his foot upon a projecting crag it rolled from its bed and precipitated him along with it to the rock below. Stunned by the violence of the fall, which had dislocated

his right ankle and otherwise severely injured him, he remained for a long time perfectly exposed to all the inclemency of the weather. His servant alarmed at the protracted absence of his master, had gone in search of him on the first signal of an approaching storm. On discovering his helpless condition the man had hastened for assistance to the nearest dwelling, and Lieut. Gordon was conveyed, still insensible, to the house of Lady Eleanore Mowbray, who was passing the autumn at her residence near the lakes.

Many days passed away and still the young soldier lay unconscious of all that was passing around him, sometimes in the delirium of fever, uttering wild and unconnected fancies, and at others recalling the events of his past life, and dwelling with expressions of anguish and despair on the subject of the projected union with the heiress of Lessingham.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed in this manner, when one evening after a deep and quiet slumber, which had lasted many hours, the invalid awoke, for the first time, to a faint consciousness of present objects; though for a long time he vainly endeavoured to recall the past, or to imagine the events which had preceded or caused his illness. The hangings and drapery of the bed on which he was lying were rich and costly, but the curtains were closed so as almost entirely to exclude the apartment from his observation. At length he gently put them aside, and the first object that met his gaze, was the figure of a young girl who was sleeping in an arm chair near the foot of the bed. Her beautiful head was pillowed on an arm, round, polished, and symmetrical, as if chiselled from the Pentellican marble, and her youthful countenance, even in sleep, was full of sweetness. Her hair, of uncommon beauty, escaping from its confinement fell in unchecked luxuriance over her neck and bosom, and together with her pencilled eye-brows and long silken lashes, formed a contrast almost startling to the extreme paleness of a cheek that seemed blanched by recent watching and fatigue. Yet her full and rounded figure had all the beautiful proportions of youth and health, and in the unstudied grace of her recumbent attitude, there was an air of abandonment, of languor, and of soft repose, that lent a touching charm to her appearance, and conveyed the idea of vestal purity, combined with the voluptuous graces of a Venus. The rich rays of an autumnal sunset were pouring through a narrow opening in the voluminous folds of crimson damask that shaded a large oriel window; and the light fell directly upon the beautiful sleeper, enveloping her whole figure with a glory, that, to the fevered imagination of the young soldier, seemed almost supernatural, and to the mind of a painter, would have suggested a beautiful illustration of the fable of Danae slumbering beneath a shower of gold. He could have gazed forever at this beautiful vision, had not his attention been diverted by the entrance of an elegant woman, in whose countenance dignity and sweetness had replaced the more brilliant graces of youth. It was Lady Eleanore Mowbray, the mistress of the mansion in which he had been so hospitably sheltered. Lady Mowbray having been informed by the servant of Gordon of the name of her guest and the accident which had befallen him, had kindly bestowed on him every attention which his helpless situation required. Her entrance had chased away the light slumbers of the young girl, who opened her beautiful eyes and smiled faintly as Lady Eleanore approached.

"What! my little Cora, sleeping on your post? Ah! I fear I must appoint a more faithful sentinel to fill your place. But, seriously, my sweet cousin, you are injuring yourself by so much fatigue. I shall be obliged to pass sentence of banishment upon you until the bloom is restored to this pale cheek."

Ere the last words were spoken, Cora had approached the bed, and taking a hand of the invalid in one

of hers, she applied the other soft palm to his fevered brow, the darkness of the room preventing her from observing the ardent gaze of that deep and penetrating eye, to which the light of reason had once more returned. Cecil Gordon almost believed that he had awakened in paradise. He dared not trust himself to speak, lest the bright vision should be dissipated, and the gentle pressure of that little hand withdrawn, whose light touch thrilled to his very heart. But when his youthful nurse bent over to ascertain if he yet slept, when he felt her sweet breath on his lips, and her soft ringlets swept his cheek, he uttered in a low, but earnest tone, a few words of inquiry, mingled with such ardent expressions of gratitude and admiration, that they called the rich blood back to the colourless cheek of his auditor, and caused her to abandon her place by his side to her companion. Lady Mowbray kindly answered all his inquiries, and then assuring him that silence and repose were absolutely necessary in the present state of his disorder, withdrew with her young companion, leaving him in the charge of a nurse more skilful perhaps, though certainly less tender and beautiful than her youthful substitute. In vain did young Gordon endeavour to drive from his mind the beautiful vision, that his too abrupt and ardent declarations had driven from his presence; her image constantly occupied his sleeping and waking thoughts, and for several days he watched anxiously, though vainly for her reappearance. In the meantime he had learned from his attendant, that the beautiful girl he had seen was a distant relative of the lady of the mansion, and had been for several weeks her visitor. He frequently saw his kind hostess, but to all his inquiries respecting her young friend she answered with a degree of reserve which surprised and disappointed him, and there was an embarrassment in her manner of replying to his questions, which seemed to indicate that it was an unwelcome topic. One circumstance alone occurred to vary the dull routine of his days of convalescence. He one evening heard the deep and solemn notes of an organ in a distant part of the house, accompanied by a voice so wild, sweet, and touching, that it at once penetrated his heart and entranced his senses. He eagerly inquired the name of the performer, and heard with delight, what he had indeed suspected, that Cora Wentworth was the musician. The succeeding evening, after waiting sometime in hopes of hearing the same sweet sounds repeated, he ventured to send his attendant to her with a request for a repetition of the favour; and he could hardly account to himself for the strange pleasure which her ready compliance gave him.

During this tedious interval his health rapidly recovered, and his only fear now was, that he should soon be without an excuse for prolonging his stay in the house which contained so lovely an inhabitant. Day after day passed away without restoring to his eyes the one object ever present to his mental vision, when wishing one morning to obtain the second volume of a book he had been reading, he ventured to try his returning strength by going himself to the library in search of it. This apartment was on the same floor, with the one which he occupied; the door was partly open, and he had entered the room ere he perceived, with a quickened pulse, that the room was already occupied by the sweet Cora Wentworth, for, although the face was turned from him, it was impossible to mistake the contour of that graceful head, or that harmonious beauty of figure and attitude, which once seen could never be forgotten. A small marble vase, ornamented with figures in bass relief, stood on the table before her, which she seemed engaged in copying. Gordon stood for a moment, gazing upon her with mingled emotions of pleasure and confusion, but when at length he approached to address her, the sound of his footsteps caused her to turn her head sud-

denly, and the smile of delighted surprise that beamed on her sweet face inspired him with courage. Rallying his disconcerted faculties, he addressed her with the frank and graceful politeness of a soldier and a gentleman. The subject of Cora's pencil afforded a convenient and natural introduction to conversation.—On one side of the vase was represented, with great delicacy and beauty, a youthful female standing on a rude seabeach, with extended arms, hair floating on the wind, and an expression of grief and tenderness strongly depicted on her beautiful features. On the right a vessel was seen leaving the island under full sail. The subject of this beautiful bass relief had been often discussed by Cora and Lady Mowbray, and she now asked the opinion of her new acquaintance, at the same time expressing her belief that it was intended as a representation of *Adriadne* overwhelmed with despair at the desertion of *Bacchus*.

"Why not *Calypso*, mourning the departure of *Ulysses*?" he replied.

"Oh, no! this figure looks too naive, too innocent for that wily and wicked enchantress."

"Perhaps, then, it is the tender *Carthagenian* queen, lamenting the flight of her false Trojan lover."

Cora smiled and shook her head. "Oh," said she, "the instances of man's falsehood and woman's love multiply upon us so fast, that I must give up all hope of identifying this lovely picture."

A painful sensation, almost amounting to conscious guilt, sent the blood into the cheek of Gordon, as the thought flashed across his mind, that it was perhaps now too late for him to withdraw from the projected alliance, without having his own name added to the list of the false and the perjured. He hastened to turn the conversation by praising the execution of the drawing, which betrayed touches of genius that astonished him; and when he remembered that it was the same gifted being who had breathed those notes of melting sweetness, and woke from the organ those tones that had beguiled him of so many weary hours of sickness and despondency, he almost forgot her beauty in admiration of her genius.

Cora was indeed an artist of no common powers; accustomed to the blandest influences of nature, from having lived since her childhood amid scenery picturesque and romantic, and possessing that keen and thrilling sense of beauty, which is the true attribute of genius, she would have been oppressed by the delicious sensations and images inspired by all around her, if those beautiful arts of music and painting had not been to her as a natural language, by which she expressed and into which she breathed, that fulness of joy and those blissful emotions, which often filled her heart to overflowing. The absence of all novelty and variety of incident in the simple routine of her life, had neither been regretted or felt by her; the warmth of her conceptions and the ardour of her feelings, caused her to receive the most profound and vivid impressions from many things which passed unnoticed before common eyes, and these impressions had as sensibly marked the lapse of time to her, as incident and adventure do to others.

And thus, was the ardent and open hearted young soldier, by what seemed a capricious sport of destiny, thrown into the society of this beautiful and sensitive being, at the moment when his peculiar situation with regard to another, compelled him to smother within his own burning bosom the emotions with which she inspired him. Often, in the bitterness of his heart, did he inveigh against the cruel chance that had thrown in his path the perfection of loveliness, only to render his forced union more disgusting and his regrets more intolerable. But Cecil Gordon had not yet analysed the feelings with which Cora inspired him, and like one who feels that he is hurrying towards a precipice from which no efforts of his own can save him,

he closed his eyes to the prospect before him and allowed himself to be borne along on the stream of events.—In a few days these young persons, so lately entire strangers, became better known and more endeared to each other, than years of friendly intercourse could have effected in minds and hearts less congenial in taste and temperament. A word, a look, a stolen smile are often sufficient to unlock the full fountains of tenderness in young and unsuspecting hearts, and there was something in the playful tenderness and the innocent, confiding freedom of Cora's manner, that had infinite fascination for her young lover. And now that his returning strength allowed him each day to meet his kind hostess and her young friend in the library, his days and hours passed with a rapidity which was the sole drawback to his felicity. Lady Mowbray still maintained the same reserve in speaking of Cora, but from what he had himself observed he was induced to believe that Miss Wentworth was entirely dependent upon Lady Mowbray; and that she was, from some secret cause, desirous of living for the present in perfect seclusion. She saw no company and never alluded to her family or connexions. This circumstance, though it could not fail to excite a painful curiosity in the mind of Gordon, yet had no power to damp the ardour of his growing passion. He often said to himself, "how much happier could I be with this fair and gentle creature, even should she prove to be utterly destitute of connexions, fortune, or standing in society—how greatly happier to take her with beauty and affection alone for her dower, than to wed the proud and haughty heiress."

Every day did he find the fascinations of this sweet child of nature winding themselves closer and closer around his heart, till he felt to rend them away would be impossible. Frequently would he lay down some book, from which he had been reading aloud, to gaze upon her, as she sat at her work or her drawings beside him; and with what delight did he mark the fluctuating colour of her cheek, and the quick pulsations of her heart, when she looked up and met his glance of unutterable tenderness! Who shall describe the happiness of those first hours of dawning affection, when the sweet consciousness of being an object of intense and absorbing interest to some beloved and lovely being, fills our hearts with a blessedness like that of heaven! a happiness so pure, so perfect that (alas for the sad doom of mortality) on earth it has no abiding place, and success or disappointment are alike fatal to its duration. Yet who is there that doth not turn to that sweet dream with a fonder and deeper devotion, as the cares of life gather around him?

The handsome and gallant young soldier was now thoroughly domesticated in the same house with the loveliest, and tenderest, and most confiding of human beings; beholding her at all hours of the day, and loving her better at each time that he beheld her. Dangerous proximity! for those between whom circumstances or fate have placed obstacles, which may not be surmounted without incurring guilt or ignominy. Each hour to hear those gentle tones of voice, whose low sweet cadences convey the heart's whole history. To meet the earnest thrilling gaze, and find it suddenly and consciously withdrawn; to see each action and each word betray the secret that would vainly hide itself from observation. These, with a thousand nameless indications of a dawning passion, indescribable but never to be forgotten by those who have felt their enchantment, all conspired to enslave the heart of young Gordon ere he was fully conscious of the dangers that surrounded him. It was to no purpose that in moments of after reflection, he thought of the unfortunate contract which he was expected to fulfil; and he now thought it a false delicacy that had ever induced him to hesitate in declining such a proposal. He reflected that it was not yet too late to refuse his

consent and he hoped that he might be able to do it in such a manner as not to wound the pride of Sir John Lessingham or the delicacy of his daughter. And thus, with the sanguine hopes of youth, he abandoned himself, with all the arduous and romance of his disposition, to the delightful consciousness that he was not indifferent to Cora. Cecil Gordon had not yet apprised his father of the accident which had befallen him, but as soon as he had felt himself able to write, he had sent him a few lines, allowing him to believe, from the tenor of his letter, that he was still travelling among the western lakes, and would join him in a few weeks. The time was now fast approaching when he felt that he should no longer have an excuse for remaining in the family that had so kindly received him. One evening as Cora sat at her embroidery-frame in the library, and Gordon was pacing the apartment with a hurried step, and endeavouring to summon resolution to confide to her all the peculiarities of his situation, and to make a full declaration of his affection and his hopes, a letter was handed her by a servant, which she hastily opened and read with an alternately blanched and burning cheek. At length observing the look of intense interest with which Gordon was regarding her, she said, with an agitated voice, "I must leave this place to-night."

"To-night, dearest Cora? Oh, do not, do not say so! Who is it that has summoned you from your friends so suddenly? At least, may I not ask with whom you are to go, and whither?"

Cora made an effort to reply, but the tears were fast gathering in her sweet eyes, and veiling them with her small, slender fingers, she bent her head over the table before her, and wept in unrestrained emotion. The time was now come when he could no longer hesitate on the course to be pursued. He felt that Cora had long known the inmost feelings of his heart, and he felt too, with mingled emotions of self-reproach and exquisite happiness, that his love was returned with a tenderness and fervour not exceeded by his own. He gently withdrew her fair hand from the blushing and tearful face it shaded, and holding it closely imprisoned within his own (unmindful of the sage advice of Sterne on this subject) he spoke to her long and earnestly, of his love for her,—of the plans and wishes of his father with regard to his union with Miss Lessingham,—and of his hopes respecting the result of a candid explanation of his feelings to that lady. He told her how aversé he had always been to so unequal a marriage,—how he had loathed the idea of being dependent upon a proud and wealthy heiress for subsistence, even before he had known and loved herself. But now—now that his whole heart was bound up in her and filled with her image alone—he had resolved, if the thing could be done without compromising his honour, to decline at once the proposed alliance.

Cora listened to him with less surprise than he had anticipated, but not without great agitation, and when he concluded by requesting some portion of her confidence in return, and some explanation of the mystery which seemed to surround her, her agitation fearfully increased, and her whole frame seemed convulsed by some strong emotion. Gordon fixed his penetrating gaze upon her as if he would have read what was passing within her bosom, and his sunburnt though handsome features varied from the flush of anxiety and suspense, to the pale and blanched hues of despair and jealous fear. "Oh, Cecil," said she, "let me tell you all,—I cannot bear this deceit,—it is foreign to my nature,—I loathe and detest it,—and yet, perhaps, the first word that I utter may separate us forever; perhaps you will hate, or worse, far worse—despise me! Oh! no, no, not yet—not yet! Tarry but a short period and you shall know the whole, be the result what it may;—I ask but a short reprieve."

A thousand vague and fearful thoughts flashed through the mind of Cecil, but jealousy was the predominant feeling. He remembered with a sudden pang that pierced his heart, that Cora had constantly worn a chain round her neck, from which, through the delicate texture of her dress, he could easily discern that a miniature was suspended. This he now remembered, that she had always studiously concealed. He once entered the room and found her gazing at this cherished treasure, when, with an air of confusion, she hastily restored it to its sweet hiding place. His excited imagination now associated this picture with the mystery that evidently enveloped her. "It is well, madam," he at length replied; "I desire not to investigate mysteries, or to penetrate into secrets with which I have no right to intrude. I was too presumptuous in requesting the confidence of a stranger and I deserve to suffer." Cecil had not raised his eyes while uttering these cruel words, and he now turned to leave the apartment; as he reached the door, he heard his name breathed in so touching a tone of tenderness, that he involuntarily turned and met the eloquent glance of Cora, so full of love and gentle reproach that in a moment he was at her feet, pouring forth such earnest protestations of penitence and of undoubting affection that she could not choose but pardon him. "And will you trust me, then," said she; "will you confide in me so far as to believe, at least, in my truth, till you hear from me again? Alas! were there no other obstacle to our happiness than want of fidelity in me, we should, indeed, have little cause to fear."

"I will do any thing that you wish, dearest Cora, I will submit to any penalty that you shall impose for my ungenerous suspicions; only let me accompany you; do not leave me to suffer the horrors of suspense deprived of your sweet presence."

"It may not be," said Cora; "I must go and go alone, but you shall hear from me, or see me soon, and then," she added more cheerfully, "I trust that all may be explained to your satisfaction, and that we may yet be happy." "Be it so, then, dear Cora, but remember that until your lips pronounce my doom, each day will be to me as an eternity. In the meantime I will see my father, and decline as best I can, the oppressive gratitude of his wealthy friends; and now, since it is your will to leave me, farewell!" He wound his arm unresisted around her slender waist, imprinted the first kiss upon her innocent lips, and parted from her with the renewed confidence of youthful and generous affection.

The next morning Cecil had taken an affectionate leave of his kind hospitable hostess, and, notwithstanding her urgent remonstrances against the danger of exposing himself to fatigue while yet so imperfectly recovered, found himself again on horseback, and accompanied by his servant, travelling northwards towards the retired and beautiful village where General Gordon now resided. It was an easy day's journey, even for an invalid, and Cecil travelled slowly along, ruminating upon many sweet recollections and cheered with blissful anticipations. But yet an idea of the unpleasant task before him, did not fail to throw a gloom over the sweet creations of youthful hope. At the same time that his sense of honour and independence made him shrink from an alliance so unequal in point of fortune, his chivalrous gallantry made him equally unwilling to decline the connexion, in case Miss Lessingham should manifest a willingness no her part, to fulfil the engagement. But trusting that Providence had not thrown such a jewel as Cora Wentworth in his path, only to dazzle him with its loveliness and then withdraw it for ever, he abandoned himself to the blissful emotions suggested by his recollections of recent happiness, and by the beautiful appearances of nature lavished around him. The sun was now nearing the horizon. It was one of those

soft and glowing evenings in autumn, when earth seems to have borrowed the calm bright aspect of heaven. The western sky was flooded with hues of glorious beauty, and the declining sun, gleaming through the tall groves of oak that skirted his path, poured long lines of light across the mossy trunks of the old trees, and tinged the green carpet beneath with a bright emerald—now shedding its uninterrupted beams on some far-off heath-clad mountain, and turning its whole surface to the hue of the amethyst, and now silencing the white stems of the birch tree, or lighting up the crimson berries of the mountain ash. There was a breathless calm in the atmosphere, and no sounds were heard, save the faint warbling of some solitary songster, the lowing of the herd, or the bark of the shepherd's dog. One by one, these sounds of animal life died away, leaving the stilly eve to the solemn music of the woods and waters. The evening star rose on his path like a herald of happiness, and the moon, in serene and quiet beauty, traversed the silent heavens. The heart of Cecil Gordon beat high in his bosom, as he approached the spot where his fate was to be decided. The tranquillity of nature had no longer power to allay his feverish thoughts. Each step that brought him nearer to the end of his journey, increased his agitation: and when, after sending forward his servant to the residence of his father, he returned with the information that General Gordon had been passing a fortnight at Lessingham Hall, about three miles distant, and that he had left word for his son to proceed immediately to that place in case he returned during his absence, Cecil hurried on with an impulsive and reckless haste, anxious to have the first interview over, and not daring to trust himself with a single anticipation of the scene that awaited him, lest his self-possession should altogether desert him.

An antique and curious palisade, enclosing the park and grounds of Lessingham, had extended along the left side of the road for more than two miles, when a sudden turn brought them in view of the mansion, indistinctly visible through the thick growth of oak that intervened. There was an imposing grandeur in its appearance, as it loomed up in the misty and moonlit atmosphere of an autumnal evening; its tall turrets and battlemented walls, towering proudly above the lofty trees. The servant was now sent forward to announce to General Gordon the arrival of his son.—While pausing alone in the solitude of these ancestral groves, Cecil Gordon cast his eye around over the fair domain before him, and while he admitted the grandeur and beauty of the scene, his thoughts were all bent to discover how he could best decline so magnificent a dowry.

Cecil was welcomed with those feelings of pride and affection which the father of an only son, and such a son, alone could experience. During an hour's ramble in the park, Lieutenant Gordon explained to his father his settled aversion to this projected alliance, from the first. He informed him of the miscarriage of his letter; of the accident which had made him known to one dearer to him than existence, and of all his projects for freeing himself from the embarrassments that surrounded him. General Gordon heard him with calmness, and only replied by requesting him, at least, to see Miss Lessingham before he decided.

Cecil saw by his father's arch smile, that he thought her possessed of attractions, which, when once beheld, would prove irresistible. Though he feared not this ordeal, yet the idea of an interview with a woman whose proffered hand he had declined, was inexpressibly painful to him. But finding it impossible to refuse this request, he resolved to have the painful duty over as soon as possible. Sir John was confined to his apartment with a fit of the gout, and it was some relief to Cecil to know that for this night, at least, he should be spared the additional embarrassment of his

presence. As they approached the house, Miss Lessingham was sitting in an apartment whose windows opened upon a terrace fronting the park, and Cecil saw the flutter of her white garment in the moonlight as she passed the open window. His heart sunk within him; but it was now too late to recede. She had been apprised of his arrival, and of his intentions to see her, and was awaiting his entrance with a trepidation not inferior to his own. General Gordon conducted him to the door of the apartment, and having introduced him to the young heiress, retired. The room was lighted only by the fall rays of the harvest moon, and Miss Lessingham sat partly in the shade, so that he was spared that dazzling blaze of loveliness which his father had seemed to imagine must at once subdue him. His confusion was every moment increasing, and he vainly sought to stammer forth some commonplace expressions of civility. At length, ashamed of his hesitation and embarrassment, he advanced, and taking her cold and trembling hand in his, he poured forth some incoherent expressions of gratitude for the favour her father had intended him, and concluded by a brief statement of his pre-engaged affections. Surprised at receiving no reply, he ventured to raise his eyes to hers, when a low sweet voice, that thrilled through every fibre of his frame, whispered in his ear, "O, Cecil! can you forgive me for the deception I have practised upon you?" and the head of his own Cora sank upon his bosom. In the darkness of midnight, he could not have mistaken those gentle tones that stole upon his senses like heavenly music; or the touch of those soft and silken tresses, as he put them aside from a cheek now pale with happiness.

"And the miniature, dear Cora," whispered he, as his hand accidentally encountered the chain to which it was attached, "is your own." He caught her to his heart, and showered upon her sweet lips the fervent kisses of love and happiness.

Cora Wentworth was indeed the heiress of Lessingham. Wentworth had been the maiden name of her mother, and had been given as a middle name to Cora. Her gratitude to General Gordon for the favour he had conferred upon her father, had induced her to listen, with interest, to all that she had heard of his son.—Her ardent imagination had endowed him with every perfection of mind and character, and from dwelling often on his image, she had prepared herself to feel for him a still warmer interest. When she learned that an alliance was projected between them by her father, her only fear was, that this hero of her imagination would not think her worthy of his affection.—A few weeks before the return of the young Soldier, she had been invited by her friend and relative, Lady Eleanore Mowbray, to pass a few weeks with her at her residence in Westmoreland.

As soon as the name and family of the young stranger, who had been brought in so helpless a condition to the house of Lady Mowbray, was made known by his servant, Cora had formed the idea of concealing her own name from him during their residence under the same roof; and on communicating her idea to her friend, had received her sanction and connivance to the plan. The success of this undertaking, has been recounted, and we have only now to add, that this union, so dreaded on the part of Cecil Gordon, became the first wish of his heart; and in after years, experience and reality blighted not a single anticipation of happiness that hope had cherished. Lovely and beloved as had been Cora Wentworth, Cora Lessingham had rivalled her in his affection. But far more lovely and more beloved than either, was Cora Gordon.

The additional day to February once in four years, seems very naturally designed to increase the spring necessary to a leap year.

Original.
THE MISSIONARY.

Oh! in this dark, deep hour of midnight gloom,
What thoughts of anguish rise within the breast!
E'en holy thoughts a sadden'd hue assume,
The soul by grief and loneliness oppress,
Looks on its doom, with tears of deep regret,
And thinks that ev'ry joy in endless night has set.

How hard my fate! a boundless ocean swells,
To keep me from the country of my birth!
A tearful tale its ceaseless moaning tells,
Like pensive music, with no strain of mirth.
A stranger, I, mid heathen people stay,
No smiling face is near, to drive dark thoughts away.

The soothing accents of my mother's voice
No longer fall upon my wearied ear,
And sweetly whisper to my soul "rejoice"—
As they were wont my youthful heart to cheer:—
No more can I behold her smiles of joy,
To see the filial tear, shed by her pride—her boy.

The prayers and counsels, praise and blame bestow'd,
Which but the gray-haired father could impart,
No more are mine—of the pure streams that flow'd
On me, from the deep fountain of his heart;
Now can I drink no more!—no more assuage
The exiled spirit's gloom, and fever-burning rage.

Not now as once, my sister's lovely form
Rests on my bosom, courting my caress;
No more her lip, with holy feeling warm,
Is press'd on mine, a brother's heart to bless,
With testimony of as deep a love
As warms the angel-breasts, in the high heav'n above.

The brightest spell which life or hope can lend
To scenes of joy, howe'er serene and pure,
The deep and holy commune of a friend;
That sweetest bliss—that only refuge sure—
I have not—cannot have. Friendless, alone,
Earth, ocean, air and sky, breathe but one mournful tone.

But why should I repine, or let one sigh
Escape the sealed temple of my heart?
Oh God! to thee I lift my thoughts on high!
Strength, fair'h, and piety, to me impart;
And all my feeble powers I'll gladly move,
To ope to heathen souls, the fountain of thy love.

And be Thou near me in my deep distress,
Pour on my head thy sweet anointing oil!
My labours in thy desert vineyard bless,
Relieve my gloom and sweeten all my toil!
And when my task of heav'nly love is o'er,
Soon may I reach thro' death, Eternity's calm shore.

Original.
REVERSES.

A PLEDGE, a pledge to sorrow!
Drain, drain the goblet deep!
While Joy's young sunshine lights our hearts,
We'll drink to those who weep:
Lorraine has touched the chalice
Gay, eager hands fill up!
He drinks to *others*—is there not
A tear-drop in *his* cup?

A claim, a claim from sorrow!
His willing spirit flies—
He soothes the little ones bereft,
The father as he dies:
How much they lose of pleasure,
The world's cold lookers-on,
Whose memory holds no woe relieved
No grateful blessing won.

A balm, a balm for sorrow!
(Should care assail *him* too?)
Bright eyes have wakened tender hopes,
Soft lips confessed them true:
But all things seem to bless him,
Wealth, friends, and woman's love,
And the conscious sweets of many a deed,
Known but to Him above.

A change, a change to sorrow!
Cold poverty is near,
The hard man's grasp is on his heart,
The curse rings in his ear!
Where are his friends, his lov'd one,
To break the sudden blow?
Ye who have gladden'd in his joy,
Haste, haste to soothe his woe!

The test, the test of sorrow—
It comes—he is alone—
Their last steps echo thro' the hall,
He hears *her* parting tone—
Away! 'twere vain to picture,
What words can ne'er impart,
A generous nature crushed by fate,
A wronged and broken heart!

A truce, a truce to sorrow!
Lorraine has ceas'd to mourn—
Bring out the white robe of the dead,
He has reached the peaceful bourne!
For the golden chord is broken,
That bound the kind, the fair,
And the halls he lov'd are desolate—
Why should he linger there?

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

We should endeavour to poetize our existence; to keep it clear of the material and grosser world. Music, flowers, verse, beauty, natural scenery, the abstractions of philosophy, the spiritual refinements of religion, are all important to that end.

Let us rather consider what we ought to do ourselves, than hearken after the doings of others.—The stories of our neighbours' errors tend but little to the reformation of our own.

There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect, that winds into deep affections which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach.

A Socrates may claim it to-day—a Napoleon to-morrow; nay, a brigand chief, illustrious in the circle in which he lives, may call it forth no less powerfully than the generous failings of a Byron, or the sublime excellence of the greater Milton.

He who has opportunities to inspect the sacred moments of elevated minds, and seizes none, is a son of dullness; but he who turns those moments into ridicule, will betray with a kiss, and in embracing, murder.

The proverb ought to run, "A fool and his words are soon parted—a man of genius and his money."

When the air is calm and still, as dead and deaf,
And under heaven quakes not an aspen leaf;
When seas are calm and thousand vessels fleet
Upon the sleeping seas with passage sweet;
And when the variant wind is still and lone,
The cunning pilot never can be known:
But when the cruel storm doth threat the bark
To drown in deeps of pits infernal dark,
While tossing tears both rudder, mast, and sail,
While mounting, seems the azure skies to scale,
While drives perforce upon some deadly shore,
There is the pilot known, and not before.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a plough-share weighing 24 pounds.

The heart, by its muscular contraction, distributes two ounces of blood from seventy to eighty times a minute.

If I were a writer of books I would compile a register, with the comment of the various deaths of men; and it could not but be useful, for who should teach men to die, should at the same time teach them to live.

Food improperly taken, not only produces original diseases, but affords those that are already engendered both matter and sustenance; so that, let the father of disease be what it may, intemperance is certainly its mother.

Tooth-drawers are practical philosophers, that go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the part affected.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

An auctioneer ought to be by nature strong; for, though only one man, he is often called upon to knock down a lot.

Shall beauty, blighted in an hour,

Find joy within her broken bower?

No: gayer insects fluttering by

Ne'er droop the wing on those that die,

And lovelier things have mercy shown

To every failing but their own,

And every woe a tear can claim,

Except an erring sister's shame.

Spring is welcomed to the trees, because they are *re-leafed* by its approach.

Those persons who are in business the most *sharp*, usually get the most *blunt*.

All blood may be said to be useless which is *in vain*.

A mediocrity of fortune, with a gentleness of mind, will preserve us from fear or envy; which is a desirable condition, for no man wants power to do mischief.

The philosopher Bion said pleasantly of the king, who by handmaids pulled his hair off his head for sorrow: "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief."

Rest upon our souls!—'tis all we want—the end of all our wishes and pursuits: give us a prospect of this, we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to have it in possession;—we seek for it in titles, in riches and pleasure—climb up after it by ambition—come down again, and stoop for it by avarice—try all extremes; still we are gone out of the way, nor is it till after many miserable experi-

ments, that we are convinced at last, we have been seeking every where for it, but where there is a prospect of finding it, and that is within ourselves, in a meek and lowly disposition of heart.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more; owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the 28th of the body, but in the horse but a 400th.

It has been computed that nearly two years of sickness is experienced by every person before he is seventy years old, and that therefore, but ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life; till forty it is but half, and after fifty it rapidly increases.

A true friend eases many troubles, whereas one who is not so, multiplies and increases them.

Clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature; any mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold or silver, which may make the mettle work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked causes are the goings of the Serpent; which goeth basely on the belly and not upon the feet.

RECIPES.

FOR AN OLIVE GREEN.

Let the article be first washed in soap and water, then wetted out in warm water; then boil two ounces of chipped logwood, and three ounces of chipped fustic together for half an hour; dip out your dye liquor, and put it into a pan with hot water; put in your goods; dissolve two drachms of verdigris in a teacupful of warm water, which put into a pan of cold water, take your gown from the dye, and run it through the verdigris water, well handling it for ten minutes; take it out and wash it in clean water, then through the dye liquor, and again in the verdigris water, and so continue this process till you obtain the colour required, only taking care to wash it out of the verdigris water before you put it into dye liquor; dry it in the shade.

FOR YELLOW COTTON.

To make a lemon yellow, first wash your article well in soap and water, then rinse it in warm water. For every yard of stout cotton, dissolve a piece of blue vitriol as large as a horse bean, in boiling water; and when the water is at a hand-heat, put the cotton in and handle it well for half an hour. In the interim take a quarter of a pound of weld for every yard of cotton, and boil it well for half an hour; dip the liquor out in a pan, and handle your cotton through this till it comes to the fullness required; take it out to cool, and when cold, wash it out, and dry it in the air.

VEAL A LA MODE.

Rub a fillet of veal all over with salt, and then lard it. Make a seasoning of chopped sweet-herbs, shallots, mushrooms, pepper, salt, and powdered nutmeg, and mace. Moisten it with sweet oil, and cover the veal all over with it. Put the veal into a tureen, and let it sit for several hours or all night. Then take it out, covered as it is with the seasoning, and wrap it in two sheets of white paper, well buttered, and roast or bake it. When it is quite done, take off the paper, and scrape off all the seasoning from the veal. Put the seasoning into a sauce-pan with the gravy, the juice of half a lemon, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and a little salt. Give it a boil, skim it well, and pour it over the veal.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

IL VESUVIANO.

On one of the last evenings of a residence in Naples, I visited the grand lion of the soil, Vesuvius. The sun was too fierce for an excursion over the five miles of fiery sand that have scorched the cuticle from so many a fair cheek of my countrywomen. I took a boat, and found the benefit of my prudence in at once escaping the death of St. Laurence, and hearing an infinity of Neapolitan gossip from my Lazzarone. But as we rowed under the little promontory that makes a rude landing-place to Portici, he insisted on my hearing the story of a pile of ruins that lay, covered with the green beauty of wild flowers and of rich Italian climbing plants, on a commanding point of the shore.

"There," said he, with somewhat more of gravity than I expected from his bold and jovial visage—"there was the palace of the Conde Florestan de Alcantara. When I was first in his service they called him a hermit and I know not what; for never was there a man who more hated the fools and knaves of Naples. But of that there was an end, like all things beside.

"Suddenly news came of the old king's death, and of the arrival of the Duca di Santa Croce, from Sicily, along with the new king, as his chief minister. This intelligence gave my lord new life. He became instantly another man. He went to Naples in a few days; and from that time the Alcantara palace was a round of entertainments. I never saw so complete a change in man. I could scarcely remember the fierce brow and bitter lip of the conde in the country, in the gay countenance and brilliant manners of the conde at Naples. Our palace was the constant rendezvous of the first personages of the state; we had all the ambassadors, all the beauties, all the artists, all the distinguished strangers. Why there was no condessa? was the question of every one; and undoubtedly if bright looks and noble offers could have established the daughters of the first names in the kingdom in the Alcantara palace, it would not have been long without a female head of the household.

"But an extraordinary personage, of whom the Neapolitans talk, and with good reason to this day, now came to check our festivity. The conde had, like all other grandees of his fortune, palaces or villas in different parts of the coast; and as the weather changed, or the wind shifted, or it suited his humour, or possibly the still more changeable humour of some fair lady of the court, we all hurried from one to the other at a moment's notice. But after a whole summer spent in those ramblings, to-night in Naples, to-morrow night in Calabria, the night after on the shore of Tarento, and the night after, here in Portici, as if he wore wings, intelligence began to spread of the return of Joachimo d'Inola, or Il Fiorentino, or Il Diavolo, the name that belongs by right of highway to all our great men who dislike paying taxes, have a taste for collecting the public money, and scorn to die in their beds. This fellow began to molest our movements prodigiously. A mule laden with plate, a dozen hamper of Monte Pulciano, or a case of guitars, was sure to fall into his hands every time, and in fact we seldom made a journey without paying a royal price for leave to change our prospect. The conde laughed at these losses for

awhile, and said that as robbery was the original trade of the country, that strangers like him were the natural prey, and that if every rogue in Naples were to be sent to the galleys, we should have the most crowded fleet and the thinnest court of any kingdom under the sun.

"But Fra Joachimo's proceedings at length began to have their effect. In this very palace of Portici the conde had assembled a party of the nobles. We had three days of feasting and gambling. The conde played high, as was the custom of his class; but he played fair, which was not the custom, and he lost accordingly. His money was spent magnificently on all occasions, but at play it flew. On the last day of the week there was to be an entertainment surpassing all the rest; a general invitation was sent to every distinguished personage for twenty leagues round. All was as showy as possible. Dancing, singing, and masquerading were the order of the night. But, as some of the peasantry had spread rumours of Joachimo's band having been seen crossing the Appennines in the course of the week, I was ordered out with the gamekeepers to clear the roads of stragglers. We might as well have saved ourselves the trouble.

"While we were beating every hedge along the high road for banditti, as if they had been hares, and turning every sound into the blowing of horns or the firing of carbines, Fra Joachimo had quietly walked into the palace with a party masked, taken his supper in the coolest style, and then marching up to the table where the conde was at high play, pulled out a pistol, and transferred every sequin on the table to his pocket. The same operation was performed in the same moment at every table in the rooms; the surprise was complete; the little resistance that was attempted was soon finished by the sight of half a hundred fierce-looking fellows, armed to the teeth, and taking possession of the doors, while their masquerade brethren plundered the company perfectly at their ease. Never was there a more thorough purification of the vanities of the flesh. Away went bracelets and necklaces, drawn from the polished arms and swan-like necks of the fair dames of Naples with the grace of a master of the ceremonies. Tiaras of diamonds, and chains of pearl, followed with the same delicacy of touch. Shawls, watches, stars, epaulettes, and purses, bade a like adieu to their owners; and by the time of concluding this new system of *douane*, never were generation of grandees less indebted to ornament. The banditti took their leave before daybreak; and the first glimpse of dawn saw the whole multitude of the brave and fair flying homewards in all directions, hating pleasure for the first time in their lives, and penitent without the help of a confessor.

"This affair made a prodigious noise in Naples; for if you want to make a noise about any thing, there is no contrivance equal to engaging the women in it; and if you wish to make it eternal, you have only to give them an opportunity of talking of themselves. The conde was indignant at the insult. I had never before seen him in a thorough passion; and this single specimen was enough to satisfy me, if I were to live

with him fifty years. He offered enormous rewards for the seizure of the banditti, but they seemed to have sunk into the earth. He spent days and weeks galloping over the country, wherever there was a rumour of their having appeared; but he might as well have been asleep on his sofa. Fra Joachimo had the claws of a wolf, but he had the wings of a falcon, and we should as easily have caught either in the fair field, as this swift-footed amateur of bracelets and necklaces. But the conde had his enemies, like all other great men, and they made the most of the disaster; pronounced that the strong box of the palace had been thoroughly emptied by the band; that his bankers looked sullen; that equipages, establishment, and fetes were at an end; and that the illustrious city of Naples was to be honoured with his presence no more.

"These stories came flying about the country so thick, that they even reached us on our travels in chase of Fra Joachimo. The innkeeper, at one of the most miserable places where we put up among the hills, had the insolence to ask "by whom his bill was to be discharged," with the addition, that he was beginning to think that "neither master nor man was likely to be troubled with more money than they could manage." I answered his hint by a lash of my whip, which will make his forehead a sign to all impertinent innkeepers while he lives, and answered his bill by taking that and his words directly to the conde. He flung me a handful of sequins on the spot, and bade me "pay the scoundrel, and keep the remainder for myself;" but as I had paid the scoundrel already in the only coin fit for him, I deposited the sequins in my pocket. The event, however, slight as it was, put a stop to our chase. 'For Naples,' was the order, and to Naples we instantly drove. Our entry was like an ambassador's, and the lazzaroni swore by all the saints that the earth never produced such a magnifico. The whole mob of fashion were exactly of the same opinion; and if popularity were to be measured by eating, drinking, and dancing, the King of the Two Sicilies had not in his dominions a cavaliero so much adored by man, woman, and child.

"It had been one of the wonders of the household, that among all the brilliant figures who flourished at our balls, the conde had never selected any donna as the object of his particular attentions. He talked, laughed, danced, and made love; but unluckily it was with all alike, and the conjectures of the fair dames were turned upon all kinds of strange modes of accounting for this prodigious breach of good manners. At last they were satisfied that the iron-hearted conde was not accessible to any of the darts of Cupid. The capitano commandante of Principato Citra had lately made his appearance at court with his Spanish bride. She must of course choose a cavalier. The conde gallantly offered his services, but the lady's choice fell upon the emptiest coxcomb about court; a fellow who bore the distinction without either joy or sorrow, and followed her to church, to the concert, and the ball-room with the most becoming punctuality of his profession. The conde Florestan laughed at his defeat, and from that moment he had nothing to do but to outshine the world. Always splendid, he became now wildly sumptuous. He built a palace on the side of Vesuvius, as if in scorn of the chances of eruption, or as if he took for the emblem of his wild career the crater above. Nothing was heard of but the waste, the luxury, the boundless prodigality of the Conde Florestan. But his Spanish agents served him well; wealth flowed in to fill up all his expenses, and many a needy Italian prince envied him the possession of those American mines which lighted the chandeliers of the Vesuvio palace. But play was now his chief delight. He drove gaming to the most glorious excess; no man was welcome who would not play, and few were unwelcome who would. Italy is a

nation of gamblers, and he of course had full rooms. But the conde's inexhaustible purse was the grand attraction, and it bled freely: he seemed even to take a strange delight in losing: he absolutely flung away his money, and in the delight of the game buried all his other feelings. If to one man on earth he had a determined personal antipathy, it was to the capitano; yet that man made immense sums by my master's play, who actually threw the game into his hands: and many a rouleau have I seen flung over to him by the conde with a smile of triumph, as if he were rejoiced to make his fortune. The capitano was a sullen, rough soldier, haughty in his looks, and insolent in his language; he had served long in the continental wars, and this was enough to give him ground for merciless contempt of the Neapolitans, army, fleet, and nobles. The Conde Florestan shared his sullen looks; but he laughed them off, and his purse was too useful to the capitano to suffer a quarrel between them. But the bride was a creature of another mould. Among the Spanish beauties who were perpetually crowding to the gay court of Naples, the capitaneessa was beyond all comparison the handsomest, and, I might say, the most unhappy. In my attendance at the palace, I had often seen the lazzaroni round the gate kneel as if to worship her as she alighted from her carriage. She was in the very spring of life, with a pair of large black eyes that looked like stars, and an expression of face as fine as the picture of a muse; but the countenance of a marble statue was never more fixed in melancholy. It was only when the conde passed by or spoke to her that life seemed to return, and then it was in bitterness. Her cheek flushed with indignation, which she took little pains to suppress; and her answer to his language of ceremony was always the language of disdain. The cause perplexed me for a while, but a conversation which I overheard let me into the secret.

"On one of our masquerade nights, as I lingered under the windows to catch the fresh air of the gardens, two masks came out from the rooms and stood in the balcony.

"'I have sought you, Conde de Alcantara,' said a female voice, 'and sought you to make a remonstrance.'

"'Your excellency does me too much honour,' was my master's answer. 'But how can I have offended?'

"'No more of this, conde. The life that the capitano leads is owing to you: he plays perpetually, and to an enormous amount.'

"'I was not aware that he had suffered at play. I think fortune, that smiled on him in the most essential crisis of life, seems not to have refused her smiles even in such trifles as the concerns of the hazard-table.'

"'Conde, I am not to be deceived. The passion for play has been pampered in him. He has been fortunate, if to be lured to ruin be fortune. His dangerous propensity might have slept but for his success in your palace; but now he lives only for gaming. Conde, this is your doing.'

"'Your excellency must always be in the right; but how the remedy may lie in my hands, I am unhappily ignorant. Permit me to say that, delighted as I should be to attend your excellency's slightest wish, I can scarcely believe that the capitano will be satisfied with receiving me in the character of a mentor.'

"There was silence for a while; and the capitaneessa seemed to have been weeping; at length she burst forth with a torrent of reproach.

"'I know your design well; you are determined on his ruin. You have plunged him into a pursuit from which no man ever returned guiltless. His continual sittings here are observed. His enemies about the king are not idle. His absence from his government has been prolonged beyond royal patience. If I

condescend to come under your roof, it is to watch over him, to force him away if possible; to prevent him at least from some act of despair, when he finds that he is undone, for undone he will be.'

"The conversation then sank, or was broken off by the passing of a group of masks, and I heard no more.

"Two nights after, as we were returning from the opera, at the corner of one of the narrow streets that lead from the San Carlos by the Santa Croce gardens, some drunken quarrel stopped the carriage. The conde impatiently sprang out to inquire the cause, and mingled with the crowd. In another moment I heard an outcry; he had been stabbed in the side; but whether by one of the mob accidentally, or by an assassin, none could tell. All fled instantly, and I carried him bleeding and speechless home. The wound was all but mortal, and the conde languished for some days without hope of life. No discovery of the perpetrator of this act could be made: but it excited universal interest; and among the most frequent inquirers was the capitano; a civility which by those who knew his iron nature was reckoned miraculous; but which the multitude not unfairly attributed to his fear of losing a friend who was so useful to his revenue.

"During the height of the conde's fever, the door of the chamber opened one night while I was sitting by his bedside, and a person whom I took for one of the monks of San Georgio appeared; saying that he was come to confess the patient. I left the room, of course, but waited within hearing. The confession seemed long; and fearful that it might exhaust my master, I approached. In the darkness of the chamber lighted only by a single taper, I was unseen. The confessor's words were those of no monk.

"Florestan, I have learned too late the desperate treachery practised upon us both. But this day I heard it from my husband's, my betrayer's lips: in a transport of folly or absurd jealousy or frenzy, he insulted me with charges that he well knew had no foundation, but in his own taunting heart. He detailed the whole long tissue of artifice which separated us in Grenada; which had made me, in my madness, pronounce you the most faithless of men; and in my still greater madness believe him capable of truth, fidelity, or honour. With the bitter triumph, less of a man than of a fiend, he showed me the trivial suspicions that I had taken for proofs; the giddy surmises that I had shaped into facts; the whole system of wilful deception into which I had plunged blindly, to aid his purposes and destroy every chance of my own escape. But you do not hear me—you close your thoughts against the miserable being who has come to make a last acknowledgment of her own error, to solicit your last forgiveness, to relieve her burthened, her breaking heart, and to die.' A deep groan from the conde was the only answer. I heard loud sobs and wild sighs. In the fear that he was dying, I drew aside the curtain. The stranger was kneeling beside the bed; the cowl was thrown back; but to discover the countenance baffled me; the hands covered it; and, on my making a movement towards my master, the cowl was instantly drawn down, and the figure started from its knees and was gone.

"But whatever my curiosity might have been, it was soon divided by the visits of others equally mysterious, and coming in all kinds of disguises, which though enough to escape the eyes of the household, were not sufficient to conceal them from mine, sharpened as they were by the first interview. Sellers of various toys, jewels, or embroidery, chiefly in the dress of females, were perpetually soliciting to see the conde; and even in his feeblest state the request was seldom refused. On those occasions I was excluded. Those merchants were evidently the bearers of letters and other intelligence which deeply agitated the invalid. But all my attempts to shut them out were useless.

The conde's command was for their instant admission; and I was left to conjecture. The monk came no more. But I one day found flung on the escarotair a fragment of a letter, with these words:—

"To see you is impossible, if it were not unnecessary. I have ascertained on the fullest proof the hirer of your assassin. The attempt will be made again and again, till it succeeds. Beware—but if a feeling remain in your heart for one who so deeply wronged you, and so fatally wronged herself, make no effort to revenge this crime—make no effort to see me—either would only make me miserable. Farewell, Florestan, and remember.'

"The conde recovered, though he had four physicians of the court to attend to him. But to complete the cure he was ordered to remove to his palace at Portici. The gardens were rich, the prospect was unrivalled, and the air health itself. But the pleasure had its peril. Fra Joachimo began to give notice of his movements towards the capital, by the plunder of some house or traveller every night. The troops stationed to guard the roads could do nothing in pursuit of this extraordinary personage, who seemed to be every where at once; and like the honest Italians they resolved that, as to waste their time in running after a phantom was folly, the best thing they could do, was to pile their arms and go to sleep. Half a dozen of their patrols were carried off in this condition, arms, accoutrements, and ammunition—before they could find out that sleeping in the face of the enemy was contrary to prudence. But nothing could change the sumptuousness of the conde's style of living. He laughed at Fra Joachimo, renewed his fetes with his returning health, and established his hazard table on a more desperate scale than ever. Gaming had been his pleasure before; it was now his passion. He sat up whole nights at the table; and losses produced no other effect on him than an extravagance of high spirits. But the effect was not the same upon all. The capitano, in the interval of my master's illness, had continued to play, and, unluckily for himself, falling into harder hands than the conde's, was on the edge of ruin. When he returned to our fetes, I never saw a man so changed. The bold broad visage was dwindled down into narrowness and misery. Its soldierly bronze was as sallow as if he had been a sick girl; and the voice, whose very sound had been insolence, was broken and sunk into a whisper. Night after night he played; but fortune had deserted him. In his distress he borrowed of the conde; and as fast as he borrowed the loan flew from his fingers. At length a rumour went abroad that a large sum of money belonging to the royal treasury of the Principato, entrusted to the capitano's care, had been unaccounted for. I saw him on the night when the rumour was first whispered in the palazzo; and if the capitano had an enemy, that was the night for him to enjoy his triumph. He played with the madness of a man to whom death or life was in the stake.

"On that night I marked the conde's manner to be singularly disturbed. He was the capitano's opponent, and as the piles of gold rose before him, he often smiled with an expression of fierce delight. As the stakes doubled, and the game grew at once bolder and more in his favour, his exultation perpetually betrayed itself. At length one critical throw came. All gathered round the table. There was not a whisper among the multitude. Every eye was fixed on the board when the die was next moment to terminate this furious game. The box was in my master's hand. I glanced at him as he raised it to make the throw. His lips quivered, his countenance was burning; and if ever a prayer was made to the powers of chance or of evil by the eye alone, it was in that wild, upturned eye. The die was thrown. 'Ruin!' howled the capitano, as with his meagre hands grasping the die he

fell backwards on the floor. 'Revenge!' muttered the conde, as giving one look of bitter triumph at his fallen enemy, he rushed from the room.

"Events of this kind were so common among the higher ranks of the nobles, that the wreck of the unfortunate gamester made no pause in the entertainment; the same ruin was going on at fifty tables through the house at the same time, and when the summons for supper came, no one thought of the capitano. The conde was in his usual temper, neither elevated nor depressed, but doing the honours of the banquet with the ease and high courtesy of his rank. Never was there a more sumptuous entertainment, even among the extravagances of the noblesse; and seldom assembled a party who less thought of care. In the midst of the festivity a note was handed to the conde, and he followed the messenger to his study. As I passed the door I heard voices in rapid conversation; and a small window looking into the garden gave me an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity to know the occasion of the unseasonable billet. To my utter astonishment, I saw the handsome and haughty wife of the capitano kneeling at the conde's feet. I could catch but a fragment of her words.—'Florestan, you have had your revenge. You have undone my unhappy husband. He deserved your abhorrence and mine. I acknowledge that he had deceived us both—that all my early hopes of happiness were blasted by his treachery.' Her voice was lost in sighs. The conde raised her from the ground, and led her towards the easement to restore her by the cool air. She had been incomparably the handsomest and most superbly attired of the crowd of ladies at the palace during the evening; and when the conde drew the mantle from her head, I was actually dazzled with its sudden blaze of diamonds. But when she turned, and looked on the single twinkling lamp that lighted the chamber, as if she saw in it some image of her own unhappy heart, I never saw so much melancholy and beauty in the face of a human being. After gazing awhile, she suddenly turned and said, 'Conde, you have heard my misery. I have made my last confession to the ear of man. I may not live long; I must not live long. There is at this hour an impression on my mind, that speaks, as if it were the voice of a spirit. But I implore you, if you ever remembered me in the long and wretched years that have passed since our parting; if you still do not hate me; if you would wish me to think of you in that world to which I am hastening, save my wretched husband.' The conde had listened till now, with a declining head and eyes fixed on the ground. But at the mention of the capitano, he sprang up. His eyes blazed with sudden fury: he cursed him as his destroyer. 'Save him!—save the cold-blooded traitor! Save him who has made me for years the most miserable of mankind—who has stretched me on the rack of disappointed hope, of degraded honours, of undone love—save the capitano, save your husband? No! may this right hand perish from my side, if I would not give it—if I would not give fortune, name, and life, to strike him at my feet, and to ring in his dying ear—that I knew his treacheries and thus at last repaid them!'

"The lady shrinking from his fiery violence of gesture and language, buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. But suddenly recovering, and dashing the tears from her cheeks, she advanced towards him with the step of an empress. 'Conde!' pronounced she in a solemn tone, 'you have scorned my entreaty—now refuse, if you dare, my command. From this hour we are strangers to each other. It is my first duty to save my husband from ignominy, wretched and guilty though he be. Your revenge, bitter and deadly revenge, first tempted him to the gaming table. You alone are answerable for the consequences. You are high-minded, determined, and sagacious: he is

weak and worthless, a tyrant and a fool. He has embezzled the money of the state; he has lost it under your roof: this night he has made a desperate effort for its recovery. The sum that he has lost within this hour was the sum which he had gathered to stop inquiry to-morrow, until he should be enabled to repay the whole. I have left him in the agonies of one over whom public shame, perhaps public death, is impending. Refund that money which you have won of him, and entitle yourself to my prayers while I live.' She paused: there was no answer. 'Then, Florestan,' she added, in a low sepulchral tone, 'I know what you have been; I know what you are; and I know what you shall be.' She remained with her mysterious eyes fixed on him, her lip compressed, and, her cheek pale as death.

"The conde had been leaning against the pedestal of a bronze, as motionless as itself, but at those words he started, and gazing haughtily on the fair accuser, pronounced—'You know what I am! So be it. But who has made me so? Who flung me from my rank in life? Who drove me, despairing and undone, into my degradation? Who has made the face of woman hateful to me for life, and the face of man seen only as an enemy or a victim? Who has driven Florestan out into the wilderness as a beast of prey; to run through a career of abhorred life, and to perish in the midst of public execration? Your husband has done this; and now, by every power that exists in the mind of man, he shall rue what he has done. Lady, I am a lover no longer: our only tie is that of mutual misery. Years have subdued all that was fond or feeble in my nature. I have extinguished my weakness in the bitterness of privation, in flight, in rapine, in the scorn of the idle and contemptible beings that make up the sons and daughters of greatness in this contemptible land; in the association with the daring, the merciless, and the ruined like myself; and, more than all, in the determination, the solemn, sacred, sworn determination of revenge.'

"The lovely lady struck her hand on her forehead as if she had heard her sentence of death. The blow forced an aigrette from her hair, and the diamonds flew sparkling over the floor. She uttered a scream of joy. 'Why did I not think of this before?' she exclaimed; 'he may yet be saved.' She tore the jewels out of her hair; and with her raven locks disordered, and her hands full of precious ornaments, she rushed to the door. The conde made an effort to detain her; but she sprang from him with the fleetness of a deer, and darted from the room. My master's countenance continued in its gloomy mood. He went to a secretaire, wrote a few lines, with which he despatched me to Naples, late as the hour was, and I saw no more of him for the night. The nobleman to whose house I sent was either absent or indolent, and I was kept waiting during the day for his reply.

"Towards evening I lounged down to enjoy the cool air at the port. A crowd of cavalry, round some carriages, were coming along the Strada di Toledo. I climbed a balustrade to see what they escorted. To my wonder, I saw several of my fellow attendants tied with cords in the carriages, and at the close of the train, doubly guarded, the conde. I was overwhelmed with alarm and sorrow; and followed the escort. They stopped for a few minutes at the palace of the minister of justice, and then turned off and entered the castle of St. Elmo. A confused story soon made its way through the city; but all agreed that the capitano, returning from the conde's entertainment, had been stopped by banditti, who robbed him of a vast amount in jewels: that the story of the robbery had been at first conceived to be a contrivance to screen him from the effects of a charge of embezzlement, but that evidence had suddenly come forward which fixed the plunder upon the Conde de Alcantara! All Naples was in

astonishment; but other intelligence came in rapidly, which made it more than probable that the splendid Count Florestan was one with Fra Joachimo himself. The clue once given, the discovery was not far off. That he was a Spaniard of noble family was known; but where his estates lay, by what means this extraordinary expenditure was supported, or how his occasional deficiencies of revenue were so suddenly and profusely supplied, was a national riddle. Among other recollections that now grew upon the public were his strange periodical absences, his declared passion for wandering among the wildest districts of the mountains, and the mysterious interviews which he held during the time when he was unable to stir from his chamber. Even his singular personal activity, his power of enduring fatigue, his seamanship, and his skill in the use of the pistol and sabre, at which I never saw his equal, made a part of the general proof. I resisted the evidence long, and, where I dared, argued fiercely for the honour of the conde; but how was I to resist all the world?

"The story at length passed away like other wonders of a week. The conde lay in chains in St. Elmo; and the capitano was sent back to his government, where he soon after died. Two years passed over my head, while I was catching tunnies or carrying passengers between Sorrento and Naples, with now and then, I will confess, a little smuggling to amuse the dullness of life, and cheer the donnas of Ischia and Capri with rum and coffee. But one wild evening, I carried over in my boat a passenger, whose voice I well knew through all her mufflings. It was the capitana; I found that she knew me too. We steered for the back of the mole. The wind blew a gale; the rain fell heavy, and there was no fear of meeting any of the custom-house officers. There never was a finer night for contraband. But we had other things to do. The lady asked me whether, if I had the opportunity of helping my master to escape, I had the will. I swore by the bright eyes of my mistress, that to save the noble conde, if he were ten times Fra Joachimo, I would go through fire and water. I need not say how the affair was done; but before the clock of St. Elmo struck twelve that night the wall was scaled, the conde's fetters knocked to pieces, and himself and the lady tilting over the waves a mile down the bay.

"Yet whatever service I might have done to my bold master, I did but little to the traders and travellers within fifty miles of Naples. For from that moment, scarcely a man of them arrived without leaving a pack or a purse on the road. The old stoppages were child's play to what happened now every day in the week, and every hour from sunset to sunrise. It was less like the desire of plunder than of revenge. The cavalry were sent out to hunt down the banditti, and were always either baffled, or fairly met and thoroughly beaten. But the chief scene was the neighbourhood of the mountain, and not a philosopher dared look for a pumice-stone, nor a pilgrim say an ave beyond Portici. Il Vesuviano was the name of this new terror of the land. The royal courtiers were no longer able to carry cheese-cakes and compliments for the use of the princesses, and the ministerial profits by stock-jobbing were cruelly suspended. Il Vesuviano went on flourishing more and more. The veterans of the service walked off to him by whole companies, and their officers were, perhaps, only sorry that they could not follow their example. The pony of Il Vesuviano, the pay, the feasting, and the fine clothes of his troop, were the universal talk; and if it had been the time of sending kings about their business, Il Vesuviano might have figured as the founder of a dynasty.

"But the affair was now become serious, and little less than an army was ordered on the pursuit of this king of the banditti. I was lying by the mole in the evening, as they marched along the Chiaja, and I fol-

lowed them in my boat along the edge of the bay. It was known that Il Vesuviano had been seen on the mountain within the last twenty-four hours. The troops took possession of the passes before night-fall, and the attack was to be made on all quarters at once, by signal from the city.

"I lay on my cars watching the course of affairs, and half inclined to spring on shore, and take a part with my old master. But how could I be sure that he was on the mountain, or that I could find him if he were. As I watched eagerly for every sight and sound, I saw the lights hoisted on the battlements of St. Elmo, and immediately after came the rattle of musketry. But a deeper rattle than ever was made by musketry soon echoed over the shore. I looked up and saw a heavy cloud slowly creeping up the crater and spreading over the sky. The firing went on as the troops advanced up the road, and they seemed to be desperately resisted. But the lightnings over their heads began to glisten, and the flashes of the engagement were like the light of glow-worms to it. The cloud now rolled up with great swiftness, and spread over the sky, in a thousand branches, like an immense palm tree. As the darkness increased, every branch became a column of fire. The roar from the crater was now tremendous, and with every explosion up burst volleys of rocks, red as metal from the forge. Vesuvius was in full eruption! I pushed into the centre of the bay to escape the falling rocks, and there, Santa Vergine! the sight was grand and terrible beyond all that I can tell. From Posilippo to Portici, round the whole semicircle of the city, all was as bright as if it was in a furnace. The sulphur-blue of the flame touched every thing with a wild and ghastly look. But, as is common in the eruptions of the volcano, with the more furious explosion, its colour changed, and for some time it threw a golden hue over the whole city. The castle, the mole, the chiaja, looked as if they had been suddenly sheeted with gold. The bay was liquid gold: the mountain, the sky, all were covered with this glorious blaze. I could see the crowds on the roofs and battlements waving their caps, and hear them shouting with delight and wonder at the magnificent spectacle. But another and more awful explosion came, and Vesuvius shot up a pillar of flame the whole width of the crater, and which was said to be three times the height of the mountain. The mighty column, ten thousand feet high, was of the deepest colour of blood, and it covered the whole scene with fierce crimson. All Naples seemed to be deluged with a sea of blood. I saw the crowd, smitten with horror at the conflagration, which they thought the beginning of the conflagration of the world, rushing away along the shore, and dropping from the roofs and walls to hide themselves from the coming of the hour of judgment. The lava now came burning and bursting down to the sea-shore, and some of the villages began to blaze. I pushed towards Portici to render what service I could. As I was rowing round a point of rock, a man sprang into the boat. "Have you seen the captain?" were his first words.

"What captain?"

"Il Vesuviano. I left him a few minutes ago, making his way down the ravine to the beach."

"Has he beaten the soldiers?"

"How can you ask such absurd questions? Did they ever stand him? We gave them one volley, and they did not like it well enough to make them wait for another. But the lava is another sort of enemy; and Il Vesuviano himself may not be able to make battle against that. Row for the thicket on the right of the point."

"I asked no further; but shot the boat among the rocks and climbed up the precipice. There, indeed, I saw a tremendous spectacle. The lava in taking its way to the shore had been divided into several streams

by the ridges of rock that lined the beach. On one of those ridges I observed two figures standing—one of them leaning on the other and apparently hurt. We bounded over the crevices and soon reached them. Their worn-down countenances and wasted forms gave me no recollection of them; but the conde's voice soon made him known. He thanked me for my offer of service; but said that he believed he had received his death-wound in the skirmish, and at all events had no power to move further. It was the capitanea who was by his side! He implored her to leave him; but she refused, and bursting into bitter cries, charged herself with having betrayed him to his ruin—with having in a moment of mad wrath and rash zeal to save a worthless husband, revealed her knowledge that Fra Joachimo and the conde were one. She declared that her only hope now was to die with him. I proposed to my comrade that we should carry the

conde to the boat; but we had not gone a dozen steps, when the volcano exploded again. The roar deafened us. A shower of fiery stones fell; and in my blindness and suffocation I was flung, I knew not where. When I recovered, dawn was breaking over Lorrento; and I found that I had been thrown within a few feet of the shore. My first effort was to look for my master and the capitanea. I found them both, but they were lifeless; they had fallen clasped in each other's arms, and had probably died in the fiery blast, and without a struggle. Their features were, of course, still pale and wasted away, from the anxieties and hardships of their late life; but they had recovered their calmness and noble beauty. With the help of a monk from a neighbouring convent, I had the rites of the church performed over them; and with more tears than I ever wish to shed again, I buried the lovely and the bold in one consecrated grave."

NATURE.

I LOVE to set me on some steep
That overhangs the billowy deep,
And hear the waters roar;
I love to see the big waves fly,
And swell their bosoms to the sky,
Then burst upon the shore.

I love, when seated on its brow,
To look o'er all the world below,
And eye the distant vale;
From thence to see the waving corn
With yellow hue the hills adorn,
And bend before the gale.

I love far downward to behold
The shepherd with his bleating fold,
And hear the tinkling sound
Of little bell—and mellow flute
Wafted on Zephyrs soft, now mute,
Then swell on echoes round.

I love to range the valleys too,
And towering hills from thence to view,
Which rear their heads on high;
When naught beside around is seen,
But one extended space between,
And overhead, the sky.

I love to see, at close of day,
Spread o'er the hills the sun's broad ray,
While rolling down the west;
When every cloud in rich attire,
And half the sky that seems on fire,
In purple robes is dress'd.

I love, when evening veils the day,
And Luna shines with silver ray,
To cast a glance around,
And see ten thousand worlds of light
Shine, ever new, and ever bright,
O'er the vast vault profound.

I love to let wild fancy stray
And walk the spangled milky-way,
Up to the shining height,
Where thousand thousand burning rays
Mingle in one eternal blaze,
And charm the ravish'd sight.

I love from thence to take my flight
Far downward on the beams of light,
And reach my native plain,
Just as the flaming orb of day
Drives night, and mists, and shades away,
And cheers the world again.

THE AWAKENING OF THE WIND.

HURRAH! the wind, the mighty wind,
Like lion from his lair up sprung,
Hath left his Arctic home behind,
And off his slumbers flung;
While over lake and peaceful sea,
With track of crested foam, sweeps he.

Hurrah! the wind, the mighty wind,
Hath o'er the deep his chariot driv'n,
Whose waters, that in peace reclin'd,
Uplash the roof of heaven;
Then on the quaking cliff-bound shore
They foaming dash with deafening roar.

The ship loom'd on the waveless sea,
Her form was imaged in its breast,
And beauteous of proportion she,
As ever billow prest;
And graceful there as stately palm,
She tower'd amid the sultry calm.

Her flag hung moveless by the mast,
Her sails droop'd breezeless and unbent,
And oft the seaman's glance was cast
Along the firmament,
To note if there he might descry
The wakening gale approaching nigh.

On came the wind, the reckless wind,
Fast sweeping on his furious way,
His tempest rushing pinions brined
In wrathful ocean's spray;
On came the wind, and, as he past,
The shriek of death was in the blast!

The tall ship by the shrouds he took,
To shivering shreds her canvass rent,
Then like a reed her mast he shook,
And by the board it went;
While yawn'd the deep with hideous din,
As if prepared to gulp her in.

With fruitless effort on she reels,
The giant wind is in her wake,
The mountain billow's coil she feels
Around her like a snake;
Lock'd in that unrelenting grasp,
She struggling sinks with stifled gasp.

Hurrah! hurrah! the victor wind
Hath swept the ocean rover down,
And left a shipless sea behind,
With many a corse bestrown;
And swift, unfetter'd, strong, and free,
Like eagle on his path, speeds he!

Original.

THE LAST INDIAN.

"A noble race! but they are gone,
 With their old forests broad and deep,
 And we have built our homes upon
 Fields where their generations sleep.
 Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
 Up on their hills our harvest waves,
 Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
 Ah! let us spare at least their graves!"—

It was nearly the close of a mild, late in autumn day, in the year 1734, that Edward Winslow found himself in the midst of the beautiful and picturesque region bordering on the Willimantic river, some twenty or thirty miles from where Hartford now reflects her turrets and spires from the bosom of the pure Connecticut. Edward Winslow was a pilgrim; young he was—but his young heart beat high with the noble principles of civil and religious freedom which had induced thousands to forsake their revered and loved father land, and seek a refuge from oppression, on the rock-bound shores of New England. One year before, a settlement had been commenced at the mouth of Farmington river, on the bank of the Connecticut, and surrounded as they were by savages, every settler was obliged to be continually on the alert, and with a firm reliance on the God of their fathers for protection, these frontier posts, those forlorn hopes of civilization, of which Winslow was one, neglected no possible means which circumstances admitted, of securing their safety. Still the history of such settlements proved that the wily savages were frequently an overmatch for the whites, and not unfrequently succeeded in lulling them into a security the more fatal, because evil had ceased to be suspected. The Indians had seen during the summer, with anxiety and alarm, the gradual influx of the pale men; they had heard the axe of the woodman as it felled the majestic forest, so sacred in the eyes of a red man. They had seen the red deer scared from their haunts on the banks of the Connecticut and its tributaries—they daily saw the blue smoke curling up from the rich plains and beautiful valleys they had so long been accustomed to consider their own.

"The white men are like the pigeons in the woods," they said, as they saw their continual encroachments; "the last of the flock that rises, flies beyond all that preceded him." And in secret council they had resolved, when the river was frozen over, and the snows had rendered all communication with other parts of the country impossible, to assert the rights given them by the Great Spirit, and with a single, but decisive blow, to free their country from their hated intruders. But, though the passions of the savage, deep, dark and treacherous, were at work within, without, all was fair and peaceable as the cloudless sky of summer. Their friendly relations were not in the least interrupted; it even seemed at times, their friendship bordered on officiousness; and the probability is, that the death-blow would have fallen while the hand that inflicted it, would have remained unknown and unseen, had not one of the native warriors while on a visit at Boston, and under the combined influence of strong water, and the grossest personal provocation, been for a moment thrown off his guard, and given some hints, vague indeed, but sufficiently alarming, of what was in contemplation among the interior tribes. He was instantly taken into custody; but not a word of information further could be obtained from him. To intimations of torture or death, he was as impassive

as a statue; and a council of the principal men of the colony was held to consult upon the best course to be pursued in the emergency. As is usually the case at such times, there was quite a diversity of opinion in the body as to the measures proper to pursue. Some of the more ardent were in favour of immediately despatching a few companies of troops directly to the Connecticut; but this was overruled on the ground that it would weaken their own province too much. Some thought a notice of the impending danger would be sufficient—as if once put on their guard, the river settlements would be strong enough to repel any attack, and maintain themselves through the winter; but then how was this intelligence to be sent? It was too late in the season for a vessel to attempt the dangerous navigation of Cape Cod, and the Vineyard, and who would hazard a journey through the wilderness on foot? The probability is, that nothing would have been agreed upon, had not the youngest of the members of the council, Edward Winslow, volunteered to perform the dangerous enterprise of passing to the Connecticut himself, unaided and alone. There was a general exclamation of surprise at the offer, and a thousand objections were started; but Winslow had weighed his subject well. His resolution was taken, and he was not to be diverted, and having received his few simple instructions, the next morning he was on his way. As faithful historians, however, we must here state, that many of the pilgrims ventured to hint that the dimpled cheeks and dark eyes of Miss Charity Hooker, with whom he had become acquainted at Boston, but who with her parents had now removed to the Connecticut, furnished stronger arguments for undertaking the journey, than could have sprung from a simple desire to save that handful of colonists from the inroads of the savages. The Indian who had given the alarm, was detained under pretence of further examination, until the impossibility of his reaching his native tribes before the arrival of Edward was made certain, when he was dismissed with such presents as were best calculated to efface the unfavorable impression which his confinement must have made. At that time a journey from Boston to the Connecticut, was deemed a more important undertaking than would be one now from the former place to the Rocky Mountains. The departure of a distinguished individual was most frequently marked by a public fast, and the return was signalized by a thanksgiving. The honest pilgrims had never dreamed of Mac Adamized roads, and stages to run against time, and steam coaches to annihilate space; and had such visions of the future been presented, it would only have confirmed them in their belief of the power of witchcraft or old Nick, and a double portion of mortification and penance would have been enjoined as the certain result.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after leaving Boston, that we have introduced young Winslow to the reader. He was weary with climbing rocks and threading the intricate forests, and as he knew by the long ranges of blue hills which marked the valley of

the Connecticut, that his next day's journey must be an easy one, he concluded to descend from the eminence where he then was, into the valley, and defer the ascent of the western hills until the coming day. The shades of evening overtook him as he reached the margin of a small lake or pond hidden amidst wood-crowned hills, and precipitous rocks, and every thing near was so still and beautiful, that he resolved to pass the night on that spot. For this purpose he selected a nook in the overhanging rock, covered with a thick growth of evergreens and matted ivy. Before him lay the deep calm water into which he could have tossed a pebble, and which already reflected from its clear surface some of the earliest gems that sparkle on, and grace the diadem of night. On one side, a little lower, and but a few feet distant, was a large platform of smooth naked rock, part of which projected over the water, and on which Edward noticed what he thought the blackened traces made by former fires. Beyond rose the forest-covered hills, terrace after terrace, exhibiting all that beautiful variety of colours which marks the autumnal season, and as the twilight deepened, their massive, rounded, but indistinct piles, appeared to be boldly sketched on the dark blue sky. The young traveller's repast was soon over, his arms carefully examined and put in order; for though he had not met with a single indian in his route, he well knew they might be hovering near with deadly intent, and then commending himself to his Maker, he calmly stretched himself on the moss-covered earth to his rest.

Winslow had not slept long before he was awakened by voices, the deep toned guttural sounds of which convinced him at once that they proceeded from savages. The moon had not risen, but there was a red glare on the sky and brilliant flashes of light on the dark wood, that showed him a large fire had been kindled near. Carefully drawing himself up, he crept to the edge of the rock, and pushing away some branches of ivy, he was somewhat startled at beholding the platform of rock below him occupied by two savages, whose bodies were decorated with all the extravagant paintings and decorations, and symbols, which were accustomed to designate the bravest of their warriors. A large fire had been kindled on the centre of the rock, and piles of dry fuel had been prepared—quantities of which were occasionally heaped on the flames. The two indians were employed in walking slowly around the fire from west to east, frequently stopping and gazing on the east, as if anxiously watching the rising of the moon. There was something in the dark and desperate countenances of the warriors, as the flashes of light shot up and revealed their features—in their significant attitudes, and their impatient gestures, that caused young Winslow to hold his musket with a firmer grasp, and half unsheath a tomahawk which he knew how to wield with the practised dexterity of the red men before him. At times he imagined that their dark piercing eyes were fixed on the cliff where he was lying, and acquainted as he was with the habitual cunning and cruelty of the indians, he felt that his life was suspended on a hair. Frequently he endeavored with his eyes to penetrate the gloom of the surrounding woods, in order to discover if possible, whether the two were alone, or supported by others; but the clustering groupes of savages which the flickering light seemed at one moment to reveal in the forest recesses, vanished with the flame whose brilliance had created them. At last the moon showed its silver horns over the eastern hills, and its appearance was welcomed by a shout of triumph, which reverberated in successive echoes from lake, glen, and wooded hill. One of the savages was evidently a person of high distinction; the bear-skin which was carelessly thrown over his shoulders, but partially concealed his fine and strongly

marked figure, which might have served for a model of some of the finest efforts of Grecian sculpture. His weapons were in the richest style of indian decoration, and on the rifle which lay near, Edward saw inlaid in silver, the lily and the cross of France. There was a conscious dignity in every movement, and a lofty firmness in every step, and a sudden flash in his dark eye, which showed that he could at once command and execute. From the first, Edward fancied he exhibited features to which he was not a stranger; but it was not until he stood attentively watching the rising moon, that Winslow recognized the proud form of Miantoninoh, the daring chief of the Narragansetts, and the most inveterate and untiring enemy of the whites. Winslow had seen him once, while on a visit at Boston during a short cessation of the hostilities in which he was generally engaged, and the impression made was not to be mistaken. The other individual was old. His body was wholly uncovered, and his long silver gray hairs fell over his tawny shoulders like the streaming foam of a water-fall over the dark rock beneath. In him, Edward at once saw the dark features, keen sunken eye, and slightly bowed form of the celebrated Popponnoquet, the great powow, prophet, or magician of the New England tribes. He was unarmed, and as his tall motionless figure stood on the verge of the rock that hung over the lake; his arm pointed towards the ascending orb; his dark shadow thrown by the flames far over the sleeping waters, and his eye lighted up with an expression most unearthly; his figure seemed to dilate, his attitude became more impressive, and in the powerful workings of his features, the young traveller fancied he beheld the embodied passions of beings he trembled to name.

Winslow was so well acquainted with most of the indian dialects in the country, that he found no difficulty when the silence was at last broken, in understanding that the object of the indians, was sacrifice, and that the clear rising of the moon was deemed a propitious signal. The flames were now allowed gradually to subside; no more fuel was heaped on the coals, but the glowing masses still gave a light which distinctly revealed all that was passing. A milk white dog was brought forward by the chief, and his head severed from his body by a single blow of a hatchet. A quantity of the blood was then caught in a gourd, and the head and entrails, with various ceremonies and incantations were cast upon the red coals. These were followed at intervals by different articles, the nature of which, Edward was unable to conjecture. At last the prophet produced from some hidden receptacle, a kind of bag, and drew from it the head and hand of a human being, and as he laid them down before the horror struck Winslow, he saw by the features, and the long beautiful hair still dabbled in blood, and the small delicate hand, that they must have belonged to some victim of savage barbarity, and he remembered with a shudder, that the day before he left Boston, intelligence had been received that the young and lovely daughter of Prentiss, of Dedham, had mysteriously disappeared, and it was feared she had fallen into the hands of some vindictive and lurking savages. Winslow knew that the indians sometimes thus mutilated those they had slain, and he knew too that the belief was prevalent among them, that the head and hand of the victim thus offered to the Great Spirit, transferred the wisdom and strength of the people to whom the victim belonged, to the conquerors. These were cast upon the pile, and blood from the gourd was at intervals sprinkled over the whole. It was more than two hours before the several articles offered in sacrifice were consumed. By this time the fire had mostly become extinct, and the little that remained, was put out by repeated applications of water. When the ashes were dry, they were carefully gathered by the powow,

and placed in the gourd from which the blood had been sprinkled upon the sacrifice, the gourd was then handed to the chieftain, while the prophet advanced alone to the margin of the rock. Although the fire was extinguished, the moon now shone brightly, and the powaw at last beckoned the chieftain to approach. The former took the gourd from the latter as he came up, and waving it thrice around him, said, "The Great Spirit is pleased—the sacrifice is accepted; the mist which hides the spirit land, is swept away—speak your wishes, and they shall be gratified. Chieftain, what wouldst thou know of the future?"

The chief did not raise his eyes as he answered, "I would know whether the pale faces are destined by the Great Spirit, to possess the shores and the lands of the red men."

The prophet turned slowly to the lake, took a handful of the ashes from the gourd, and pronouncing a few words over it, dashed it far over the water. A gentle south wind drifted it onwards with the red leaves that were slowly eddying down, and both were soon lost in the wave below. To Winslow's great surprise, not to say terror, the act was followed by a hollow rumbling sound, the rock on which he stood, jarred hard, the surface of the calm pool below began to heave like a boiling caldron, and a thick mist soon shut out all view of the water. This lasted but a moment, and then the masses of fog rose and moved gently off upon the night breeze.

"Chieftain now look!" exclaimed the sorcerer, pointing over the lake; and Edward's eyes instantly took the same direction. To his astonishment, a change had come over the scene like that which takes place in a moving panorama, or a dream. The ocean in miniature was before him—its rocky margin indented with bays, and tiny rivers gently flowing onward to the sea. He saw at a glance, the shore was that of New England, and the villages and homes of the pilgrim fathers were before him, fresh, distinct, and perfect, as he had left them scarce a week before. Ships were seen coming across the dim blue expanse of ocean, and pouring their multitudes upon the strand. Smoke was seen curling up in the thick woods, and the sun broke in upon lands which the forests of creation till that hour had covered; and while he gazed, cities sprung up, and tall spires rose to point the christian worshipper the way to heaven.

"Enough, enough! I have seen too much of this," said the warrior, groaning aloud; and while he was speaking, quick as thought, the whole spectacle had vanished. The still lake lay glittering in the pure silver light, the slow falling leaves gently dimpled the mirror'd surface, and Edward had much ado to convince himself that what he had seen, was not the fantastic conjurations of an excited imagination. But he could not long doubt its reality; for there stood the savages on the verge of the rock near him, and there too was shining down the clear moon from her place in the pure sky.

"Wouldest thou know more my son?" asked the old man after a pause, and still holding in his hand the vessel of power.

"Yes," was the reply in a voice which seemed to have gathered firmness, as if to meet any disclosure which the unfolding of the roll of destiny could make, "though the pale faces come numerous as the leaves that are falling in the woods, they shall be met. I would know whether the blow which shall strike, will be successful. Shall the white men fall like the arrow-stricken deer?—shall I tear their flesh, and drink their blood?"—and as he spoke, he fiercely grasped, and half unsheathed the bright knife which usually hung suspended from his belt.

The hoary magician put his hand into the gourd, and with the same low muttered incantations, cast a handful of the potent dust upon the waters, and the

act was followed by the same mysterious results. When the mist cleared away, Edward saw a wide spread wooded country before him, with rivers meandering through it, and the sea washing its borders. He regarded the region attentively, but its features he could not at first recognize. In the midst of this tract, and surrounded by dark swamps and gloomy morasses, on a kind of island rose an indian fortress. The palisaded walls were plainly discernable, and the smoke of a hundred wigwams curled slowly from within up into the blue sky. Crowds of warriors were visible, all painted for war; some returning from the plunder of white settlements, displaying as trophies, numbers of scalps strung on the long silken hair of some of the unfortunate victims who had fallen into their power; others dragging along some miserable captive, destined to grace with his accumulated sufferings, a savage auto de fe. A ship was seen in the distance entering a beautiful bay, a number of miles distant from the place of strength, and a small band of armed men were landed from her. They immediately marched towards the fort, which they were evidently intending to attack. They were few in number compared with their foe; but their firm step and undaunted bearing, showed they were men resolved to "do or die." A night was spent in the forest, and as the morning came on, with the wariness of the panther, they crept towards the battlements they were intending to assail. All within was silent as grim death; the inmates had no suspicion of the thunderbolt that was ready to fall upon them. Winslow held his breath from excitement, and the chieftain who stood beside the prophet, exhibited the most ungovernable emotion. His dark flashing eyes seemed starting from their sockets; his hand grasped and half drew his tomahawk from the belt; his right foot was thrown forward as if waiting to make a death-spring on the assailants; his broad breast swelled and heaved like the resistless waves of the sea; and his iron sinews appeared drawn and braced to their utmost tension. The white men were already within a few feet of the palisades, and the fatal word of assault was about to be spoken, when the barking of a dog gave the alarm, and a thousand warriors at once sprung to their feet. Murderous volleys were poured in upon them—the palisades were instantly forced; but the daring assailants were now compelled to fight hand to hand with fearfully superior numbers. The chief was frightfully agitated as he beheld the struggle—his tomahawk was brandished in horrid circles around his head; his teeth were clenched; his eyes flashed, and his whole soul seemed suspended on the issue of the conflict, which for some minutes was doubtful. All at once red volumes of flames burst forth from the fort; fire had been communicated to the combustible materials of which the wigwams were built, to drive the savages from their lurking places; the little band of assailants were withdrawn to the outside of the line of defences, and Winslow saw the fate of the day was decided. Every indian that showed himself without the barricades, was instantly shot; the resistless flames were consuming those within, and disheartened and subdued, they fell without attempting to escape. The chief drew his hand in agony over his brow; "I can see no more—the destiny of my nation is accomplished—the Great Spirit wills that the red man's race must be destroyed; but if I cannot save them, I can at least perish with them." And again the panoramic scene disappeared like the thin mists of the morning before the rising sun.

Both parties remained for a few moments in silence; the chief seemed overwhelmed at the undoubted certainty of the utter desolation of his people; and the sorcerer was evidently shocked at the extent of the evil his incantations had showed forth. At last he slowly turned to the warrior, and said, "Seekest thou to read the mind of the Great Spirit further?"

"I do;" and there was something of sternness in the reply of the chief—"nothing worse can be in store for me, or my race; and I would know whether the pale men are always to be free from evil; always under the protection of him who has evidently deserted his red children. If there is one course more bitter than another in store for them, let me see and enjoy it now."

The necromancer again sprinkled the potent dust over the still waters, and again the lake heaved, and foamed like some vast vessel of boiling water. The mists gradually passed away, and Edward saw himself standing near the margin of the ocean. A broad sheet of water was spread out before him; ships were sailing upon the calm surface, and the warehouses which sprung up amidst the clustering dwellings on the shore, gave tokens of the beginning of business and wealth. All the inhabitants were active and happy. The house of God which sent its spire toward the heavens, was thronged with devout and sincere worshippers, and the young and the lovely glided about in the miniature picture, like the glad microscopic beings that inhabit the pistils of the rose. While Winslow gazed, a change like a deepening shadow, came suddenly over the whole scene. The streets were nearly deserted; the house of God almost forsaken; men glided silently through the place, starting with terror, and looking with suspicion upon all they met; friend avoided friend as they would a deadly enemy; and the elements of society, and all confidence of man in man seemed to have been broken up from the foundations, and totally destroyed. Miserable men and women accused of the most dreadful crimes, were driven in crowds to the prisons, and from thence before the stern and unrelenting administrators of justice—the whole population appeared to have become accusers and informers; the accusations of the weakest and most ignorant child, against men whose whole lives had been without stain or reproach, were listened to and acted upon without delay or suspicion. The demon of superstition increased its demands for blood, in proportion to the frequency of the victims offered at its shrine. None could promise themselves exemption from proscription, or consider themselves safe from a violent and shameful death. The old and the young; the stern soldier, and the beautiful maiden, were alike included in the denunciations. In one part of the village was a gallows which groaned with the multitudes sent there to expiate their crimes; and in another part was the place of torture, where those accused of crime, and refusing to confess their guilt, were subjected to the most horrible sufferings. While Winslow beheld, a crowd came pouring out of the temple of justice. Amid the throng, and tightly bound, walked a man in the prime of life; his step was firm—his look that of conscious innocence. He approached the place of torture, and unbidden took the place assigned for the victim; he was laid upon his back, planks were placed on his breast, and these were submitted to the slow action of a powerful screw. The agony was intolerable; the first few turns of the engine caused the blood to hastily flush every feature, and crimson his high brow; but this was only for a moment, and then it receded, leaving him as pale as ashes. Persisting in his innocence, the torture proceeded until the blood gushed from his mouth, his eyes, and ears; his eyes started from their sockets, his face was swollen and livid, and when in the last agony, and under excruciating suffering, his bloody tongue protruded from his lips, some of the wretches around him, who had so long been engaged in spiritual conflicts with the powers of darkness, that they had caught no small portion of the spirit of their antagonists, with a cane rudely thrust the parched and swollen organ back into the mouth.

Edward trembled like an aspen leaf at the shocking

spectacles before him; it appeared as if the wing of the destroying angel had been spread over the land of the pilgrims; as if "mene tekeli" had been inscribed on their prosperity, and "finis" written on the page of their existence; and while his heart sunk within him, he saw that a glow of exultation had come like a fiery gleam over the warrior's brow, and that his dark eyes shone with a light almost unearthly, as he beheld the miserable fate of the hated white men.

"No more of this," said the chieftain, at length as the struggles of the unfortunate victim ceased in death—"the pale faces are unworthy of such a man; he should have been a red warrior, and chased the white men as the eagle pounces upon the wounded deer, and these panthers and wolves that are devouring each other, taunt us with cruelty! The Great Spirit will judge between us."

The voice of the sachem seemed to dissolve the magic spell, but not until the young traveller saw in the place before him the superb bay of Salem, and had read on the breast of an individual suspended from the gallows, "Executed for the heaven-daring, God-provoking, and soul-destroying sin of witchcraft."

Both Miantonimoh and the magician, now stood for some little time in silence, but the glow of exultation gradually faded from the brow of the warrior, and turning to the man of destiny, he said, "There is yet time before the moon passes the meridian, to once more lift the curtain of futurity; I would know the fate of the red man, when thousands of moons shall have passed away—when the leaves of hundreds of summers shall have fallen on my grave. Will they still chase the red deer on the lands given them by the Great Spirit, or will they melt away like snow flakes on a rock? Will they lose their freedom of action, and like cowardly dogs, crouch and hide before these pale faces who have gained a footing on our shores?"

"Your wishes can be obeyed," replied the powow; "but let the wise one say there are sights which none ever desire to behold but one."

"Miantonimoh fears not," was the reply of the chief, and the magician again took his station on the overhanging margin of the precipice. Instead of a part of the contents, he now emptied the gourd at once upon the motionless waters, saying as he cast the empty vessel from him, "Go—thou wilt never more be wanted!" There was the same trembling of the earth, the same hissing and commotion of the lake, the same dark and massive volumes of vapour rising upwards, and when these passed away, a horizon of fertile and richly cultivated country, of an extent which astonished Winslow, was spread out like a map before him. Long and large rivers rose from magnificent lakes, and flowed to the sea. Cities and villages, and spires were springing up in every direction, and multitudes of men covered the earth. The forests had disappeared; the deer and the buffalo had forsaken the plains, and vanished from the hills; and the few scattered remnants of the noble race of red men were cooped up by white settlements, poor, dejected, spiritless and ruined. Far away in one section of the landscape, a few were collected together, who seemed in some small degree to have escaped the contaminating influence of the whites, and avoided the common degradation. Surrounded and pressed upon by the whites, they remained firm—exposed to the arts, the vice, and the bribery of those who hemmed them in, they remained comparatively pure and immovable. But a storm was evidently gathering against them which they could not resist. Their land of harvests and of gold, was coveted by the avaricious men who had already spoiled them of far the greater part of their fair possessions, and who now pointing towards the setting sun tauntingly, told them that there they in future could find a home, and a grave. Edward too looked in that direction, and saw a mighty river, which rol-

ling from the frozen lakes and boundless snows of the north, measured with its tortuous length, half a continent, and was lost in a sea, bordered with groves of orange, and the richest fruit of Persia. It was in vain the red men called upon the honoured and venerable man who governed the country; their great father could not save them; in vain they appealed to the laws of the land—it was decided the laws could not reach them; and oppressed and crushed, slowly and sadly they left the loved land of their fathers, put out the fires of their hearths, and crossed the majestic river. Years rolled away; conflicting interests, and conflicting tribes made sad havoc with the unfortunate exiles—already in their new residence were they again jostled, and crowded by the whites; already had the diseases and the vices thus contracted, frightfully reduced the numbers of the red men, and already the grasping and merciless oppressor, ready to pounce upon the valuable possessions which had been solemnly guaranteed them forever, was pointing to the long ranges of mountains which rose between them and the calm blue western sea, and urging the disheartened and broken spirited race to again remove.

Winslow shrank with abhorrence from the idea that those who called themselves civilized and christian men, could be guilty of such gross injustice, and he mentally exclaimed, as he passed his hands over his eyes, as if to forget the scene before him, "are the descendants of those who suffered and fled from persecution, become dogs, that they should be guilty of such cruel wrong?" While these painful thoughts were passing his mind, for a moment he ceased to gaze on the picture, and when he again lifted his eyes, the whole scene had changed; white villages, populous and thronged, occupied the plains which but a little before, were covered with the habitations of the red men. In-vain Winslow sought to discover the retreat of the hunted and proscribed natives—they had vanished like the herds of buffalo they had once fed upon.

At last, from what appeared to be a temple of justice, he saw one poor, lone, solitary indian, driven forth like a dog by some of the pampered menials of power. He offered no resistance—he shed not a tear; but when they reached the street, he turned, and bitter were the words to which his oppressors were compelled to listen.

"I am the last of the red men," he said, and as he spoke, his form seemed to dilate, and he assumed the erect port and proud dignity of the native warrior; "the last leaf that lingers in the autumn woods, is not more willing to fall and join its crushed and scattered

comrades, than I 'to fly' to the bosom of the Great Spirit. Triumph now if you can, but think not to evade or escape the vengeance of him to whom you proudly appeal as your deity. He is just—and the long arrears of injustice and blood, of foul oppression, and unprovoked wrong, are all written out, are ready to be produced, and will assuredly be required at your hands. I die—but the red man's blood cries against you from the ground; its voice will be heard, and it will be avenged. Go, and while you trample on my grave, say, 'there lies the last indian.'"

As these words were pronounced, a sudden cry caused Winslow to turn towards the rock on which the chief and prophet had been standing, when he saw the latter tottering on the verge of the cliff, and in the act of being precipitated into the abyss of water below. Whether the intenseness of his gaze had caused him to lose his balance, or whether the doom of the race of red men, which his incantations had shadowed forth, had made him sick of existence, Winslow knew not; but for a moment he was half suspended in the air. There was a swift descent, and a scream which rung through Edward's ears for months; then there was a heavy plunge in the deep water; a few bubbles rose to the surface of the pool, and the eddying waves closed upon the magician, and settling in silence, told that all was over. The warrior stood for a moment intently regarding the spot where Poponnoquet had sunk, murmuring as he did so, "Willingly would I follow thee, revealer of destiny; but there are yet wrongs for me to avenge; there is yet blood for me to shed—like the eagle I shall seize my prey—like the wolf I shall devour my enemies, and live or die, it shall never be said that Miantonimoh ever feared the face of a pale man." As he spoke, he drew his bearskin around his shoulders, and turning from the water, plunged into the dark wood with the swiftness of an arrow, leaving the young traveller at liberty to collect his scattered thoughts, and breathe more freely.

Edward rose upon his feet to look around, and convince himself that all which had passed, was not a fevered and frightful dream; but when he felt the gentle breeze of night fanning his brow; when he saw the autumn leaf eddying down on the south wind; when he beheld the beautiful moon, which had silently gone up and taken her place in the clear heavens as the undisputed queen of night, and saw her pure beams floating over the dark lake like a silver mist, he could doubt no longer that all he had seen was real, and was compelled to admit that heaven and earth had mysteries which his philosophy was utterly unable to weigh or fathom.

THE POLE'S ADIEU.

STAR of my soul, farewell!

I go to death and danger—
I haste to meet in conflict fell
The proud invading stranger.

I leave thee, love, to save
The land we dearly cherish.
To break the yoke that binds the brave,
To rescue or to perish.

Star of my soul! thy light
No more will shine before me;
The flame of war glares redly bright,
Destruction hovers o'er me.

Yet mourn not, love, for me;
Remember, though we sever,
The patriot brave who falls will be
With glory crowned forever.

A SIMILE.

THAT little cloud how bright it seems,
Now floating near the distant west;
Enrich'd with evening's glowing beams
Slow fading on its mountain crest.

That little cloud in beauty drest,
How many fairy things it owns,
No radiant star seems half so blest,
Tho' sporting in its ether zones.

But see! the borrowed hues are fled,
And all its transient dreams decay;
Its forms are passionless and dead,
And dim the pleasing charm of day.

So fades the light of many a dream,
So steals the joy from manhood's glade;
And leaves o'er memory's varied scene,
The leaden hue of evening's shade.

Original.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

THERE is something of moral sublimity, in the unbending firmness with which we see the virtuous man struggling with the storm, and triumphing in the panoply of his religion. It is easy to be resigned to suffering ere the cloud has yet gathered or the thunder burst over our heads—but in the strength of religion to wrestle with the power of the destroyer amid the darkness below, to fix the steadfast eye on the eternal light above, as link after link is broken from the chain of our earthly hopes, to feel how the heart clings yet more closely to those that are not of this world, to stand as it were alone upon the shores of life, and see the last plank swept away from its shattered wreck, yet supported on the rock of ages, to feel the eternal hope deepening and strengthening but more intensely within us, this is indeed the most beautiful comment on the power of the Christian faith.—Powerful indeed must be that religion which can so overmaster the love that is stronger than death.

The memory of the dead is a solemn and an enduring memory—a love of the most sacred and chastened tenderness. When the world looks gloomy around us, and disappointment and sorrow have bruised the spirit, the heart loves like the woman of old, to go to the sepulchre to weep there. It loves to contemplate through the moral twilight that envelopes it here, the brilliant heaven whence its sun has gone down; or to gaze with intense and solemn joy, on the bright track of his departed glory. We feel that the dead can never be as nothing to us, while yet an office is left that affection can perform; and though all that remains of our lost ones be the fading flowers and the undying love, the heart still gathers together its hoard of sacred recollections, that it may brood, in the silence of affection, over its secret and mournful treasures.

It is now many years, since a young man, I went to pay a visit of a few days to a venerable clergyman, an early and an intimate friend of my father, but whom I had never seen. Residing in the heart of the country, in the quiet discharge of his sacred duties, his life had glided away like the summer stream, in the quiet sunshine of tranquil affection. The cloud had indeed at times gathered over it, but it had passed away. He had bowed to the hand that laid his hopes in the dust; and when the bitter cup was removed, he had drunk consolation from the fountains of everlasting life. One by one, the wife of his bosom and the children of his hopes had dropped away, and left him almost alone. Yet one still remained, who was all the world to him. Often have I heard him bless God, that when the voice of His rebuke was heard, He had spared her, who now in the freshness of her beauty was ever at his side.

The picture I had formed to myself of Mr. Vernon, was that of a stern, severe old man, with whom every smile was a crime, and every word a rebuke. This impression was very far from being a pleasing one to me, who had suffered all my life from a painful degree of *mauvaise honte*, which my limited intercourse with the world had not yet been sufficient to banish.

I remember it was a fine morning in May, as bright and as beautiful as my own young hopes, that I found myself at the village, within a few miles of which, Mr. Vernon resided. As I rode towards the house, I made many doughty resolutions against bashfulness and timidity, and resolved to prepare in my own mind my introductory speech, and to commit it firmly to memory. But in the midst of my boldest resolutions,

I felt my heart, beating with painful rapidity; and when I at last arrived at the door, it had increased to that unaccountable flutter, which was so sure to pursue and annoy me whenever I felt desirous of appearing to advantage. I knew not then what I have since learned, that bashfulness is only pride in disguise.

It was with a trembling hand, that I raised the knocker, sending forth a single, solitary, faint rap, which spoke audibly enough of my besetting annoyance; and after a dozen such efforts, in which, out of patience at the delay, I grasped the knocker as if to beat in the door, but which, nevertheless, ere coming in contact with it, always contrived to sink into my accustomed single faint rap, a servant appeared who conducted me into the parlour of the parsonage. As I followed him with increasing trepidation, I endeavored to repeat my lesson to myself; but my head was becoming confused, my joints trembled, my heart beat as if it would burst through my side; I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore. He threw open the door; but instead of the severe old man whom I had expected to see, a beautiful young creature, his daughter, rose to receive me. To one of my constitution, this was an evil of no small magnitude. I recollected, however, that my introductory speech was to be made, and agitated and confused as I was, I endeavored hastily to recall it. At first I could not get the beginning, and after I had with much difficulty succeeded, I forgot the end.

'I am come sir,' said I—but my head was become confused. I endeavored to repeat a lesson, not to express a sentiment. I paused—looked silly—picked the fur from my hat, and like a schoolboy endeavouring to repeat an ill gotten task, began again.—'I am come sir—your intimacy with my late father,'—utterly unable to recollect another syllable, and in my confusion equally so to frame any thing, in a faint and despairing tone, and letting my voice fall at the last word as if I had actually accomplished my speech, I repeated, 'I am come sir.' Confounded at my own confusion, I now desperately raised my eyes to observe the effect of my harangue; and was overwhelmed at once at recalling what in my flurry I had forgotten, viz: that I was addressing a lady. I stood aghast. I saw the ill suppressed smile lurking at the corners of her mouth, and in her expressive eye, as she slightly bowed to an assertion that I had so well authenticated. My first impulse was to rush out of the room—but I was not destined to escape so well. Horror-struck, I recoiled a step, and in doing so, stumbled over an unlucky foot-stool that stood behind me. For an instant, I stood vibrating backwards and forwards like a pendulum, endeavoring to regain my balance. It was all in vain; so after oscillating to and fro for some seconds, at length I gave up the point, and dropped quietly down upon the floor. Would that that had been all. But in my fall, I instinctively grasped at the back of a tall old-fashioned armed chair, on the cushion of which a pet lap-dog was quietly sleeping; while a prim, demure, old-maidish looking cat, sat napping beneath it. Over came the chair, but not alone; for in falling it struck against some flower pots that the fair Jeannette had just been watering. It seemed as if, Sampson-like, I had pulled down the pillars of the house, and lay with all the Phillistines upon me—such a screaming of cats, crash of flower-pots and yelping of dogs, blending with the jar as if an earthquake had shaken the building. Unlucky

to the last, my shoulder fell upon the cat's extended tail, and while she was tugging and scolding to recover her property, the dog, followed by the cushion, came tumbling upon my face, and then rolled over upon the cat, who enraged at this new assault, screamed and scratched and fought, and for a moment it seemed as if all the furies were fighting about my ears. Happily the cat at last extricated her tail, after having well scarified the dog, who, in her opinion, was the offender; the dog slunk off, shaking his ears, his heart boiling with anger against his ancient enemy the cat, who he doubted not had raised all this tumult, for the sole purpose of clawing his hide.

When the noise and confusion had somewhat subsided, and I was able to disinter myself, I raised myself slowly on my elbow, and ventured to examine if all were indeed quiet at last; but the first object that met my eye was Jeannette, almost exhausted by convulsions of laughter. I could endure no more, but joined in the laugh with my whole heart, till the beautiful creature sunk fairly exhausted into a chair, and I rolled again upon the floor. From that instant my bashfulness was over. That laugh had made us acquainted in a moment.

Every thing about Mr. Vernon, whom I found the very antipode of my imagination, looked happy; and with a father's pride he attributed all to his daughter. I praised his flowers—it was Jeannette who planted them; I admired the disposition of his walks—it was Jeannette who planned them. The very birds seemed fearlessly to approach her. I remarked it to her father. "All love her," he replied.

Gradually I became quite domesticated in the family. The almost constant companion of Jeannette and her father in their morning and evening walks; in the heat of the day they would often retire to a beautiful grotto, the work of Jeannette's taste, and there I read to them, while she worked with her father at her side, and the little pet dog Tray, to whom I had been so unceremoniously introduced, at her feet.

In the course of our now daily rambles, I noticed a small inclosure, whose singular beauty tempted me to a nearer view. "That," said Mr. Vernon, "is my family burial ground." It was situated on a gentle eminence, at the skirt of a deep wood, while a noisy little brook that ran through, aided by its perpetual and monotonous sound, to produce that soothing but solemn train of thought, so naturally connected in the mind with such a place. We entered it. A sad but beautiful serenity reigned there. It was surrounded by a low white fence, around which woodbines and honey suckles had been trained. The graceful willow wept there, and there the dark cypress reared its funeral branches, mingling their foliage with that of the graceful queen-like elm. Flowers were breathing their rich odours, and holding up their beautiful cups; and associations of tenderness and of all sweet things, clustered around the spot. A feeling of pride kindled in the father's eye, as glancing affectionately at his daughter, and gazing around with an air of pleasure and satisfaction, he said. "It is her work." "Here," he said, after a short pause, "here is my family, and," pointing to a vacant space between two graves, "there will soon be my home." I saw the tear start into his daughter's eye. He too saw it and was silent.

Our visit and conversation had thrown a degree of sadness over the countenance of Mr. Vernon. With the quick eye of affection, his daughter observed it; and on our return, playfully seating herself at the piano, as her fairy fingers flew over the keys, the awakened feeling was charmed away. But amid the playful vivacity of her manner, I noted the anxious glance with which she observed him, and when it met the affectionate smile with which he watched her, I knew that not for diadems would she have exchanged it.

It was not till the time of my departure arrived, that I began to perceive the nature of my feelings for Jeannette. This parting is a sad thing to teach young lovers the true character of their sentiments. When I came to bid farewell to my venerable friend, he took his hat, and calling Jeannette—"Come," said he, "we will accompany him as far as the graves," thus they always called the beautiful family repository above alluded to. On our way thither, Mr. Vernon stopped for a few minutes to converse with a gentleman, and Jeannette and I walked on together. I know not how it was, nor in what language I accomplished it, but the bitterness of separation wrung from me, in spite of my bashfulness, an avowal of my attachment. I was accepted. Even now, at this late period of my life, the thought of that hour thrills through my old veins, as if time and suffering had not yet fully quenched the fire of my youth. The consent of her father was asked and obtained. It was of course impossible to think of departing just then.

Day after day and week after week found me still lingering at the side of Jeannette, happy, for I was with her. Our daily walk was generally directed to "the graves," which were now become doubly consecrated. I assisted her in training and cultivating the flowers there, and sometimes ornamenting them with fresh; and never did she appear more charming in my eyes, than in performing this beautiful rite.

But in the midst of this trance of happiness, came the thrilling news that the first blood of the revolution had been shed at Lexington. I was young and ardent; I burned to distinguish myself in the same glorious cause. I resolved then to depart for the place, so soon to become the arena of an even deadlier strife and carnage. I arrived time enough to receive a severe wound at the battle of Bunker's Hill. But I anticipate.

When the long-deferred hour of departure at length arrived, Jeannette again accompanied me on my way as far as "the graves." "Since we must part for a time," she said, "let it be upon a spot hallowed by so many and so holy recollections. There will I daily implore the God of battles to watch over every arm that strikes for freedom."

"Perhaps," said I, overcome by my own melancholy forebodings, "to weep over my early fall, and my unhonoured grave."

Jeannette's eye kindled again as she repeated—"Weep!—never shall an American girl weep over a patriot's glory. A grave like that can never be unhonoured. I feel at this moment, as if I could say like the Grecian matron, as she presented her son with his shield—"Come back with it, or on it." But the tenderness of love triumphed even while the lofty sentiments were on her tongue, and the flash of excitement in her eye, was quenched in its unbidden tears. We leaned for some time in silence over the railing—our hearts were too full for utterance.

"You have chosen a melancholy spot for our parting," I at length said.

"It is no joyful occasion," she replied. "But in truth, this spot is too beautiful to be very sad. When I am happy, joy is holier here; and when unhappy, it is soothing to think, that though I cannot commit my sorrows to a mother's breast, I may at least weep my tears over a mother's grave. It was meet that we should say farewell on the spot where our hearts were first plighted." Then observing the cloud on my brow, she playfully added—"But I shall not permit this place to be connected with unpleasant associations. When you return, give me notice of the time, and I will meet you here. We will meet where we have parted."

"You well know, dear Jeannette, what cause I have to love this spot; and since we must part, it matters little where. But if, in the long hours of separation,

your feelings should become estranged, if you ever repent of the engagement you have formed, tell me at once; and though my heart bleed or break in the effort, that moment will I relinquish it."

But I pass over our adieux. We wept and parted, as lovers weep and part. The sad word was at length spoken; and with lingering and reluctant steps, we turned to depart. Jeannette waved her handkerchief, and again called to me "Remember we meet at the graves."

The weariness of absence and confinement, was relieved by frequent letters from Jeannette. "I still take our old walks," she wrote, "though you are gone. Tray is now my bean, and he, like his mistress, seems to mourn your absence. I comfort him and myself, however, by telling him how soon we shall meet again; but if he understands me, he certainly does not believe me, for he still runs barking to your door, as if to tell you that it is time for our walk. I believe that his joy at our meeting will be only less than mine. I have newly decked the grotto, and planted around it the honey-suckles you admired. The sweet-brier has grown so much that it nearly covers it, and we shall have the scent of the wild rose too, which, you say, you prefer to the garden rose. Tray superintends all my improvements. I tell him my plans and he raises his ears, fixes his eyes on my face, and looks so grave, that I sometimes almost think that he is deliberating on the practicability of the measure. Besides, I can talk to Tray of you; and you know one does not like to talk to others, of those whom they know that one loves. I am now in daily expectation of hearing that you are on your way to join us. Remember our parting agreement."

I did remember it. My wound was healed, and I lingered not long thereafter. With a lover's haste I flew to meet Jeannette. That I might afford her what I trusted would prove an agreeable surprise, I did not write her, when I set out to return; but from the next village, I sent her a note, requesting her to meet me at an hour named, at the appointed spot, and hiring a carriage, I rode slowly on after my messenger. I remember it was a fine afternoon in September.—Every thing looked smiling and happy in my eyes, for my own heart felt so. As I passed the various farm houses of the village, and saw every where the impress of industry and happiness, I thought in my own heart, I too, shall now be happy, for Jeannette and I shall part no more.

As I was hastening on with a light heart, my ear was suddenly struck with the heavy sound of the village bell, whose mournful toll announced that Death had been busy somewhere. Fearfully did my heart misgive me—I felt the cold dew start from my brow, and my knees tremble, as I hurried on. I passed hastily towards 'the graves.' As I ascended a little eminence from which they could be seen, I bent my eyes eagerly towards the spot; the gate was open, and I saw a crowd thronging around. As I approached, I saw that the earth was thrown up on the spot that Mr. Vernon had marked for his own last home; but he himself stood calmly at the head of the grave. A look of unutterable agony crossed his brow for a moment, as his eye rested upon me. He advanced and took my hand in silence and with the other he pointed to the coffin, which was now lowered into the grave. It bore the name and age of his daughter—of my own beloved, affianced one, "Jeannette Vernon, Æ. 18."—He watched the expression of my countenance, and his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he said—"She has left us now, but God's will be done." There was no tear on his cheek, nor tremulousness in his manner, except the temporary one, that the first rush of feeling at seeing me again had excited; yet that was but for a moment, and he again stood in calm and dignified composure at my side.

For myself, were years to be measured by sentences, how many ages did I live in that hour of intense, unutterable agony. "We meet at the graves," were her parting words. Fearfully and faithfully had she redeemed her promise. It was indeed at the grave that we met again. I exhibited no sign of violent grief, I stood calm as the mountains that I could have prayed might have fallen upon me. My brain was on fire; every object reeled around me—as the hollow rattling of the gravel struck upon the coffin, I felt as if my own heart were crushed beneath the weight. I shuddered and turned away—Mr. Vernon observed me, and taking me by the arm, led me towards the house: as we entered it, Tray came running towards me with every demonstration of joy, but those demonstrations were soon over, and in a few moments he came moaning to me, then to Mr. Vernon; he missed Jeannette, and with the restlessness of human sorrow, he wandered from place to place, where he had been accustomed to find her—unsuccessful in his search, he seated himself at my feet, and looking wistfully in my face, uttered that low inquiring moan, so expressive of the feelings of that generous animal. I understood and felt the appeal, but my own heart was bursting:—poor Tray, said I, the grave has a stern answer for us both.

The piano was open, and a song that had been a favorite of mine, lay before it. It was the last that she had played. During her illness, she had observed the cloud on her father's brow, and had summoned her last remaining strength to dispel it, as she was wont. But what music can charm an aching heart!

Mr. Vernon endeavoured to converse with me in his usual manner; but the averted eye, and the white and quivering lip, betrayed at times, the deep agony within. Jeannette, he said, had been busily preparing for my arrival; in the excitement produced by this event, she had suffered a neglected cold, (taken in preparing for me), to strengthen into a fever, whose rapid progress bade defiance to medicine, and her delicate frame bowed beneath its violence. Little did she deem, that my first walk should be to her own grave.

In the morning, I rose from my sleepless pillow, and repaired to the breakfast room—there, every thing remained as before, except one vacant place. We took our accustomed seats, as if expecting Jeannette to preside as usual. Tray, with the boldness of a favourite, had been accustomed to occupy the chair of his mistress till her arrival. This morning, not finding the chair in its wonted place, he had lain down on the spot whence he missed it; but when we had taken our places at the table, and still she did not appear, he became uneasy, and at length ran barking to the door. I could bear it no longer, and springing from the table, I rushed out of the house. But there was no spot that did not speak of Jeannette, every object that I saw brought some fresh recollection to my mind. In my agony, I threw myself upon the ground, and closed my eyes, that I might shut out every object that reminded me of her. But there is no darkness deep enough to hide from ourselves the anguish of our own hearts. I was aroused by Mr. Vernon. "Unhappy young man," he said, "I lament even more for you than for myself. For me, the evening already is come, and my separation will be short, but you, in the morning of life, are called early to drink of the cup of bitterness."

He proposed a walk. I assented and followed in silence. His air and manner were calm, but I saw the feverish haste that hurried him onward as if by increased bodily exertion, he could blunt the agony within. He visited Jeannette's favourite haunts, and seemed to derive a melancholy pleasure in being where she had been. Her spirit, indeed, seemed to breathe in every object; and so closely were these associated with herself in my mind, that I almost ex-

pected to see her light form bounding along, and to hear the cheerful laugh that was wont to echo there. But all was still now, and I silently followed him to her grave. He stood over it for some time in silence, at length his lips moved—"Thy will be done," was all that I could distinguish; I tried to repeat the prayer, but I could not, I had not yet drunk deep enough from the cup of christian hope, to bless the hand that smote me.

The moment that I was alone I repaired to the grotto, where I used to read to Jeannette—the little improvements that she had been making in anticipation of my arrival, were the first to meet my view.—On the now vacant seat lay an open book—it was one that I had given her, and the last that I read to her. She had treasured it for my sake—how dear was it now for her's.

I am now an old man, I live but in the past. One bitter remembrance has clouded my life—it has been my thought by day, and my dream by night—I have dwelt on that recollection till it has become my life and my idol. The feelings of my youth remain, though youth has departed, and my heart, like the mountain that carries the volcano in its bosom, has been scorched and laid waste, and left desolate. Time that crumbles

to dust the seemingly everlasting rocks, leaves me unchanged. Like some bark, stranded by the tide, the winds pass idly by me, and I am left alone by the waters that have swept into the ocean all that once floated so gaily at my side. Sorrow teaches a deep lesson; and from the sufferings of the past, I would fain gather something of consolation and improvement. And, as I too, have travelled well nigh home, and the hour is at hand, when I too shall lie down beside those I have loved, the clouds of doubt and of suffering are fast passing away, and Hope is written over the tomb, that has so long witnessed the bitterness of my despair. *So may it still be.*"

I had just repeated the last sentence, in all the conscious dignity of martyrdom, when the carriage stopped, the door flew open, and, as I fairly tumbled out, my eyes half blinded by tears, and half by sleep, I found myself standing at "the graves," clasped in the warm embrace of the living Jeannette, more beautiful and bewitching than ever. The village bell, which was tolling for a funeral, united with my own associations, I confess, more than half superstitious, from the place of the appointment, had doubtless given birth to the distressing dream, from which I had so happy an awakening.

TO A LADY.

"Man's love is of man's life—a thing apart,
"This woman's whole existence!"—Byron.

DEAR lady! why that weeping eye,
And why that brow of care?
In sooth, it makes my own heart sigh
To mark such sorrow there:
To see a tear bedew the cheek
Of one so fair, so young and meek.

Oh! whence has fled thy winning smile,
The joy thine eye so well express?
I cannot deem that mortal guile
Could harbour in so pure a breast!
Nor can I e'er in thought believe,
That one so chaste could e'er deceive.

Thy beauty should not thus be clouded
By an hour so sad as this;
Nor should thy peerless charms be shrouded,
Charms which ought to lead to bliss;
I will not ask thee whence can flow
That pang of grief—that source of woe.

Man's soul is formed to deeds of strife—
Sweet woman's is of other mould;
His heart must brave the storms of life—
Her's doth a milder flame unfold.
She is his angel spirit here,
And he should be her worshipper.

But—care will oft estrange the best,
And mortal ills will seat the heart;
While they who've fondly loved—carest,
Have been in sorrow doomed to part!
Man's spirit is by nature stern—
Woman's a gentler sense doth learn.

Weep—weep no more! I grieve to see,
Thy beautiful eye suffused with tears;
And faithless—heartless—must he be
Who feels not when such grief appears:
Beauty was born for man to love,
And not when guiltless to reprove.

RURAL JOYS.

Poets may rave about their groves,
And pin a verse to every tree,
Where "little birds sing of their loves"—
But no one sings of love to me.
The winding vale, the mossy seat,
In sonnets look extremely well—
But oh! to me how much more sweet,
A walk with Harry in Pall Mall.

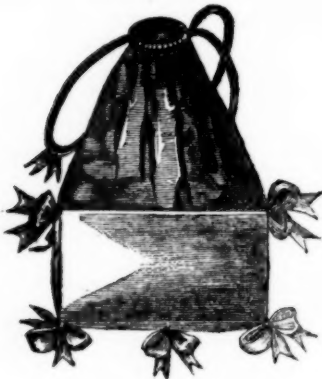
My aunt is raving all the year,
What prospects deck her vale of Peace;
She never thinks how staying here
Destroys the prospect of her niece.
She tells me of the hills and rocks,
The valley, and the lake's calm tide—
I'm thinking of the opera box,
And Harry listening at my side.

She boasts about the garden's bloom,
With living roses sprinkled o'er—
What are they to the dancing-room,
With flowers in chalk upon the floor!
Where music rises clear and high,
To banish sadness and regrets;
Where pleasure beams in every eye—
And Harry whispers 'tween the sets!

But here, e'en here, Time passes on—
Dear Time! don't spare your lazy wing;
Winter and snow will soon be gone,
And Harry join us in the spring.
How sweet shall be the sheltered glen!
The bird's soft music sounding through!
How I shall love to listen then—
If Harry loves to listen too!

How lifeless now each scene appears—
How gaudily those gardens flaunt—
And then—so dull—one never hears
Soft pretty speeches from one's aunt!
Well—but 'twould be absurd to weep,
Though sorrow thus my memory racks—
I'll off and sink my woes in sleep,
And dream of Harry and Almack's!

THE TOILET.



A NEEDLE-BOOK WORK-BAG.

Make a needle-book precisely as described in the next article. Then take a quarter and half quarter of silk, and cut it in half, as if to make a square reticule. Sew the two sides together, inserting a covered cord between them. Do not sew the sides all the way down, but terminate the seams at some distance from the bottom, so as to leave two open flaps large enough to conceal the thread-case. Then stitch a seam all across, just above the flaps, so as to form a sort of false bottom to the bag. To this seam sew the back of the thread-case, in such a manner that the flaps of the bag will fall over and conceal it. Sew five pair of riband strings on these flaps, so as to tie them down over the needle-book.

Get two yards of narrow riband; cut it in half, and run it into the broad hem or case at the top of the bag. Run each riband all round the case, the ends coming out at opposite sides to make the bag draw both ways. Tie these ends together in bows.

These bags are very convenient in travelling, or when you take your work with you on a visit.

To cover cord—take some new silk and cut it into long narrow slips, diagonally, or bias as it is commonly called. Sew all these slips together by the ends that slope the same way. Then take some cotton cord, and laying the silk evenly over it, baste or tack it along, so as to inclose the cord. In afterwards sewing this to the straight side of a piece of silk, hold the silk next to you, and let your stitches be very short.



A VERY CONVENIENT NEEDLE-BOOK.

Have ready four pieces of pasteboard about the size of playing-cards, or broader if you choose. Cover them on both sides, with silk sewed neatly over the edges. Get some riband of the same colour, and about an inch broad. Sew it between two of the covered

cards, so as to unite them all round, leaving only an opening at one end to put in the stuffing. Stuff it very tightly with wool or bran, which must be pressed down with your fingers as hard as possible, and then sew up the opening. This makes a pincushion which will look like a closed book, and the pins are to be stuck into its edges. Then get a piece of cloth nearly twice as large as the pincushion, and overcast the edges with silk. Fold it in half, and at the edge where it is folded, run two or three cases or sockets for bodkins, which must be prevented from slipping down too far by a few stitches across that part of the socket to which the point of the bodkin descends. The eyes of the bodkins must be left sticking out at the tops of the cases.

Take the two remaining cards that are covered with silk, and measure two pieces of silk twice the size of the cards. These are for the pockets. Having made a case in the top of each pocket, and run a narrow riband into it, gather them all round, and sew them on full to the outsides of these two last covered cards, which must then be sewed one to each side of the pincushion, having first inserted the needle-flaps. They must be put on so as to resemble the covers of a book, with the back of the pincushion between them like the back of a book. Sew strings of riband at the two lower corners. At the two upper corners, the ends of the drawing-strings in the top of the pockets must come out and tie. Ornament the back of the book with two bows, one at top, and one at bottom.

The pockets are to contain the thimble, emery-bag, cotton-spool, &c. They will also hold a small pair of scissors, in a sheath. When the thread-case is not in use, it must always be carefully tied up.

A PEN-WIPER.



Cut out a great number of pieces of Canton crape, about the size of half a dollar, and of as many different colours as you can procure. Lay them evenly in separate piles; let one pile be black, another red; some piles blue, and some green. Let there be an equal number of pieces in each pile. Then stick a needle with a thread of silk in it, through the centre of each pile, and fasten the pieces together. When all your various piles are ready, make a small hole through the middle of each with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and run

a silk cord through them all, as if you were stringing beads; arranging the different colours according to your taste. You may make the string of pen-wipers of any length, from a quarter of a yard to a whole yard.

These are very useful to hang over a desk where a great deal of writing is done, and may be acceptable presents from little girls to their fathers.

They will look the better for having the edges scoloped. You may either fasten each cluster of pieces permanently to the string, so as to remain stationary, or you may leave them to slip up and down like beads.

BE a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation.

TEA-DRINKING.

THERE is a certain class of people who take every opportunity of sneering at their neighbours for indulging in the "folly" of drinking tea, which they tell you is poisonous, and for the use of which the Chinese, as they say, make a point of laughing at us. I have generally remarked, that those who in this manner condemn the use of tea, are themselves addicted to the drinking of intoxicating liquids of some kind or other, and that, in most instances, they are not a bit more healthful or more innocent than the unhappy tea-drinkers whom they affect to pity. In the way that tea is usually made with a large mixture of sugar and cream, both which ingredients are highly nutritious, it is fully more salutary, and a great deal more refreshing, than any other light liquid that could be poured into the stomach. With all due deference to Cobbett, milk, even entirely divested of its creamy particles, is *hearty*; and though it may be used with advantage as a meal, when work is done in the open air, it can never suit the appetites of the great mass of the people, who are confined by sedentary employments. Milk is the food of men in a rude state, or in childhood; but tea or well-made coffee is their beverage in a state of civilization. It would seem that the civilized human being must use a large quantity of liquid food. Perhaps solid meat is most nutritious; but there are cases in which a small degree of nutriment is quite sufficient. A lady or a gentleman of sedentary habits, does not require to feed like a ploughman, or a gentleman training for a pedestrian excursion. They can subsist in a healthful state with a small quantity of solid food, but they do not do well unless with a large quantity of liquids, and these of a light quality. Good beer has been recommended as a substitute for tea; but beer is at the best a cold, ungenial drink, except to robust people who have much exercise. Beer may certainly be made almost as light as water itself, but in that case it is filled with gaseous matter or confined air, and it cannot be drunk with comfort as a simple refreshment.

It will always be remembered that there are different kinds of tea, and that some are more salutary than others. Green tea ought always to be avoided by persons of weak nerves. Black tea is the preferable for general use, and, if properly made, will prove antispasmodic, and relieve pains or cramps in the bowels. In some instances tea does not suit the particular state of the stomach, and it should then be abandoned, the taste naturally pointing out when it should be taken. But no species of prepared fluid seems so suitable to the palates and the stomachs of the people of this country. No kind of drink is so refreshing after a journey or fatigue as tea. It restores the drooping spirits, and invigorates the frame for renewed exertion. No other kind of liquid with which we are acquainted, has the same remarkable influence morally and physically. Fermented or distilled liquors, taken under the same circumstances, either induce intoxication or sleep. It is preposterous to say that tea is poisonous. As there is an astringency in its properties, I believe it would be most injurious were we to live upon nothing else, or drink it as a tincture.—But who does either? As it happens to be prepared and used, it answers merely as a refreshing and pleasing drink, either to the solid bread and butter taken along with it, or after a recent dinner of substantial viands. How idle it is to say that this harmless beverage is ruining the constitutions of the people of this country! The very reverse can be demonstrated. The inhabitants of Great Britain use nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds weight of tea annually, which is about the rate of one pound nine ounces on an average for every individual. From thirty to forty years ago they used a great deal less than the half of this quantity, yet the average length of human life has been

greatly extended since that period. The English and Scotch now use more tea than all the rest of Europe put together, and yet they are the healthiest nation on the face of the earth. The North Americans are also great tea-drinkers, and human life among them is of nearly an equal value. Who would for a moment compare the thin, wretched wines of France and Germany, or the sour kroust of Russia, to the "comfortable" tea of Great Britain, and who would lose time in calculating the different effects of these liquids on the constitution?

Tea has other excellent properties. At this present moment it is putting down the pernicious practice of dram-drinking, and evidently limiting the extent of after-dinner potations. It seems to be impossible that a regular drinker of tea can be a lover of ardent spirits; and it is generally observed that as a man (or woman either) slides into the vice of tipping, he simultaneously withdraws from the tea-table; so true is it that the brutalized feelings of the drunkard are incompatible with the refined sentiments produced by

"The cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

It is hence to be wished that tea, or some other equally simple prepared fluid, should be still more brought into use. Do not let it be urged as an objection that tea is expensive, for even under its excessive dearth, compared with its original cost, it is the cheapest beverage in use. With respect to price, it should not be placed against water or milk. It comes in place of some other indulgence—intoxicating liquors, for instance—respecting the price of which we never heard any complaints even from the lower walks of life. Tea is thus not entirely a superfluity. The clamours as to its fostering habits of evil and light speaking, are so antiquated as hardly to deserve notice. Formerly, when tea was exclusively a luxury among women, the tea-table was perhaps the scene where scandal was chiefly discussed. But while I suspect that the same amount of scandal would have been discussed if there had been no tea-tables whatever, I must observe that tea is now partaken of under greatly different circumstances. From being the favourite indulgence only of women, it is now an ordinary domestic meal, and there is no more disposition to draw forth the failings of our neighbours over tea than over roast-beef or punch, at seven o'clock any more than at five. In the upper classes of society, what with late dinners, routs, and frivolities of every description, tea-drinking may be put aside as a vulgarity; but as being, in point of fact, a powerful agent in humanizing the harsh feelings of our nature, and cultivating the domestic affections, I trust it will long hold a place in the dietetics of the respectable middle and lower classes of Great Britain.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Judson an American Missionary to Burmah, who has been supported by the Baptist Board of Missions in this country, has recently presented to the Board the sum of \$6,000, to be expended in the support of missions to the heathen. This sum was obtained by Dr. Judson, from paternal gifts and personal presents made to himself and his late wife, together with the interest arising from the same. This amount added to \$4,000 which Dr. J. received on a former occasion, from the Burmese government as a compensation for services rendered them, and which he also presented to the Board, makes a total of \$10,000! This is properly denominated by the Observer a truly noble donation; and when we consider that it is his all, and that in addition to property he has consecrated his talents and his life to the same cause, it presents one of the finest cases on record, of the truly devoted missionary spirit.

Original.

THE BACHELOR.

An old Bachelor! With what a tone of contempt are those words often uttered. As a class of men, perhaps old bachelors merit the little esteem in which they are held. When entering life, too many, instead of seeking that society and those pleasures which refine the mind, and create a taste for the pure enjoyments of domestic life, engage in a round of dissipation; frequent the company of their own sex only, and enjoy what they call freedom: which, in fact, is little else than slavery of the most degrading kind—slavery to the pleasures of the table, the gambling house, and other debasing vices, which gradually destroy all relish for purer pleasures, and unfit them, both by habit and inclination, for becoming to the end of their days, any other, than, at best, useless members of society.

But it is not always thus. Could we look into the lives and hearts of many who pass through life in unblest singleness, we should often find occasion to pity, rather than condemn. An unrequited, an unfortunate, or a misplaced attachment, may sink an affectionate female into an early grave. Upon man, similar circumstances produce not the same result; but sometimes the effects are little less painful and enduring. True, he does not die of a broken heart, but the fountain of his affections is forever sealed up; and although the world sees not what his manly pride carefully conceals from every eye, still, in the depth and bitterness of his own soul, he laments that through life he must remain unloving and unloved.

I had once a friend, with whose early history I was unacquainted. He was a man of refined taste, highly cultivated mind, amiable disposition, and pleasing, both in person and manners,—one, whom all pronounced pre-eminently formed to give and receive happiness in domestic life. Nevertheless, he remained single.—I frequently rallied him upon it, and sometimes reproached him for his insensibility. He always answered pleasantly, but never explained the seeming mystery.

At length circumstances called him to a distant part of the world, and we parted to our mutual regret.

When leaving me, he remarked:—"You have often upbraided me for remaining single. Perhaps, at some future time, I will give you my reasons, for I know I suffer in your opinion on this account." I replied jocularly, your apology must be a very good one if I accept it, for I think you should long since have made some amiable woman happy. He merely answered, "you shall judge."

Years passed, and although I heard from him occasionally, the promised explanation remained unmade when I received intelligence of his death, and a small packet containing the following history:—

"You have often asked me why I never married?—sometimes have reproached me for leading a useless single life; but more frequently, while you gazed with sparkling eyes on your own beloved wife and little ones, you have wondered how I could forego all "the dear delights of wedded love." When I replied to your observations with a jest, or turned with seeming indifference from your representations of domestic happiness, did it never strike you, my friend, that the jest might be uttered to hide a secret pang? that the indifference might be assumed to conceal the painful consciousness of the tedious loneliness of the life I led?

While in the habit of daily intercourse, I felt unwilling to lay open to you the recesses of my heart.—I could not endure that you should know how, in

secret, I pined over the cheerless solitude of my feelings. I would not pain you by the knowledge that the sight of your happiness constantly reminded me of all I had loved and lost. But now, disease and distance have conquered this pride, if pride it was, and I no longer shrink from communicating the circumstances of my early life, which have ever maintained their influence over me. Here we shall never meet again; and I would not go down to the grave without endeavouring to remove from your mind, that which would remain a blot upon my memory.

Though brought up in a city, it was ever my delight to escape to the green fields and pure air of the country. A favourite cousin of mine had married a clergyman, settled in a very pleasant village. He was a man who adorned his profession; and as I took great pleasure in his society, his place of residence became my favourite haunt, when I could escape from the toils and cares of business.

In one of these excursions, chancing to arrive late on Saturday evening, I established myself at my usual lodgings, deferring to visit my cousin till the following day. The Sunday morning came, and to me it appeared to possess more than its ordinary beauty; for its holy repose, its fresh and balmy air, and the song of the joyous birds came in sudden and strong contrast with the noise, and bustle, and confined atmosphere of a crowded city. When it drew toward the hour of morning service, I strolled to the church-yard, and among the silent tombs and grassy graves, loitered away the time in sad but pleasing meditation. My feelings were in unison with the day.

As I obeyed the last summons of the bell, and took my seat in my friend's pew, I found myself next to a lady, whose appearance strongly attracted my attention. She was young, apparently about eighteen.—Her dress told of the recent loss of a near relative, or dear friend—it might be one who was both—for her whole appearance indicated that her sable garments were not the mere "outward trappings" of unfeeling woe. She was extremely pale, and an air of the deepest melancholy pervaded her countenance. But in her pensive loveliness, I thought I had never beheld any thing so beautiful.

Her light and glossy hair was parted with perfect simplicity, over a forehead of the purest white. Long dark eye-lashes shaded her blue eyes, which seemed to owe their want of brilliancy to sorrow, rather than to Nature. But their touching expression of sadness was infinitely more subduing than the beams of the brightest eye. The cast of her countenance was decidedly intellectual, and her whole air and manner possessed that nameless charm, which we involuntarily associate with a refined mind and cultivated understanding.

Whether my previous reflections and the state of my mind had rendered me peculiarly susceptible of tender emotions, or whether it was the appearance of deep but uncomplaining sorrow in one so young that affected me, I know not; but all the tender sympathies of my nature seemed waked within me. I felt that I could at once take her to my inmost heart. I longed to share her sorrows and soothe her grief. In the beautiful and solemn services of the church, her unaffected fervour and devotion, evinced from whence proceeded that expression of heavenly resignation, which is derived but from one source. O, how lovely is piety in woman!

From this day, I became a more frequent guest than

ever at Mr. Wilson's. From him, I learned the history of Mary St. Clare. It was a short, but melancholy tale.

Her parents, both natives of a northern city, first met at New-Orleans. Mr. St. Clare was allured thither by the prospect of making a rapid fortune; that accomplished, he was to return to the north to enjoy it.

Her mother had gone out, under the protection of an elder brother, in search of health—labouring under a pulmonary complaint which threatened to terminate in a rapid decline—as the only means of averting the threatened danger, change of climate was prescribed. It had the desired effect—her health appeared perfectly restored.

Mr. St. Clare met her in society, young, beautiful, and accomplished; "wooded and won her." The consent of her parents was easily obtained, for her lover's character was unexceptionable, his prospects flattering, and for their daughter's happiness, they were willing to sacrifice her society for a few years; at the expiration of which, Mr. St. Clare looked forward to return home a man of fortune. Of the many enterprising young men of the north who go to the south, with the same hopes and views, how very few ever see them realized.

They were married; and the following summer he brought his young wife to visit her friends. Alas! the seeds of consumption had been too surely sown! The disease slumbered under the genial influence of a warm climate, but had never been eradicated. Before they returned to the south, alarming symptoms appeared. Those who loved her, hoped they would again yield to change of climate; but the destroyer had seized upon his prey, and would not loose his hold.—She lingered through the winter, then left her bereaved husband the father of a little girl scarce three months old.

The succeeding summer proved an unhealthy one. The yellow fever, that scourge of some of our southern cities, commenced its ravages. Among its first victims was Mr. St. Clare. Sorrow and anxiety had predisposed him to disease, and rendered him less able to resist its attacks. Upon his death, his affairs fell into disorder. The estate was declared insolvent, and at the age of six months, Mary St. Clare was a destitute orphan. But she was not deserted by Him who is the "Father of the fatherless." A single sister of Mr. St. Clare, fondly attached to her brother, had gone to him upon his wife's death. Upon his decease, she adopted his little orphan, and returned home with her infant charge. For eighteen years she faithfully discharged towards her the duties of a mother,—cultivating her understanding and taste with the most sedulous care, and constantly, both by precept and example, recommending the pure principles of Christianity. It was her loss Miss St. Clare now mourned. She had been deprived at once of a counsellor, a guide, a kind, tender, and affectionate friend; of the being in whom all her earthly affections centered. Now, indeed, she felt herself an orphan! But she was sustained in her affliction by that religion which is the "soother of our keenest sorrows." Hers was that spirit of piety, which, though silent and unobtrusive, has its seat in the inmost recesses of the heart—pervading every thought, word and action—bringing all into subjection to the will of Him who is regarded, not as the stern inexorable Judge, but as the kind and loving Father, "whose judgments are tempered with mercy."

But the blow which was borne patiently, was felt deeply; and hoping from change of scene and the society of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, some alleviation of the grief which oppressed her, she had come to reside with them. Mr. Wilson, who was related to her aunt, and to whom his worth was well known, had been appointed by her the guardian of her adopted daughter, whose youth and inexperience still needed the protec-

tion and care which Mr. Wilson would willingly bestow.

My intimacy in his family gave me an opportunity of enjoying his ward's society in all the unrestrained freedom of social intercourse.—Gentle, modest, intelligent, her virtues strengthened the impression her beauty and interesting appearance had made. My visits to the little village of L—— became longer and more frequent than before.

Winter succeeded to summer, but the country had lost none of its attractions for me. I loved, and saw with hope, the tell-tale blush that appeared at my approach. When Spring returned, and Nature had put on her "beautiful garments," she possessed a thousand new charms, for I was an accepted lover. I sympathised in the joy that seemed to animate every living thing, for I also was happy. Mary's spirits, too, had recovered almost their natural buoyancy; the bloom had returned to her cheek, and the lustre to her soft blue eye; for the affections of a tender heart had found once more a resting place. With renewed health and spirits, how lovely, how surpassingly lovely she was! But in her exquisite beauty, there was a delicacy that sometimes alarmed me. Her complexion was so dazzlingly, so transparently fair; the beautiful blue veins were so distinct about her alabaster forehead, and the bloom that gave such a brilliancy to her beauty, it could scarcely be called the ruddy glow of health. I gazed with a lover's pride upon her charms, but I thought of her mother and trembled. I strove to banish my fears as groundless. Still, consumption and an early grave would cross my mind, and fill me with apprehension.

A warm evening in July, induced us to enjoy, upon the porch, the fragrance of a honey-suckle which clustered around it, and the calm beauty of a bright moonlight. It was the eve of my departure upon a journey, which would probably detain me away 'till near the time appointed for our union. In the indulgence of the thousand tender feelings which the scene and the circumstances were calculated to call forth, the lapse of time was unheeded. With my arm encircling her waist, and her hand resting in mine, hours passed, and the night dew fell unperceived. I lingered 'till my friend's warning voice and the chillness of the air, reminded me that I was exposing Mary to danger. With a sad and heavy heart, I bade her adieu. Melancholy forebodings filled my imagination, and as I folded her in a last embrace, and pressed my lips to her cheek, it was wet with her tears. Does the spirit of man ever dive into futurity, and give him warning of evil to come? or was the depression we both experienced but the natural effect of parting for a longer period than usual? or the result of our previous discourse, in which tears to the memory of the unforgetten dead, had mingled with Mary's anticipations of the happy days which she hoped the future had in reserve?

I heard frequently from Mary during my absence, but fancied her letters were sadder than they were wont to be. They became shorter, too, and she seemed to look anxiously for my return. I used every exertion to terminate the business which had called me from her, and was on my way home when I received a letter from Mr. Wilson, urging me to hasten my return, for Mary was seriously indisposed. He would have written long before, but she would not allow him to alarm me. He now acted without her knowledge, considering it would be cruel kindness longer to withhold the intelligence, however painful; for she had not been well since my departure. She had taken cold; (the remembrance of the last evening I had passed with her, smote upon my heart,) an obstinate cough was the consequence, accompanied with pain in the side, which had refused to yield to medical treatment. Her physician considered her in danger of a

rapid decline, and as a friend he felt bound to apprise me of the melancholy truth.

I travelled day and night, but before I reached the end of my journey, another letter met me. It was from Mary herself. She owned she was very ill, and reproached herself for not having sooner informed me; but hoping from day to day to be better, had been unwilling to give me cause for anxiety. But she could no longer deceive herself; all hope was destroyed but that of seeing me before she died.—“If this might not be, God’s will be done!—and perhaps it would be better—for oh! ’tis hard to part, for the last time, from those we love; and to the survivor, how doubly bitter! But I know you will seek consolation where alone it can be found. In my little bible, you will find your name written. May its sacred pages afford you support in the hour of affliction, and enable you to look forward with hope to that meeting, which shall be followed by no parting. I do not ask you to cherish my memory, for I believe I shall never be forgotten: but do not mourn for me too long. There are others more worthy than I to fill the place it would have been my happiness to occupy. You will not think so now, I know; but when Time shall have poured his healing balm upon your wounded spirit, will you not seek another to supply my place in your affections? I would not that you should experience through life, that cheerless solitude, the solitude of the heart.”

After a journey which, to my impatience and anxiety, seemed interminable, I arrived at L——. It was the early part of October, within two weeks of the time which I had fondly hoped was to make me happy in the possession of her I loved.

The noise of my horse’s feet was heard, as I approached the house, and Mr. Wilson came out to meet me. He eagerly grasped my hand, and hastily uttered, “thank God, you are come!” Then I am not too late—but how is she? He shook his head mournfully, and the tears gathered in his eyes; for who could know her and not love her? Is there no hope?—“None in man.” The bitter anguish of that moment is indescribable. It was beyond endurance. When I had recovered myself, I besought him to inform her of my arrival, and prepare her to see me.

He soon returned, “she is prepared and most anxious to see you: but let me remind you: of the necessity of commanding your feelings: for although still able to sit up during a part of the day, her life hangs by a single hair, which the least emotion might snap asunder.” He added, “she will set you a bright example. In the duties of my office, I have frequently stood by the bed side of the sick and dying. I have seen many whose last hours were cheered by the consolations of a reasonable, holy and religious hope, but such angelic sweetness, such patient submission, such heavenly resignation, I never before witnessed.” Tears fell from his eyes as he spoke.

When I entered her chamber, she was reclining in an arm-chair, supported by pillows.—Changed indeed, but oh! how lovely still. As I approached her, she rose, feebly, to meet me. Her countenance flushed with pleasurable emotion, and every speaking feature beamed with affection. With a bursting heart, I folded her wasted form in my arms, and as I pressed my lips to her pale forehead, she whispered softly, “my last earthly wish is gratified.” A smile of heavenly sweetness passed over her beautiful features—her countenance was as that of an angel; her eyes closed, her head drooped upon my bosom—she had died in my arms!

Years have passed since that blow fell upon me; but I have not outlived its effects. I have ceased to mourn, for “I look forward with hope” to that union which death cannot dissolve. But the well-spring of my affections is dried up. I have endeavoured to

comply with my sweet Mary’s wishes, but in vain. I have seen many as young, some perhaps as beautiful and as amiable, but the responsive chord has remained unstruck. I could not love again. Cheerless and dreary indeed is that existence, whose pleasures are unshared, and whose sorrows are unsoothed by an affectionate friend; and perhaps he but half performs the duties of life, who knows not the endearing ties of husband and father. But the spreading oak which is formed to afford “shelter and shade,” if it is scathed and blasted by Heaven’s lightning, can no more put forth its “leafy honours;” but stretches out its bare and withered branches, a useless lumberer of the ground.

MR. CURRAN.

WHAT moments of social happiness are connected with my recollections of this extraordinary man. What an unbending of high intellectual power to the level of childish comprehension. Nothing was too *little*, or too *great*, for the occupation of that vast mind. The affairs of the nation, the prattle of women, or the dressing of a puppet-show, seemed equally to engage his attention, and to call for sallies of wit and good humour, that made him the idol of every society.

Some twenty-five years ago, Dublin possessed a circle, unequalled, excepting by that over which Mademoiselle L’Espinasse presided in Paris.—In Dublin, Mrs. Le Fann, the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was the presiding priestess of the literary circle; she possessed in an uncommon degree the talent of conversation, and of drawing forth the powers of others. Her house was the rendezvous of everything delightful; her Sunday evening parties produced an assemblage of the most brilliant talent. Curran, Grattan, Moore, and a long etcetera of clever people, just gave one a sufficient idea of what society *ought* to be, to spoil all one’s future comfort.

Miss Owenson, now Lady Morgan, used to tax the patience of Mr. Curran with long arguments on *materialism*; to which he appeared to pay the most devoted attention; and when afterwards questioned as to the impression made on him by her wild reasoning, would declare that he had not heard a word that passed.

Curran’s private misfortunes weighed heavily at his heart, and though for some years he struggled against the woes he could not avert, he ultimately fell a victim to his long suppressed feelings.

Curran’s most devoted attachment was lavished on his eldest daughter, whose death, closed for ever his career of happiness. Of his second daughter, the chosen love of Emmett, he seemed to think but little. After the fatal tragedy of Emmett’s execution, he never saw her; and her early death ended the possibility of that reconciliation so ardently hoped for by their mutual friends.

Curran’s appearance was a personification of ugliness; and of this he made a jest. In conversation he was almost too powerful. His wit was so vivid, so unceasing, that he almost fatigued the imagination by the succession of images he continually presented to the mind of his hearer.

Of Bonaparte he spoke in the highest terms; and in allusion to his method of riding he used a term so full of meaning, that it appears as though no brain but *his*, could have conceived the idea thus conveyed. He was questioned by a friend, as to Bonaparte’s appearance on horseback, and his reply was thus singularly worded—“He has *emphasis* in his heels.”

I admire wit as I do the wind. When it shakes the trees, it is fine; when it cools the wave, it is refreshing; when it steals over flowers, it is enchanting; but when it whistles through the key-hole it is unpleasant.

GOD!

BY THE RUSSIAN POET DERSCHAWIN.

O THOU, Eternal One! whose presence bright,
 All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
 Unchang'd thro' Time's all devastating flight,
 Thou only God!—there is no God beside.
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
 May measure out the ocean deep—may count
 The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
 And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity!

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First, chaos, then existence—Lord on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation: all
 Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create:
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art and wert, and shall be, glorious! great!
 Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasur'd universe surround;
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspir'd with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of Heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
 A glorious company of golden streams?
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
 And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
 Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
 Against Infinity! What am I, then?—Naught.

Naught!—but the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence: for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely THOU MUST BE!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
 Direct my understanding then to Thee;

Control my spirit, guide my wand'ring heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—Deity!
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!
 A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceiv'd? unknown? This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy,
 For from himself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me! 'Thou source of life and good!
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thought ineffable! O visions blest!
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
 Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

For we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Heb. xiii. 14.

FAREWELL, poor world, I must be gone:
 Thou art no home, no rest for me;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 'Till I a better world may see.

Why art thou loth, my heart? Oh why
 Do'st thus recoil within my breast?
 Grieve not, but say farewell, and fly
 Unto the ark, my dove! there's rest.

I come, my Lord, a pilgrim's pace;
 Weary, and weak, I slowly move;
 Longing, but yet can't reach the place,
 The gladsome place of rest above.

I come, my Lord, the floods here rise;
 These troubled seas foam naught but mire;
 My dove back to my bosom flies—
 Farewell, poor world, Heav'n's my desire.

"Stay, stay," said Earth; "whither, fond one!
 Here's a fair world, what would'st thou have?"
 "Fair world? Oh! no, thy beauty's gone,
 An heav'nly Canaan, Lord, I crave.

"Thus ancient travellers, thus they
 Weary of earth, sigh'd after thee;
 They're gone before, I may not stay,
 'Till I both Thee and them may see.

"Put on, my soul, put on with speed;
 Though the way be long, the end is sweet.
 Once more, poor world, farewell indeed;
 In leaving thee, my Lord I meet."

THE BROKEN VOW;

BY MRS. NORTON.

HARRY DUNSTAN was the younger son of a younger son; a colonel in the army, who thought a man provided handsomely for his offspring when he bought a commission in the guards. But Captain Dunstan was not of the same opinion; expensive in his habits, thoughtless and extravagant in his ideas, the gaming table, the turf, and the dice-box supplied him with temporary resources; his father, after having paid his debts half a dozen times, refused to do any thing more for him, and soon after died, leaving him, according to the technical expression, "without a farthing in the world," i. e. with about three hundred a year. Dunstan was advised to marry an heiress, which he was perfectly willing to do; after one or two disappointments in England, he received an invitation from a General Campbell, who had been a friend of his father's, to spend the shooting season at Cumlin Dhu, a beautiful romantic place in the Highlands. Thither Harry Dunstan proceeded, and was warmly welcomed on account of his great merit, in having possessed so amiable a father. Amongst the inmates of the general's hospitable house, was a nephew of his, Archie Campbell, a gay, warm-hearted young Scotchman, blunt in his manner, but with acute feelings, kind to a fault, the idol of his circle, and the admiration even of the calculating and heartless Dunstan himself. A sort of friendship, or more properly companionship, was established between the two young men; and in spite of the contrast between them, they became inseparable. Archie Campbell, who had scarcely ever been from the wilds in which he lived, was struck with the natural and acquired elegance of the English officer, for Harry Dunstan had no dandyism about him; gentle without effeminacy, graceful without affectation, he won easily on the unsuspecting; and a sort of tact, which was taught him, partly by his dependent situation, partly by an innate thirst of vanity, which led him to wish for universal praise, gave him that enviable power of adapting himself to different dispositions, and chameleon-like variety in the choice of the *modes* of making an impression, which would have baffled a keener sighted man than his simple happy friend. From the old general, who found an apparently eager companion in his favourite sports, to the piper, whose account of St. Fillan's meeting and its prize pipes, was so kindly listened to, all loved Dunstan.

And one more loved him; one, who should rather have allowed her young heart to wither in her bosom, for Archie Campbell had wooed her, and Archie's bride she was to be. It was a settled thing; and many of her privileged friends already laughingly addressed her by the title of Mrs. Campbell of Cumlin-Dhu—and Mrs. Campbell she might have been but for Harry Dunstan. Archie himself introduced his friend to his betrothed; it was *he* who expressed a wish that they should like one another; it was *he* who requested Harry to take care of Minny and her Highland pony, while he himself went to see a sick old man, or give directions about the general's farm; it was *he* who informed Dunstan that the only delay to the match was the return of Minny's uncle who was to give her a fortune hardly earned in India, and had wished to see his beloved child by adoption united to the man of her choice; the father was only a poor clergyman, and his brother's return was daily expected. Dunstan heard, and pondered, and while he sat on the sunny bank with the blue sky reflected in the uplifted eyes of his innocent companion, dark and treacherous

thoughts coursed one another through his mind; while he wove harebells for Margaret Dure's fair locks, and she smiled on him in confiding friendship, he was meditating how to cover the innocent victim with chains whose links should be concealed among flowers till they were bound round her heart! It were vain and useless to recount Harry Dunstan's acts; he was thirty, she seventeen; he was a man of the world, she had never been beyond her native village. She admired him, she liked to have him with her, she looked forward to happy days at Cumlin-Dhu, with her husband Archie, and her new friend; then she wished that Archie was like Dunstan, in some things, till—till Harry Dunstan seemed to her the most perfect of human beings. And think not that this was mere fickleness or admiration of outward show. Dunstan had laid his plot deeply; he contrived by a thousand stratagems to weaken the bonds of affection between the two lovers; and while he appeared to be earnestly wishing to reconcile their quarrels, and to laugh at their childish differences as he called them, he inwardly exulted as the barbed dart sunk deeper and deeper into the bosoms of those who unwittingly cherished a serpent.

Archie Campbell was in the daily habit of riding to the manse, and taking what he laughingly termed his "orders for the day," from the gentle lips of his betrothed. He rode out one morning while the grey mists still clung to the tops of the hills, as if loth to leave them to the glory of the uprisen sun. The freshness and brightness of nature gave warmth to his heart and vigour to his limbs, and a kindly and remorseful spirit stole over him as he reflected on some hasty and jealous words he had spoken to Minny the day previous. "What a weak thing is a man's soul!" thought he; "I struggle with doubts and fears which at one time wring my heart, while at another they seem as easily dispersed as the shadows and mists from the brow of yonder mountain. At this hour of quiet glory—in the dewy silence of this delicious morning—how feverish, how foolish, seem the feelings of yesterday. My poor Minny, what could make me doubt you now?"

What, indeed!—As he approached the manse it appeared to him that there was an unusual stir—an unusual number of people assembled on the little lawn from which Minny used to watch his coming; his heart beat, his breath came quick, the old man must be ill, or the housekeeper had died suddenly, or the Indian uncle had arrived, or—any thing but Minny! Mr. Dure was standing on the lawn; his white head uncovered, and his eyes wandering irresolutely from one to another of the grieved and perplexed countenances of his little household. When he perceived Archie he staggered forward, and with a nervous laugh, which contrasted thrillingly with the wild anxiety of his eye as he pressed young Campbell's hand, exclaimed—"Weel, laddie, and isn't this a wild trick you've played us, so sober and discreet as you seemed; weel, weel—and where?" The old man's tone suddenly altered; the haggard smile vanished from his face, and as he leaned heavily on Archie's arm, he whispered in a hoarse voice—"Don't say it, don't say it, don't tell me you don't know where she is, or may be ye'll see me die at your feet." Archie collected from the weeping domestics enough and more than enough to satisfy him. The snowy coverlet of Minny's bed remained undisturbed by the pressure of a human form. She had not slept at the manse that night; she

would never more rest her head in peace and innocence beneath its roof again!

He came back to Cumlin-Dhu, and asked for Dunstan—he had departed suddenly on plea of urgent business in England. Archie Campbell gazed in his informant's face with a vacant stare, and then bowed his head on his hands; he did not weep or groan, or even sigh—a slight shudder only passed over his frame. I anxiously watched him the few succeeding days we were together, he was just the same as usual; he talked and laughed, and though the laugh was less cheerful, it was wonderful how well he conquered his sorrow—only when he sometimes stole a look at Dunstan's unfilled place, a wild and fearful expression lighted his countenance, his lips moved and his breath came thick and short. For a little while I thought he would either get over it, or that he retained some hope that Minny herself would repent before it was too late, and return; he rode out at the accustomed hour to the manse, where the lonely old father was mourning in silent and submissive sorrow.

I accidentally encountered him one evening; he was sitting on the favourite bank—the deep crimson sun lit the heath and hare-bell, the wide blue lake lay stretched beneath, and the perfumed air echoed the confused murmur of distant sounds and the hum of insects; he looked at the empty seat by him, "Minny, sweet Minny!" said he, in a low gentle voice, then suddenly rising, with startling energy he stretched his arms and bent forward with a straining effort to the distant mountains: "Margaret! Margaret Dure!" and the hills returned in the same tone of unspeakable anguish "Margaret Dure!" I feared he would fall and be dashed to pieces on the shingles below, yet I dared not speak, hardly breathe; he slowly drew himself back and sank down—that night he heard of Minny's marriage with Dunstan; that night he swore to me to leave Britain and travel for a while till his health should improve. He went abroad, and after a few months Mr. Dure received a letter from him, the hand-writing was feeble and the style incoherent; it expressed a wish that, as he was dying in a foreign land without any probability of being able to return, Mr. Dure should have a small marble slab erected under the old cypress tree, with his name and age, and the year he died in. This was accordingly done. In little more than a year after her marriage, Margaret Dunstan was attacked by a complaint which had often threatened her—that canker-worm of the young and lovely, consumption. Dunstan, disappointed in his hopes of money by his grieved and angry uncle, had lately treated her coldly if not harshly; yet it was impossible to see anything so young and so beautiful dying without some feelings of pity; after a vain course of remedies had been gone through, he acceded to her sorrowful prayer, that he would take her back to die at Cumlin-Dhu, where her old father still lived. They arrived late in the evening, and, worn and exhausted, Margaret felt that she could not go to the manse that night; she had not heard of Archie's death in the stranger land and of his last request; and she stole into the churchyard where she was so soon to rest, and sat down in the still twilight, leaning her weary head against a tombstone. She had not sat there many minutes before she heard the little gate open, and presently afterwards her own name was uttered in a low voice. "Here I am, Dunstan," said the rising; the speaker darted forward and then stood transfixed to the spot—"Margaret Dure!"—she uttered a piercing shriek. "Minny," said the young man wildly, "do not fear me, it is only Archie Campbell; are you living, and is it only the moonlight that makes you so pale?"—"Oh, Archie do not speak in that tone; we are both altered, and I am dying now, but I deserved it, and I am contented to leave this world, and whom I am buried in this lone place you will think

of me sometimes, and forgive me."—"Minny, I hope you will live many long years, and I will see you sometimes at night, for I must be dead to all but you. Tell me, is he, is Dunstan kind to you?"—"Can the treacherous in friendship be faithful in love?—no, Archie, the red gold tempted him, not Minny's face; he has chid me for smiling, and reproached me for leaving you, and said it was for a more splendid life I went with him; and—and that if I changed once I might change again; and he has chid me for weeping when I thought of my father and of you, Archie, and of the sweet banks of Cumlin-Dhu."—"And did you think of me, my sweet Minny? Did you think of me still amid all the temptations and pleasures of England?"—"Archie, after the dream that he loved me melted away, love went out of my heart; but night and day, through the melancholy spring and the long weary summer, I wept for you—for your kind words and faithful promises; for the long lumpy days we spent together; and I felt that it was just that I who forsook should be forsaken." Archie Campbell rushed forward, and taking the unfortunate girl in his arms he strained her convulsively to his bosom. "What have I done?" said Margaret, as she disengaged herself; "oh, Archie, pity me and let me go home;" and the word brought a fresh torrent of bitter tears to her already dim and swollen eyes. "Fear nothing," said he, as his arm sunk by his side; "I am no traitor—God Almighty and Allmerciful bless and protect you; go, and, Minny, tell no one you have seen me;" he loosed her hand and walked quickly away, and his bewildered companion returned to her husband. After a most distressing scene between Minny and her poor father, it was agreed that they should live at the manse till something else should be settled, or till Minny should get better; though Mr. Dure felt he never could like Dunstan, yet his first fears had not been realised, his daughter was married; and though it was a grievous thing to think on poor Archie, his old favourite, yet he was a man prone to forgive, and he left vengeance to Him who hath said "*Vengeance is mine.*" The minister gently told his daughter the fate of her betrothed and deserted lover; she listened intently, and remembering the scene of the night before, she said earnestly, "Are you sure? oh, I cannot believe he is dead." She shuddered as she said this; her father calmly drawing her arm within his, walked through his little garden and entered the churchyard at the end of it. "There," said he mournfully, "is the stone I raised to him." Minny looked, though her head swam.

This stone
is erected to the memory
of
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
who departed this life,
aged 24,
May 6th, 1825.

It was the stone on which she had been leaning the night before; she gave a wild scream and fainted; her body, weakened as it was, was terribly shaken by this adventure, and though she still hoped some wild chance might have preserved Archie, and that it was indeed he that stood by her and spoke to her that evening, yet the awful words, "*I will see you at night, for I must be dead to all but you,*" rung in her ear, and his hand, she remembered, was very cold. A sick thrill passed over her as she remembered this, and she at length became persuaded she had seen the spirit of her lover. Meanwhile she grew weaker and weaker every day. One evening she expressed a wish to visit once more the moss bank which overhung the lake. Dunstan had gone out shooting, and it was on his way home. The old servant at the Manse supported her, for she was now too feeble to walk without assistance; she sat down in the accustomed spot, dark over-

hanging mountains behind her, and the quiet blue lake before her; towards sun-set she saw Dunstan coming over the hill, he waved his handkerchief to her and she answered the signal; he leaped down the tufted side of the hill till he came to the most dangerous part, where, it rose almost perpendicularly from the lake.

"Come slowly, Dunstan, pray," said the alarmed wife; Harry Dunstan laughed at her fears: he made one step more and was arrested in his progress. A wild, gaunt form sprung upon him like an angry wolf, and endeavoured to hurl him down the precipice; Dunstan struggled as those struggle, and those only, who have death present to their eyes, but in vain; nearer and nearer he was dragged to the edge, till there was nothing between him and the lake below but a space of about four feet, by a sudden effort he flung himself on his back, and fired his loaded gun, his opponent bounded a few steps backward, the leaves over which he rolled rustled in the descent—a sick faint scream from Margaret, and all was silent. Minny Dunstan waked feebly forward, her husband descended the hill, every fibre quivering with the struggle he had made; they met beside the body of the wounded man. Margaret bent over him, he opened his eyes, gave a dim dreary glance round him, took Dunstan's hand, and raising his eyes to heaven murmured some indistinct words; he then turned them once more to Minny, a film came over those orbs, and he lay a corse before them—the corse of Archie Campbell! Worn and emaciated by suffering, and looking like a man who had past many more years of sorrows, the noble-hearted youth lay cold and stiff before his treacherous friend.—And it seemed to Dunstan afterwards, that his marriage, the death of Archie, the more lingering illness of Minny, and the sorrow and misery he had brought on all, were but as a warning dream.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

A VENETIAN STORY.

A GERMAN Prince who had been making the grand tour, as it is called, rested a few days at Venice, in order to make himself acquainted not only with the theory, but also with the practice, of the Venetian republic. Happening to walk through the streets of the city, if they may be so called, he saw a splendidly embroidered piece of silk in one of the shop windows. He stopped at the shop door, and ordered one of his retinue to purchase and carry it to his hotel. When he arrived there he found that it had been stolen from his servant. Upon hearing this he expressed his surprise that, under so active and vigilant a government as that of Venice, such a theft should have been committed in open day. He had not returned to his apartments above an hour, when he was waited on by an officer of the state, citing him to appear before a tribunal which was then sitting. Hesitating a little, the officer assumed a more determined air, and informed him that if he refused to attend it would be at his peril. He therefore obeyed the summons, was taken to a public office, and introduced into a room hung with black: in the centre was a dark, elevated table, at which sat three judges in sable attire. He was questioned by the first in an awful voice, as to who he was, his name, his condition, and his motive for visiting Venice. These inquiries were issued with a terrifying solemnity. Though a prince, and possessing supreme authority in his own dominions, he answered with timidity and fear. When no more questions were proposed to him on that head, he was sternly asked by another member of the same tribunal, whether he had uttered any reflections upon the Venetian government since his arrival in the city. He answered in the negative; and then the third, in a most ter-

rific tone, bade him recollect himself, and repeated the same question. In his consternation, excited by the appalling solemnity of the tribunal before which he stood, he again answered in the negative. The first judge then asked him if he had not purchased something in the morning, and if it had not been stolen from his servant as he returned to his lodgings. In his agitation and confusion he had almost forgotten the splendid brocade which he had purchased and lost in his walk; when it was recalled to his recollection, however, he admitted the fact. He was then asked if he had not, in consequence of his loss, ventured to pass some censure on the government. In the midst of his terrors he declared he had only expressed his surprise that such a crime could have been committed in open day, under so active and vigilant a government as that of Venice. Folding doors were then ordered to be thrown open, discovering a large chamber, as glaring with light as the other had been solemnly dim, in which was a gibbet and a man hanging upon it, with the identical piece of silk under his arm. One of the judges then addressed the prince, and told him, without the least allusion to his rank, that as a stranger he was excused; observing to him, however, at the same time, that by the summary justice with which the offence had been visited, he ought to be more cautious before he ventured to throw reflections on a government, whose vigilance was ever in operation, and whose judgments were quick, decisive, and exemplary. The judge then, in a milder tone, assured him that he was welcome to remain in the city as long as his convenience might require. The prince, however, as soon as he was dismissed from this temple of justice, assembled his retinue, and immediately quitted Venice.*

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

ABOUT the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.

* This narrative was related to the writer by Mr. Rosa, a Venetian artist.

THE FORGED WILL.

MY DEAR WILTON—You have considered it worth your while to remind me of a promise which I made you some time ago, to furnish you with a narrative of my life. I shall allude but slightly to the events which preceded my departure for India, as well as to those which occurred during my residence in the East, and hasten forward to that subsequent period which I have ever since been accustomed to regard as the most interesting of my existence. In order to the right understanding of the narrative, it will be first necessary to state, in a few words, the circumstances and condition of my family. The loss of both my parents, in infancy, occasioned my removal to the seat of George Bromley, Esq., my paternal uncle, one of the jovial bachelors who relish both their bottle and their friend, but who would much rather choose to sacrifice the latter, than to forswear allegiance to the "merry god." My hours at Bromley-hall, were employed to no very advantageous purpose, and I fancied that my situation furnished me with an adequate plea to claim all exemption from study and useful pursuits. Though my uncle possessed several nephews besides myself, I was regarded, universally, as heir presumptive of Bromley-hall; and my constitutional idleness being increased by this consideration no less than by my uncle's inattention, I took little pains to supply the fearful vacuum which existed in my mind.

I was naturally of a headstrong and ungovernable disposition. When a scheme had once found footing in my obstinate brain, however repugnant it might have been to sound reason, neither the advice of neighbours nor the remonstrances of my uncle availed to deter me from moving heaven and earth to carry it into execution. In 1790, (I was then in my eighteenth year,) it struck me forcibly, that my uncle had never certainly informed me whether or not he designed for me the mansion and estate of Bromley; and that, in case of his death, and leaving the property to another, my situation, all circumstances considered, would be none of the most comfortable. Destitute of education, unsupplied with the means of procuring even a livelihood capable of keeping body and soul together, and possessed of few or no genuine friends, I contemplated such a contingency with gloomy forebodings. Actuated by them, I conceived a resolution, (and my resolutions, when once taken, were, unfortunately for myself, never departed from,) to embark, in some capacity or other, for the Eastern world. The ideas of India and wealth are intimately associated in the imaginations of youth, and experience is alone able to convince us that they are not necessarily conjoined. My worthy uncle used all the means in his power to dissuade me from taking this chimerical step, and even offered to draw up his will in favour of his disobedient nephew. The latter, however, my dear Wilton, had said his say, and accordingly, my uncle was obliged to purchase me a cadetship in the Honourable East India Company's service.

You are already aware of the untoward circumstances which obstructed my progress in the East; it is unnecessary to recapitulate them. Suffice it to say, that after a residence of five years in Hindostan, I employed almost the whole funds of which I was master to enable me to sell out; and, on the 23d of March, 1796, I found myself on board the Trident, homeward bound, with a light purse and a heavy heart. I had been constantly accustomed to hear from my uncle as opportunities offered, but for six months prior to my quitting Bombay these communications had entirely ceased. Unable otherwise to comprehend the cause of his silence, I allowed myself to anticipate the worst, and my apprehensions were confirmed by the announce-

ment of his death, which appeared in the Brighton Gazette, and which I found at St. Helena, where we touched in our passage home. It was true that my uncle had not precisely declared his intention to leave me his heir, after my refusal to remain in England, yet, somehow or other, I had not scrupled to indulge the hope of being one day the proprietor of Bromley. Subsequently to our leaving St. Helena, visions of happiness floated on my young fancy, and Christianity had not yet taught me that a tear was due to the memory of the dead, previous to suffering considerations of personal interest to intrude themselves on more solemn thoughts. Many were the plans which I concerted, many the innovations which I proposed to effect in the general appearance of the Hall. I would open a window on the south side, where a view could be obtained of the Thames; I would cut away the trees in front, and alter the avenue from a direct to a serpentine form; I would pull down the old houses which deformed the entrance into the deer-park, and plant a shrubbery on the east, to screen me from the gaze of the dirty rabble; and, though last, not least, I would take unto myself a wife, and spend the remainder of my days in the joys of matrimony! Never, in short, my dear Wilton, did my hopes beat higher; never did they appear more likely to be realised, and never did adversity seem more distant from my path, than at the very moment when I was, in good earnest, penniless, friendless. On the 4th of June we were spoken with by the Eagle, outward bound. A cargo of newspapers was transferred on board the Trident, and I accidentally took up "The Morning Chronicle," which fell first from the budget. "I would not advise you, Bromley," said a young mate, with whom I had become acquainted in the course of our voyage; "I would not advise you to try 'The Morning Chronicle.' I have heard it said, seriously, that all bad news is first conveyed through a *whig* medium."

"Fudge, fudge, my dear fellow," answered I; "I'll lay you a thousand sovereigns to a button, that the first paragraph on the last page will contain good news for some one." As I spoke I mechanically turned round the sheet, and you may well imagine my dismay and astonishment, on reading the following words:—

"GENERAL ELECTION.—We understand that Charles Mitford Bromley, Esq. of Bromley-hall, is the ministerial nominee for the representation of the borough of Bleehingly." Had a thunderbolt burst at my feet that moment, it could not more completely have astounded and staggered me. "My cousin Mitford, the eldest son of my uncle's sister, was then in possession of the Hall; my uncle had forgotten me; the cup of anticipated pleasures had been dashed from my lips, and I stood, as it were, alone in the world, a wretched, solitary, and isolated thing."

The vehemence of my passions completely overcame me, and allowing myself to reflect upon nothing, save on the certainty of my misery, I verily believe that, had we been spoken to on that day by an outward bound vessel, I should, without doubt, have returned to Bombay. Luckily, however, as it has since turned out, we did not meet with a single sail for the course of a week, and by that time reason and sober reflection had come to my aid, and determined me to persevere in steering for Britain. From the 4th of June to the period of our landing at Portsmouth, (September 2nd,) my whole faculties were absorbed in a sort of stupid apathy. I have said already that a liberal education I had none. Nature might, indeed, have fitted me for standing sentinel in an Indian jungle, and I dare say I possessed physical strength sufficient to cleave an enemy to his bricket, and perhaps steadiness of eye

sufficient to pass a bullet through an object at some distance; but I could never hope to rise far in my profession, destitute of those mental attainments which are alike necessary to eminence in civil and military employments. At one time, in the course of my ruminations, I conceived some idea of qualifying for the church, at another for the bar; but these schemes and imaginings were presently dismissed, and replaced by others equally Utopian.

We landed at Portsmouth, as I have already stated, on the 2nd September, 1796. My packages, heaven knows, were not large. All my funds had been consumed in procuring my discharge, and I was, consequently, unable to provide myself with any of those luxuries and rarities of the Eastern world which I might have disposed of to advantage in my native country. Forty or fifty sovereigns were all I had left in the world. The lightness of my pockets had previous to the news of my misfortune, made little impression on a heart naturally volatile; for, setting myself down as already in possession of my uncle's estate, I conceived that no expense could be contracted which the rental of Bromley was not more than sufficient to cover.

I left Portsmouth on the day following that on which we landed, and proceeded to London, with not a single plan digested for the ways and means of my future subsistence. Seated on the top of a stage-coach, (the top, my dear friend, for economy began to intrude its ill-natured warnings into all my projects,) I half formed a resolution to cast myself on my cousin's generosity, and to solicit from a relative that pittance, which, it seemed more than probable, I should otherwise be compelled to beg at the hands of strangers. But the thought was crushed almost in the very moment of its formation. I had a soul of pride, Wilton, a soul that constitutionally spurned at the idea of dependence; and, though the feeling be a good one when properly controlled, it has often operated to my material prejudice. I believe, however, that I become to prolix. Well, to cut this part of my story short, it will be sufficient to observe, that, on my arrival in London, I perused, by the merest accident, a newspaper notice, advertising for a young man who could officiate as one of the under clerks at the Stamp Office. That very evening I answered it, and in less than a week, poor M'Laren Bromley commenced his unwonted labours, surrounded by mountains of receipts, folios, ledgers, &c. &c. My mind became insensibly more calm; the vehemence of despair had given place, in some measure, to the stillness of resignation, and after various struggles with my pride, I at length found myself on the road to act as herald of my own return to Charles Mitford Bromley, Esq. of Bromley-hall. I had already been in London, in my new situation, about a month, and had made sundry inquiries into the character of my relative. I found that he had fallen into dissipated habits, and was regarded by the country gentlemen, (or rather by those of them who acted up to the adage, "a short life and a merry one,") as the leading better at a horse-race, and the deepest drinker at a tavern dinner. Though such a description could not be said to promise fair, I was still urged by an unaccountable curiosity, to visit Bromley.

My ruminations, you may suppose, were not of the most pleasing kind, when, after a walk of five miles and a half, I entered the long and straight avenue which conducts through a forest of beeches to the principal gateway of the hall. As I advanced silently along, a thousand associations crowded on my mind. They resembled a dream of vanished years. The traveller, who, after a long absence, revisits, for the first time, the dwelling of his youth, and finds the places of father and mother, brothers and sisters, occupied by unknown forms, may conceive some idea of my emotions. The wind was sighing mournfully among

the trees, and I verily imagined that the old beeches shook their heads at me as I passed. Beneath their once loved shade, I had often gambolled in the levity of childhood. How often had I here bestrode my uncle's silver-headed stick, while Othello could scarcely have more exulted in "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war," than I did in the dexterity with which I charged on my inanimate steed! How often had I launched the mimic barge on the little stream which purled through the adjoining field; and no merchantman beholds, with greater pride, his gallant vessel steering from the harbour, than I did my Lilliputian sloop, nine inches by two, manœuvring in a manner that clearly indicated, in my conception, the superior skill of the carpenter. I remembered to have cut the initials of my name, a few days previous to my departure, in the bark of a favourite beech which overshadowed the avenue. On arriving at the spot, where I recollected that this tree had anciently flourished, I was able to discover nothing, save only a withered stump. My cousin had, of course, some end in view which prompted him to this act, and chance had, in every probability, determined him to make choice of my favourite beech. I was not then, however, in the most charitable of moods, and I could not refrain from involuntarily exclaiming, "What! could your malignity extend thus far? Was it balm to your soul to erase every trace of your less fortunate cousin?" I hastily checked myself. It was no fault of Mitford's. I reflected that Bromley had been left him by our uncle; and except I was prepared to rank among the vices, the indulgence of one of the most potent principles of human nature, my relative must stand acquitted.

I knocked at the hall door with conflicting feelings, and felt my choler again mounting at the time which was suffered to elapse before it pleased the footman to appear.

"Is your master at home?" I inquired, with the greatest difficulty repressing my emotions.

"Mr. Bromley is at dinner," returned the fellow, "and cannot be disturbed. You must call again to-morrow, and it's ten to one but you don't see him even then."

"I must, and will see him, now," exclaimed I, vehemently; "tell him that a near relation of his requests the favour of his company only for two minutes."

The servant departed with the message, and presently returned with the announcement that Mr. Mitford Bromley was particularly engaged with a select party of friends, and that the person who did him the honour to claim a relationship must call again on the subsequent day. The footman was preparing to follow up the delivery of his message by slamming the door in my face, when I seized it with my hand, and begged him to wait one moment till I had written a few words to his master. Leaning against the banister, I scrawled the following lines with my pencil, on the envelope of a letter which I accidentally had in my pocket:—

"SIR.—It is neither my desire nor intention to disturb you in the possession of Bromley. The feelings of consanguinity alone have induced me to visit your residence, and, if my presence be in any degree offensive, you have only to intimate the fact, that I may take care not to diminish your enjoyments. If you now consent to see me, let it be alone, as I am far from being in a temper to meet company.

"I am, &c. &c."

"M'LAREN BROMLEY."

I waited a considerable time before there seemed any signs of replying to my note. At length I heard the sound of a heavy foot descending the stairs, and presently my cousin stood before me. I could scarcely have known him, Wilton. When I left England he

was a slender, handsome young man of five and twenty, and I now found him in a more frightful condition than I ever could have supposed. A seemingly ceaseless pound of dissipation had made fearful ravages in his person; his eyes were sunk and ghastly, his hair was already tinged with gray, and his bloated countenance gave sufficient indication of the pursuits which he followed, and the gods that he worshipped. He seized me by the hand, and, pulling me within the threshold, gave utterance, in a broken voice, to some such salutations as the following:—

“My dear M'Laren, I am heartily glad to see you. When did you arrive from India? Why did you quit the Company's service? Damn it, man, why didn't you tell me at the first who it was? But come my dear fellow, come up stairs. It is but just that I should make ample amends for my apparent want of hospitality.”

To confess the truth, Wilton, my cousin's overpowering kindness of manner struck me with astonishment, and the more so because it was totally unexpected.—I begged to be at present excused from joining the visitors, as my spirits were incompetent to the task.—

“Oh! deuce take the visitors,” exclaimed Mitford; “I left them busy over a bottle of claret. Come along to the drawing-room, and I will dismiss the gentry in a couple of seconds.” We accordingly ascended to the drawing-room, which I found furnished with exquisite splendour. Mitford left me alone here for about ten minutes, while he was engaged in explaining to his guests the reasons which obliged him to interrupt their entertainment. For myself, I remained standing in the centre of the drawing-room, gazing on a full-length portrait of my late uncle, which hung suspended against the wall. My feelings were of a two-fold description. I cursed over and over again my own despicable rashness in abandoning my native land, and throwing behind me wealth and property, which, but for that step, I confidently believed must have been mine. At the same time, I could not suppose that that delinquency was of a nature so heinous as altogether to justify my uncle in stripping me of what were my legal rights, had he died intestate: nor could I, by any process of reasoning, reconcile the fact of his kind and regular correspondence with his resolution to deprive me, as far as it lay in his power, of the means of subsistence, a deed, certainly the more cruel as he had given me no reason to anticipate it. The consequence of this double dealing, I reflected, was, that my necessities had reduced me to the counter of a stamp office; a bitter change, to be sure, from the prospect of inheriting a landed estate, and succeeding to the representation of an honourable family. Mitford rejoined me in a short time.

“Be seated, my dear M'Laren,” said he kindly, “I have dismissed the riotous crew beneath, and shall now be happy to converse with you on family matters. Changes are frequent in this world, (and, perhaps, it is just that they are so, since they serve to remind us of the uncertain tenure by which we hold its good things.) and one of these changes has affected us nearly. Our worthy uncle has passed to his reckoning, and sure I am, if we tread the path which he trode before us, posterity will have no reason to anathematise our memories. I shall show you the will by which Bromley-hall was conveyed to my side of the house, and while I am, as I ought to be, grateful for the honour, it has struck me as a circumstance somewhat uncommon, that the name of M'Laren Bromley should never occur in it from the ‘know all men,’ to the ‘witness my hand.’ Surely my uncle might, and, with every respect to his ashes, I will add, he should have given some signs that he had not forgotten his absent nephew. Believe me, my friend, I sincerely sympathise with you on your bereavement.”

While Mitford was speaking, I agreed with most of his sentiments. With regard to the allusion which he made

to our late uncle's character, though I was perfectly aware of the old gentleman's intemperate habits, I felt inclined to acquiesce in the approbation bestowed on him by his successor; for his hand was ever open to the poor man, and his benevolence of heart had never been questioned. Had Providence spared my cousin until now, I could have told him, dear Edmund, that there was something wanting to complete the picture which he had drawn, and without which, all amiable qualities are but as “sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.” Thank heaven, my dear young friend, that I have not to insist upon this, in an epistle to you.

As Mitford appeared to pause for a reply, I answered nearly, I think, as follows:—

“I need not conceal from you, Charles, that I once did look forward to the property of this Mansion, and the whole Bromley estate. Since it was my uncle's will, however, that the representation of his family should be vested in another, I ought, if possible, to acquiesce in his decision. At first, no doubt, the disappointment was hard to bear; but I have since better learned, by the aid of Providence, to submit myself to it. I have luckily got into a way of earning an honest livelihood, and though unquestionably the bright and fairy dreams, in which I was wont to indulge in early life, have been at length superseded by darker realities; I think I may hold up my head with as high confidence as many whose worldly hopes have been better answered. To you, my dear cousin, I wish every happiness. If your good fortune has hitherto exceeded mine, you probably have deserved it more.”

As I concluded, it seemed that horrid recollections were agitating my cousin's bosom—for his eye suddenly assumed an expression of singular wildness, and his cheeks and lips, in despite of the effects of inebriety, became paler than marble. He started suddenly from his seat and walked to the window. I regarded him with surprise, but the train of conjecture into which my thoughts had consequently fallen, was shortly interrupted by Mitford, who, after a visibly forced effort to recover his equanimity, threw himself on a couch and inquired:—

“What way of earning a livelihood do you allude to? Is it possible that you can yet have chalked out any scheme?”

“You are ignorant,” observed I, “that I have already been a month in London. My situation there is that of one of the sub-clerks in the Stamp Office.”

“A month in London!” ejaculated my cousin, “and I not informed of it! I protest, M'Laren, you have not yet laid aside your old habits. Eccentric as ever, I see. Certainly you should have known that you were welcome at Bromley Hall, while Charles Mitford was its proprietor. But in the name of Heaven, what tempted you to bind yourself to the counter of a Stamp Office? We must see what more honourable employment can be procured for you—and, if I succeed in carrying my election for Blechingly, I think I shall have sufficient influence with government to obtain any situation for which you think yourself suited. If you have the least desire to return to India, I am well-nigh certain that a cadetship could be secured for the asking, or if you dislike the smell of gunpowder, there can be no great difficulty to obtain a writership. And seriously my advice is, that you betake yourself again to the East. Men seldom return from India without having amassed a mint of money.”

“Yes,” interrupted I, “and without having impaired their constitutions. No, no! Charles, I thank you for your consideration, but, having already had some knowledge of the quantity of gold which one may gather in Hindostan, I shall remain in the Stamp Office. I am not ashamed of my situation; it is an honest one, and though men of the world may not deem it honourable or fitting for a gentleman, it is one which cannot be dispensed with.”

"I do not deny your situation being honest and necessary," rejoined my cousin; "but I cannot think it altogether of that description which a Bromley should fill. In these revolutionary times, we must prevent, to the utmost extent of our power, any individual connected with the English aristocracy from stooping to an employment which naturally degrades him to a level with the vilest quill-driver in the land.—Now, in the case of India,——"

"Cease to mention India, Charles," said I, again interrupting him, "I have been satiated with it. Our lives are not of such immense duration, but that we may be satisfied with whatever is sufficient to carry us through them. I mean not to depreciate the advantages of a just and praiseworthy ambition; I might, probably, have possessed some share of it in other circumstances—but, as it is, I hardly think it worth my while to look far into futurity."

I have entered, my dear Wilton, somewhat more into detail than I originally designed. I thought, however, that you might be interested to learn the particulars of my first interview with my cousin. I remained the whole of that night and the following day at Bromley Hall—loaded with the greatest kindness,—and pressed again and again to accept of a situation in India. I do confess I was somewhat puzzled at this excess of affection, and was frequently inclined to ask with Sir Oliver, "Is not this too much politeness by half?" It appeared likewise surprising, that among his many offers of assistance (and I am sure he did not spare them), my cousin never once suggested an employment in my native isles. India commenced and India concluded his song, and I thought I had discovered, before leaving him, a remarkable anxiety on his part to get me as speedily as possible out of the country. A few minutes previous to my departure for London, he showed me my uncle's will—which conveyed "all and whole his estates real and personal, all his goods and chattels, &c. &c., to Mr. Charles Mitford, eldest son of John Mitford, Merchant in London, and the late Catharine Bromley his wife, upon condition that he, the said Charles Mitford, do add to his other styles and designations the name of Bromley."

As all hands were busily employed at the Stamp Office for the next six weeks, I was prevented from sojourning any length of time at the Hall. In the meantime, facts were every day multiplying to convince me that my cousin would soon run through his estate. He proceeded from one extravagance to another—lost immense sums of money at play—maintained a stud of race horses at a ruinous expense—and though he uniformly expressed the highest regard and kindness for me, I could not help regarding the protestations of this misguided man, as hollow and worthless at the bottom. I had already discovered him to be a consummate hypocrite—affecting to regulate his conduct by the rules of a morality which he virtually trampled beneath his feet. In this character I could not repose confidence, and well you know, my dear Wilton, how fully my suspicions have been justified. It was not, I assure you, without extreme regret, that I contemplated the probability of the fine estate of Bromley being brought to the hammer, and I quite expected that the election expenses of Blechingly would be the means of accelerating that crisis.

About four months after my first interview with my cousin, and only a week prior to the day appointed for the election, as I was proceeding, in the morning, at a leisurely pace from my lodgings towards the Stamp Office, I was overtaken by a servant of Bromley Hall: "Oh, Mr. M'Laren," said he, almost breathless;—"Come up to the Hall as fast as you can. Here has been the young Squire Gilbert shooting my master with a pistol."

"Good God!" exclaimed I, "what has happened to Mr. Bromley?"

"Neither more nor less than this," replied the clown, "Squire Gilbert and my master had high words at the theatre the night afore last, and off they both set this morning at four o'clock—pitch dark as it was—to Chalk Farm, where the Squire shot my master through the body, and then decamped himself—a chicken as he is. But, make haste, for master be woundily keen to see thee."

The truth flashed upon my mind in an instant. A duel had taken place between Mitford and one of his dissipated associates, and had terminated fatally for my poor cousin. I accordingly made the best of my way to the Hall, accompanied by the servant, who employed himself, during our walk, in venting curses on the head of Squire Gilbert, vociferating loudly that it would be the worse for him, if he ever came within reach of "his own shillelah." I was too much struck with the awful suddenness of the catastrophe, to attend to my Irish friend's gibberish—and I reached Bromley in a state of feverish impatience and anxiety. I was immediately shown to my cousin's chamber.

I found him stretched upon his bed, apparently in a state of extreme despair, and attended by a surgeon from the metropolis. His groans were both loud and deep, and a visible change had already affected his whole countenance. As soon as he was apprised of my presence, he motioned to the surgeon to withdraw, and presently we were left alone together. Turning himself round in the direction where I stood, a movement which appeared to occasion him exquisite torture, and pressing his left hand against the wound, he fixed his eyes steadily upon mine with a gaze of appalling despair.

"M'Laren," he at length uttered in a hollow tone. "I am going now—but I have much to tell you, and I only wish to be spared till my task of reparation is completed. Take this key, and open the highest of those drawers. Bring me the mahogany casket which you will find there."

Mechanically I obeyed my cousin's directions, without saying a word, for I felt as if my tongue were chained up in silence, and delivered the casket into his hands. Hastily he undid the lock, and drew forth the identical will of my uncle, which he had shown to me on our first interview. Surprised and doubtful, I resumed my seat by the bedside, while my cousin having unfolded the document to its full extent, raised himself on his elbow, seemingly insensible of pain, and grasping the paper in his hand, gazed wildly in my face. In a few seconds he spoke:—

"M'Laren Bromley, I am a villain! Speak not, I pray you; I must have all the time to myself which may yet intervene before I am called to my dread account. I have much to do—much—much reparation to make. Oh, that horrible—that damning disclosure! And yet it *must* be made, though the effort should cost me all hell's tortures before I die." He paused for a moment to wipe off the death damps which were starting on his forehead, and resumed, "That will, M'Laren, was—was a fabrication."

The wretched man sunk back on his pillow. I was too dreadfully agitated to tender him assistance—overcome—struck speechless by the announcement I had just heard. It was some time before my cousin could summon up sufficient strength again to address me.

"Yes, M'Laren," he said, with frightful vehemence, "I availed myself of your absence, and wrought your ruin. At least I tried it—but what were *your* deepest sorrows, when compared with the tortures of the soul! I forged that will at my uncle's death; I grasped the filthy gold which has been my bane. But did it bring me the happiness I sought? Did it bring me honour? Did it produce peace here?" And he smote upon his bosom as he spoke—"No, no, no! The crime carried

along with it its direct punishment. I tell you I have nothing to expect—nothing to hope for. I tell you that blacker guilt than mine stains not the long catalogue of human transgression. Why do you not curse me, boy?"

Exhaustion again overpowered him, and grasping the fatal document in his hand, he dashed it from him with violence.

"Charles," said I, with as much composure as I could command; "curses were never farther from my thoughts than at this moment. From the bottom of my soul I do sincerely forgive you."

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Mitford, starting up with a groan of agony, which the movement occasioned—"You cannot—will not—dare not forgive me. Forgiveness! Pardon! can such things exist for a wretch like me? Neither here nor hereafter."

"By all that is sacred," said I, alarmed at the fury of his motions, "I forgive you, Charles—and may the great God of heaven forgive you too!"

"Shall I say Amen to that prayer?" exclaimed the expiring wretch, "Empty—empty hope! Oh! it is a terrible thing to die—but doubly terrible to die thus hopelessly condemned! Oh, can there be a God, M'Laren? Yes, yes! I, who have practically denied his existence, feel that awful truth rushing like a flood into my soul. The worms will soon have a banquet of these limbs; and what—what is beyond the grave?" He answered his own question with a long and deep groan, and fell back exhausted.

In a short time, Mitford became more composed, and the pain of the first disclosure having subsided, he proceeded to state with greater calmness what I was already aware of:—

"My mind, M'Laren, was naturally depraved. The love of wealth was the ruling motive of my actions from first to last. Our uncle was cut off suddenly—in consequence, it was conjectured of having indulged over-freely in an evening's revel, and I conceived the opportunity a good one to gratify my favourite passion. I drew up that accursed document, and counterfeited, after my uncle's name, the signature of a notary who had been dead for some time. This forgery I conveyed, by means of a false key, into my uncle's *escritoire*, but not without making myself sure that no other will was in existence, and immediately after the funeral, on opening his drawers, that deed was found.—Not the smallest doubt was ever expressed, nor, I believe, ever entertained of its validity, and I entered in consequence into complete possession of the estate of Bromley. You see that my schemes were well laid—almost beyond the possibility of a failure—and no wonder, for I was an adept in deceit. That was far from being the *first*—though it certainly was the *greatest* of my crimes, and a long career—coeval nearly with my life—of practice-hardened villany, had deadened every feeling of compunction. Your unexpected return from India, you may be sure, struck me with dismay, yet I contrived to dissemble the thorn of hatred which rankled in my breast—and often and often, as you remember, did I urge you, under the plea of solicitude for your interests, to remove yourself from the country for ever. The steady opposition which you offered to my plan perplexed me at the time—but I have now reason to thank the arbitrations of destiny, that you persisted in your resolution to remain, since I have now an opportunity to make you the fullest reparation in my power. I am resolved to sign a declaration of my crime, in presence of adequate witnesses, and no remonstrances," added he, seeing me about to interrupt him; "no remonstrances shall prevent me from performing that act of justice. I have deserved it every inch—I have deserved the bullet which has laid me here. Oh, God forgive me! I used to hear of a Saviour in my young days—though I have not been over a church threshold for many a long year:

oh! if there be such a Being, hear his intercessions, thou dread God, whose name I have never reverently spoken till this hour of darkness!" My poor cousin clasped his hands together with convulsive earnestness. Alas! I was no fitting comforter. My knowledge of Heaven's mercy was then as limited as his own.

It was in vain, my dear Wilton, that I endeavoured to dissuade my relative from publicly recording his infamy. In presence of the surgeon, the steward, one of the footmen and myself, he signed a statement which I drew up according to his direction, of what he had previously communicated to me. He lingered in the extreme of torture till the ensuing morning, when he expired at half-past seven o'clock on the 3d of January, 1797, and in the thirty-first year of his age. As it was now upon record that my uncle died intestate, I of course came into possession of the whole of his property as heir-at-law.

I feel it impossible, even at this distance of time, to look back without strong emotion on the untimely end of my misguided cousin. He led, unquestionably, a life of the blackest kind; but we know that there may be pardon even for "the chief of sinners." I followed him to the grave in an indescribable state of mind, and with feelings the most excited. Beyond that, human ken is not suffered to penetrate.

Almost thirty-two years have now elapsed since the above events took place, and I think I can say to my friend, with all humility, that I have become a better and a mended man. I possess the advantage of a strange experience—one that falls seldom to mortal lot—and I were indeed culpable in the extreme did it fail to produce suitable effects on my conduct. My purest joys depend on those of my wife and children, and, allow me to add, on those of my valued friend, Edmund Wilton. As the great principle of my life, I have endeavoured to supersede that sense of honour which most men of the world unfortunately cultivate to the exclusion of higher motives, by the spirit of the Christian religion. I have been enabled to uproot from my heart many unhalloved prejudices, and to plant in their stead a holier and diviner seed. In fine, though that sentiment of Thomas Moore—

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given."

be, in the main, correct, and is perceived more and more, the whiter the head becomes, yet, inasmuch as genuine happiness may be tasted on earth, it has unquestionably been long enjoyed by, my dear Wilton, your most attached and devoted friend,

M'LAREN BROMLEY.

Bromley Hall, August 31, 1830.

WINTER GARDENS IN PRUSSIA.

AT Berlin there are four extensive winter gardens, in which the appearance of perpetual summer is kept up. They are simply large greenhouses, or orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling, and upright windows in front—the air heated by stoves, supplied with fuel from without. On the floor are placed here and there large orange-trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. Round the stem of the trees tables are formed, which are used for refreshments for the guests, and for pamphlets and newspapers. There are also clumps of trees and of flowering plants, and sometimes pine-apples and fruit-trees. The gardens abound with movable tables and seats, and there is generally music, a writer of poetry, a reader and a lecturer. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illumination is on a grander scale. In the morning part of the day, the gardens are chiefly resorted to by old gentlemen, who read the papers, talk politics and drink coffee. In the evening they are crowded by ladies and gentlemen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A FEW YEARS.

Oh! *a few years!* how the words come,
Like frost across the heart!
We need not weep, we need not smile,
For *a few years*—a little while,
And it will all depart.
And we shall be with those who lie
Where there is neither smile nor sigh.

Yet—*"a few years"*—is this the *whole*
Of chilliness in the name?
That glad or wretched, *a few years*,
With their tumultuous hopes and fears,
And 'twill be all the same—
Our names, our generation, gone,
Our day of life, and life's dream done?

Ah! this were nothing—*fever* still
Will do to bury all
That made life pleasant once, and threw
Over its stream the sunny hue
That it shall scarce recall.
There is a gloomier grave than death,
For hearts where love is as life's breath.

Ay, pain sleeps now; but, *a few years*,
And how all, all may change?
How some, whose hearts were like our own,
So woven with ours, so like in tone,
By then may have grown strange:
Or keep but that tame, cutting show
Of love, that freezes fervour's flow!

Such things have been; oh! *a few years*,
They teach us more of earth;
And of what all its sweetest things,
Its kindly ties, its hopes' young springs,
Its dearest smiles are worth,
Than aught its sage ones ever told
Before our own fond breasts grew cold.

But—worst and saddest—*a few years*,
And happy is the heart
That can believe itself the same—
Its now calm pulse, so dead, so tame—
To be the one whose lightest start
Was bliss, even though it wrung hot tears,
To the cold rest of later years.

The storms and buds together gone,
The sunshine and the rain—
Our hopes, our cares, our tears grown few,
We love not as we used to do,
We never can again!
And thus much for *a few short years*—
Can the words breathe of much that cheers?

Yet something we must love, while life
Is warm within the breast:
Oh! would that earth had not, even yet,
Enough, too much, whereon to set
Its tenderness supprest!
Would this world had indeed no more
On which affection's depth to pour!

For then how easy it would be,
In contriteness of soul,
Weary and sick, to bring to One,
To the Unchangeable alone,
Devotedly the whole!
Then, *a few years*, at rest, forgiven,
Himself would dry all tears in Heaven!

THE ZEPHYR'S SOLILOQUY.

THOUGH whence I came, or whither I go,
My end or my nature I ne'er may know,
I will number o'er to myself a few
Of the countless things I am born to do.

I flit, in the days of the joyous Spring,
Through field and forest, and freight my wing
With the spice of the buds, which I haste to bear
Where I know that man will inhale the air.
And while I hover o'er beauty's lip,
I part her locks with my pinion's tip;
Or brighten her cheek with my fond caress,
And breathe in the folds of her lightsome dress.
I love to sport with the silken curl
On the lily neck of the laughing girl;
To dry the tear of the weeping boy,
Who 's breaking his heart for a broken toy;
To fan the heat of his brow away,
And over his mother's harp-strings play,
Till, his griefs forgotten, he looks around
For the secret hand that has waked the sound.
I love, when the warrior mails his breast,
To toss the head of his snow-white crest;
To take the adieu that he turns to leave,
And the sigh that his lady retires to heave!
When the sultry sun of a summer's day
Each sparkling dew-drop has dried away,
And the flowers are left to thirst to death,
I love to come and afford them breath;
And, under each languid, drooping thing
To place my balmy and cooling wing.
When the bright, fresh showers have just gone by,
And the rainbow stands in the evening sky,
Oh! then is the merriest time for me;
And I and my race have a jubilee!
We fly to the gardens and shake the drops
From the bending boughs, and the flowered tops;
And revel unseen in the calm starlight,
Or dance on the moon-beams the live-long night.
These, ah! these are my hours of gladness!
But, I have my days and my nights of sadness!

When I go to the cheek where I kissed the rose,
And 't is turning as white as the mountain snows;
While the eye of beauty must soon be hid
For ever, beneath its sinking lid—
Oh! I 'd give my whole self but to spare that gasp,
And save her a moment from death's cold grasp!
And when she is borne to repose alone
Neath the fresh-cut sod and the church-yard stone,
I keep close by her, and do my best,
To lift the dark pall from the sleeper's breast;
And linger behind with the beautiful clay,
When friends and kindred have gone their way!
When the babe whose dimples I used to fan,
I see completing its earthly span,
I long, with a spirit so pure, to go,
From the scene of sorrow and tears, below,
Till I rise so high I can catch the song
Of welcome, that bursts from the angel throng,
As it enters its rest—but, alas! alas!
I am only from death to death to pass.
I hasten away over mountain and flood,
And find I 'm alone on a field of blood.
The soldier is there—but he breathes no more—
And there is the plume, but 't is stained with gore.
I flutter and strive in vain, to place
The end of his scarf o'er his marble face;
And find not even a sigh, to take
To her, whose heart is so soon to break!
I fly to the flowers that I loved so much—
They are pale, and drop at my slightest touch.
The earth is in ruins!—I turn to the sky—
It frowns!—and what can I do, but die?

WINE.

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee 'devil!'—Shakespeare.

SOME eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board His Majesty's frigate the *Astræa*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem, with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honourable Captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquetish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by St. Spiridon, and at his Klepitic votaries. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicestershire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilight of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honourable Captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of —, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it a part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, P. M., seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant —, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur. It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to the king's English, in its own accents; to eat of the king's sirloin, in its own gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse-flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of Newmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs of the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more relished because the richest Turkey tobacco, and a pipe of cherry wood was in the hands of every soldier in the garrison,) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch." Lord Thomas Howard, a lieutenant in th —, was announced to be a master-hand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin-punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anti-climax, which there was no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Picton himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle; lemons from the islands redolent of romance and poetry; and a bottle of Hodge's best, redolent of Hoborn Hill, appeared in its orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch-drinker?" inquired my neighbour, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

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And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us; for the Captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; interrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by jessamine and orange blossoms, proceeding from the trelliced gardens of the Government House. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night in Greece: a lieutenant of H. M. S. the *Astræa*, and a captain of H. M.'s gallant —, may be supposed to entertain Hotspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a-day like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate!" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchained, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hoghead!"

"Envious dog! From time immemorial, odes have been endited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyricist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'Tis a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the troling of a joyous *chanson à boire*, or *trinklied*, under the lime-trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas's gin-punch, and pi me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

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Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the

Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"Personal meaning!" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanour; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay, almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I re-seated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero."

There was no disputing with him—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of

great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity; and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication—Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal."

"Only when unconscious of his infirmity," said I bluntly.

"Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter; but an ordinary man aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief?"

"Easy, as we look upon a thing from hence, with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorners unheard; but, in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, who can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins? Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honour, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen: When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation—an only son, intended for the Church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christchurch crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasion of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and in-

temperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Eruption suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided, that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons."

"At least, you have no cause to regret the change of profession?" said I, with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I *did* regret it. A family living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and a settled home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself. The nature of my misdemeanor, meanwhile, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it, that on entering the army, no fellow could boast a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change—"

"Was then attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dullness—where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved."

"Beloved in a *lover's* sense!"

"Beloved as a neighbour and fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honourable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to a lover—scribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow."

"Your wife was probably more discerning?"

"No! On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Mary probably ascribed my fractiousness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humoured than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society; and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble with some visitor, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold; the newspaper did not arrive in time; or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of Ministers. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that *any* man might possess the insipid quality of good humour; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world." As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich—richer and almost as handsome as herself; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her raileries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin—'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laughed heartily when I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filipping water at me across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer.—'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'—'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them — Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved.—'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a club-dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But, instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been be-

gulling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations, invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*"

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expressions of my countryman Tobin, (the prototype of Knowles) involuntarily occurred to my mind—

"The man who lays his hand,
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,
Is a wretch, whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward."

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble, whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her."

"But you had no reason to suppose that, on this occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct?"

"No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there was a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs; a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and had been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I could never endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanour; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt little in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came, and came, and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely, after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right. I was careful. My temperance was that

of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milkop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife."

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself; the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, brainless, to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will, I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honour it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances, and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and, in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I did not misinterpret: *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung ~~to~~ my arm; the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!"

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I; "I know how to pity you."

"Not you?" faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. "You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the lenden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature."

"Mildness!"

"Ay!—Save when under the fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favour. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to seek occasions of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, I deserved to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken

him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favour. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in her person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court; 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch.

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial, I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions towards herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me instantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow my aged mother to become our companion, that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side. He had attended as a witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonour of his master's house.

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use in distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man, grasping my arm. "My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"I don't rightly understand—I can't quite make out—I believe, sir, you will find a letter," said my gray-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. No! not from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend—from any acquaintance. It was a lawyer's letter; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk that I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—whom I had struck!—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning; she knew that my household gods

were shattered;—and at such a moment abandoned me!

"Drink this, Master William," said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. 'You want support, my dear boy; drink this.'

"Give it me," cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. 'Another—another!—I do want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass!—I must see Mrs. Wargrave!—Where is she?'

"Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!"

"I have lost my senses!" I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage. "And therefore I must see her—*must* see her before I die!"

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court-yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognize me, when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.'—'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and, by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"Good evening, Doctor," said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognize it for her. 'You will find me better to-night. But why are you so late?'

"You will, perhaps, find me too early," said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, 'unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no personal injury to apprehend. I am come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death.' And in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"My brothers are absent," faltered Mrs. Mary: 'I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

"For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Let its unbiased impulses condemn me or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.'

"I have decided," murmured Mrs. Wargrave, 'irrevocably.'

"No, you have not!" said I, again approaching her; 'for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; "for better, for worse, for richer, for

poorer, in sickness and in health." It has been for worse, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad; it has been for poorer, for my good name is taken from me; it has been for sickness, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the covenant less binding? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore—my wife whom I have injured—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration—my wife, who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that, forsaking all other, she would cleave to me alone? Mary, no human law can contravene this primal statute. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child.

"It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority," said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected; a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. "No!—I cannot live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that——"

"That you despise me! speak out, Madam; speak out!"

"That I pity you," continued Mary, resolutely; "that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience."

"And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation; for, by the laws of the Almighty, Madam, however your kindred or your lawyers may inspire you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honoured by his child."

"It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him: and, to secure his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement."

"Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulterous passion! You have appealed to the laws; by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with me! Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!"

"You did not?" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife."

"And you dared to injure her?"

"Right boy; that is the word—*dared!* It was cowardly, was it not? brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self accusations!"

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

"Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, his helplessness constituted her best defence."

"Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him? Do you think I shall be less careful of him than yourself? Give him up to his father."

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognize the irresistibility of my claim.

"The carriage waits," said I sternly. "Where is his nurse?"

"I am his nurse," cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. "I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again."

"With me? Am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with me, whom you have dishonoured with your pity, your contempt; your preference of another? Rather again would I stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!"

"As a servant, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so——"

"Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warily?" cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to me. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

"Help! help! help!" faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman that she was, have known that mischief would rise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy awakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless——"

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence. It was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnants of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honourable position in society. I got placed on full-pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay—on drinking no wine—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honourable profession, in order to spare him further dishonour as the son of a suicide."

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the Astrea; whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of Wine!

"And it is to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly rejoined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an

influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify

ourselves with defence; to this master-fiend, we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking song, with which Lord Thomas's decoction inspired the shattered reason of the Commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's Ship the *Astrea*.

THE SUN AND MOON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KEBERT.

MOON.—O Sun, ere thou closest thy glorious career,
(And brilliant thy wide course has been,)
Delay and recount to my listening ear,
The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN.—I saw, as my daily course I ran,
The various labours of busy man;
Each project vain, each emprise high,
Lay open to my searching eye.
I entered the peasant's lowly door,
I shone on the student's narrow floor;
I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,
And on the proud warrior's coat of mail.
I shed my rays in the house of prayer,
On the kneeling crowds assembled there;
In gilded hall and tapestried room,
And cheered the dark cold dungeon's gloom.
With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And peace bestowed where joy was gone.
In tears upon the face of care,
In pearls that decked the maiden's hair—
I shone on all things sad and fair. }
But few the eyes that turned to Heaven,
In gratitude for blessings given;
As on the horizon's verge I hung,
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

MOON.—Thou risest in glory, my journey is o'er;
Alternate our gifts we bestow;
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore
The Source whence all benefits flow.

SUN.—Thou comest, O Moon, with thy soft-beaming
light,

To shine where my presence has been;
Then tell me, I pray thee, thou fair queen of night,

What thou in thy travels hast seen.

MOON.—I shone on many a pillowed head,
On greensward rude and downy bed;
I watched the infant's tranquil sleep,
Composed to rest so calm and deep:
The murderer in his fearful dream,
Woke starting at my transient gleam.
I saw, across the midnight skies,
Red flames from burning cities rise;
And where, 'mid foaming billows roar,
The vessel sank to rise no more:
I heard the drowning sailor's cry
For succour, when no help was nigh.
On mountain path, and forest glade,
The lurking robber's ambushade,
I shone—and on the peaceful grave, }
Where sleep the noble and the brave, }
To each and all my light I gave;
And as my feebler silver ray
Vanished before the dawn of day,
In vain I lent my willing ear,
One word of gratitude to hear.

SUN.—We will travel onward our task to fulfil,
Till time shall be reckoned no more;
When all shall acknowledge the Sovereign Will
That made them to love and adore.

THE BUTTERFLY'S DREAM.

A TULIP, just opened, had offered to hold
A butterfly, gaudy, and gay;
And, rocked in a cradle of crimson and gold,
The careless young slumberer lay.

For the butterfly slept, as such thoughtless ones will,
At ease, and reclining on flowers,
If ever they study, 't is how they may kill
The best of their mid-summer hours.

And the butterfly dreamed, as is often the case
With *indolent* lovers of change,
Who, keeping the body at ease in its place,
Give fancy permission to range.

He dreamed that he saw, what he could but despise,
The swarm from a neighbouring hive;
Which, having come out for their winter supplies,
Had made the whole garden alive.

He looked with disgust, as the proud often do
On the diligent movements of those
Who, keeping both present and future in view,
Improve every hour as it goes.

As the brisk little alchymists passed to and fro,
With anger the butterfly swelled;
And called them mechanics—a rabble too low
To come near the station he held.

"Away from my presence!" said he, in his sleep,
"Ye humble plebeians! nor dare
Come here with your colourless winglets to sweep
The king of this brilliant parterre!"

He thought, at these words, that together they flew,
And, facing about, made a stand;
And then, to a terrible army they grew,
And fenced him on every hand.

Like hosts of huge giants, his numberless foes
Seemed spreading to measureless size;
Their wings with a mighty expansion arose,
And stretched like a veil o'er the skies.

Their eyes seemed like little volcanoes, for fire—
Their hum, to a cannon-peal grown—
Farina to bullets was rolled in their ire,
And, he thought, hurled at him and his throne.

He tried to cry quarter! his voice would not sound,
His head ached—his throne reeled and fell;
His enemy cheered, as he came to the ground,
And cried, "King Papilio, farewell!"

His fall chased the vision—the sleeper awoke
The wonderful dream to expound;
The lightning's bright flash from the thunder-cloud
broke,
And hail-stones were rattling around.

He 'd slumbered so long, that now over his head,
The tempest's artillery rolled;
The tulip was shattered—the whirl-blast had fled,
And borne off its crimson and gold.

'T is said, for the fall and the pelting, combined
With suppressed ebullitions of pride,
This vain son of summer no balsam could find,
But he crept under covert and died.

Original.

THE THREE SWANS.

Near to Wimpfen, a town situated upon the Neckar, there is a lofty mountain, on the top of which appears one of those small but unfathomable lakes which are so frequently found in such situations in Germany.—Popular superstition has connected the following pleasing legend with the Lake of Wimpfen.

A beautiful boy was once seated upon the shores of the lake, wreathing a coronal for himself out of the lovely flowers which grew upon its banks. He was quite alone, and ever and anon he raised his blue eyes, and gazed with childish longing across the glittering waters for a little boat in which to sail about over the tranquil expanse; but the boy beheld nothing like a boat save a single plank of wood which moved to and fro on the tiny waves as they rippled towards the shore, and which, though it might have afforded a slight support in swimming, could not carry him to the other side of the lake. The boy raised his longing eyes once more, and was astonished to perceive three snow-white swans sailing proudly up and down in the middle of the lake. At last the stately birds approached where the boy lay, who, delighted with his new companions, drew some crumbs of bread from his pocket and fed them; they seemed to him so tame—they looked so gentle—and came so near to the shore, that the delighted boy thought to catch one of them; but when he stooped down with this design they moved gently away, and remained beyond his reach, although in his anxiety he nearly suspended his whole body above the deep lake, on the lowmost branch of a young poplar which grew upon the bank.

The tamer the three beautiful birds appeared to the boy, and the oftener that they baffled his attempts to catch them, the more eager he became to secure them for himself. He drew the plank from the water, launched it again, balanced himself with caution upon it, and, finding it supported him, pushed off with a shout of delight from the shore, and making use of his hands as oars rowed fearlessly after the swans.

The beautiful birds kept sailing immediately before him, but ever beyond his reach, until he had gained the middle of the lake. He now felt his strength exhausted, and for the first time became seized with excessive terror, when he beheld nothing near or around him but the glittering waters. Meanwhile the three swans kept sailing around him in contracting circles, as if they wished to calm his rising alarms, but the gallant boy, when he beheld them so near to him, forgot his danger, and hastily stretched out his hand to grasp the nearest, when alas, his unsteady raft yielded to the impulse, and down he sank into the deep blue waters!

When the boy recovered from a long trance, he found himself lying upon a couch, in a magnificent castle, and before him stood three maidens of marvellous beauty.

"How came you hither?" inquired one of them, taking him by the hand with a sweet smile.

"I know not what has happened to me," replied the boy. "I only remember that I once wished to catch three beautiful swans which were sailing upon the lake, and that I sank in the deep, deep waters."

"Will you stay with us?" asked one of the maidens. "Here you are most welcome; but this know, that if you remain three days with us, you can never again return to your father's house; for, after that period, you would no longer be able to breathe the air of the world above, and you would therefore die."

The kindness of the three beautiful maidens, who

looked like sisters, moved the boy, and inspired his guileless breast with confidence: "Yes," he exclaimed, leaping up joyfully from his couch, "yes, I will remain with you!" The lovely sisters now led the wondering boy through their magnificent fairy palace.

The splendour of the apartments dazzled his astonished senses. Nursed in poverty, and accustomed only to the simple furniture of his father's cot, he was now overwhelmed by the magnificence which surrounded him; the walls and floors of every room were curiously inlaid with gold and silver; there were pearls as large as walnuts, and diamonds the size of eggs, and red gold in bars, and such a profusion of wealth and of objects of inconceivable beauty as the peasant's son had never dreamt of, even when he lay on the banks of the lake, and gazed upwards on the high, blue heavens, towards the dwellings of the angels.

In the gardens which surrounded this enchanted palace grew fruits and flowers lovelier far than he had ever beheld; the apples were as large as a child's head, and the plumbs the size of ostrich eggs, and the cherries like billiard balls, and the flowers of marvellously varied forms and beauty; sweet birds filled the air with their merry warblings—the little streamlets seemed to murmur music as they meandered through the emerald meads, and the zephyrs which played amid his hyacinth locks, were more odorous than those of Araby, or the spicy islands of the East. The boy had often read of Paradise, and now he thought:—"This is surely Paradise; and I am happy here."

Weeks and months passed thus away, and still the youthful stranger remained unconscious of their flight; for a perpetual succession of new objects occupied his attention; and while roaming beneath the orange-trees with their golden fruit, he never thought of the broad oak which stretched its sheltering arms above his father's hut.

But at last, when nearly a whole year was gone, the mortal inhabitant of this enchanted region was suddenly seized with an irrepressible longing to return to his native village. Nothing pleased him now—nothing any longer gratified his boyish fancy—the flowers had lost their beauty to his pensive eye—the melody of the streams and the songs of the birds fell tuneless on his listless ear—the sky above him appeared far less beautiful than that on whose reflected hues he had so often gazed as he lay on the banks of the deep lake—but when he thought of the words of the beautiful maidens, who had assured him that to return to the light of another world was impossible after the third day's sojourning in this enchanted region, he hid his secret sorrow in his inmost soul, and only gave vent to his grief when he thought the thick shades of the garden concealed him from observation; much he strove (when the three kind sisters approached him,) to appear happy and cheerful as formerly, but he could not conceal the grief which was preying within; and when they kindly inquired what ailed him, he tried to account for his altered appearance and demeanour, by various excuses and pretences of bad health.

One day as he lay in the light of the setting sun, upon the green banks of a limpid stream, though all nature around him appeared charming, rich and luxurious, and the air was filled with fragrance, and the birds sang their evening song, and on the meadow before him were some cheerful labourers, singing cheerfully while at work, he felt that all this beauty and melody wanted something without which they could administer no happiness to his longing soul. His father's hut sud-

denly rose in lively colours before his fancy; he saw his beloved mother weeping bitterly at the door, and he knew that it was for him she wept; and he beheld all his long forgotten companions with their familiar faces standing around his mother, and heard them calling his name aloud as if in sorrow; and then the poor boy sobbed aloud and wept bitterly with his face hid in the tall grass.

As he lay in this posture he heard a clear voice singing in the distance, and as he listened the sounds waxed more audible and seemed to float nearer to him through the still air. Again they died away in the distance, and again they approached towards him, until he distinctly heard the following words sung apparently by different and separate voices:—

FIRST VOICE.

"The home of my childhood, how brightly it shines
Mid the dreary darkling past!
There the sunlight of memory never declines,
Still green is its valley—still green are its vines—
What charms hath memory cast
Around thy father's cot?"

SECOND VOICE.

"Oh! the home of my childhood was wild and rude
In the depth of an alpine solitude;
But dearer to me, and fairer far,
Is rocks, and dells, and streamlets are,
Than the thousand vales of the noble Rhine!
Hast thou so dear a home?"

THIRD VOICE.

"Far, far away, in the twilight gray,
My spirit loves to roam,
To one sweet spot—oh! ne'er forgot!
My childhood's home."

FOURTH VOICE.

"The eagle lent me his wing of pride,
And away with him I flew,
O'er many a land and ocean wide,
To a vale my childhood knew."

When the fourth voice had died softly away in the distance, the boy—whose young heart now heaved till it was like to burst with wild and uncontrollable longings to return to his father's home—heard the rush of heavy wings passing near him, and looking up beheld a beautiful snow-white eagle, with a golden crown upon its head, and a collar of rubies, alight near to him on the meadow. The noble bird looked with a friendly eye upon him, and he heard another voice singing faintly, and far off, these words:—

"The eagle is a bird of truth,
And his wing is swift and strong."

The boy moved by a powerful and momentary impulse, sprang to his feet and ran towards the noble bird, which bent its crowned head and stretched out its long wings as if to salute him on his approach; but he now discovered that the eagle's strong talons were fixed in a swan, which lay beneath him, and which he knew to be one of those which he had seen swimming on the lake near Wimpfen. Then the manly boy seized a branch of a tree and with it drove away the cruel eagle from the swan. No sooner had he performed this grateful action, than he suddenly beheld the three lovely sisters from whom he had just been longing to make his escape, standing before him, and smiling so sweetly and mildly upon him, that he felt ashamed of his wish to leave them secretly, and hung down his head blushing deeply. Then one of them spoke:—

"We know thy thoughts, dear youth, and what it is that moves thee so deeply—and though we are sorry to part with thee, yet as thou hast proved thyself so

faithful towards us, thy secret desire shall be granted, and to-morrow thou shalt behold thy father, and mother, and brethren, and sisters."

The poor boy stood mute before his kind benefactresses; he wept because he was about to part with them, and he also wept when he thought how long he had tarried away from his home; all night he tossed about on a restless couch unable to resolve on departing, and equally unable to reject the offer which had been made to him by his kind and lovely friends. At last sleep sank down on his weary eyelids, and when he awoke the following morning, he found himself lying on the shore of the well-known lake.

He looked upon the waters, and beheld the three swans sailing at a little distance from him; but when he stretched his hands towards them, they beckoned in a friendly manner to him, and then diving beneath the surface re-appeared not again.

All was pleasure and astonishment when the long lost boy again presented himself in his native village. His friends, and companions assembled around him, and heard his wonderful story, but none believed it. But, after the first greetings were over, and his first transports of joy on finding himself again restored to his parents and youthful companions had subsided, the boy was seized with a secret longing to return to the unknown land; and this desire grew more vehement every day.

He would now wander about the shores of the lake from sunrise till the stars appeared in the mighty heavens; but the three swans never returned, and the poor boy wept and sighed in vain for those Elysian Fields, in which it had once been permitted him to wander. His cheeks now grew pale as the withered rose, his eye became dim and languid, his bounding limbs grew more feeble every day, and all joy left his bosom. One evening he had dragged himself with much difficulty to the shore of the lake—the evening sun threw its last radiance on the waters—and he heard a sweet silver like voice which seemed to rise from the blue depth beneath him, singing these verses:—

"Thou who hast roam'd through
The bright world below,
What joy can thy bosom
On earth ever know?"

"Dost thou dread the blue wave!
Thou hast tried it before—
One plunge in its bosom
Thy sorrows are o'er!"

The voice had died away in the distance, but the boy now stood close on the margin of the lake, gazing intently upon it, as if his eye sought to measure its profound depth. He turned round and cast one look upon his father's cot, and he thought that he heard his mother's voice calling him through the still evening; but again the soft silver-like voice rose up from the bosom of the placid waters, and he knew it to be the voice of one of the three fairy sisters.

"Adieu, adieu, dear mother," he cried, and with a shout of mingled joy and fear, flung himself headlong into the fathomless waters, which closed around him for ever.

DR. WATTS was so eminent for his powers of verse, that when a child, it was so natural for him to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeas'd, and threatened to whip him, if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threats in execution, the child fell a crying, and, on his knees said,

"Pray, Father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make?"

AWAY! AWAY WE BOUND O'ER THE DEEP;

A SONG.

THE WORDS AND AIR BY MR. DRAKE—THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY T. V. WIESENTHAL.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO NON TROPPO'. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked 'mf'. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'A - way! away we bound o'er the deep,'. The piano accompaniment in this system is marked 'P'. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'Light - ly bright - ly our merry hearts leap, Homeward we sail to the land of our love, By the star - light bon - eon shi - ning above; Softly sweetly the mur - murs of song,'. The piano accompaniment in this system is marked 'FP'. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

mf

A - way! away we bound o'er the deep,

P

Light - ly bright - ly our merry hearts leap, Homeward we sail to the land of our love, By the

star - light bon - eon shi - ning above; Softly sweetly the mur - murs of song,

FP

Came o'er the ear as we hasten'd a . long, Gent - ly breath'd from the mariner's lips, As the

car in the wave - less mirror he dips.

II.

Swiftly we glide and oh! as we near
 The haven, the home of those we hold dear,
 We think not of woe, we dream not of ill,
 As our pilot of light glows over us still;
 Hark, the breeze sighs and woos us to shore,
 Pilgrims of ocean, our task it is o'er,
 We hail, we hail the best land of our love,
 By the star-light beacon shining above.

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
 To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
 When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
 And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;
 To solemn things and deep,
 To spirit-haunted sleep,
 To thoughts, all purified
 From earth, ye seem allied,
 O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the crowd your vestal beauty turning,
 Deep in dim urns the precious odour shrined,
 Till steps are hush'd and faithful stars are burning,
 And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind;
 So doth love's dreaming heart
 Dwell from the throng apart;
 And but to shades disclose
 The inmost thought which glows,
 With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
 To no triumphant song your petals thrill;
 But yield their fragrance to the faint sweet voices
 Rising from hidden founts when all is still,
 So doth the lone prayer arise,
 Mingling with secret sighs,
 When grief unfolds, like you,
 Her breast, for heavenly dew
 In silent hours to fill.

THE LILY.

Addressed to a Young Lady on her entrance into life.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FLOWER of light! forget thy birth,
 Daughter of the sordid earth
 Lift the beauty of thine eye
 To the blue ethereal sky.
 While thy graceful buds unfold
 Silver petals starred with gold,
 Let the bee among thy bells
 Rifle their ambrosial cells,
 And the nimble pinioned air
 Waft thy breath to heaven, like prayer;
 Cloud and sun alternate shed
 Gloom or glory round thy head;
 Morn imperl thy leaves with dew,
 Evening lend them rosy hues,
 Morn with snow-white splendour bless,
 Night with glow-worm jewels dress;
 Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
 Spring and flourish and decay;
 Live a life of fragrance—then
 Disappear—to rise again,
 When the sisters of the vale
 Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she whose name I write,
 Be herself a flower of light,
 Live a life of innocence,
 Die—to be transported hence
 To that Garden in the skies,
 Where the Lily never dies.

HABITS OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

It has been remarked that "a fondness for adorning the person for the sake of obtaining admiration from men, is natural to all women." Now allowing this to be true, surely no one can condemn so laudable a desire of pleasing on the part of the fair sex, whatever may be its ulterior object. The female mind, for the most part, has so few important considerations whereby to occupy itself, and so few opportunities of publicly displaying its judgment and taste, except in matters of dress, that we cannot wonder at seeing so much attention paid to it by women of every class; besides when it is remembered that the amount expended by ladies in articles of dress and *bijouterie* by far exceeds that spent by the "lords of the creation" for the same purpose, a female fondness for fashion must always be considered as a national blessing, and one of the many advantages derived from a splendid court. We would, however, by no means be understood as advocating that excessive love of dress which is indulged in by some, reckless of all consequences, and which would almost induce them, Tarpeia-like, to sacrifice their country for a bracelet. The opening remark was made on the Roman ladies some two thousand years ago, and it is of their different dresses that we now propose to treat; these, in splendour, richness, and gracefulness, were not surpassed even by those of the present day, if we may judge from the little insight afforded us by old Latin writers into the mysteries of a Roman lady's toilette.

The ladies of ancient Rome rose early, and immediately enjoyed the luxury of the bath, which was sometimes of perfumed water; they then underwent a process of polishing with pumice-stone for the purpose of smoothing the skin, and after being anointed with rich perfumes they threw around them a loose robe and retired to their dressing-rooms, where they received morning visits from their friends and discussed the merits of the last eloquent speech delivered in the senate, or the probable conqueror in the next gladiatorial combat. After the departure of their visitors, commenced the business of the toilette, which occupied a considerable portion of time; the maids were summoned, to each of whom a different duty was assigned: some formed a kind of council and only looked on to direct and assist the others by their advice and experience; one held the mirror before her mistress, while others there were to whom it was a

"———constant care

The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare."

With the exception of the looking-glass the articles of the toilette were much the same as those in use at present. The glass, or, more properly speaking, mirror, was composed of a highly polished plate of metal,* generally silver, richly chased around the edges, and adorned with precious stones; this was not fixed in a frame like the modern glass, but held by a slave. The combs were formed of ivory and rose-wood. Curling tongs, bodkins, and hair pins were also known; the former was a simple bar of iron heated in the fire, around which the hair was turned in order to produce a curl; the two latter were made of gold and silver, and ornamented with pearls; it was probably with one of these bodkins that Cleopatra gave herself a death-wound, and not, as is commonly supposed, with an adder.

* Looking-glasses were known to the Romans and obtained from the Phœnicians, but they were not in general use.

The use of perfumes, cosmetics, and depilatories, prevailed to a great extent amongst the Romans; the first were obtained at a considerable expense from India, Greece, and Persia; there are still in existence a few recipes for making the cosmetics used two thousand years ago, and which will be found to have many ingredients in common with similar preparations of our own time. Ovid gives the following, and adds, that those who use it will possess a complexion smoother than the surface of their polished mirrors:—"Take two pounds of Lybian barley, free from straw and chaff, and an equal quantity of the pea of the wild vetch, mix these with ten eggs, let it harden and pound it, add two ounces of hartshorn, and a dozen roots of the narcissus bruised in a mortar, two ounces of gum, and two ounces of meal, reduce the whole to powder, sift it, and add nine times the quantity of honey." Some used poppy juice and water, and others a pap or poultice of bread and milk, with which they completely covered the face, and kept on in their own houses; this when removed left the skin smooth and fair.—Depilatories were used to form and adorn the eyebrows, which it was considered elegant to have joined across the nose.

On one part of a Roman lady's dressing table might be seen her small silver tooth brush, which, with the assistance of a little pure water, and occasionally a powder of mastic wood, formed her only dentifrice; near it stood a paper containing a black powder, which when ignited sent up a volume of thick smoke, and had the valuable property of restoring the eyes to their former brilliancy if weakened by the gaiety of the preceding evening, or by a sleepless night occasioned by the constant serenades of her lover beneath her window. Here was a bottle of the perfume of Pæstum, and there a box of rouge, and another of hair-dye; on another part lay a large coil or braid of false hair, made up by a male hair-dresser, and near it were the bodkins, the chains, the rings, and the richly studded bands of white and purple which adorned the head; this braid was worn on the crown of the head, the hair from the nape of the neck being all pulled out by the roots. Continual changes were taking place in the fashion of wearing the hair; at first it was cut off as a votive offering to the gods, but the Roman ladies soon discovered that "luxuriant head of hair was a powerful auxiliary of female beauty," and allowed it to grow; at one time it was worn high in bows with a range of curls in front; at another a *la Grecque*; then allowed to float in the air in a dishevelled state, and again a *la militaire* in the form of a helmet. Light hair was sometimes worn over that of a naturally dark shade, auburn being the colour most esteemed and admired by both sexes; those who had white or dark hair used saffron as a dye to give it an auburn tinge. Some ladies used gold dust as a hair powder, "which shed such a ray of glory around them as dazzled all beholders, and gave their heads an appearance of being on fire." When the ladies did not "wear their hair," they wore a kind of veil and a turban or bonnet called mitra; this was like a bishop's mitre in shape but not so high, and with a lappet hanging over each cheek, something, in short, like a modern mob cap, which elegant head-dress owes its origin, no doubt, to the classical mitra; thus has the Roman female head-dress descended to our times, not only as one of the insignia of the members of the Right Reverend Bench, but also in the shape of a covering for our domestic matrons.

After having performed their ablutions, and gone through all the little delicate offices of making the

complexion, perfuming the person, and endeavouring by art to excel nature, the Roman ladies were prepared to put on their costly garments, which were duly produced by the slave who held the honourable post of "Mistress of the Robes." In the earlier ages the under garment—which in other respects differed little from the modern—was worn as high as the chin and down to the feet, so as to leave no part of the person visible except the face; in time, however, it was cut lower and shortened; over this was worn the *tunica*, a dress composed of many folds, open at the sides and with sleeves; these sleeves were left open from the shoulder to the wrist, and fastened with clasps of gold and silver; one end of the *tunica* was fixed to the left shoulder, while the other was carried across the breast and fell negligently over the right shoulder till it touched the ground; this train was generally carried over the arm when walking, so as to show the right angle; but it was considered *neglige* and graceful to allow it to drag on the ground instead of holding it up, and consequently was a custom much in vogue amongst the *distinguees* of ancient Rome.

This was the dress worn during the republic, but it is difficult to obtain a correct description of it from the very vague accounts handed down to us; probably, as in most republics, little attention was paid to dress, at all events it was plain and simple. It was not until the time of the emperors that the Goddess of Fashion reared her head in the capital of the world, when though considerable alterations took place in dress, yet a few traits of the former style were retained.—The number of garments worn varied according to the *temperature* of the wearer; they were generally three: the first was the simple vest; the second a kind of petticoat richly worked in front and surrounded at the waist by a belt, which answered the purpose of a corset, and was formed in front like a stomacher, richly studded with jewels; then came the third and principal garment, the *stola*, which entirely superseded the use of the ancient *tunica*; this was a robe with a small train trimmed at the bottom with a deep border of purple and gold; it was confined at the waist by a belt, and the upper part thrown back so as to discover the embroidered front of the second garment or petticoat; on this front was worn the *laticlave*, an order or decoration of the empire granted to distinguished men, and sometimes assumed by females in right of their husbands.* Over all these was worn the *palla* or cloak, with a train of some yards in length, which fell from the shoulders, where it was fastened by two richly ornamented *fibule* or clasps; this train was trimmed with gold and silver, and sometimes with precious stones, and was usually carried over the left shoulder in the manner of the ample *roquelaure* worn by gentlemen. It will be seen from the above description that there is a considerable resemblance between the ancient Roman dress and the modern court dress, the former perhaps exceeding the latter in gracefulness and elegance of appearance, from its numerous folds and flowing outline. The materials of which these dresses were composed were silk, cashmere, and linen. Embroidery was procured from the Phenicians and Assyrians; the former was most esteemed as it was raised, while the latter was smooth with the surface of the cloth. The only colour used for robes was white trimmed with purple, coloured clothes not being considered "*comme il faut*," amongst the higher orders at Rome.

The Roman stocking was of silk, generally pink or flesh-coloured, over which was worn a shoe or rather

boot reaching above the ankle, turned up at the point like a Chinese shoe, and laced up from the instep tight to the leg. This boot was made of white leather or the papyrus bark, ornamented with gold, silver, and jewels. Sandals were also in use; they consisted of a simple sole with riband attached to it, and was laced up like a modern sandal, at the same time supplying the place of a garter by keeping the stocking up. We are informed that coquettes used cork soles and false insteps of cork, but never disguised their persons by the barbarian ornaments of necklace, ring, or ear-ring.

After the Roman lady had completed her toilette she sallied out, followed by a slave, for a promenade beneath the porticoes of the Forum, where she could not only cheapen goods, but also hear what was going on in the law courts; after continuing her walk up the gentle ascent of the gay and crowded Suburra street, she returned to her own house, the threshold of which (if she happened to be unmarried) was adorned with garlands of flowers, placed there by her young patrician admirers; some of these flowers her attendants collected to fill the splendid vase which stood in her chamber, and preceded her, to draw aside the curtain which supplied the place of a door into the tapestried and perfumed apartment; here she enters, and sinking softly down into an ivory and gold adorned chair, she is welcomed by the chirping notes of her favourite bird, which hangs near in a gilded cage.—By her side stands a beautiful page, who gently wafes a plume of peacock's feathers around her head, while a slave presents a small stick wrapped around with, apparently, a roll of straw-coloured riband, but in reality it is a letter from the young *Emilius*, who adopts this mode of writing in preference to the usual waxen tablet, not only because it is a fashion introduced from Greece, but because it preserves most inviolably those secrets which are only meant to meet the eye of his lovely mistress; far be it from us to pry into these secrets, so let us now bid adieu to the fair *Lucretia*, who already begins anxiously to unroll the folds of her papyrus epistle.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A RECENT writer concludes his observations on the means to be adopted to procure beauty in the person in these words:—"Let then the ladies observe the following rules:—In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution: after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheek, inimitable by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours and card-playing, as well as novel-reading by candle-light, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect, the second is the mother of wrinkles, and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady would excel her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brushing up the house, and twirling the distaff."

* Orders were sometimes conferred on ladies. The senate granted a riband of a peculiar pattern to the wife and mother of Coriolanus, to be worn by them in consideration of valuable services performed to the state.

THE ICE-QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

ERE I attempt to describe this majestic beauty, and relate her conquests, her admirers, and fate, it will be necessary to say a few words of the scene in which she appeared—imperial Russia, stupendous St. Petersburg! It is impossible to embody my first impression on contemplating this so unique, and (to me) novel mistress of cities. The first idea which strikes the mind, is its magnitude; and, although the fact is otherwise, St. Petersburg appeared to me by far the largest city I had ever beheld: every thing here is colossal; palaces raising their princely heads on high, and covering an extent of ground beyond any comparison with the edifices of other countries which I have seen; here the Neva, in different branches, flowing gracefully through the city; there public buildings of a most imposing appearance, spacious streets which seem almost interminable, and which are crowded with splendid equipages of all descriptions. None of the higher orders are ever seen on foot, the least opulent being, at all events, in their *droskis*; then again the eye is dazzled with the splendid uniforms of the nobility, covered with lace and embroidery, and the martial appearance which the countless other uniforms give to the scene, (for every body worth naming is clad therein,) whilst a sort of a daylight masquerade is produced by the semi-Asiatic costume of the other classes of the population. When shall I stop to admire? The bridge of boats! the hut of the immortal Peter, which the Russians pride themselves in and preserve religiously, as a relique; his boat, his chapel and audience-chamber, simple, but striking and characteristic of the potentate who once occupied them; its rude simplicity affording a wonderful contrast to the costly edifices which divert the attention and the admiration of the stranger, at one and the same time. Amongst these, the famous palace of the Prince Potemkin stands very high on the list; there the late empress resided in domestic happiness, and reigned in the hearts of all who knew her. The admiralty, with its gilded dome, may next be noticed; it stands central to three beautiful streets, of which Regent-street may furnish some idea; a gentle descent shows off this building with very great effect; its view commands the streets thus branching, as it were, from it. How shall I paint the winter palace and hermitage? the thing is beyond my reach, but here I cannot help observing that despotism and a military government, slavery and absolute power, mark every feature of the palaces and of the people: in the winter palace there is a lengthy gallery entirely filled with the portraits of the most celebrated military characters, and guards, armed police, and traversing troops, cross your path everywhere, and mingle in every place. It is a great novelty to an Englishman to behold, at the height of three stories, on this hermitage, a garden of great beauty, evincing what art can do—which indeed is put powerfully in requisition in the imperial dominions, where the hot-houses of the nobles exceed all that I could possibly imagine, and are expensive to the highest degree. There are now (at the time described) in the short summer-season, when all is viridity, huge timber and rich foliage, rare flowers, and many things that the garden can present to our view; for nature loses no time in her short summer, but seems as lavish of her gifts as the proud and pleasurable great people are of their fortunes: and here I ought to mention the costly attire in this city of both sexes of the highest class. The arrival of summer is quite scenic; winter's sable curtain is removed, and the landscape is changed as one might shift a scene.

This lovely appearance is as rapidly withdrawn, and, as it were, waking from a dream, the snow encompasses all around; furs, and thick cloaks, and coverings are assumed, the sledge succeeds the stately carriages and humbler *droskis*, and another masquedish representation takes place. Now belles and beaux fly about with wonderful velocity over the slippery surface, and the season of balls and other pleasurable assemblies commences. Here let me for a moment take my stand, and rivet my eyes on the Ice-Queen. First of the beautiful was she; gracefully reclining in her sledge, followed, admired, and courted by legions of aspirers, for a look, a smile, or an inclination of her head. Her stature was tall, but so finely proportioned, that, like a perfect specimen of architecture, grace, lightness, and strength were all combined in her; she was a paragon, and needed not the foreign aid of artifice, arch smiles, coquetry, or fashionable levity, to set her off. She seemed to reign like a wise sovereign, quietly, but well aware of her empire over hearts; kindly, yet cautiously; tranquilly, yet not neglectful of profiting at her golden hour. Amongst her many admirers, a French officer of high birth, who was on his travels at the time, appeared to have gained a temporary ascendancy over the rest; but the strict watch kept near her by her father (a general officer), and her own submissive affection for him, chilled the warm advances of her lover. He called her the Ice-Queen, and that *nom de guerre* was generally given to her afterwards.

It would be superfluous to detail the rivalry of admirers, the uncertainty and doubts, the faint hopes and endeavours of the youth of fashion, so generally was she prime object of interest. A modest dignity, not bashful nor obtrusive, enabled her to enjoy the homage which she received, whilst it was nearly impossible to discover the *penchant* of her affections. A circumstance at length occurred, namely, the recall of the young French officer, which gave conjecture certainty, and deprived the ball and the banquet* of its greatest ornament; a degree of languor marked her features at the last meeting, and a forget-me-not accepted, indicated at once her regret and her choice. For a time she withdrew, from indisposition, from the gay circle; and when she returned to it, the rose had faded on her cheek, and her smile was still mild, but melancholy. There was also in her acknowledgment of attentions and assiduities paid to her, a certain look, which seemed to imply that they were irksome to her; nevertheless, she was still the Ice-Queen, still the point of attraction; and now, all at once, added ornaments, and an increased train of followers and flatterers began to denote some change about to take place, and daily by her side a Russian nobleman of great riches was marked as her intended. The cavalier was of high and proud bearing; tall, robust, and completely the soldier; a linguist,† a courtier, and proud to excess. But on his brow sat a severity at variance with tenderness, and he could frown on his slaves and Jomestics, or on the surrounding people, in a form which was enough to electrify a delicate female, and

* The banquet at St. Petersburg is gorgeous, its taste decidedly French, with two nationalities; first, the presence of fruits during the whole of the repast; and secondly, the manner of serving tea, which succeeds it, and which is as often drunk with lemon-juice, or jam, as with cream.

† It is very common for a well educated Russian to speak five or six living languages.

to strike a panic so as to drive away the loves and graces from his presence for ever; there was even a constraint in his courtliness to her whose beauty attracted his vanity.

The Ice-Queen only bore that name from being the reigning beauty among the glittering, wintry throng. Nature had formed her heart to melt with pity, and to glow with chaste love; but if she was an Ice-Queen by name, here was an iron partner by nature, so that no sympathies could be established between them. Vanity led on the intended bridegroom to ask her hand; ambition guided her father in bestowing it on him; fear actuated her to accept it, as she knew that her father's fortune depended on the match, and would relieve him from incumbrances which expensive living and the play-table had involved him in. From being casually a leading beauty, she was now made a kind of exhibition, a splendid article for the highest title and heaviest fortune to compete for. Many offers she had received; but the old general, like an able tactician, held out for the most advantageous. In fine, she was married; and ere the icy season closed, she might be seen under the domination of a cold, heartless, arbitrary lord, splendid in outward trappings, but the victim of a parent's will, and of a husband's natural ferocity. Whilst this was the *status quo* of the lovely Katherine, her disappointed suitor, robbed of all that he held dear sought death and danger in the battlefield, having volunteered his services to assist the intrepid Poles, struggling to break their bondage. The news of the young cavalier's having joined the army hostile to the iron sceptre of the Czar, reached the ears of the husband, whose hatred for him had ever been perceptible; and now, with taunts and invectives, he reproached his lady with her favourite's being armed against her countrymen, adding that he should like to see him taken prisoner, loaded with chains, and sent degraded into perpetual exile; or that he might perish disgracefully retreating from the field of fight. "That he will never do," exclaimed his indignant wife. This

remark was met by brutal language, and from that hour domestic peace fled for ever from the proud dome which covered gilded wretchedness. The fate of the Poles is too well known to require repeating. Even in the commencement of the sanguinary contest, when victory for a while seemed to incline towards freedom's standard, the gallant youth fell, not in retreat, but in bold advance, the account of which the tyrant husband read very deliberately and exultingly to his inconsolable consort. "He perished bravely," replied she, and sank upon the floor. The veil now fell off; all attempt at concealing a passion, combated, but not overcome by adverse circumstances, stifled but not extinguished, was now in vain. Distance and dislike, jealousy and hatred, rose up betwixt the wedded pair; disparity of age and difference of disposition were daily more perceptible and more intolerable. The blight of wounded feeling once more brought sickness to the couch of her, who might, for beauty, have figured on a throne; she withered like a leaf; and ere the summer again shone on her, the Ice-Queen sank from her sphere, of which she was the bright ornament, as if

"The next sun's ray
Had melted her away."

Tyranny! thou art accused where'er soever thou rearest thy guilty head; but the greatest tyranny which one being can exercise towards another, is that which enslaves the heart; gives the virgin-hand of innocence and love-inspiring youth to an object abhorrent to the victim; and which barter's titles, riches, slaves, and other possessions, in return for love, which cannot be forced, and ought to be as free as pure—the pure as the azure vault of heaven, and free as the winds which sweep the surface of the earth below them. The fate of the Ice-Queen is no uncommon occurrence on the continent, and will account for the infelicity of wedded life on the one hand, and for its depravity on the other.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

A MOTHER'S grief!—ah, there is much

To raise a mother's grief:

Disease her infant's frame may touch,

While yet its days are brief.

To see its tender form consume,

And its young soft cheek lose its bloom—

This is a mother's grief.

To see it writhe in bursts of pain,

While yet its speechless tongue

Can but by bitter cries complain,

With which her heart is wrung.

Its tearless, anguish'd, eye to see,

Roll wildly, in its agony—

This is a mother's grief.

And when, in boyhood's riper years,

The parting hour arrives;

And hope, with her maternal fears,

In vain, within her strives:

To think she never may again

Enfold the form she presses then—

This is a mother's grief.

And when at length, in manhood's prime,

Her age's pride and joy;

Comes death, in that most happy time,

The blessing to destroy;

Or her fair daughter's ripened bloom,

To snatch un pitying to the tomb—

This is a mother's grief.

THE WANDERING WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE wind, the wandering wind

Of golden summer eves!

Whence is the thrilling magic

Of its tones among the leaves?

Oh, is it from the waters,

Or from the long, tall grass?

Or is it from the hollow rocks

Through which its breathings pass!

Or is it from the voices

Of all in one combined,

That it wins the tone of mastery?

The wind, the wandering wind!

No, no, the strange sweet accents

That with it come and go,

They are not from the osiers,

Or the fir-trees, whispering low.

They are not of the river,

Nor of the caverned hill:

'Tis the human love within us

That gives them power to thrill!

They touch the links of memory

Around our spirits twined,

And we start, and weep, and tremble,

To the wind, the wandering wind!

ATHENAI8.

THE history of Athenais, a Greek of obscure rank, whose beauty and talents raised her to a throne, would wear the appearance of romance, had not its authenticity been established by historical record.

Athenais, the daughter of Leontius, an Athenian, was born about the year 393 of the Christian era, and educated by her father in the sciences, philosophy and mythology of the Greeks. Her progress in every branch of learning was uncommon and rapid. As she advanced towards maturity, her talents, added to the charms of youth and beauty, attracted the attention and commanded the homage of her countrymen. Her father, proud of the charms and attainments of his daughter, and exulting in the admiration they excited, persuaded himself that the merit of Athenais would prove a sufficient dowry. With this conviction, he divided his estate between his sons, bequeathing to his daughter only a small legacy.

Less sanguine in the power of her charms, the fair Greek was shocked at this disposition of her father's fortune, and, appealing from his will to the equity and affection of her brothers, she besought them to do her justice. Her brothers listened with coldness to her remonstrances; avarice stifled in their hearts the voice of nature and justice, and drove her from the parental roof. Athenais sought shelter with her aunts, who received her with kindness and sympathy, and commenced, in the cause of their niece, a legal process against her brothers. Athenais was, in the progress of this suit, conducted by her aunts to Constantinople. Theodosius the second, who at this time held the imperial sceptre, divided with his sister, Pulcheria, the cares of the empire. To this princess Athenais preferred her complaint, and demanded justice. Pulcheria, having questioned the young Greek respecting the particulars of her cause, her family, her education, and her deceased father, was charmed by the propriety and modesty of her replies, and the eloquence with which she related the little incidents of her youth. She introduced the fair stranger to her brother, who was equally struck with her graces and acquisitions, and determined to exalt her to be the partner of his throne and dignity.

The intelligence of her good fortune was received by Athenais with a modesty that heightened the lustre of her charms. By the desire of her royal lover, she was instructed in the principles of the Greek church, and, being converted from paganism, assumed the name of Eudocia, on her baptism by Atticus, the metropolitan patriarch. The royal nuptials were celebrated amidst the acclamations of the capital.

With a mind highly cultivated in Grecian and Roman literature, the empress, in the bloom of youth and pride of beauty, continued, amid the luxury of a court, to improve herself in those attainments to which she owed her elevation; her talents were devoted to the advancement of religion and the honour of the emperor.

She composed a poetical paraphrase of some of the books of the Old Testament: to these she added a canto of verses from Homer, applied to the life and miracles of Christ. She also wrote a panegyric on the Persian victories of Theodosius. "Her writings," says Gibbon, "which were applauded by a servile and superstitious age, have not been disdained by the candour of impartial criticism."

Eudocia, after the marriage of her daughter, requested permission to discharge her grateful vows, by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In her progress through the east, she pronounced, from a throne of gold and gems, an elegant oration to the senate of Antioch, to whom she declared her intention of enlarging the walls of the city, and of subscribing towards the restoration of the public baths. For this purpose, she allotted two hundred pounds of gold. Her alms and mu-

nificence in the holy land exceeded those of the great Helena, and she returned to Constantinople, covered with honours and laden with relics.

Hitherto, time and tranquil possession had seemed to make no abatement in the conjugal tenderness of the emperor. But the glory of Eudocia now became obscured: a cloud passed over its meridian lustre. Her pilgrimage or rather her triumphant progress, through the east had tainted the simplicity of her original manners: ostentation paved the way for a stronger passion: ambition awakened in her heart: aspiring to the government of the empire, she mingled in court intrigues, and contested for power with the princess, her benefactress, whom she sought to supplant in the confidence of the emperor. The people now began to murmur at the exhausted state of the treasury, having lavished, by her donations alone, twenty thousand four hundred and eighty-eight pounds of gold!

Perceiving the affections of the emperor to be alienated, Eudocia sought permission to retire to Jerusalem, where the remainder of her life might be passed in retirement, and consecrated to the duties of religion. Her petition was granted; and the latter part of her life was passed in exile and devotion, in building and adorning churches, and in administering to the wants of the poor and necessitous. Her daughter had been early married to Valentinian the third, emperor of the west. This prince was assassinated, and his throne usurped, by Petronius Maximus, who, to secure himself on the throne, compelled the widow of the late emperor to marry him. She invited over to her assistance Genseric, king of the Vandals, who ravaged the country, and carried her prisoner into Africa; she was, however, released, after eight years' confinement, and ended her life and misfortunes at Constantinople.

Eudocia, having become reconciled to Theodosius, returned to Constantinople, and continued with her husband till his death. After experiencing a life of uncommon vicissitudes, she expired at Jerusalem, in the sixty-seventh year of her age.

During her power and influence, magnanimously forgiving the barbarity of her brothers, she had promoted them to be consuls and prefects. Observing their confusion, on being summoned to the imperial presence, she kindly said, "Had you not compelled me to leave my country, and visit Constantinople, I should never have had it in my power to bestow these marks of sisterly affection upon you."

SPANISH POLITENESS.

NEAR Naval-Moral, we met a Spanish family of rank travelling, a sight very uncommon. The ladies and female attendants were seated in a large, heavy, old-fashioned carriage, covered with carved work and tarnished gilding. This vehicle was drawn by eight mules, which two fine-looking men on foot guided solely by the voice, calling out their names, to which they appeared by their movements to answer with great docility. The gentlemen of the party rode with the male servants, all conversing familiarly together; and the last often put their heads into the carriage-window, and spoke to the ladies. The Spaniards, I have often observed, however exalted their rank, are exceedingly kind and affable to their servants and inferiors. And, indeed, the lower classes have much natural politeness; nor is there any thing in their language or manner which disgusts or offends. They have no vulgarity in their freedom, nor servility in their respect. I have often sat round the fire of a Posada, amid Spaniards of all classes, whom chance had assembled together, and been quite charmed to mark the general good humour, and the easy, unembarrassed propriety of behaviour of the common peasants.

Original.

THE PAINTED LADY.

She trips so lightly o'er the verdant lawn
As scarce to press the herb—so like a fawn,
So fleet—or like some gaily dancing sprite!
And the deep crimson colour on her cheeks
Thro' her skin's snowy texture mantling breaks,
Lighted by eyes than morning dews more bright.

Who then shall sneering say, that art bestows
The matchless colour on her cheek which glows,
In lustre vermeil-tinted, pure and deep?
Could then that lady, beautiful and fair,
In colours borrow'd from man's art, e'er bear
Her cheeks, more sweet than summer's breath, to
steep?

Tell me not a thing so far from credence!
I never will believe it—hence, far hence,
Ye haters of the angels I adore!
Scoffers! I tell you, art would fail to make
Such hues, in blushes from her cheeks that break—
Away! each feeling heart must you abhor!

You might extract the moss-clad rose's hue,
And mix it with the lilly's whiteness too,
And even add the pink flower's richest bloom—
You might take from the orient dawning day,
The rosiest tints that on its bosom play,
Ere yet the sun comes from his ocean-womb.

Still would you fail, with all your labour'd art,
A semblance of that colour to impart,
Which mantles richly thro' her pearly face.
Nature paints well her flowers, clouds, and fruits,
And to each separate object nicely suits
Its own peculiar hue, and proper grace.

Nature (her wisdom we in all things find,
She never to her creatures' wants is blind,
Nor stamps upon their brows her impress faint.)
Nature collected all her phænomen'd powers,
When she had finely colour'd sky and flowers,
The modest female's blushing cheek to paint.

A DIRGE FOR TERESA.

SHE'S gone!—she's gone!—now from the field of rest
Turn softly back its sward: where lime-trees weep
Their flowers, beloved of bees; and graves are drest
With daisies, like a flock of fairy sheep;—
Lay the fair girl to sleep.

The sun will love to linger where she lies,
The dew to keep her covering ever green;
For her, the winds shall sing soft obsequies
Of low-toned music, gentle and serene—
For such her life hath been.

What dread had Death for her, he came not near
Her couch, with hasty step and angry eye;
Not with anguish keen—the pang severe,
The fear of heart, which some must bear, to die;—
She went without a sigh.

Without one shade of pain across her brow,
One short convulsive breath—one feeble moan—
We heard her last farewell; her voice was low,
But naught of sorrow trembled in its tone;
A smile—and she was gone.

No early care had worn the tender ties
That bound her here—no grief her heart had
bowed;
Only, too pure for earth, she seemed to rise
To her own heaven—as doth some silver cloud
Before the winds grow loud.

She dwelt amongst us, an unconscious saint,
Where'er she passed, a holy peace she shed,
Her eye was such as limners love to paint,
Smiling above some sinless infant's bed:
Sweet music was her tread.

She's gone!—she's gone!—In silence make her grave,
But not in tears—ye would not from its home
Recall her happy soul—perchance to brave
A weary lot—too gentle far to roam
Through years of grief to come.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

DRAPERY never should form part of the furniture of a room intended for music. It destroys reverberation, by absorbing the sound. A writer in the London Quarterly Review affirms, that he sensibly felt a damp cast upon the voice of a singer in a small room, upon the entrance of a tall lady, habited in a long woollen cloak.

Matrimony is properly called a *tender* point, for a hand is not unfrequently awarded to the largest *tender*.

To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends, or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonitions of the other.

The Abbe de Marolles was so fond of book-making, that he published the names of all his friends and all their acquaintance in a catalogue at his own expense. This gentleman said to one of his companions, "My

verses cost me very little."—"They cost you as much as they are worth," replied his friend.

A man is thirty years old, before he has any settled thoughts of his fortune: it is not completed before fifty; he falls a building in his old age, and dies by the time his house is in a condition to be painted and glazed.

Of all chaste birds the phoenix doth excel
Of all strong beasts the lion bears the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smell.
Of all pure metals gold is only purest,
Of all the trees the pine hath highest crest.
Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
Of pretty fowls kind Venus likes the dove,
Of trees Minerva doth the olive move.

I have known men grossly injured in their affairs,
depart pleased, at least silent—only because they
were injured in good language, ruined in caresses, and
kissed while they were struck under the fifth rib.

The corrupt part of the sect of epicures, only borrowed his name: so the monkey did the cat's claw, to draw the Chesnut out of the fire.

The most favourable combination of circumstances for sleep, are moderate fatigue, absence of pain, light, noise, and other circumstances calculated to produce a strong impression on the nerves, or organs of sense; and, above all, a tranquil state of mind.

— He that will undergo

To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of Lyceneus' eyes, and with more ease
May look, like him, through nine mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her.

A statesman begins to lower himself when he consents to be hired by others.

It is recorded that one of the pious and devout, in imitation of the Messiah, travelled the world around. He one day stumbled on a valley, and in it saw a sepulchre, at the head of which was a plate stone, with this inscription:—

"We built a thousand cities; afterwards we sought one measure of barley with a measure of pearls, but could not obtain it, and died of hunger."

Thy portion of the World, O Man, is a single one, therefore seek not for ten, or if thou dost, ask thyself, "will it be granted."

The trade of a blacksmith is one of little labour to himself, inasmuch as most of his work is done by a vice.

I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas—'tis not long—'tis like nothing:—but to those who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age.

Families are some times chequered—as in brains, so in bulk.

A woman of fortune being used to the handling of money spends it judiciously: but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending it, that she throws it away with great profusion.

A shrewd observer once said, that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see, where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

He is rich, whose income is more than his expenses, and he is poor, whose expenses exceed his income.

Lying is a hateful and accursed vice. We have no other tie upon one another, but our word.

My business has been to view as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be seen; but at card tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my visit lost, for I could know nothing of the company, but their clothes and their faces.

It is remarkable that in music those strains please the most, which are allowed to be dull set, (dulcet.)

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the purposes of both parties; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer, to do the same.

Modesty is a polite accomplishment, and generally an attendant upon merit.

A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom.

Urban the Eighth was a man of wit, a fine scholar, and an excellent magistrate. "No pope," he was

used to say, "could ever boast of such extraordinary nephews as I can. Cardinal Barberini has reformation always in his mouth, but I cannot find that he grows any better; he is certainly a saint, but I never heard any of his miracles. Cardinal Antonio is generous and munificent, but he never gives away any thing of his own. Maffeo is certainly a great general and commander of the ecclesiastical troops, but he never goes to war."

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about fifty years after date. Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play Round our fond sense, and waste the day; Enchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul; Each rising sun, each lightsome hour, Beholds the busy slavery we endure; Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure, When night and sacred silence overspread the soul.

The same care and toil, that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months.

Time once lost can never be regained.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for bright renown.

Virtue makes smiles of tears; vice, tears of smiles.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather but vanishes as soon as that is cloudy.

Zeno being told that love was unbecoming a philosopher; "If this were true," replied Zeno, "the fate of the fair sex would be lamentable, not to be loved but by fools."

RECIPES.

A SALMI.

Cut off the flesh from the bodies of a pair of cold pheasants, partridges, or wild-ducks, or an equal quantity of small birds. Beat it in a mortar, moistening it frequently with a little broth or gravy. Then pass the whole through a cullender or sieve. Put it into a stew-pan with a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, rolled in flour; half a pint of port wine or claret; two whole onions, and a bunch of sweet-herbs. Let it boil half an hour, and then stir in two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, and the juice of a lemon.

In another pan stew the legs and wings of the birds, but do not let them boil. Stew them in butter rolled in flour, seasoned with pepper and salt. Cut some slices of bread into triangular pieces, and fry them in butter. Lay them in the bottom of a dish, put the legs and wings upon them, and then the other part of the stew. Garnish the edge with slices of lemon, handsomely notched with a knife.

If the Salmi is made of partridges, use oranges instead of lemons for the juice and garnishing.

COLD SALMI.

This is prepared on the table. Take the liver of a roast goose, turkey, or ducks. Put some of the gravy on a plate, cut up the liver in it, and bruise it with the back of a spoon or a silver fork. Add three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, the juice of a lemon, and cayenne pepper and salt to your taste. Mix it well. When the bird is cut up, eat it with some of this sauce.

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THE CHAMPION.

Published for the Lady's Book, by L. A. Godey & Co.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1834.

THE CHAMPION;

OR THE KNIGHT OF THE WOUNDED HART.

In the "hot and piping days" of the first Plantagenet, lived, as is well known, that prince of archers, Robin Hood; whose well-feathered shafts were aimed with as little ceremony against the lordly prior of St. Mary's, as against the fat bucks of Barnsdale and Sherwood forests. At the same period also, lived Sir Philip Murdach, the renowned sheriff of Nottingham, immortalized in ballad and legend, for having been more successful in maintaining the king's prerogatives in that good town, than in the wooded domains by which it was environed. Now the "proude sheriffe" had entrusted to his care and guardianship, the daughter of his noble cousin, Sir Gilbert Marsh; a knight who possessed, as he well merited, the reputation of being a better soldier than he was a subject; seeing, that upon the first breaking out of the civil wars, between Henry the Second and his ingrate sons, he had joined himself to the party of the latter, and at the time of our tale, he was, with the young princes, Henry, Geoffroi, and Richard, at the court of the French monarch.

Alice Marsh was as pretty a maid, and as cheerful as you would meet with in a summer day's ramble, through any county in this fair realm, not even excepting Lancashire itself, where—as we know to our cost—pretty maidens most abound. She had been blessed by Nature with

"A merry eye—a cherry lip,
A passing pleasing tongue;"

and there was a lightness and buoyancy in her gait, which showed she had been a stranger to those sorrows and disappointments which oppress the soul, and darken the sunny horizon of youth. Moreover, heaven had favoured her with as lovely a set of features as ever entered into the formation of even an English countenance. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and the glances of her eyes were keen enough to penetrate the heart of the stoutest knight, though cased in breastplate of steel!

Now the sheriff had a son of nearly the same age as our fair heroine, an honest, sprightly youth, who spent most of his time in protecting his father's deer, or else in listening to his sage judgments in the town-hall of Nottingham; for he looked upon his sire as "a second Daniel," and even aspired one day to inherit his scarlet cloak. Between this son and his gentle ward, Sir Philip Murdach had long ago, in his own mind, formed "a happy union." But princes have told us, "we cannot control our affections;" and Master Walter, of Nottingham, took it into his head very early in life to fall in love with a daughter of the chief ranger of an adjoining forest. Fortunately this was but a boy's attachment, and, in obedience to the prudential whispers of his sire, and the solemn monitions of his lady-mother, was soon given up, and he turned his whole attention seriously and earnestly to press a lover's suit with the blithesome Alice Marsh.

Matters were in precisely this situation, when late one evening, there rode a young and gallant knight—

your knights of old were necessarily gallant—into the ancient town of Nottingham; and, notwithstanding the fame of the King's Head for "pipes of Sack and butts of Claret;" he passed by that renowned hostelry, and proceeded direct to the mansion of the sheriff, a fair and goodly-looking fabric. Here he found an hearty English welcome, and partook of his host's substantial hospitality, sans cost, and sans expense. But not content, as an honest man he should have been, with satisfying his hunger with the best of the land, and resting his wearied limbs upon a feather-bed, he, quite reckless of its consequences, actually fell in love with the daughter of Sir Gilbert Marsh,—nay, what is more, he persisted in declaring his attachment, and even went so far as to swear eternal fealty and knight-service to the gentle Alice, whom he thereby acknowledged as the true and only lady of his love; and so well did he employ the short period of his visit, that, at his departure, he received from the maid a pretty bracelet, in token, it may be presumed, of her readiness to acknowledge him as her sworn champion, in bower and battle field. Who the noble stranger was, or whence he came, could not then be ascertained, since he refused to disclose the secret of his name; for which, indeed, he was to be praised; seeing that, according to his own account, he had but very recently been admitted into the order of knighthood, and was even then in quest of his first adventure; being of course ignorant how it might terminate. He deemed it therefore neither prudent nor becoming to reveal his name, until he should have achieved some enterprise calculated to confer honour thereupon.

"Call me," quoth he, "the Knight of the Wounded Hart, since such is the cognizance on my pennon and on my shield;"—perhaps also, he had another reason for saying so, and was willing to

"Moralize two meanings in one word."

But whoever he might be, his entertainers felt assured that he was as brave and honourable a chevalier as ever girt himself in the panoply of war; the which, courteous reader, thou wilt thyself perceive when we have advanced a little farther with the history of his "Lyfe and Achievements."

Now it chanced that our hero was on his way to join the puissant army, then on the eve of embarkation for Normandy, in order to repel the invasion of Lewis; and on leaving Nottingham, his route lay through the royal and thickly wooded parks of Sherwood. The day was hot and sultry, and he was right glad to escape from the scorching rays of the sun, and to travel beneath the shade of elm, and beech, and towering oak. He was moreover delighted with the rich prospects before him, and while he enjoyed the freshness of the breeze, which played with the deep green foliage of summer, his active fancy pictured to his mind the happy day when he should return, crowned with the conqueror's laurels, having had the point of his pennon torn off, and his name exalted to honour. His pleasant reverie was, however, broken in a short

time, by the shrill echoes of a bugle-horn. Reining in his steed, he prepared himself for the anticipated attack.—At the same time, he surmised the sounds which he had heard proceeded from the horn of some of the bold companions of the outlawed earl of Huntingdon; for he had not lived all his life in the "north countree" without hearing of the fame of that noble peer, and of his archers good. His surmise was right. The invisible forester again

"Put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three,
And four and twenty bowmen bold,
Came leaping over the Lee."

"Oh yield thee, Sir Knight!" exclaimed the foremost of the company, while his fellows stooped to take good with their arrows keen, a cloth-yard long.

"And prithee, bold knave, who art thou, that thou thus commandest a true knight to yield?" inquired the traveller; at the same time placing his lance in its rest, and adjusting himself for the *rencontre*.

"Ay, marry! an thou wouldst know, Sir Knight, we be free rangers of merry Sherewood, and were we to cry 'Yield,' to the king's highness, I trow he would not risk disobedience.—To the mark, my merry men!"

At the word, the archers let fly their shafts, which the Knight of the Wounded Hart felt rattle against his helmet and mail; and but for his breastplate and shield, he had certainly paid dear for his intrusion into the green-wood domains of bold Robin a Hood; and ere he had time to clap spurs into his steed, half a score of stout yeomen started from the underwood, and seized fast hold of his courser's bridle. A violent scuffle ensued; but with the help of their companions, the assailants succeeded in unhorsing the knight, who, thereupon, was forthwith conducted into the presence of the monarch of the gay green-wood.

"Who have we here, my merry men?" inquired the hero of ballad and romance;—"By our blessed Lady! as comely a knight and proper, as ye shall meet with at midsummer, 'twixt this and Barnsdale: ay, and as stout of heart too, I warrant me, as ye have had to tussle with this many a day.—Gramercy, my little yeoman, but thou hast stained thy last new mantle with the king's dye, the which, as thou art true liegeman and subject, thou shalt answer for before the proud sheriff of Nottingham!"

"An it so turn out, my master," replied little John, "we shall hold it fair, to make this gentle pay our fine; for, by the gray cowl of father Tuck! 'twas his good sword worked the treason, an there be treason in the matter; and so, my gallant knight, unless thou lovest the stout bow and quarter-staff of little John better than thy courtesy and knighthood, thou wilt tell into his mantle one hundred marks, in good and honest coins; for marry, thou must not expect to leave the gay green-wood, till thou hast paid fair ransom."

"Ransom!" exclaimed our hero—"talk ye of ransom, knaves! by St. George, an I give ye other marks for ransom than those of the lance and sword, ye will fare better at our expense, than we intend ye should do."

"Holla, my gallant! thou talkest boldly, by our Lady; so prithee come on to the proof, and bear thyself püssantly; or thou wilt find corset and habergeon sorry defence against the sword of Robin Hood!" exclaimed that merry forester, as he drew forth his brand, and placed himself in a posture of attack. The Knight of the Wounded Hart was not slow to answer the call, and a stout and determined conflict immediately ensued. At every pass, his green-coated companions cheered the noble outlaw; but he found he had a more skilful antagonist to contend with than he was prepared just then to meet; and, after giving and taking many a down stroke and thrust, he proposed a cessation of arms, to which his generous foe readily consented.

"By our Lady," quoth the hero of Lockesley, "but I did not think thou couldst give and take so evenly. But I should be sorry to harm so valiant a soldier; nay, an it were but for the sake of thy sword-arm alone, I could wish thee one of Robin's fellows, and a freeman of merry Sherewood; for, I trow too, from the dainty device on thy buckler, thou canst draw a long bow with the best of us.—Yet, maugre the good opinion I have of thy skill and cunning, I'll wager ten crowns, against the secret o' thy name, I strike the mark first!"

"Agreed, Sir Archer!" replied the knight; and accordingly he threw down his sword and shield, and took off his baldric and his gauntlets, lest they should in any way impede the free use of his arms. Robin called for his bow, and commanded little John to give him to their opponent; to whom he also gave half a dozen good arrows from his own sheaf. The distances having been measured, the outlaw shot first, and struck the inner circle of the target. The knight proved not so successful, but still made a very fair hit. Robin's second shot went farther off the mark than the first, while the arrow of his rival was lodged in the bull's-eye!

"Thy crowns are mine, bold yeoman!" said the wearer of the helm and corset: and he held out his hand to receive the wager; but Robin was surprised, seeming as if more unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten, than to part with his crowns. He eyed the stranger attentively from head to heel, and then with a look of peculiar shrewdness observed,

"By the blessed Mary! but thou art a better bowman than I trow often puts on the panoply of knighthood; and never did I see so true an aim in one of gentle blood; except in Aubrey, son of Earl de Vere, and foster-brother of bold Robin Hood."

"So then, Fitzooth, this steel array, though proof against thy sword and quarter-staff, is not against the glances of thine eyes. Well, well, thou hast a gallant soul, and though thy evil stars forbid us now to entertain thee, as in days of old—despite the hue and cry of outlawry here in the green-wood, thou art still my brother; so there's the gloveless hand, brave Earl of Huntingdon!"

"A forfeit, a forfeit, Sir Knight!" shouted out Friar Tuck, "for thou hast broken the laws of Sherewood Forest, in calling Robin Hood, the Earl of Huntingdon!"

"Well, honest knave, if it be so, let the forfeit be paid out of the ten crowns I won but now at butts from thy master," rejoined the Lord Aubrey de Vere—"but I must on, my yeomen, for urgent matters will not let me tarry even in such good and honest company!"

"Nay, but thou shalt not depart, Sir Knight, from Sherewood parks," added the prince of outlaws, "ere thou hast eaten of the royal venison; for it must never be told of Robin Hood, that he met his brother in the free forest, and gave him not a forester's welcome. Away then, my true archers, and bring us the fatted buck ye can find for the nonce; and may we never taste the king's deer again, if we are not merry to-day—so, hey for the green-wood bower!"

The Knight of the Wounded Hart was fain to accompany the careless revellers to their leafy covert in the most retired part of the forest, where in due time a rich and dainty repast was served up; nor was there any lack of good ale and sack, with spiced wines fit for the flagons and palates of princes. The Lord Aubrey quaffed of the latter till he became "hail fellow well met!" with the heroes of the merry green-wood; and, in the fullness of his heart, he revealed to his foster-brother how that he had become enamoured of the ward of the Sheriff of Nottingham, the fair Alice Marsh; and how that he had likewise become her sworn champion in bower and battle-field. "But,"

continued he, "I fear me the maiden will be forced by her guardian to give her hand to his son Walter, ere I return to claim her plighted troth!"

"Have ye no fear on that score," replied the hero of Lockesley, "for should any one lead thy lady-love to the shrine, he shall e'en pay a higher price for his bride than he reckons upon. If the damsel hath plighted troth to thee, Sir Knight, be sure she shall not be forced to wed even the king's son!"

"Well then, bold archer, I leave her to thy watchful care and guardianship:—but the day wears, and we have far to go ere the bright sun goes down: so thy hand, my gallant brother, and—farewell!—Gramercy, I had well nigh forgotten the wager I won—ten crowns, barring the forfeit claimed by thy father confessor:—Fair reckoning, ye know, makes fair friends!"

By command of his master, Little John counted into the knight's extended hand nine and a half good silver crowns; not, however, without hoping that Fortune would one day oblige the receiver to make a double restitution. His steed and trappings were also restored; and the Knight of the Wounded Hart proceeded on his journey, being accompanied to the outskirts of the wood by his generous foster-brother, and the green-coated rangers of merry Sherewood Forest.

Journeying with all diligence, he gained the port where the troops, destined by Richard de Lucy, guardian of the realm, for the reinforcement of King Henry's army, then on its march to relieve Vernuil, were waiting a favourable breeze to waft them to the coast of Normandy; and, having ranged himself under the banner of the Duke of Gloster, in a few days he had the pleasure of mingling with the veteran knights and barons bold of the royal forces, and of displaying his pennon on the battle-field. By an artifice of the French monarch, Henry failed of relieving Verneuil, and was fain to satisfy himself with wreaking his vengeance on the rear-guard of Lewis's retreating hosts.

From Verneuil, the king proceeded to the siege of Dol, behind the walls of which place the rebel earls of Chester and Fougères were entrenched, and bade defiance to the arms of England. For awhile they defended themselves with success; but were ultimately obliged to capitulate.

Now it chanced, that on the morning of the surrender, ere yet the sun had looked forth on the creation, and while besiegers and besieged seemed alike inattentive to the duties of attack or defence, that a company of horsemen sallied from the town, evidently with the intention of forcing their way through the enemy's army. The knight who led them forth was a stalwart-looking chief, distinguished from his companions more by his stature than by any outward insignia of command or superiority; though his port and carriage bespoke him to be a gallant and a gentle cavalier. Immediately upon the appearance of these warriors, the trumpet of the piquet guard summoned to arms the chivalry of England; among the foremost of whom appeared the Knight of the Wounded Hart. Vaulting into his saddle, he spurred on his steed to encounter the giant warrior, who paused not to receive him, but continued on his career until the lance of his assailant reminded him of his danger. Then turning to repel the attack, he rushed upon his adversary, shouting, "Soho, mad strippling! and deemest thou thy puny arm can injure knight like me?" The spears of either hero were shivered in the first onset; and the beaming falchion flashed on the sight with the rapidity of lightning, and seemed scarce less destructive. The fight was long and obstinate; yet a more chivalrous encounter withal had seldom been witnessed upon battle-field: at last, however, the sword of the stalwart soldier broke; whereupon the lord of the Wounded Hart, seizing his cousin's rein, cried aloud, "Yield thee, Sir Knight, rescue or no rescue!" but as the words escaped his lips, an arrow from the town pierced the

chest of his own steed, which plunged and kicked, and, regardless of curb or bridle-bit, galloped off into the midst of the host, while the half-vanquished warrior turned his horse's head in an opposite direction, and, bounding off at full speed, escaped from those who were hastening in pursuit; but whose attention was suddenly called off by the shrill clarions of the English marshal, who had given orders for a general assault upon the walls of Dol.

Although the Lord Aubrey de Vere had been reft of his prize by this unforeseen accident, the praise bestowed upon his prowess could not well have been exceeded had he captured his foe; and the renown he had acquired exalted him at once to a level with the veterans and preux chevaliers of older standing in the host, who henceforward looked upon him as one of their battle knights. With the taking of Dol, the campaign of 1173 was brought to a close; and any farther opportunity of proving our hero's dauntless courage did not of course occur. From that period, therefore, till the siege of Rouen in the following year, neither history nor tradition has preserved any memorial of the gallant deeds of the Knight of the Wounded Hart.

'Twas on the evening of the festival of St. Lawrence, that the inhabitants of Rouen, relying upon the faith of an enemy's proposal, were resting themselves from the toils and labours of a defensive war, having somewhat prematurely relaxed their wonted vigilance. Suddenly the alarm bell rung, the city was thrown into uproar and confusion, and its martial defenders, spearmen, archers, and slingers, flew to their several posts, but found many of them already in possession of the enemy, who rushed fearlessly to the assault. Sir Aubrey, who had been entrusted with a command in the garrison, collected round his pennon some of his bravest companions, and boldly sallied forth upon the besiegers, in the hopes of being enabled to make a successful diversion in favour of the city. Having forced his way into the midst of the French hosts, he there descried the stalwart knight, who had escaped his sword at Dol, directing an escalade against one of the towers of Rouen. Placing his spear in its rest, he shouted out amain—"Ah! ah! false knight; at last then I've met thee again—St. George and fair Alice for the lances of England!"

The champion of France made no reply, but fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, prepared like a wary soldier to receive the onset of his adversary, whom he soon perceived was governed entirely by passion and the natural ardency of young and inexperienced warriors—feelings which he himself had been taught to subject to the mastery of cool calculating prudence. Accordingly he awaited the onset unmoved, and warded off each thrust with consummate dexterity. At length, however, he gave his steed the rein, and dashed unexpectedly to the encounter; so unexpectedly indeed, that his adversary being unable to make a suitable resistance, was borne, horse and rider, to the earth, and was even fain on the spot to swear himself true prisoner, rescue or no rescue. The Lord Aubrey felt his disgrace with double acuteness, as scarcely had he yielded when he heard the clarions of France sounding a retreat; the steady valour of the garrison, and the inhabitants of Rouen, having proved more than a match for the wild impetuosity of their assailants. The vanquished knight was borne back with the retreating multitude, and was that night lodged in the midst of the Gallic hosts, himself the only prisoner.

Early next morning King Henry II. entered Rouen in triumph, and by that gallant achievement put an end to the war in Normandy. Lewis, after having proposed a conference for adjusting the terms of a general peace, took advantage of the time thus gained to return with his army into France. Whereupon those of his followers who had made any captives,

proposed to put them to ransom. The stalwart knight, who had overcome our hero, offered him his liberty upon his promising to pay for the same the sum of five hundred marks, on or before the Midsummer-day next ensuing, to be remitted to France in case war should continue, or, in the event of a peace, to be paid to himself in England.

"And where in England wilt thou be found, Sir Knight?" inquired the vanquished Lord de Vere.

"At the good town of Nottingham, upon the festival of St. John: so see ye fail not of the ransom money—or by St. Denis, we will proclaim thee for a recreant knight through France and England both!"

"At the good town of Nottingham," said the inquirer, somewhat surprised: but at the same instant the trumpets summoning the peers of France to attend upon their monarch, he was left without any farther reply. Proceeding therefore to the entrance of the tent, he there found his arms and his war-horse ready caparisoned, and instantly mounting, he hurried back to Rouen, where he found mirth and rejoicing, banqueting and revelry, uniting to make the bold knights of England and Normandy forget for a time the toils and the perils of war.

At the celebrated conference of Tours, where the terms of pacification were finally arranged, the whole chivalry of England, France, and Normandy, had assembled together, and many a noble joust and tourney was undertaken by the most puissant chevaliers, for the honour of their lady-loves. And from these trials of gallantry and courtesy, no one came forth more pre-eminently successful than the Knight of the Wounded Hart, who, by his noble feats of arms, was in a great measure enabled to wipe away the stain which the escutcheon of his knighthood had received beneath the walls of Rouen.—All political matters having been settled at Tours, the contracting parties separated, and King Henry returned once more to merry England; and in his train came the principal part of those lords who possessed any estates therein. * * *

'Twas high day and holiday with the "gentle thieves" of Sherwood and of Barnesdale; for they had sworn by the bow and shaft, the most sacred of oaths, to refrain from all labour, and for once to forget, in the enjoyment of time present, the troubles of time past, and the cares and anxieties of time to come: and that they were determined to keep the vow which they had made, was sufficiently evidenced by the boisterous "wood-notes wild" which rung through the forest, when the bright beams of the golden-locked Phœbus ushered in the welcome twenty-fourth of June:—

SONG.

'Tis merry as I good, in gay green-wood,
To watch the king of day
Come forth full drest
In golden vest,
And chase the clouds from east to west,
That through his heav'nly way.

'Tis merrier far, when evening's star,
Looks brightly o'er the lea,
To share the spoil
Of battle broil,
And rest awhile from care and toil,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

'Tis merry and good, in gay green-wood,
To hunt the deer at morn,
And track their feet,
While birds sing sweet,
From thorny brake and dark retreat,
With voice of blithesome horn.

'Tis merrier far, when Phœbus' car
Shines out on field and flood,

To eat ven'son
With little John,
And Sherewood's queen, maid Marian,
And gallant Robin Hood!

"Well sung, well sung, by our Lady!" quoth the last named worthy, "but is't not strange, my trusty William Scarlock, that brother John hath not returned from Nottingham? I wot full well this is the day fixed for the marriage of Walter Murdach with the pretty Alice Marsh; and why that knave Nailor bringeth us no tidings thereof I cannot right devise;—we must in quest anon, maugre our holy resolution!"

"Ah, master Robin," said Scarlock, "I'll wager twenty silver crowns against a brace of shafts, the little knave has turned into the King's Head, and will tarry there till his wit and dame Margaret's claret, be both run out to the lees."

"Marry, but I think 'twill be best that George-a-Green, and Scarlock hie them there to seek the knave!" added the Pinder of Wakefield. Here, however, the winding of a distant bugle broke off further colloquy, and infused fresh life into the banqueting foresters—

"Soho! sohc!" shouted the 'predonem mitissimum'—that was the horn of Little John!—To your bows and quarter-staffs, my merry men!"

In a moment all was bustle and confusion, and Scarlock, George-a-Green, with a score of other archers good, leaving their half-drained flagons, snatched up each his bow and quarter-staff, and plunged into the thickest of the forest, lest peradventure their companion Little John should stand in need of assistance. Again that renowned yeoman blew his horn, and out sprang his fellows, "all clad in Lincoln green," who, without asking any questions, let fly their shafts into the midst of a trim and gallant company who were passing along their way with fear and trembling. The first flight of arrows dispersed the major part of the train, and our dexterous rangers found it no very difficult task to secure those who remained. These were only three—two lordly-looking horsemen, and a winsome lady, who rode on a "gentell palefray," with a merlin perched upon her maiden fist. Little John and his companions soon recognized in one of their male prisoners the "proude sherrif" of Nottingham, and in the other, Sir Philip Murdach's son, the honest Walter; and they doubted not but the lady was Alice Marsh, the maid of whom they were in search. Being no respecters of persons, they insisted upon the trio accompanying them to the green and pleasant arbour of Robin Hood, their master; and where that hero had remained in company with Friar Tuck, and the rest of his archers bold.

"Welcome again to the green-wood, my lord-sherrif," said he—"an ye had come a little earlier ye should have had a fair forest dinner, though, by our Lady, we had not looked for such honourable guests to-day; but rest ye down awhile, and if there's a fat buck in the king's parks, it shall be found for the sherrif of Nottingham; for no one payeth more bravely for a feast of dainty venison:—to the chase, my merry men!"

"Bold archer!" said the sherrif, "an I guess rightly, ye should be that villain outlaw, Robin Hood—but whosoe'er ye be, take heed how ye treat the king's officer!"

"Have ye no fear for your treatment, gentles," rejoined the prince of foresters, "for ye shall fare like princes, and as sumptuously. But, tell us first, Sir Sherrif, is this thy hopeful son, of whom 'tis said in merry Nottingham, he killeth the king's deer in aiming at thine? by our Lady! as seemly and proper a youth for a royal ranger, as you shall find, I trow, 'twixt this and fair Newcastle!"

"Bold knave!" cried the wight referred to, laying his hand at the same time upon his empty scabbard—

"Bold knave, I am Sir Philip Murdach's son and heir, as ye shall all learn to your cost, when we return to tell the king's highness of your treasonable doings!"

"Ah! ah! my gentle, thou hast at least a loud and gallant tongue. And prithee, is this sweet maid thy sister, or thy lady-love?" he added, stepping up to Alice Marsh, and surveying her fair form from head to heel.—To which question Sir Philip himself made answer, putting on a look as stern and grave as if at that moment he had been sitting in the judgment-seat of Nottingham town-hall.

"Impudent outlaw! yon lady is the bride betrothed of our son, and should ye dare outrage her maiden modesty, her gallant sire, Sir Gilbert Marsh, shall soon avenge the insult; and ere long, I trust, will hasten to our rescue; for, I ween by this, he hath gained information of our sad mischance!"

"He shall be right welcome to merry Sherewood, my lord sheriff," added Robin, "and if ye need a priest when he arrives, good Friar Tuck will serve your purpose well, for burial or for bridal.—What saith Lady Alice? But with your leaves we'll haste sweet to meet Sir Gilbert; for Sherewood forest is a tangled maze, and many a gentle hath, ere now, been lost among its windings."

"That trouble shall be saved ye, master Robin," said Little John, jumping into view from a thorny dingle; "for, an I mistake not, the knight is on his way hither, under the good guidance of stout Much the miller; and a rare stalwart fellow he seemeth, by my faye!"

Every one turned him towards the direction pointed out by the bold Johanne, and beheld approaching a tall and soldier-like cavalier, clad in a riding-suit of broided scarlet, with a richly worked morion shading his dark and weather-beaten countenance. He was surrounded by a company of green-coated foresters, while Much the miller's son, held tight hold of his horse's rein, and carried his trusty sword with an air of peculiar triumph. Robin doffed his "bonnet-blue," as the knight appeared; and with his wonted cheerfulness and cordiality welcomed him to the green-wood coverts of merry Sherewood forest. The sheriff, also, and his prowess son, paid obeisance to the hero, feeling assured, that in the company of Sir Gilbert Marsh they should be safe;—but the latter thought otherwise.

"Safe ye shall be, I trow," said he, "as if ye were in the dungeon of Nottingham tower; for marry, in such graceless fellowship, I can promise ye none other safety.—By great St. George! I did not reckon for these sturdy knaves, when I trusted myself abroad in such holyday garb as this—but I have paid dear for my folly—so a warrior's malison be on the head of ye all!"

As in a surly tone of voice he uttered his malediction upon them, he placed his left hand upon his sword arm, which was bleeding profusely. The fact was, that he had been disabled by a shaft from the miller's bow, ere he had an opportunity of striking one blow in his own defence. Turning round, he observed his daughter, and seemed somewhat surprised thereat.

"Alice, my own Alice, maid," said he, "and art thou a prisoner too? This is, 'i faith, true loyalty to thy plighted lord; more so, indeed, than Sir Gilbert Marsh could have wished for; to say naught of thy being in such company; I fear we shall have to pay ransom for thee, as well as for ourselves, ere thou wilt be suffered to return again to thy bower.—Sir Philip Murdach, it was not kind in ye to bring my daughter into such scenes as these!—But now, my stout foresters, what must our ransom be: for I warrant me, ye would rather have our marks than our friendship.—Is't not so, my yeomen?—Name then your claim, for we have urgent matters which call us to Nottingham; since, beside our daughter's bridal, we

stand pledged to meet a prisoner knight ere sunset in that town."

"An it be so, Sir Gilbert," rejoined Robin Hood—"we would not cause true soldier to forfeit his pledged troth—and therefore, if for thyself thou wilt tell two hundred honest marks, and for thy daughter one, ye shall have instant liberty to wend your way.—For my lord sheriff we demand one thousand silver crowns; and for his valiant son a like amount; with twenty more for every meal they eat in Sherewood forest; so mark ye 'tis a gathering debt until the same be paid.—For noble Walter, we would fain enjoy his company awhile, until he learn to draw a true bow, and strike his father's bucks in the full chase!"

"Knaves! think ye I will be parted from the lady Alice?" shouted out the indignant bridegroom. But it availed him naught; the good bowmen of the gay green-wood only laughed at his impotent and blustering rage, and quietly turned to see that Sir Gilbert Marsh counted his ransom money fairly; and that their treasurer, Little John, who received the same into his outspread mantle, rendered correct account thereof. The blast of a stranger's horn, however, gave them more uneasiness; and when, after the lapse of a few minutes it was heard again, Robin Hood and half a score of his stoutest men sallied forth in quest of the intruder into his royal domains, leaving his trusty lieutenant to receive, and settle for, the knight's ransom.

As the bugle blast was repeated ever and anon, the foresters were easily directed to the spot whence it proceeded; and in a short time, the archer of Lockesley beheld before him—The Knight of the Wounded Hart!

"Gramercy, Sir Knight," he exclaimed in a tone of wonder, "and what 's fortune's name, hath brought thee again to merry Sherewood?"

"Nothing in fortune's name," replied the Lord de Vere; "but sad mischance in battle-field compels me to speed to Nottingham, with ransom promised to a prowess knight, whose lance o'erthrew me 'neath the walls of Rouen; so quickly, noble archer, guide me through these tangled forest pathways; for, by the great St. George! we would not forfeit pledge of chivalry, even for love of the fair lady Alice; of whom, I prithee, brother, tell us some tidings as we wend along."

"Nay, nay, bold Aubrey, we have already spent our breath in answering thy summons; and have none left to tell thee love-sick tales; but follow through the green-wood, and thou shalt have thy ransom marks, ay, and to boot, shalt win thy gentle lady—else is there no enning in this bow, nor argument in this good quarter-staff."

De Vere followed the noble forester with the ardour and alacrity of a person actuated at once by the three-fold motive of love, honour, and curiosity. Suddenly bursting from his leafy ambush, he sprang into the presence of Sir Gilbert Marsh, the sheriff of Nottingham, and the fair owner of the bracelet which graced his plumed casque. As to her betrothed lord, Walter of Nottingham, he had escaped unseen from their suspicious fellowship.

"The Knight of the Wounded Hart!" exclaimed Sir Gilbert Marsh, starting back surprised.

"Even so," replied de Vere—"and thou, the stalwart soldier! Sir Philip Murdach too! and the fair lady Alice! and in such company!—what means this strange adventure?"

"Marry, my brother," said Robin Hood, stepping forward as he spoke, it meaneth, that ye shall be spared the cost and trouble of a longer journey; and save besides your promised ransom to this gallant hero; for, by my faye! Sir Gilbert Marsh is too generous a knight to claim ransom from his cousin's heir, Lord Aubrey, Earl of Oxford!"

"Aubrey de Vere!" cried the stalwart knight.

"Sir Gilbert Marsh!" exclaimed Earl Oxford's son.

"Ay, ay, a hearty welcome one and all, to Sherwood;" quoth the king of that famous forest, "not forgetting our loyal sheriff; for we do mean that thou shouldest pay the cost of banquet for these gallant chevaliers ere thou see merry Nottingham again; and we will hold thy duteous son in hostage till the reckoning be discharged.—Walter—soho! soho! what, hath the knave escaped ye, Little John? Away, my trusty archers, and bring the coward back! but hold!—it matters not;—my Lord Sir Philip Murdach shall be the sheriff's hostage—'tis all one.—And now, good Father Tuck, go, get thy holy missal; for ere we do sit down to eat or drink, thou shalt secure in bridal bonds, this gentle knight and smiling Alice Marsh! And who saith "Nay," let him never taste the king's venison again, in the merry green-wood!"

"A bitter malison, bold archer, for one who hath an hungry stomach," said Sir Gilbert; "but natheless one which we should despise, had we not proved to our cost, that braver knight liveth not, than he of the Wounded Hart; and heaven forefend that we should say nay to the suit of one so noble, and withal so near akin!"

A loud and joyous shout rang through the forest when the stalwart soldier spoke his consent to the nuptials. Sir Aubrey led forth his lady-love, and knelt before her sire, soliciting his blessing; while Friar Tuck performed the bridal ceremony, to the satisfaction of all present, save the "proude sheriffe" of Nottingham, who beheld with wonder and chagrin the fair maiden, whom he had betrothed to his hopeful son, become the happy bride of the Knight of the Wounded Hart!"

ORIENTAL LOVE.

WITHOUT resorting to the romance of the East, the progress of the Saracenic empire is marked by anecdote of the influence of love, quite as affecting and as sentimental as any which have been supplied by the annals of Europe. We were struck with this truth the other day, on happening to take up an old romance founded on the pathetic history of Giaffer the Beracide, vizier of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, of tale-telling memory. The fact of an eastern despot, of the strong character of this Commander of the Faithful, introducing two handsome and interesting persons to each other, and allowing them to assume the names of husband and wife, with a capricious negation of the privileges of such an union, is as curious and romantic as it is true. The caliph, willing to reward the services of his favourite Giaffer, determined, on certain conditions, to bestow on him in marriage his beloved sister Abassa, the most beautiful and accomplished princess of the East.

"Were not Abassa my sister," said he, announcing to his favourite the purpose which he had formed, "marriage should unite us; but since the most lovely and the most amiable of the Oriental women cannot be the wife of Haroun, no other has a right to possess her; nor can I suffer the blood of Abbas to be contaminated by a foreign mixture. The nephews of your brothers must not be mine. I give to you the hand of my sister, it is true, as a recompense for your services, and that I may have the pleasure of beholding in my presence, at the same time, two persons whom I dearly love; but I require your sacred promise that you will be to Abassa only as I am—a friend and a brother. On this condition, and on this only, I consent to the union. Death to yourself and to your race will be the penalty of the violation of your oath."

Giaffer assented to this admirable piece of despotic logic, which, of the two, is worse than the reported speech of the Grand Sultan when presenting his daugh-

ter with a subject for a husband—"Here, daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave;" a form of words omitted by English parents, but which a great number of married ladies in England conceive to be implied. The nominal marriage took place between the princess and Giaffer, but, unfortunately for the unhappy lovers, the voice of love and nature, sanctioned too by the laws, was not to be stifled by the caprice of a despot; the enamoured pair baffled the vigilance of the Caliph, and a son, the fruit of their disobedience, was privately conveyed from the seraglio to Mecca. The result is a portion of public history: a discovery was made, Giaffer lost his head, and Abassa, some accounts say, died of grief; while others state that she was driven from the palace, and suffered to languish in disgrace and indigence.

A more than common interest is given to the foregoing incidents by the character of the parties. Giaffer was one of the most cultivated men of his time—amiable, handsome in person, and benevolent in disposition. Abassa appears to have been similarly accomplished as a female; some Arabic verses from her to Giaffer still exist, expressive of her attachment. It would seem by the tenor of them, that the lady was the most impatient of the restraint imposed; her exalted rank takes away from the apparent indelicacy, for Giaffer could not speak first. The words given are as follow:—

"I had resolved to keep my love concealed in my heart; but, in spite of me, it escapes and declares itself. If you do not yield at this declaration, my modesty and my secret are both sacrificed; but if you reject me, you will save my life by your refusal. Whatever happens, at least I shall not die unrevenged; for my death will sufficiently declare who has been my assassin."

Nothing is frequently more unlike to truth than truth itself; we do not, therefore, think that the loves of Giaffer and Abassa are adapted for tragedy; but, with a little freedom in the catastrophe, they would make a charming opera, either English or Italian.—The story would supply at once dramatic effect, subject for the composer, and much opportunity for theatrical scenery and splendour.

KRIM GHERRI KATTI GHERRI.

HAVE any of our readers, in turning over the pages of the Edinburgh Almanac, ever been surprised in noticing as an office-bearer in one of our pious beneficiary institutions, a person with the singular title of *Krim Gherri Katti Gherri*? If they have, they will most probably be glad to learn who this strange gentleman is. Mr. Krim Gherri Katti Gherri happens to be sultan of the kingdom of Caucasus in Tartary; and, what is still more curious, his wife, the sultana, is an Edinburgh lady, the daughter of Colonel ——. The history of young Krim may be soon told. While about fifteen years of age, he became acquainted with some missionaries who had taken up their station near the Caucasus; on which occasion he embraced the christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded, under their protection, to St. Peterburgh, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland—and here he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. While resident in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with the above lady, to whom he was married, and carried her with him, though against the consent of her relations. As Krim is lineally descended from the ancient Khans of the Crimea, the throne of the present sultan, Mahmoud, will be his on the extinction of the reigning family. He has sons; and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne, the singular fact will be presented of a prince of a descent from an Edinburgh family, holding his court at Constantinople, and reigning over the Turkish empire.

Original.

THE PRODIGAL,*

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

THE sultry air was choking, and the sun
Poured down, in flame, his burning vertical rays;
The flowrets hung their fainting heads, and shrubs
Drooped 'neath his radiance, and each wither'd bough;
And birds, beasts, insects—every living thing
Sought shelter from the fierce meridian heat.

The prodigal was weary; he had trod
The sliding desert sands, with hunger faint,
And with that feverishness of soul that comes
From deep misfortunes, joined with conscious guilt,
Weighing with weariness the spirit down.
Beneath the spreading branches, thrown at large,
Oblivion stole upon him; and in sleep
He wandered to his far, far distant home—
The scene of innocence and joy in youth,
Dear to his heart by twice ten thousand ties.

There is a magic in the name of home,
Felt in the spirit's yearnings: man may roam
Careering on his wild and thoughtless way,
Like the mad, untamed comet, from the sun;
Yet, in his wanderings, is still within
Th' attractive influence of that sunny spot.
The prodigal awoke, and thoughts of home
Swelled his full breast, and penitential tears,
As sudden waters from the desert rock,
Flowed from his flinty, sorrow-smitten heart,
Adown his pale, and famine-blanch'd cheeks;
And in his soul impartial conscience held
The mirror of reflection, and displayed
His guilt and folly to repentance true;
And godly sorrow, and impressions pure,
And holy resolution nerved his frame,
And he exclaimed, "I will arise and go
Unto my father, and my guilt confess."

The sun was verging to the distant west,
Flinging his golden radiance on the mounts
That girded, as with emerald zones, the plains
Of his own happy regions, and he longed
For speed like his, that he might soar away
As if on wings of eagles, and behold
His father's house, his long forgotten home.

His feet were sandal'd, and his loosened loins
Girded for journeying, and in his hand
A pilgrim's staff, and in his bosom thoughts
And yearning aspirations that had nerved
With vigour every fibre of his frame.

Onward he journeyed, with unflinching step,
Beneath the silent canopy of night,
With famine faint, and sleepless, though the stars
Were tired with watching, and the wearied light
Seemed to lie down upon the mountain's couch—
Onward, still onward sped he, night and day,
With pace unslackened, and unwearied feet.

Day broke in beauty on the rosy earth;
Upon the purple clouds, the yellow hair
Of Phœbus floated, like a web of gold,
The mountain tops, like smoking altars, sent
Their cloudy incense to the smiling heaven,
And slow revealing through the silver mist,
Their sparkling plain of waters, creek and rill
Rolled on their way, trilling a song of glee;
The variegated carpeting of earth
Glowed in the embroidered flowers of Nature's loom,

* Luke xv.

The velvet foliage of the trees and shrubs,
Was studded with the dewy gems of morn,
The flowrets bowed their purple coronets,
And from a thousand throats of gay-plumed birds
Arose the woodland anthem on the air:
All nature seemed rejoicing in new life,
As if conspiring to his ancient home
To bid him welcome.

On a little mount
He stood, and down a sloping vale, beheld
His father's halls, that rose in pillar'd pride,
High in the sunlight.

The rill whose purlings had amused his youth,
The copse, the glade, and ancient-looking trees,
The scenes of childish sport were still the same,
And with familiar, and with smiling face,
Greeted his coming.—Now the dread of change
Stole o'er the prodigal—his father's house—
Had sickness and decay wrought changes there?
Would a kind father's voice and mother's tears,
In nature's speechless eloquence, receive
Their guilty, wandering, and unworthy child?
Or would they coldly scrutinize his form,
The wreck of dissipation, and his rags,
The tatters of his wretchedness and shame?
Did they yet live, or had their hoary hairs
Descended in much sorrow to the grave,
For the low fall of their unhappy son?
Oppressed with thought, he carefully composed
The shredded garments on his shrivelled form,
And as he went, moistened each step with tears.

Far off, a venerable man appeared,
With locks and beard of snow, sweeping his bust,
And in his step and mien, the prodigal
His father recognised; and hastening, bowed
Him prostrate in humility of soul,
And deep abasement, while he kissed his feet,
And craved the place of service in the hall
That gave him being; once his happy home.

Silent and solemn all the father stood,
No pardon spake, no word of joy or love,
Yet, from his aged eyes, the gushing tears
Fell on the trembling hands that clasped his knees,
And ever and anon a heavy sob
Convulsed his bosom; and as nature gave
Strength to his joy-stunned intellect, he raised
The suppliant wanderer, and to his breast
Strained him, in all the fervency of love,
Mingled with pity—to his errors gave
A free and willing pardon, and restored
The mourner to his home, and all the joys
Of peace and innocence, that chase the clouds
Of godly sorrow, and repentance dark,
And pour bright sunshine on the smiling soul.

LOVE.

Sight is his root, in thought is his progression,
His childhood wonder, 'prenticeship attention:
His youth delight, his age the soul's oppression,
Doubt is his sleep, he waketh in invention.
Fancy his food, his clothing carefulness,
Beauty his book, his play lover's disension.
His eyes are curious search, but veil'd with wareful-
ness.

His wings desire, oft clipt with desperation:
Largess his hands, could never skill of sparefulness.
But hoy he doth by might or by persuasion,
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratify,
Experience doubts, and schools had disputation.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE;

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

THE evening was dark and chill. Gertrude Fielding strolled pensively along the avenue that led to her home, a neat parsonage house in the parish of —, of which her father was the vicar. Ideas at once ominous and dispiriting poured rapidly through her mind as she approached the door. A throng of the fiercest anguish was felt at her heart when she directed her thoughts onward to the morrow, which was to see her a bride—but of whom? Of a man whom she absolutely loathed, yet had consented to espouse, in order to evade the frightful alternative of a father's curse.

Her affianced suitor was a man of immense wealth, but old, ungainly, and without a single virtue to balance these two latter disadvantages; while she was poor indeed, but young, beautiful, and innocent. Her sordid parent had readily embraced the offer of a wealthy debauchee, calculating, in the selfishness of his ambition, that such a connexion would confer upon himself an importance from the coveted enjoyment of which his narrow means had hitherto debarred him, and prove at the same time a stepping-stone to the advancement of his younger children, of whom he had several, and of which his quiver was not yet full. Poor Gertrude was to be immolated upon the altar of interest, a shrine upon which far worse than pagan sacrifices are frequently offered. She looked forward to the moment which was to unite her to a withered but wealthy sensualist, with a feeling little short of feverish disgust. She repaired early to her chamber, her temples throbbing, and the whole mass of her blood bounding through her frame, as if the "great deep" of the heart was "broken up," and a deluge was pouring through every vein, and threw herself upon her bed with a sigh so deep and poignant, that it seemed as if the very soul had been suddenly forced from the fair tenement in which it was enshrined, by one fierce convulsion of concentrated agony.

The stars were bright in the heavens, but her destiny was dim and clouded. They seemed only as heavenly mockers of earthly woe. She had ceased to weep, to sigh, to murmur. Her sufferings were too acute for tears, for sighs, for murmuring; her's were the silent, unseen, absorbing agonies of despair. She did not sleep, or, if her senses were for a moment "lapped in oblivion," frightful dreams interrupted her slumbers, and she started from her pillow with the perturbation of bewildered horror, which too plainly told the intensity of her soul's emotions.

On the following morning, pale and unrefreshed, with forebodings that struck like so many ice-bolts through her heart, she descended to the parlour, where a tolerably splendid breakfast was provided for those friends who had been invited to the wedding, and who very shortly after assembled. The bridegroom was the last to make his appearance, but his bodily infirmities might have been fairly pleaded as his excuse; still he did not take advantage of a plea so extremely natural in an aged man, though not very flattering either to his bride's choice, or to his own discretion. Gertrude was dressed without a single ornament except a white rose in her hair, which she wore at the express desire of her mother; and though the suitor had presented her with sundry jewels and various expensive trinkets, they remained in their cases, to her worse than valueless, as they were mementos of a sacrifice that would taint the pure spring of her existence, and make it henceforth gush from its troubled fountain, charged with the bitters of "gall

and wormwood." Her eyes were dim with weeping. She saluted her friends mournfully, while her father affected a boisterous mirth that strikingly contrasted with the deep solemn gloom which was fixed upon his daughter's cheek, like an icicle upon the opening primrose.

When the bridegroom was announced, Mr. Fielding darted towards the door to assist him from his carriage, from which he descended with some difficulty, and a few grimaces, and then hobbled into the room with all the decrepited agility of threescore and six, augmented by a life of early debauchery and continued indulgence. He was dressed with the elaborate gaiety of a confirmed "man of the town;" his legs, which from the inclination of his head towards the horizon, formed almost a right angle with his upper man, were forced into a pair of light web pantaloons that showed to a miracle the prodigious preponderancy of skin and bone over flesh and blood. He shuffled towards the bride with a disgusting chuckle of delight, and courtously kissed her forehead; but she shrank from his contaminating touch with an instinctive loathing, and was about to evade the revolting caress, when her father's frown checked her. She passively submitted to the endearments of the senile representative of manhood with whom she was doomed to link her destiny.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the bride's father. Pale, yet with a firm step and calm self-possession, she approached the altar, but when she was required to repeat the solemn declaration of conjugal fidelity and affection, her voice faltered, and, in spite of the natural energy of her resolution, she could scarcely articulate the customary obligation. She had, however, wound up her lacerated spirit to a pitch of determination which enabled her to go through the awful ceremony, though as soon as it was finished, the tension of her mind, which had been too high, was instantly relaxed, and she fell back overcome by her feelings upon the cold stones of the chancel. The poor emaciated bridegroom hobbled about in a paroxysm of distress, attributing to any cause but the right, what he termed her extraordinary emotion. A little water and hartshorn soon restored the unhappy Gertrude to consciousness and to misery. With a trifling exertion of her moral energies, she shortly recovered her self-possession, signed for the last time her maiden name in the parish register, and left the church with a heart less heavy than when she entered it, as the die was now cast, and the climax of agony had been endured.

She returned to her father's house, took a melancholy farewell of her family, and entering a splendid carriage drawn by four blood bays, set off with her venerable husband for his magnificent mansion in a distant county. It was anything but a lively journey. The exertion of travelling seemed to affect the old gentleman greatly, for he had only arrived the night before at the town of —, about six miles from her father's vicarage, and so long a journey had sadly discomposed his shattered and attenuated frame. In spite of his professed joy at the possession of a young and beautiful bride, he frequently complained of fatigue, of stiffness in his limbs, and expressed a querulous desire to be at his journey's end; while Gertrude, little disposed to take part in a conversation of any kind, much less in one which had his inconveniences alone for its subject, and feeling besides little sympathy for the dilapidated piece of humanity to which paren-

tal authority had forced her to ally herself, sat silent, and absorbed in a reverie of moody anticipations. The husband, not suspecting the cause of her silence—for his vanity was always a sad bar to his judgment when his own qualities of whatever kind, whether mental or physical, were the objects of it—attributed her reluctance to assert her woman's privilege to timidity, or to that maidenly bashfulness natural, as he deemed, to a girl educated in the country, and therefore utterly unfamiliar with the usages of fashionable life. But his guess was immensely wide of the mark, for neither timidity nor bashfulness were features in Gertrude's character. As they travelled with extreme expedition, on the evening of the next day they arrived at the end of their journey, when the bride was ushered into the splendid mansion of which she was to be the future mistress, and which rivalled in magnificence the noble establishments in the kingdom.

Time soon wore off the edge of disquietude, and by degrees Gertrude, now Mrs. Delorme, became reconciled to her condition. That she could be happy was impossible, but the pangs of mental suffering became at length so blunted, and her sensibility so deadened, that, though, she had ceased to enjoy, she had also ceased to suffer. Her life was one dull, dead calm, neither convulsed by the desolating storm, nor refreshed by the gentle breeze. Her only hope of amelioration to the uniform insipidity of her condition lay in the prospect of an eventual release from the easy, indeed, but spiritless bondage to which she was for the present doomed. Her eye was never lighted by a smile, and that lovely glow which used to spread such a rich suffusion over her fair cheek had ceased to mantle there, while the sober melancholy, nay the almost severe gravity, of her aspect, was looked upon by her husband in the uxoriousness of dotage, as an indubitable manifestation of that conjugal discretion, which, to a man of his advanced years, was in a wife a thing "most devoutly to be wished."

Old Delorme had a nephew, of whom he professed to be extremely fond, the son of an only sister long since dead, from whom he inherited a good property, and looked forward to his uncle's decease for a considerable augmentation, which his venerable relative had always led him to expect. He was a remarkably handsome youth, of gentle manners and easy address. His habits were regular, and he was much respected by his friends. His uncle reposed the greatest confidence in his discretion and integrity, scarcely did any thing without consulting him, and relied upon his honour as implicitly as he did upon his own sagacity. The presence of this youth, though at first by no means a welcome circumstance to the deadened feelings of Mrs. Delorme, at length seemed to chequer the gloominess of her condition with a faint ray of satisfaction, and dissipated by degrees that morbid heaviness of thought and reflection, to which, upon her arrival at her new abode, she had unreservedly given way. Her spirits, however, had been too violently shattered ever to resume their wonted elasticity. They were not, after a dislocation so terrible and complete, to be brought back again into their former channel of easy, unapprehensive gaiety; nevertheless young Theodore's presence afforded some relief to the dull uniformity of a scene, where, to her warped and saddened spirit, everything was overspread with the sullen hue of misery; indeed her situation would have scarcely been endurable but for his presence, still she felt a void in her existence which she knew not how to fill up. She was occasionally visited by her parents and sisters, yet she was anything but happy. Her husband grew more and more peevish as his days increased and his infirmities multiplied, until he became absolutely intolerable. Will it be wondered at, that she looked forward to her release from such a state of domestic thralldom with a restless and impatient anxiety?

Gertrude at length gave promise of becoming a mother; this, however, seemed to awaken no joy in the old man's bosom; all the springs of sensibility were dried up within him, and left it a barren wilderness, prolific only in the rank growth of cankered passion and swinish selfishness. His heart was callous to any refinements of feeling; not that the frost of apathy had so completely chilled it as to render him insensible to the blessings of an heir; but he appeared to be the prey of dark suspicions, which he did not indeed openly express, but which were more than indicated in his manner and conduct. He was so morose and sullen, that his wife approached him as seldom as possible, which only augmented his constitutional peevishness and irritability. She was, however, happily soon released from the torments of his jealousy. He died suddenly one evening of apoplexy after a debauch, in which he was accustomed but too frequently to indulge, leaving her a widow after she had been just five years a wife. All her late husband's property was left to her, his nephew not being so much as named in the will.

Here, indeed, was a change in her destiny, but the worm had gnawed at the root of her happiness too long for it ever again to shoot forth with its former strength and luxuriance. It was a scathed trunk, alive, indeed, but blasted. She was left mistress of thirty thousand a year at the age of four and twenty, with an only child; still she was not happy. The fountain of joy was tainted at the source—the canker of grief had reached the very core of her heart. A blight seemed to have passed over her womanhood. The smile had faded from her cheek with its bloom, and she had ceased to find any relish either in society or in domestic enjoyments. She looked upon her child with an indifference, bordering upon apathy, which spoke not much for her maternal solicitude, nor the acuteness of her sensibility. This, however, had been so seared, as to leave her almost callous to the more exquisite sympathies of her sex.

Theodore had quitted the house as soon as his uncle died, and the widow was left to that seclusion which was now no longer unwelcome to her, but which, though preferred, under certain states of mind, to the bustle of intercourse, has nevertheless no charms to soothe a warped spirit, but only "ministers to a mind diseased" its own gloom and asperity. She soon, however, became dissatisfied with the stately mansion in which she had been so long immured, surrounded as it was with all that wealth could purchase to render it delightful, but which to her never presented any thing save one continued scene of "splendid misery." She determined, therefore, to quit the country, where scenes of continued and bitter recollection had become absolutely odious to her, and take up her final residence abroad.

It appeared strange to every one, that so young and lovely a woman should shut herself out almost from human intercourse, and resolve to exile herself from her family and friends in the very prime of youth, and while her beauty, though faded rather from sorrow than the influence of years, was still predominant. But the secret springs which actuate human motives and determinations are frequently inscrutable, even to ourselves, and Mrs. Delorme, if it were in her power, appeared not disposed to resolve a question which was evident to no mind but her own. A mystery seemed to hang over the youthful widow, which no one was able to unravel, and in spite of the surmises that grew every day more and more rife in the neighbourhood, she ordered notices to be circulated announcing the immediate sale of the estate and family mansion of her late husband. In the course of a few weeks they fell into the hands of a new proprietor, and the young widow with her child left this country for the south of France, to seek in a foreign land that repose of

spirit which had been so long denied her in her own. But, alas! she found it not. The wound had gone too deeply beyond the surface to be cicatrized—the desolation had been too complete to be removed under a brighter sun. There was evidently some secret cause of discontent, of melancholy, of wretchedness, which no one could penetrate, and upon which she was herself gravely and solemnly silent. The increasing austerity of her manner had something in it more awful than repulsive, and she excited the sympathy of all, though she sought the confidence of none.

Nismes was the place finally fixed upon by her for her future destination, as it was more retired and less visited by her countrymen than other towns. Here the same asperity of character, by which she had lately been distinguished, continued, and in fact visibly increased with her years. She declined all communication with her relatives, to whom it was reported, and by them believed, that soon after she settled abroad her child had died, and she had devoted herself to a life of religious seclusion. She was never seen to smile. Her boy grew rapidly, and as he advanced in years, gave promise of a quickness of capacity that might finally lead to distinction. Though she appeared to treat him with sufficient indifference, she nevertheless paid particular attention to his education. He had all the advantages that the town and neighbourhood, in which she resided, could supply. He was a handsome youth, buoyant in spirits, and determined in character, which his mother did not discourage; in fact, whether from indolence or indifference was not evident, she sought not to divert the natural bias of his disposition, but left it to the direction of its own impulses, and thus the qualities of the mind and heart, both good and evil, grew unchecked by parental discipline into rapid and varied luxuriance; so that he acquired an ardour of temperament which frequently hurried him into rash adventures, though he as frequently gave proofs of the generous warmth of his feelings by the most sanguine displays of benevolence.

Henry Delorme finished his education by availing himself of the last benefit of a German university. He was now a young man of one-and-twenty, vigorous in constitution, of acute understanding, and of a generous, though somewhat indomitable disposition. He absolutely adored his mother, who, in his partial judgment, was incomparable both in mind and person. She was now three and forty, still handsome, in spite of the secret sorrow to which she had appeared to be so long a prey. The mind's disease was not communicated to the frame; it was merely indicated in the latter by an habitual paleness and grave repose of the features, from which they were never seen to relax. She saw no company, and though she affected no sort of austerity, she could not conceal that she felt it, and there continued that unaccountable mystery in her whole deportment, which gave rise to the perpetual whispers of curiosity, and even provoked the surmises of superstition. Such as had been at first anxious to court her society, at length absolutely shunned it, from an idle apprehension that the "dark lady," as she was called, for she always wore mourning, might have a nearer communion with "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," than was altogether seemly in a good Christian. Harry's home was, therefore, somewhat dull; but so ardent was his attachment to his mother, that he overlooked every personal inconvenience for the sake of administering to her comfort, and endeavoured to relieve the uniform dullness of his home by all those "appliances and means" which a tender solicitude suggests to an affectionate heart.

About this time an accident occurred, which, in its issue, led to the explanation of Mrs. Delorme's habitual reserve, and mysterious gravity of deportment. One day she was walking—

"As was her custom in an afternoon," in a retired part of the town, accompanied by her son, when, upon turning the corner of a street, she suddenly and unexpectedly met Theodore Mackenzie. At the sight of one whom she was so little prepared to meet, she started; her lips became ashy pale, and she nearly fainted in her son's arms, who bore her to a neighbouring shop, where, after a while, she recovered, when he accompanied her home. Though she soon resumed her wonted serenity, it was evident that she had been deeply agitated. Henry, knowing her inflexible reserve, and her nervous irritability, when any attempt was made to dissipate it, forbore to question her, though he was painfully anxious to ascertain why the sight of an apparent stranger should have produced such a powerful effect upon her usually imperious temper. He was extremely uneasy, and the more his mind dwelt upon the circumstance, the more anxious did he feel to resolve the question. It was something higher than mere curiosity that actuated his feelings. Affection for his parent was the mainspring of every action which had any reference to her, and knowing that to ask an explanation from her would render her uneasy, and probably excite her anger, he determined at once to seek the party who had been the cause of her disquietude, and demand the explanation from him. With this view, without the least intimation of his intention, either by word or gesture, he repaired to the principal hotel of the town, where he ascertained that a Colonel Mackenzie had arrived the preceding day; and, upon being ushered into that gentleman's apartment, he immediately recognized in him the person, at the sight of whom his mother had become so strangely agitated. Upon seeing Harry, there appeared to be a supercilious expression upon the Colonel's countenance, while his manner was neither courteous nor conciliatory. It has been already said that young Delorme was naturally impetuous, and that his mother was at once the pride of his heart, and the centre of his affections. The most transient thought that conveyed the least imaginable imputation upon her, would have been to him, at any time, an excitement and an agony, but doubly so at this moment, when he felt that some disagreeable mystery hung over the parent on whom he so fondly doted, which she was evidently anxious to conceal.

Upon observing the cold and scornful smile which curled Mackenzie's lip, as he haughtily motioned to his visitor to be seated, Harry Delorme paused, and fixed his dark eye steadily on his, while every drop of blood rushed from his face, and left it pale as marble. Mackenzie quailed not at the glance, but returned it with a look of still more withering scorn. Young Delorme could no longer control the passion which he had hitherto but imperfectly smothered, and demanded, in no very measured terms, an explanation of what had just occurred to the lady with whom he had been in company.

"What right have you to ask that question?"

"I am her privileged protector," was the reply.

"Her privileged protector!" This was no sooner uttered than Harry, roused by the tone of bitter sarcasm in which it was delivered, paused not a moment, but struck the offender violently in the face. The interview terminated in an agreement to meet on the instant at a convenient spot in the neighbourhood, and settle their dispute at the point of the sword. There was little time for preparation, and as both were greatly excited, no explanation was either demanded or given, and both repaired to the appointed spot, actuated by the most hostile determination. Delorme spoke not a word to the friend who accompanied him, yet the heedless celerity of his progress—the dark flush upon his cheek, and the wild glare of his eye but too plainly indicated his untractable sternness of purpose. His mind was absorbed in the contemplation of what

might be the terrible issue of the encounter. Harry Delorme was an expert swordsman; and, as he had been the person challenged, he had a right to a choice of weapons; but when the parties reached the ground, upon Colonel Mackenzie representing his utter want of skill in the management of the sword, his adversary agreed to decide the matter with a pair of pistols with which the challenger was provided. He knew himself to be a tolerably expert shot; and, therefore, considered that he could not stand much at a disadvantage with his opponent.

The ground was now measured by one of the seconds, while the principals seemed to eye each other with that mute, calm scrutiny, too silent for words, and too terrible for description. Nine paces were at length measured, when the parties took their respective stations. At the word fire, both discharged their pistols, when Colonel Mackenzie fell instantly dead. He did not utter a groan; the ball had entered the right temple, and passed quite through the brain. The moment Harry saw the fatal issue of his rashness, he was overcome with sudden remorse. In an instant all his resentment subsided, his heart melted, tears streamed over his cheeks, and he would have sacrificed anything, but his parent's honour and his own, to have restored the unhappy man who had so wantonly provoked him to the deed of blood. He felt that the rashness of a moment would render him miserable for life, and, moreover, that this rashness had prevented the explanation which he so anxiously sought, and was now only to be obtained from her who alone could make it, but from whom he felt the most invincible

reluctance to seek it. He went home in a state of mind to be conceived only, not described. By this time the evening had set in, and his mother had been somewhat uneasy at his absence. She perceived upon his entrance that he was agitated, but with her usual indifference, however, merely remarked that she had expected him home earlier, then left him to his reflections and his remorse.

The fatal event was, of course, soon known, and it very shortly reached the ears of Mrs. Delorme that her son had killed an officer in a duel. She instantly entered his chamber, where he was seated upon the bed, bathed in tears. There was a slight quiver on her lip, and a hurried movement in her gait as she entered, which struck her son as a thing so unusual with her, that he started from the bed, hurried to her side, and eagerly demanded the cause of her visit.

"Harry," she replied, with that sort of deep deathly calmness which precedes the earthquake, "I hear you have been the principal in a fatal duel."

"Alas, mother, it is but too true!"

"What is the name of the unfortunate man?"

"Colonel Theodore Mackenzie."

At the mention of the well-remembered name, the countenance of Mrs. Delorme became absolutely ghastly—every drop of blood receded from her lips—her eyes fixed upon her son's with an expression of speechless horror, when, after the pause of a few moments, in which the whole mass of his blood seemed frozen in his veins, she exclaimed, in a voice of terrific solemnity—"THEN YOU HAVE MURDERED YOUR FATHER."

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

SHE braided a wreath for her silken hair,
And kindled a smile on her sad, pale face;
For a secret hand had been writing there,
In lines that sorrow alone could trace!

SHE gave a check to the rising sigh,
And sent it again at its source to swell;
While she turned to dash from her tearful eye
A glittering drop, that her tale might tell.

HER foot in the dazzling hall was found
As lightly the maze of the dance to thread,
While, sportive, she moved to the viol's sound,
As if not a hope of her heart had fled!

Yet she wished, ere a rose in her wreath should die,
Or the smile on her lip should cease to play,
Her head on the pillow of death might lie,
And the suffering chords of her heart give way!

BUT she poured no plaint in an earthly ear;
Her soul with its secret griefs went up,
Beseeching her God that he would hear—
Withdraw the bitter, or break the cup!

HER prayer was heard, and the sigh was stilled,
As if in her breast it ne'er had been!
The tear, ere it sprang to her eye, was chilled;
And the lids for ever had locked it in!

I bent o'er her pale and breathless clay,
As it shone in the light, like a frozen flower,
That stands in the air of a winter's day,
Ere a leaf has drooped at the sunbeam's power!

'Twas wrapped in a sweet and holy calm,
That bade each shadow of grief depart!
The spirit had risen to breathe the balm,
Which Gilead sheds for the pure in heart!

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL.

It must be so, poor, fading, mortal thing!
And now we part, thou pallid form of clay;
Thy hold is broke—I can unfurl my wing;
And from the dust the spirit must away!

As thou at night hast thrown thy vesture by,
Tired with the day, to seek thy wonted rest,
Fatigued with time's vain round, 'tis thus that I
Of thee, frail covering, myself divest.

Thou know'st, while journeying in this thorny road,
How oft we've sighed and struggled to be twain;
How I have longed to drop my earthly load,
And thou, to rest thee from thy toil and pain.

Thou, he, who severs our mysterious tie,
Be a kind angel, granting each release;
He'll seal thy quivering lip and sunken eye,
And stamp thy brow with everlasting peace.

When thou hast lost the beauty that I gave,
And life's gay scenes no more will give thee place,
Thou may'st retire within the secret grave,
Where none shall look upon thine altered face.

BUT I am summoned to the eternal throne,
To meet the presence of the King most high;
I go to stand, unshrouded and alone,
Full in the light of God's all-searching eye.

There must the deeds, which we together wrought,
Be all remembered—each a witness made;
The outward action and the secret thought
Before the silent soul must there be weighed.

Lo! I behold the seraph throng descend
To wait me up where love and mercy dwell!
Away, vain fears! the Judge will be my friend;
It is my Father calls—pale clay farewell!

THE TOILET.



▲ WOMAN PINCUSHION.

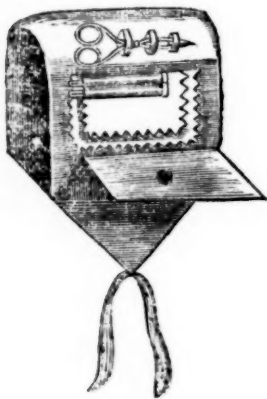
Get a small doll's head and arms, of the material called composition. Make a body and upper parts for the arms, of kid stuffed with bran. Then fasten the head and arms to the body.

Make a coarse linen pincushion, something in the shape of a bee-hive, and stuff it very hard with bran. The bottom or lower extremity must be flat, and covered with thick pasteboard that it may stand firmly. Then cover the whole pincushion with velvet or silk, and dress the doll with body and sleeves of the same, or of white satin. The pincushion represents the skirt, and you must sew it firmly to the body, concealing the join by a sash or belt. You may put a handsome trimming on the skirt.

Make a hat or bonnet for the doll's head, and dress her neck with a scarf or handkerchief.

The pins are to be stuck into the pincushion or skirt at regular distances in little clusters or diamonds of four together, so as to look like spangles.

This pincushion is for a toilet-table.



▲ THREE-SIDED NEEDLE-BOOK.

In making this needle-book, the first thing is to form the pincushion, which is thus constructed. Take

some pasteboard and cut it into three oblong pieces of equal size. They may be about six inches in length, and three in breadth. Cut a small round hole in one of them, and insert in it a socket for a thimble. This socket is sunk in the pincushion, is made of pasteboard, and must exactly fit the thimble, which is to go in with the end downwards.

Cover the three pieces of pasteboard with thick silk, and sew them all together in the form of a prism, or so that the shape of the pincushion will be three-sided. Close one end with a triangular piece of covered pasteboard, and stuff the pincushion hard with wool or bran. Then close up the other end.

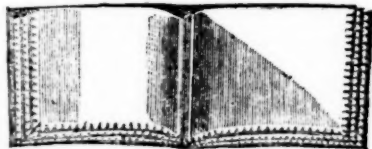
Take a double piece of silk about half a quarter of a yard in length, and the width of the pincushion, to one side of which you must sew it. Sew this silk neatly all round the edge, and finish the other end by bringing it to a point. Inside of this silk, put two cloth flaps for needles, with bodkin-cases run in them. You may, if you choose, add three silk straps, under which can be slipped a pair of small scissors. Put strings to the pointed end of the needle-book, and when you are not using it, keep it rolled round the pincushion, and tied fast.



▲ BASKET RETICULE.

Get a small open-work basket of a circular form, and without handles. Then take a piece of silk about a quarter and half-quarter in depth, and make it into a square bag, leaving it open at the bottom as well as at the top. Gather or plait the bottom of the silk, and putting it down into the basket, sew it all round to the basket-bottom. The silk will thus form a lining for the open sides of the basket.

Run a case for a riband round the top of the bag.



▲ PEN-WIPER.

Take two old playing-cards, and cover them on both sides with silk, sewed neatly over the edges. Then sew the cards together, so as to resemble the cover of a book. To form the leaves of the book, prepare six or eight pieces of Canton crape; double them, and cut them to fit the cover. With a pair of sharp scissors scollop them all round, and then lay them flat and even on the cover, and sew them in with a needle-full of sewing-silk. On these leaves of Canton crape the pens are to be wiped. Black is the best colour.

THE BARBER OF MADRID.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

"Look about you, look about you, Master Slyboots—the bees are up.—*Old Play.*"

Of all the good fellows in the world commend me to Lopez Muros, the little barber of Madrid; many a time and oft has he taken me by the nose (the only person I would ever suffer to do that deed) and amused me so much with his garrulity that I have not felt the raspings of his blunt razor, for his razor is generally blunt, which he ascribes to the bristly nature of the holy fathers' beards of the convent of —, who, of all the men in Madrid's neighbourhood, possess the strongest beards, because he says they love a feast better than a fast. But Lopez overflows with good nature; not a circumstance occurs but he turns it into a joke; he laughs all day, you can never catch a frown upon his face. I once wagered a trifle that I could make him melancholy, so I hired one of the first guitarists in Madrid to play under his window a most pensive strain, while I discoursed to him of love's delight and pain. But what did he? He took down a pair of castanets and danced about his shop so merrily, that a crowd of persons collected round his door, whose cries completely drowned the pensive music of the guitar; thus I lost my wager, and honest Lopez saved his reputation. But Lopez, like most good-natured folks, have their good nature played upon. Spain has its rogues as well as our mother country hers: and Madrid, perhaps, forms as many cheats as London. So many tricks had been practised upon Lopez, that at length he grew cautious; he took a nephew into his house, to assist him in looking after rogues. Now, this young gentleman was an honest well-meaning lad, but soft as his uncle's lather brush; he had a heart tender as the barber's, but a head rather clearer, and not being always dancing and singing, like the barber, he had more time to look into things. Many, the rogues that Master Tomaso has discovered; many, the pickpurses that he has consigned to the hands of justice.

It happened one night, shortly after Lopez Muros, and his nephew, Master Tomaso, had retired to rest, that a low knocking was heard at the door.

"Dost hear that knock, uncle?" whispered Tomaso.

"Ay, truly," replied Lopez; "some poor fellow feels cold without, and is rubbing himself against the shutters to warm himself."

"No, uncle," rejoined Master Tomaso, "the knocks are repeated louder; and methinks I hear the voice of Nicholas Garcia who promised to bring to you—"

"Hush, hush," cried the barber leaping out of his bed, "were it known that I afford myself strong brandy, I might lose my customers. It may be Master Nicholas—and so, open the door, Tomaso, and be careful of rogues."

Master Tomaso did open the door, expecting there to find young Nicholas, the water-carrier, but he was mistaken; a tall man in a large black velvet coat and a red collar stood before him. "Santa Maria!" cried the stranger. "Let me come in."—"Nay," quoth Tomaso, planting his foot in a manner so as to prevent the stranger's entrance. "You come not within the door posts without a lawful passport."—"It is here," murmured the stranger, throwing open his large black cloak when Tomaso started back, for there appeared a beautiful young girl clad in costly attire, with a diadem upon her head, and her soft blue eye glanced upon the youth so imploringly that he was bereft of speech, and not knowing what to do, he suffered the

strangers to enter the shop, and the man in the black cloak to close and bar the door.

"What is all that?" cried Lopez from the inner chamber. "The voice of Lopez Muros!" cried the stranger. "I know it. Master Tomaso by your leave." With a courtly bend, the stranger and his charge progressed into the inner room, leaving Tomaso in astonishment, and also in darkness, for the stranger carried away the lamp. He was roused from his trance by the voice of his uncle calling from within: he, therefore, followed the strangers, and found that the man had taken his seat at the bed-foot of his uncle.

"Lopez," said the stranger, with an air of great mystery, "we know thee for a good man and true. At once, therefore, I reveal to thee a most important secret. There is no need of asking oaths from such a man. We have heard of you, and caused you to be watched for months past. The result is, our cordial approval. Lopez, thou art a man chosen from all Madrid to be entrusted with a great charge."

"Pray, pray, what may this be?" cried the barber, who, from his horizontal position, had by degrees arose until he sat bolt upright in his bed, looking unutterable things.

"You have been heard more than once, Lopez, to express your hatred of the traitor Miguel —"

"Ay, truly, and I say it again, I should like to be his executioner."

"You love the young Queen, then?"

"Ay, Santa Maria, bless and prosper her!"

"Behold, then, the Queen of Portugal!" cried the stranger, again unfolding his cloak. There appeared the fair girl, standing in an attitude of majesty. The stranger fell upon his knee before her, and Lopez would have leaped from his bed to offer the same respect, even in his night garments, had not Master Tomaso cunningly contrived to throw the blanket around him. Then the three masculines knelt at the feet of the young Queen, whose hand was graciously extended to them to kiss.

Lopez could scarcely contain himself for joy; he leaped, he danced, he sang, and played divers vagaries; sometimes kneeling at the young Queen's feet, and at other times dancing about her, and singing loyal songs, until the man in the black cloak felt himself bound to call him to order, and attend to business. "You see," said he to the barber, "the confidence which the constitutionalists repose in you. The presence of Donna Maria in Spain, at this critical moment, may have the effect of enlisting all hearts in her service, and securing to her a triumphant entry into Lisbon, where the traitor still holds out. Our proceedings must be very carefully concealed, for if a breath of her most faithful Majesty being here should get abroad, ruin will surely overwhelm us."

"O! my Lord," cried Lopez, quite overcome with loyalty, and the presence of such great people, in his small bed-chamber—"O! my Lord, for that you are a lord, your bearing and your guardianship of the young Queen proclaim you, implicit confidence may be placed in the poor barber of Madrid."

"Not the poor barber," rejoined the man in the black cloak, with a smile, "for, unless report be a false-tongued jade, your razor has cropped a golden harvest."

"O! my Lord," simpered Lopez, "I do confess I

have picked a trifle from the chins of my customers, who, thanks be to my good angels, are not a few."

"Well, well, honest Lopez," continued the stranger, for mark you, a lord always calls an inferior "honest," and here the epithet was not misapplied. "Well, well, honest Lopez: the morning will soon break, and I must be gone to the rendezvous of the Constitutionalists. You will accommodate her Most Faithful Majesty?"

"Verily, on my soul," cried the barber with the fervour of a hero.

"Thanks," generous Lopez, thanks," cried the young Queen, moved even to tears by the loyalty of the barber; "believe me," and she pressed his hand within her own; "believe me, should my cause triumph, I will not be ungrateful."

Master Tomaso, who had been sitting in a dark corner, in a pleasing though melancholy reverie, at this moment blubbered aloud.

"Poor youth!" hisped the young Queen, "how affectionate! Truly, have I fallen into good hands this night."

"Have you any apartment wherein her Majesty can be safely concealed?" inquired the stranger.

"Why," said the barber, after a little hesitation, "this back room is seldom entered by strangers."

"But—," rejoined the cloaked man.

"But—," interrupted Master Tomaso, who had revived and come forward upon hearing himself called "affectionate" by the young Queen. "But, uncle, there is the lumber room above—"

"Ay," cried the stranger, "the lumber room above all others."

"But the dirt, and dust, and old things—"

"Will all favour my concealment," replied the young Queen; and, besides, in the lumber room I shall not be at all in your way."

"Except," continued the stranger, in a laughing tone, when honest Lopez goes up to add a little to his golden heap."

"A—h!" exclaimed the barber. "Your lordship is remarkably good at a guess. Her Most Faithful Majesty, if she so please, shall there abide."

"And I, my lord," hisped Master Tomaso, "shall feel proud to serve so beautiful and good a lady."

"O! you are very generous," replied the Queen.

"Your Majesty will now excuse my attendance," said the man in the cloak, and falling upon his knee, her Majesty extended her royal hand, which the stranger enjoyed the honour of kissing, and then he arose to depart.

As Lopez was bowing him to the door, he politely requested if he might presume to inquire his name. "It shall be told to thee in good time," replied the stranger, "but in the meanwhile, hear and see, but say nothing. It may be that some of our friends will have occasion to call upon the Queen while she is abiding with thee. They will ask for 'Madame Julia,' and the pass word, which you must inquire of them, will be '*San Josef*.'" Thus saying, the stranger folded his cloak about him, and departed.

When Lopez, the barber, returned to his dormitory, he found his nephew down upon both his knees, ever and anon imprinting kisses upon the hand of the young Queen, which she had playfully extended to him, seeming to enjoy his enthusiasm.

"Rise up, for shame, Tomaso!" cried the barber, indignantly, "nor presume to take this liberty with our royal guest."

"Nay, be not angry, good Lopez, with the youth," replied the Queen, with a smile that made the barber's heart glad. "I admire this unsophisticated display of feeling. It shall not be forgotten when I am seated on my throne in Lisbon."

The talk of a throne in Lisbon had well nigh driven Master Tomaso quite out of his senses; he could not speak, so he let his tears answer for him, and as he

could not find his handkerchief, the young Queen lent him hers.

Morning at length approached, and Master Tomaso and the barber went up stairs to prepare the place for their illustrious guest. "Tomaso," cried the barber, drawing his nephew's ear towards his own mouth, thou knowest that in your chest I keep the hard-earned savings of my life." "I do, good uncle," quoth the lad.

"Well, Santa Maria bless the good young Queen! But it may be that some of her followers, who it seems are coming here, are out at elbows rather, and may not scruple to open a chest if they think a new cloak or the means of getting it are to be found there."

"True, good uncle," responded Tomaso, as in duty bound.

"Therefore, Tomaso, notwithstanding that I have already taken great precautions, we will place the bed of her most Faithful Majesty upon the top of it."

"A wise thought, good uncle," cried the lad, and, accordingly, the bed was hoisted upon the top of the chest; the room was made as tidy as possible, the young Queen introduced into her apartment, and Lopez opened his shop.

Throughout the first day no one came to inquire for Madame Julia: the stranger in the black cloak returned at night; but he stayed only a few minutes with the royal lady, and when he came down stairs, he pressed the hand of Lopez, but said nothing, and departed.

On the following day, when Master Tomaso carried up the Queen's dinner, she seemed disposed to have a little chat with him, so she desired him to take a seat; he did so, quite pleased with the royal condescension. First the young couple talked of this thing, and then of that, the Queen was very communicative, revealed some important state secrets, and expressed her royal pleasure respecting the various high offices she would have to bestow upon the deserving. "And," she continued, "such generous men as my protector and his amiable nephew, I must have also near me. You must prevail upon your uncle to shut up shop, Tomaso, and come and live in Portugal."

"May it please your Majesty," replied Tomaso, "my uncle *has*, at present, thoughts of shutting up his shop, for he grows old, and has already saved some money."

"I know it all, good Tomaso," said the Queen, smiling as she spoke, "and, also, that I am now sitting in the midst of his treasures."

"Not exactly at present," replied Tomaso, his eye brightening as he imagined he was giving birth to a spark of wit. "Not exactly at present, you are rather in the midst of them at night."

"At night!" said the Queen, laughing. "O, then, he withdraws it at morning from this room."

"O, no, no, bless your soul," quoth Tomaso, "he always keeps it in that chest."

"That chest!" exclaimed the Queen, laughing immoderately, "who would have thought that I had been sleeping upon the wealth of Lopez Muros!"

The Queen laughed immoderately at the idea, and so did Master Tomaso; they laughed so loud indeed, that Lopez, fearing some of his customers might overhear them and discover the fugitive, called to his nephew to come down. Tomaso, like a dutiful youth as he was, obeyed his uncle's summons, and descended from an agreeable conversation with the young Queen, to mix up lather for the barber.

Shortly afterwards a short man, muffled in a black cloak, with his hat slouched over his face, entered the shop and inquired in a whisper, "Friend, can't tell me whereabouts lives one Madame Julia?" "Madame Julia, did'at say?" inquired Lopez—"Ay, friend, '*San Josef*.'"—"Will you please to walk up stairs?"—The new stranger remained above for nearly half an hour, when he came down he stalked majestically through

the shop, and departed. Lopez was shaving an old wily friar at the time, who inquired of him who that stranger was. "A relation of my departed wife's good father," sighed Lopez. "I should have thought, had you not told me to the contrary, it had been the reprobate son of Carlos Manuel, the doublet maker." "O no, good father," replied Lopez with a smile, "that would have been a bad guess, indeed."

Within another hour, another stranger came, gave the password, and was admitted. His stay was short; when he came down stairs he accosted Tomaso, and said, pointing with his finger, "Go up," and left the house. Tomaso went up stairs, and when he came down again, he ran to his uncle, and cried, "O Lopez, Lopez, the newest of the new strangers has left with the Queen such a great purse filled with gold pieces!" "With gold pieces, sayest thou nephew?" exclaimed the wondering barber. "Yes," quoth Tomaso; "and the royal lady told me, as a secret, that it was to reward your kindness with, when she leaves us. Is she not a brave lady?" "A right-royal one," replied the barber, dancing with glee. "And what do you think?" quoth Tomaso. "I know not," replied the enraptured barber. The young Queen's father is coming to our house this very night!" "No!" cried Lopez. "Yea!" cried Tomaso; "the last stranger brought the intelligence; Don Pedro is coming hither to take a last farewell of his dear child, before the meditated attack upon Lisbon, which he is to subdue, or die upon the field!" "O what a father!" murmured Lopez. "And O! what a child!" responded Master Tomaso. "Her most faithful Majesty did me the honour to call me up that I might share her joy, for, it seems, Don Pedro is of such a retiring disposition that he will be seen by none but his immediate friends." "Right child," interrupted the barber, "your great men are ever cautious." "And, therefore," continued Tomaso "she bade me request of you the key of the front door, that her Royal Father may have entrance and egress unseen by us." "Take the key to her most faithful Majesty immediately," quoth the barber, and Tomaso forthwith deposited the key in the hands of the young Queen.

That night the old stranger in the black cloak remained but for a few moments with the Queen. When he came down, he conversed familiarly with Lopez and his nephew; informed them that he was about to carry the key to Don Pedro, who was rapidly drawing near to Madrid, and cautioned them, as they dreaded the Emperor's displeasure, not to move from

their beds if they heard that Royal individual entering. He then went on his way. By and by Lopez shut up his shop, said his prayers, and laid himself down on his bed. Master Tomaso followed his example.

Some time after midnight, Lopez, the barber, was awakened by a strange noise in his shop; he nudged his nephew; the latter opened his eyes, and cried, "What now, uncle?" "Silence, you fool!" exclaimed the barber, "the Emperor's come!" The noise increased, and Lopez heard whispers and confusion in his shop, "My fortune's made!" he cried. "It was a very big purse," rejoined Tomaso. At that moment, a box of razors was upset, and made a terrible clatter. "What can they be about?" whispered Tomaso. "I think I hear the Queen's voice," replied the barber, "I should like to have a peep," said the youth. "So should I," said the barber. And, accordingly, they stepped out of bed, and applied their eyes to two crevices. "Can you see any thing," inquired Lopez. "Yes, I see the Queen," replied his nephew. "What is she about?" "Dancing." "Dancing!" "Yes, and rubbing her hands, in high glee." "I see now," said Lopez, "and Santa Maria, if there is not the good-for-naught son of Carlos Manuel, the doublet maker!" "Yes, uncle, and there's that horrible fellow Sancho Perez, the house-breaker." "And see they are taking down all the articles in my shop and thrusting them into a sack." "St. Gyo forgive me," cried Master Tomaso, "but I think we have fallen into the hands of thieves!" "Thieves!" echoed the barber. "Thieves! I see it all—let's raise an alarm!" "Why the door is fastened. Thieves! Thieves!"—The barber shouted, and his nephew shouted. The Queen of Portugal, with her illustrious father and his gang, decamped immediately, and before assistance came, the barber's shop was as quiet and almost as empty as a desert.

When the neighbours came in, a search was made, but not a thief was to be found; Lopez went up stairs, there was the money-chest wide open, and when they that went up with him found that the chest was empty, and heard how he had been tricked by the "Queen of Portugal," their laughter shook the roof. The thieves were pursued, but they escaped with their booty, such as it was, for Lopez, the barber, was a cunning fellow, and, apprehensive of fraud, he had a false bottom made to his chest, beneath which his gold lay hidden, and above it, nothing but thick canvas bags of lead, sealed up carefully, and they were all that the "Queen of Portugal" and her gang got by their trick.

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore, do we laugh, or weep!
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we loose: and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie,
O Life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die!"

SONG.

You ask me why my lips are mute
When you are by my side—
I fear to trust my words upon
My heart's wild rushing tide,
For it would cast them at thy feet,
Reckless of all, save thee, my sweet!

And then you'd know how you were loved,
How deeply, and how well!
The thought that burns upon your name
Those words of mine would tell—
The thrill of joy when you are nigh,
And, when you're far, my lone heart's sigh.

To cherish every look of yours,
Each word again repeat,
To hear your accent—see your form
In mem'ry—'tis not meet
The weakness of the heart to tell
To one who—never can love me so well!

Original.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

A clear September moon, rolling high in a serene sky of the purest azure, shed a flood of light upon a sweet sequestered Green Mountain Village. It consisted of two or three irregular streets, situated in a basin formed by high conical and fantastically shaped mountains, jutting into each other. A noisy, sparkling river, foaming and tossing over an irregular bed of rocks, and winding about in all sorts of fanciful turnings, ran through the village. Several light bridges were thrown across this stream, which added much to the beauty of the scene.

The summits of the mountains and the deep evergreens upon their irregular slopes, were tinged with the bright radiance of the queen of night. Magnificent elms, the pride of New England, threw the shadows of their gigantic arms across the principal streets. A light breeze, the harbinger of the coming autumn, gently moved the leaves, and imparted a balmy and delicious freshness to the evening.

Near the centre of one of these rustic bridges, stood a young couple apparently in deep meditation. At last the gentleman, recovering from his abstraction, turned to the young lady, and said, in a tone of great sadness,

"Is it possible, my dear Mary, that your father can really entertain so strange, so useless a prejudice?—How many instances have I observed where persons have suffered reverses of fortune, and have again rendered themselves independent."

"It is but too truly the case," said she, "and no arguments will have any weight with him. To attempt to convince him, is as useless as preaching to the winds."

They passed slowly and dependingly across the bridge, and entered a retired path, shaded by several large elms.

"And if I go to the west and retrieve my fortune," said he, "think you that he will then consent to our marriage?"

"He never will consent, William; he has the most unconquerable antipathy to broken merchants, as he calls them. My mother is even more obstinate than my father, and keeps his feelings alive by her ungenerous remarks and insinuations."

"Strange obstinacy and infatuation!" said he; and musing for some time, then turning to the young lady, "Mary," said he, "you solemnly promise to be mine whenever I come to claim you, which will be as soon as I am able to support you."

"I solemnly promise," said she, "and I also declare, that I will be married only in my father's house!"

"Dear girl," said he, folding her to his bosom, "I shall leave this place, between twelve and one to-night, in the mail-stage. I shall go to the west—probably to Cincinnati—my arrangements are all made. I shall write to you, under cover to Charles D—, who I believe will be a faithful friend."

Overcome with surprise, she fell upon his bosom; and some moments elapsed ere she seemed conscious of the presence of her lover.

"Do not distress yourself," said he; "all will yet be well—let us trust in Him who directs all things."—He then uncovered his head and raised his eyes to Heaven with a look of confidence. They turned, and passing quickly across the bridge and into one of the principal streets, separated near an ancient and respectable mansion.

* * * * *

"All ready ma'am—all ready gentlemen?"

"Is my trunk safe, driver?—let me look at it."

"All safe ma'am—will you step in?" said the driver, holding the door open for me.

"Now hand me the cage."

"Here it is ma'am—perhaps you can hang it up in the coach, so that you need not be troubled with it."

"Thank you, driver! I think I can manage it very well."

"Shall I assist you, madam," said a person at my elbow, whom in my hurry and confusion I had not before noticed.

"Thank you, sir—if you will hold my bird-cage until I have adjusted my cloak."

"That will do—much obliged to you, sir," said I, reaching out my hand for the cage; and for the first time regarding the person who had addressed me.

"A pair of fine Canaries you have there, madam," said he, as he returned the cage to me.

"Yes sir, and I prize them the more highly because they were presented to me by a friend."

I had now leisure to survey my companion. He appeared to be under thirty years of age—was tall and finely formed—his countenance was noble and serious, with a great mixture of sweetness; and his air and manners were decidedly of that independent character which marks the American gentleman. In half an hour, I felt myself perfectly at ease with him; and as the coach flew rapidly along, we were soon earnestly engaged in an interesting conversation. I soon learned that he had been a traveller in our own country; and he described, in glowing colours, the far West, the illimitable, the boundless West, with its magnificent prairies and noble rivers; he spoke of the enterprize and energy of the inhabitants; of the towns and villages rising, like fairy fabrics, almost in a day.

It was one of the finest days of our beautiful June. All nature was laden with sweets, and our senses were often regaled with the perfume of thousands of flowers. Our rout was upon the bank of a noisy, brawling river, and seemed to ascend, gradually, as we plunged into the ravines and paths of the Green Mountains. These mountains, which seem in some places to touch the clouds, and of whose height we can form no possible conception, so astonished are we at their grandeur and magnificence, are mostly clothed to their very summits, with beautiful pines, intermixed with other forest trees, and their tender and varied tints contrast finely with the dark and sombre green of the pine. We continued to follow the windings of the pure and sparkling river that seemed to gamble along, smiling at the sun-beams, and receiving, gladly, into its bosom a thousand little rills that throw themselves from the rocky heights on each side. In the space of fourteen or fifteen miles, we crossed and recrossed the river as many times upon little rustic bridges thrown across it; and as we plunged further and further into the forests, the scenery became more wild and savage. In some instances we found that the wood-cutter had been busy in these sequestered regions; and the bald green summits of those hills which had been despoiled of their magnificent attire, seemed to lament that the hand of the destroyer had come among them.—Now and then a little valley opened before us, where the hardy and industrious yeoman had located himself. Here he had erected a small dwelling and barn; his meadow was covered with a green and lively verdure, and near the base of the mountain lay his fields, almost ready for the sickle. At length we began to ascend a steep mountain, and the river, in size now a mere brook, was no more to be seen. After a toilsome

ascent, we gained the summit, and our driver stopping to rest his wearied animals, said, "We are upon the top of the mountain; we shall go down easily upon the other side." And we did, indeed, descend most rapidly, for we soon came in sight of villages and plains and cultivated fields. And as the last rays of the sun gilded the summits of the western hills, we were set down at a comfortable and respectable hotel in the village of R—. My companion supped with me, and as we found that we should no longer travel together, our places of destination being widely apart, we bade each other adieu—first, however, exchanging cards. When he put his card into my hand, he said, very emphatically, "You will probably hear of me again, madam." On casting my eyes upon the card, I saw the address was "William Jones, merchant, Cincinnati."

"Julia, my dear, will you give me that bundle?—that must go in—now pray help me to stow these things down more closely.—What! crying, dear Julia?—you laugh and weep at the same time."

"I cannot help it, sister Mary," said the other; at the same time throwing her arms about the neck of her sister. "I laughed a few minutes ago to think how astonished our good mother will be to-morrow morning. And do you really think you shall be married to-morrow morning? and do you really suppose William Jones will be here?—I cannot part with you—how lonely I shall be!—and there is no wedding cake. What a queer wedding it will be!—and father and mother to know nothing about it until he arrives with the minister!"

"I cannot help it," said Mary, kissing her sister very affectionately. "You know they will never consent to our marriage. I will not jump out of the window, and I have resolved to be married in this house. Do not be so sorrowful, little mad-cap; you shall come to Cincinnati and see me. Come, look up, and smile as you used to."

"I shall never smile again—you will never call me mad-cap any more," said Julia. "What a naughty girl I have been to you, when I used to tease you and William Jones!—will you ever forgive me?"

"You have done nothing that requires forgiveness; do not look so woe-begone. I should think you had lost your best friend."

"And so I shall when you are gone," sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Come," said Mary, "undress yourself and go to bed, and I will do the same; I shall have time enough in the morning to finish my packing."

The sisters went to bed, but they conversed a long time, and concerted plans for the future, until weariness and sleep overcame them.

With the first dawn of morning, Mary arose and was bustling about her chamber. Poor Julia! Alas, how sorrowful was she when she was fully awakened, and recollected that this was the morning of her sister's marriage. She dressed herself without speaking a single word; and then trying to compose herself, began to assist in the business of packing the trunks; although ever and anon a tear would find its way down her cheek.

"I will leave those things in my drawer for you," said Mary; "they will put you in mind of me once in a while."

"I shall not need them to remember you," said Julia, weeping bitterly.

At this moment a domestic tapped at the door, and handed a note to Mary.

"Is it from William?" said Julia, as her sister opened it.

"It is," replied she, turning pale and red alternately, "and I must hasten—the stage will go out at eight o'clock. I must put on my riding-dress instantly—

there is no time to be lost;—my trunks are all ready—there, that will do. Now let us go down to breakfast."

"I shall not go down," said Julia.

Mary went down and seated herself at the breakfast table with her parents.

"You are unusually dressed this morning," said Mrs. H—, very coldly, as she handed her a cup of coffee. "Do you expect to take a journey?"

"Perhaps I may," replied Mary, swallowing her breakfast as hastily as possible.

They were soon interrupted by a loud rap at the door. Mary started, and became pale and red again, as her lover entered, accompanied by a clergyman.—Mr. and Mrs. H— gazed with astonishment, and saluted them with the most freezing civility.

"My good young lady," said the clergyman, advancing and taking her hand with an air of the greatest benevolence, "I regret that you are compelled to leave your parents under such circumstances, and that nothing will reconcile them to your marriage. But we have no time to lose."

William had already taken his place by his bride; and the good clergyman, raising his hands, began an invocation to Heaven. The parents were struck dumb with amazement, and stood silent spectators of the scene before them. Julia slid softly in, and stood by her sister, striving in vain to suppress her sobs. The rattling of the stage was soon heard; and scarcely had the clergyman concluded the ceremony, when it drew up at the door. The baggage was soon brought down and put upon the stage. "Good bye all," said Mary, as William led her out. Julia clung to her to the last moment. "The blessing of Heaven attend you, my young friends," said the good clergyman, as he shook hands with them after they were seated. "All ready," said the driver, scrambling into his seat, and gathering up the reins; and they were out of sight in a moment. A. L. C.

GHOSTS.

THERE is a curious case related of a man who was a well-known character, and a man of sense, where it was said he used to see a number of people in the room with him. Now, he himself has described the whole of the phenomenon, and all the adjuncts to it. He has said, after taking a cup of coffee, or tea, or so on, they came into his room in great numbers; and as he got better, and less nervous, he has only seen the arms or legs of the persons, without seeing any other part of them. Now, this is all an irregular action of the retina of the eyes. A gentleman sitting in his library one day, reading or writing, on turning round his head, saw, sitting in a chair, a woman in a red cloak. And he said, how came you in here, good woman? The woman said nothing. What is the meaning of your being here, woman? No answer was made. You have no right to be here; go out of the room. She took no notice of him. He got up and rang the bell for the servant. The servant came in. Turn this woman out. What woman, sir? Why, the woman in a red cloak. There's no woman, nor any red cloak, sir. Well, go and fetch the doctor for me; tell him I am ill, and wish to speak to him. The man, however, was not to be frightened by this, because he knew it was a delusion of his sight. Now, I have had it so often, that it has been a matter rather of amusement to me, than any thing else. I have stood before a glass, and seen the upper part of my head and eyes, and nose very distinctly; but I never saw that I had any mouth or jaw; and I have seen my shoulders very well, but all was blank between my nose and shoulders. Why, now I say, what can you make of this, but that it is errors of action, or inactivity in parts of the retina?

TRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN.

There certainly is as much caprice, affectation, genius, party-spirit, and self-will in the present female race, as ever distinguished it; but somehow or other 'tis not so amusing. The essence has become less subtle and refined, or else my wearied taste is grown fastidious. Reader, you shall judge and profit if you please, by some examples displayed to an admiring world in my earlier youth.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LONDONDERRYS.—There is something in this name which provokes to folly; Emily, the wife of Castlereagh, was known to possess a strong mind, a cold proud temper, and vast influence over the Tory minister; yet all these attributes could not prevent occasional displays of littleness and caprice, worthy of Emily the second. One evening in the spring of 1820, I was invited to her box at the opera; a dinner engagement detained me until very late. When I entered, the box was crowded, a regular *lee* between the opera and ballet; I am very near-sighted, but the figure of the Marchioness was too *prononce* ever to be mistaken; it now met my view, to all appearance, clad in a flannel dressing-gown, and a night-cap! Yes, that form which used to expand with the consciousness of jewelled splendour. I raised my glass, I pressed my brow, I thought Lord Sefton's claret must be too potent! No, the thing was real.—Sir G—, who was at the back of the box, laughed heartily at my astonishment. How do you approve, said he, in a malicious loud whisper? I like it vastly, and recollect 'tis for the public good—she has long wished to abolish the *gene* of full dress on the Tuesday nights; and, knowing that example is better than precept, gives to the admiring world one sufficiently impressive." "But surely she could not have sat at dinner in that dress?" "Of course not, though if you observe, the cap is Mechlin lace, and the gown some rich material." "May be so," I replied, "but it looks exactly like flannel." "Ah my dear **," exclaimed my friend, "when you are married, one year's experience in French milliner's bills, will teach you all the difference."

THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE.—The errors and misfortunes of this unhappy lady were chiefly owing to a recklessness of speech and manner, which even in the early spring time of her innocent youth, remarkably distinguished her. Such anxiety did it cause her royal parents, that when (with my father, whose mission I attended) I visited the court of Brunswick, her Royal Highness was then just nineteen—a penance was imposed by the Duchess, worthy the Monastery of La Trappe. Each day the princess appeared at dinner, attended by a lady of the court, who sat beside her, and in a whisper, inquired which dish her Royal Highness preferred, and she was served accordingly. No other accent ever was heard between them, and before the Duchess withdrew, the Princess rose, curtisied, and retired with her mute attendant. To an inquisitive lad of sixteen, this farce, daily repeated, became the subject of great curiosity; my father, however, was too good a courtier to enlighten me; but in after life, when circumstances brought me very frequently into the Princess of Wales's presence, I remembered, and respected her mother's caution. One day, in particular, I will instance; an amiable and near relative of the Prince of Wales had been expressing his sympathy and indignation at some very marked neglect which had just been paraded before the public, and thus rendered more painful to endure; the illustrious individual comforted her Royal Highness with the reflection that a day would come when, if she followed Lord Thurlow's advice, no power or prejudice

could prevent her taking her station as Queen: the subject (in itself replete with anxious interest) appeared still more affecting, from the manly pity and grief expressed in her cause, when the Princess assuming an air of jovial pleasantry, laughed very loudly, and replied, "No, no, he will be Archbishop of Canterbury, and I plain Mrs. Manners Sutton." The wit of this answer, could hardly redeem its imprudence.

THE LATE COUNTESS DE GREY.—This venerable woman, whose wealth and honours, are now united to youth and love and beauty, possessed together with a masculine mind, and rough exterior of person, some traits of character truly amusing, for their childish and innocent simplicity. The splendid collection of family pictures, had probably inspired a love of the Fine Arts, of which her ladyship was a liberal patron: two rooms were dedicated to the modern effusions she had purchased (principally at the British Gallery) in my life, I never saw such a collection of daubs—blue, red, and yellow, revelling in mad confusion. I could not help remarking their "varied properties of evil," when instead of resenting the criticism, she seemed quite flattered and pleased. "Yes," said she, "I make a point of selecting all the worst pictures, because nobody else would buy them, and it is a duty in persons of my fortune, to encourage rising merit." Perhaps as Lord Fordwich is like his mamma, fond of money, he may dispose of the collection advantageously to King Leopold, at Brussels.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.—No modern character has ever been so useful to the novelists of our day, as her ladyship, and accordingly there are few productions (from D'Israeli, down to Mrs. G—) in which she has not figured: the ebullitions of a naturally excited mind, under the influence of *Æther* and *Laudanum*, produce strong features, easy to be caught, like the Duke of Wellington's profile, by any artist; but those who watched the workings of her mind, and traced the gradual and unhappy process of its decay, can best appreciate the traits of mingled shrewdness and simplicity which, in fact, produced that *bizarre* caprice, so amusing to persons who were not often bound to endure it. A thousand instances crowd my recollection, but one will suffice. It was on a fine summer's evening, just after her ladyship had carried the Westminster election for her brother-in-law, (Mr. George Lamb) that she went to take her favourite recreation of riding. The carriage followed as usual in case she should feel suddenly fatigued. In returning through Hackney, she dismounted, entered the landau, and ordered the coachman to drive very fast: as the high-bred horses dashed on, numbers of idle inhabitants flocked to their humble doors to gaze upon it. Lady Caroline was not aware what part of the dusty suburb she was passing, when, running almost under the carriage wheels, she beheld a lovely child, a boy about four or five years old; she pulled the check-string, she called and called in vain, the man only drove on faster, and actually reached Melbourne House without relaxing his speed. Lady Caroline's wrath blazed high; and instantly she commanded him to drive back to Islington, and thence at a foot pace through Hackney, that she might discover the child she had resolved to make her page.—Vainly she endeavoured to recollect the precise spot where she had seen him—vainly was every man, woman, and child interrogated; no such lovely being was known there. The footmen (to whom the name of PAGE was a watch-word of terror, so numerous had these imps of mischief been,) declared their belief that the child belonged to trampers, who were passing along the road. "No matter," cried Lady Caroline,

"I will adopt him still; hear good people! come round the carriage and hear me—ten guineas reward I will bestow on any one who finds that child and brings him safe to Melbourne House; ten guineas remember." Then, after a minute detail of features, hair, complexion, &c, the noble cavalcade again turned homeward.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, before Lady Caroline had left her room, the page in waiting announced his rival's approach, Lady Caroline rushed down stairs, to embrace her lovely *protege*. A woman presented him, claiming the reward, and assuring her ladyship it was dearly earned by ten miles' walk on the North road, and a most desperate resistance on the part of the women who, no doubt, had decoyed the lovely child from his parents. Lady Caroline's liquid, but piercing eye, meanwhile fixed on the woman a glance of equivocal meaning—playful, spiteful, triumphant. "Come to my dressing-room," said she; the woman followed, leading up the child. Lady Caroline took ten guineas from her cabinet; the woman held out an impatient hand, and received—not the gold, but a blow that almost felled her to the ground. "Wretch! deceiver!! mean and cunning one!!" exclaimed the indignant patroness, the child is yours—your own—deny it not; think not the wicked artifice prevails, or that the child of deceit shall be nestled in my heart; go—and remember, the reward I offered was to those who found, and not who brought the child." Throwing open the window, she flung the ten guineas into the court-yard, waited until it had been scrambled for and won, and then pushed mother and child down stairs. "There, William," she said, as soon as breath permitted, (Mr. Lamb was reading a volume of Moliere's plays in a corner of the room, and never, during the scene of real life, had once raised his eyes from the book) "there; now confess that I make feeling yield to duty." "Lady Caroline, pray shut the window," was all the stoic answered; but he locked up the cabinet, and *took away the key*.

LADY MORGAN, THE AUTHORESS.—This lady's vanity has long been proverbial; her marriage with a low-born, vulgar man, has latterly separated her from English society. In Ireland she reigns the head of a declining party; but at the period I allude to, the year 1812, she was much *feted* and courted for vivacious talent. The Dowager Lady S—n had invited the fair novelist to join her party at the sea-side, and I happened to be staying at the place they selected, with my friend Colonel Colville; during the month of August, Louis 18th and the other French princes, came round from Dover for a few days; as I recollect they were making a progress amongst our nobility and then on a visit at Walmer Castle) one morning, whilst strolling along the beach, I encountered Miss Owenston and the Dowager, and a few moments after the Royal brothers. "The Wild Irish Girl," prided herself on a pure Parisian accent, and poured into the patient ears of Louis a torrent of figurative compliments; I tried to abridge the scene, and at last drew her off; but presently, with a start of horror she exclaimed, "What have I done? should I not have addressed this Majesty as *Sire*?"—"Undoubtedly."—"Tis not too late; I will return and rectify my error."

"Madame!" I exclaimed, shocked at the flagrant breach at etiquette, "surely you will not intrude on his Majesty's attention!"—"Intrude?" rejoined the indignant little Muse. "I never can intrude, my Lord;" and darting from my side, her yellow train (a train she always wore) all dragging in salt water, her green hat and feathers fighting on the inspired head, panting and soliloquising, she reached the King, and thus addressed him:—"Sire! pardon, I implore you, the omission, which must have been so extremely

painful to your Royal feelings. Accept the tribute now, and remember, Sire, in me, the Genius of Ireland does homage." This is a literal translation of what was uttered in *Morgan French*—a dialect peculiar to itself. The visage of Louis was worth sketching, whilst he beheld and listened. Lady Morgan has, since, quarrelled with Kings. Nevertheless, there is something vastly beneficial to her nerves, in the air of a Court. She has been lately refreshing at Brussels. The *Examiner*, a short time since, informs us, that "Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, dined with their Majesties, previously to their departure for England." How did her Ladyship address King Leopold? Probably in these words:—"Sire! Pardon the conduct of my spouse at table; it must have been revolting to your Royal feelings. He sends these pills, and when you take them, remember, Sire, it is the quack of Dublin who prescribes."

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.—*Intriquante* has been a term unjustly applied to the character of this northern Semiramis; the definition cheats nature of the honour due to one of her most curious productions, apparently created to convince the world of the infinite power of *edition*. Wondrous indeed was the strength displayed by that ungoverned, and unmanageable will. With a grant's trend it crushed all obstacles within its path, whether moral or conventional. Neither mind or body required rest—both were alike provided with iron muscles, and rough work they made among the sons and daughters of humanity. I remember, when first I came from Eton, (and Etonians are no cowards,) she dined at my father's house; the next day I complained of violent head-ache.

"You made too free with the claret, George," said he.

"Oh, no!" I cried, burying my throbbing temples in the soft velvet cushions of the drawing-room sofa.—"No, it was the Duchess of Gordon's laugh."

"Ah," said my father, "you will get used to that." But I never did, nor ever heard her speak, without thinking, what a wife she would have been for *Polypheme*! The world, content to be amused by her caprice, forgave the tyranny which produced it. She loved to come in contact with feeble spirits, and mock their useless efforts, if they attempted either to imitate or contend with her.

Sheridan the nearest approached her Grace; but even he was left at an immense distance. In reckless resolution he might, at first, keep pace, but soon lost ground, and had to scramble on some other way. The duchess never paused: nor love, nor hate, nor earth, nor sea, could stop her. In difficulties where Sheridan finessed, her superior effrontery defied—he slipped through his creditors' hands, she drove up in the ducal carriage, and threatened them: the victims cursed the patriot M. P—, but bowed to the dust, and begged her Grace's mercy. One instance—(and I know of a hundred to match it)—she loved to boast of in her latter days. Curious as the anomaly may appear—how, or when, so gentle a fancy found place in the rugged soil—the duchess was passionately fond of flowers; (her son inherits the taste, and may be seen many a spring morning in Covent Garden market, selecting two shilling bouquets, for the old Tory ladies he expects to meet at the Queen's party in the evening;) her Grace patronized C—, and in three seasons the account had grown with hot-house rapidity, to above six hundred pounds; the florist became clamorous for payment, and choosing the eye of a grand *fete*, sent in his bill again, and stopped the supplies; this was just such a predicament as the duchess delighted in—she chuckled with peculiar triumph, when the *maitre d'hotel* ventured so far to understand the affair, as to suggest *artificial flowers*: before ten the next morning, she was in the King's Road; C— came out looking very grave and important.

"You have had the assurance to plague me about your trumpety bill," said the duchess, thrusting a pocket-book full of bank notes into his hands—"now, mon, ye'll know your ain business best, but if ye tak the money, I'll not have sae much as a bachelor's button in my rooms to-night; and tell every fool that's there, (and there'll be sae hundred, C——) that you and I have quarrelled."

"For heaven's sake, your Grace," said the terrified *protege*, shrinking with terror from the proffered money, which he so greatly needed, "take all my garden, only don't say that!"

A more than usual display of rare exotics graced the ducal rooms that night; and when they were admired, her grace replied, "She always dealt with C——"—of course all London followed the example.

Mrs. Siddons—"Surely this is a mistake," you will say, Mrs. Siddons *eccentric*—so dignified, so uniform in manner—like Bartleman's voice, all round and equal, no break or start in the regal department, to tell where public life ended, or private life began; the same over a poisoned bowl, or glass of negus, no difference of address to the pope's legate, or linendraper's apprentice. So it was, certainly; yet there were times when the *ruling passion* burst through the prison-walls of dignity, and, frightened at the light, crept back again in very extraordinary guise. Not many years before she left the stage, Mrs. Siddons went down to star it at Southampton, and while there was beguiled into a sort of German-eternal friendship with a Mrs. Fitzhugh, (the wife, as I recollect, of a merchant, or Banker,) our heroine was not as open to flattery as the accomplished Fanny is, but too indolent to repress enthusiasm, she often suffered from the unnatural atmosphere it engendered, and listlessly consigned herself to its effects. Mrs. Fitzhugh resolved to shine by reflected lustre, presented Mrs. Siddons with a splendid looking-glass for her dressing-room at the Southampton Theatre.

Now there was a house, (all men must know it who have seen Southampton,) a large deserted, square red brick house, staring at you as you passed towards Portswood, and this house was to be sold; Mr. Fitzhugh inquired—his lady reported—the terms were low—the lease long—the neighbourhood improving rapidly; and what would it not be, if Mrs. Siddons erected there an altar to Melpomene! In short, poor Mrs. Siddons had no peace until she agreed to buy the house!—an awful hour!—two thousand pounds disbursed! and now to find a tenant, for Melpomene could only receive summer incense, and autumn was approaching rapidly. Large bills were posted, and advertisements concocted for the country paper.

Mrs. Fitzhugh (seeing her friend's impatience,) drove miles and miles, and offered to give a ball in the house, which had not been inhabited for seven years! (a house-warming she called it;) however, in the mean time, Providence sent a man who read the bills, and wanting to establish himself as a Hampshire Esquire, entered into immediate negotiation, when lo! it was discovered that the roof of this house was bad—the title worse—the foundations sinking—the assessed taxes rising—in short, the man was off. Vain were Mrs. Fitzhugh's flatteries, her dinners and private boxes. Mrs. Siddons fell sick, but dread of forfeits at the Theatre, impelled her with strength still to enact the parts agreed on. By this time, the ladies in the neighbourhood had all begun to pay court to the lion-leader, and beg for introductions to our heroine; but her nervous debility delayed these arrangements, and confined her to Mrs. Fitzhugh's boudoir during the morning, and the seat opposite the *cheval* glass in her dressing-room at the theatre; but patronising ladies are not daunted by difficulties. One evening, when "Measure for Measure" was to be performed, Mrs. F. privately led a chosen few to the very door of the

temple: skreened by an inner drapery of muslin, whereto appended three golden tassels, *Isabella* was seated, dressed for the part; a Shakspeare and pocket Milton on the table, all the material of the toilet being removed, and the dresser seated at awful distance, holding the veil, not yet adjusted: as the bevy of ladies bent their ears towards the *sanctum*, the oracle pronounced in her deepest sepulchral tones, these words, "Two thousand pounds! two thousand! (a deep drawn groan,) never, never to be regained!" A short silence—again the same impressive sentence was repeated—even thrice.

"How beautiful! how truly the sublime!" exclaimed Mrs. D——.

"Oh, Mrs. Fitzhugh! how can we ever repay this treat!" lisped out the four Misses Le B——.

"But," continued Mrs. D——, who was a *blue*, "I do not recollect those words in the play—perhaps her reading is the folio copy!" Poor Mrs. Fitzhugh would have died rather than confess the truth.

"It is," she answered with mysterious whisper; and from deep research on her own part, and Mr. Kemble's, they feel convinced that *Isabella*, in despair, to rescue her guilty brother, has offered a bribe to the Duke's Secretary, or the Priest; you will see the wonderful effect on the audience presently. The effect was only a "severe cold," for which apology was made; but the real indisposition lasted many years, and, as Mrs. Siddons expressed it, the thoughts of her unhappy loss, pursued her night and day, relentlessly; while personal privations, the most minute and extraordinary, were endured, to the end of life, in hopes of regaining the "two thousand pounds."

SPEAKING JACKDAWS.

In modern times, parrots are almost the only birds that have the gift of speech, though connoisseurs are not ignorant that the starlings and jackdaws have good abilities in that way, when properly educated.—The ancients could at times make them speak to some purpose: Macrobius tells us that when Augustus Cesar was returning in triumph to Rome from his victory over Mark Antony, there appeared among the crowd which welcomed him, a bird borne on a man's hand, which flapped its wings, and cried out, "heaven save the emperor, the victorious Cesar!" Augustus, delighted to hear himself saluted by this winged spokesman, gave the owner a handsome sum for the bird. The owner pocketed the money, refusing to share any of it with an associate who had aided him in training his jackdaw. This man, in order to be revenged, and to show the loyalty which had animated his friend, brought to the emperor another bird which they had in training, and which cried out, "heaven save the victorious Mark Antony." Augustus, whose good nature is well known, only laughed at the joke, and ordered the confederates to divide the money. After his liberality in this instance, he had a number of speaking jackdaws and parrots brought to him. One poor fellow, a shoemaker, took great pains to teach a bird which he had got for the purpose, hoping to make his fortune by it. The bird, who had no such prospects, was but a slow scholar; and his master, in the midst of his lessons, often ejaculated in despair, "Well, I have lost my labour!" Having at last, however, and with much pains, completed his education, the daw was brought out one day to salute Augustus, and repeated his "heaven save the emperor," with great distinctness. "Tut!" said Augustus, "I have too many courtiers of your kind." "Well," cried the daw, who had at that moment remembered his master's ejaculation, "well, I have lost my labour." The emperor was so much amused with its answer, that he bought the feathered wit for double the expected sum.

SULLY'S CASTLE IN THE CHARTRAIN.

"It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old it seemed only not to fall."—*Childe Harold.*

EVERY one has acknowledged at some period of his life the sad truth that no enjoyment is lasting; that every thing, however charming, grows indifferent after a time; that every place, however beautiful, grows tedious. At Paris this is felt perhaps less than elsewhere; but were *comforts* (so called) as abundant in Paris, as in London, if the streets were as well paved, the staircases as clean, the houses as neat, &c. &c., it would be quite as dreary to live in Paris as any where else: it is the constant excitement of getting nothing as one has been used to get it, that banishes ennui, as much as the fine blue sky, and fresh, bright, air. Even when the *citoyens* burst forth like their champagne, and scatter confusion round them, frightening the city from its propriety, when things are come to that pass that to look out of a window is to run the risk of being shot, when to sleep is impossible amidst the tolling of bells and the firing of cannon, and cries of *vive* this, and *vive* t'other, even under all these circumstances, the novelty of the events is amusing, and, *en effet*, one would not have missed any of it for the world. But—"look upon this picture and on this"—when streets become deserted, gardens unwatered, orange trees faded, windows broken, and people ill-dressed!—every public place turned into an hospital, and the Louvre closed, no reasonable being can support the change, and Paris becomes as tedious as any other place in this tedious world.

This I experienced after Les Trois Jours. I was beyond measure pleased with the danger of driving furiously along the Boulevards on the first night to escape the shots of the troops—the excitement of being set down at my hotel, and alternately congratulated and chid by my hostess for my good and ill fortune, my safety and imprudence. 'Twas "beauteous horror" to hear the incessant firing, and the cries and shouts during the whole of the days and nights—the tocsin sounding, and the drums' discordant accompaniment—to start every hour from disturbed slumber, "if sleep my eyelids knew," and, anxious to witness what I dreaded to see, station myself at my window, and gaze out into the broad, calm, splendid moonlight, which shone on that fearful struggle, silvering every house and tree and spire, as steadily and sweetly as if the tumultuous city slept beneath, as of yore. 'Twas "lovelily dreadful" to watch the hurrying to and fro of the hastily armed citizens, the cautious approach of the troops of horse, advancing along the high narrow streets as stealthily as if "shod with felt;" the sudden charge, and clash, and clang, the uprooting of the pavement, and the active toil of the girls, women, and children, busy in forming barricades at each corner of our isolated street, which, though in the neighbourhood of the fray, was not the scene of any skirmish. It was not unpleasant to breathe with difficulty from the overpowering heat, to be scorched and blackened by the unclouded sun, to find provisions growing scarce, water failing, milk unobtainable, and no post! To observe, from hour to hour, bills distributed with haste and perturbation to eager receivers; to strain the eyes to decipher, on the opposite wall, the last placard, stuck up, as if by magic, with the large words "*Courage, citoyens! soyez fermes—liberte—in chartre!*" &c. &c. conspicuous amongst the bad printing which the broken presses could alone allow *pour le moment*. All this, I say, was of too stirring a character to permit dullness to exist.

But time wore on—the great struggle was over, the shops looked shabby, the hotels desolate, every where the "Brevets du Roi" had been effaced, and all the emblazonry that told of royal patronage swept away; daubs of black paint concealed the traces of the unlucky fleurs-de-lis; the Rue Duc de Bourdeaux had been unbaptised and new called "27, 28, 29," the broken panes remained unended; the paving stones would not return to smooth obedience; the Tuileries looked grim and ghastly; the trees cut down or riven by balls; dust, heat, noise, shouting, and tri-colour, lorded it over the astonished city.

I sauntered one morning to the Palais Royal, and found myself in time to witness the arrival of eight of Charles X.'s state carriages, containing a strange company of the sovereign people, driven by the royal coachmen, who looked singularly uncomfortable. I believe Louis Philippe, to judge by his countenance, expected, as I did, to see the heads of the late royal owners exhibited from the windows. I turned away heart-sick, though the scene was more farcical than tragical this time, for the French nation preferred being monkeys to tigers during the whole drama of the last revolution. I walked to the Place de Greve, and shuddered at the dilapidated appearance of the venerable and outraged Hotel de Ville. A thousand recollections of former as well as recent horrors rushed across my mind. In the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois I joined the crowd who were occupied in bringing garlands to fling on the graves of the "braves" buried where they fell; amidst the flutter of tri-coloured flags, and waving of laurel and cypress boughs, I distinguished the hero of the hour, "Medor, le chien fidele au tombeau de maitre," a rough ugly poodle, who had followed his ill-starred master to the scene of action, had seen him fall, and having watched his hasty interment, had never quitted the spot, in spite of bribes and entreaties; when half dead with hunger and fatigue, he consented to take food from a friendly hand, but he continued near the blood-stained mound, and though by degrees he extended his walk to the gate of the enclosed space, he was never known to leave it.

I returned home by the Louvre, and while I was congratulating myself on the fact of the works of art having been respected in the *melee*, though the mob had passed through the gallery, I came to a spot where a crowd of persons were engaged in heaping the earth over the dead bodies of friends and enemies, confusedly cast into a pit at the time of contention, and now undistinguished. "*Si c'avoient ete des Anglois, a la bonne heure!*" muttered a hard-featured scowling woman close by my side; I started, hurried away, and decided, in my secret soul, that Paris was quite insupportable.

I found a visitor awaiting me, and for a few moments my spirits were exhilarated by the spectacle of my friend, the good little Abbe Fouchet, who had braved the terrors of the mob to pay me his respects. The simple-hearted man had "priest" so legibly written on his forehead, so plainly exhibited in his mien and gait, that no disguise could have screened him. *Il s'etoit avise* nevertheless to change his usual costume, and in order to appear as unclerical as possible, he had clothed himself in a long green coat made for a tall man, though my good friend's height does not exceed five feet, and his breadth is nearly equal. His pantaloons appeared to have owed their being to the prompt

contrivance of his "bonne," who accompanied him; the colours she had chosen were of the most brilliant hues, and the stripes peculiarly wide; on his breast was pinned a flaming cockade of tri-coloured riband; his hat was round and rakish; and his gloves of bright blue, then a fashionable tint.

His air of importance and mystery, the courage of which he boasted, and the adroitness on which he prided himself, notwithstanding the fact of his having been recognized and hooted at as a priest by some mischievous boys, were altogether irresistible, and it was "more than mortal or than me" not to forget my sullen humour as I gazed on the ludicrous caricature of my old friend.

But the next day a guest of another description made his appearance; a tall gaunt man with starting eyes rushed suddenly into my apartment, and announced himself as a fugitive of the Garde Royale, entreating protection and a few francs; another and another found their way to my domicile; and the reputation of the English for generosity having encouraged them to trust their lives in my hands. The distinction was, however, one I little coveted. "I will leave Paris to-night!" exclaimed I, as I shut the door on two gentlemen who had come to solicit my subscription for *les blesses*. I packed up hastily forthwith, jumped into a fiacre and drove to the *Messageries Royales*, where I could choose any diligence I liked, either for Russia, Greece, Italy, England, or the departments.

Travelling in France has of late years become so common, and every great town has been so visited and described, that I felt a degree of satisfaction when I found myself sitting in the clumsy diligence bound for Chartres, a city once celebrated in French history, but now little sought by the inquisitive traveller, in spite of its fine cathedral, or the blessed chemise of Our Lady, lately replaced by her equally-miraculous veil, which is kept in a gilded *chaise*, enriched with gems sent by the pious family of Charles X. to the long neglected shrine. Curious and interesting as are the remains to be viewed in this majestic old building, I did not permit myself to linger there, as my destination was near four leagues beyond, to the Chateau de Villebon, situated about a league from Courville, out of the high road, a circumstance of which I was forcibly reminded by the ruggedness of the route which awaited me. I was soon jolted beyond the power of words to describe over ploughed fields, and dragged through a sea of inundation, the consequence of a few days' heavy rain, which had readily taken effect on roads seldom interfered with by mortal hand, though the heaps of moss-covered stones piled at distances along the wayside prove that the inhabitants of the Chartrain, like those of Inferno, pave their roads with "good intentions." Traversing a rich but level country, whose promise of abundant harvest proved its right to be considered the granary of France, my ill-conditioned vehicle, such an one as can only be met with in France, arrived at a gateway, and the ivied ruins of a wall which had once enclosed the straggling village of Villebon, dependent on the castle from whence it takes its name. The moat which formerly surrounded it is dried up and filled with grass and shrubs, and each of its once strong gateways is now but a picturesque object in the view. It was Sunday, and as my rattling conveyance blundered along an avenue of high lindens, I observed that the clean, neatly dressed peasants were busily engaged in their customary dance beneath the spreading shade, while a fiddler in pride of place scraped away with great perseverance, and occasionally in authoritative tones proclaimed the figure of the *contre danse*. The appearance of this worthy, who on other days officiated as mole-catcher general of the district, not a little amused me: he was a spare, active, gipsy-looking man, with lively sparkling eyes and wild dark hair. He was

elevated on a barrel, and wore on his shoulders a handkerchief of various colours which was pinned so as to exhibit its attractions in the best point of view. I was informed that he acted at present in the two-fold capacity of fiddler and auctioneer; the said handkerchief, together with sundry articles of coarse earthenware being the prizes proposed for a lottery which took place when the dance was concluded.

The avenue passed, I reached at length the gates of the fortress itself, but the structure was still invisible, owing to the lofty trees which towered in all directions. The emaciated but important figure of the porter soon appeared emerging at my call from his little embowered lodge within, and, the creaking doors being unfolded, my carriage lumbered into the court yard, and before me in all its grandeur and majesty I beheld the moated and towered chateau where for so many years the great Sully lived retired from the turmoil of the world of which he was an ornament, and where he died, aged, honoured, and beloved. "Here then," said I mentally, "the great statesman forgot his toils, was soothed in his regrets for the loss of an adored master, by the cares of a tender and affectionate wife: here he superintended the improvement of his favourite estate, gave employment to hundreds in times of scarcity, and here he compiled those immortal memoirs which have endeared him to posterity, and exhibited his king and his friend in the most interesting light: though the faithful historian would 'nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.'"

The castle is a huge brick building of the same form as the once dreaded Bastille, with the same flanking towers and parapets, though less extensive as a whole. It is entirely encompassed by a deep moat, plentifully supplied with pike; a drawbridge conducts to the low arched portal of entrance, beside which is a small wicket, through which admittance may be obtained when the bridge is up; there are dungeons, now used as cellars, on each side of this entrance, whose grated windows are but just above the water's edge. A long wide archway, where now hang huge antlers and other trophies of the chase, the spoils of many years, conducts into the interior court, round which the high building rises in gloomy grandeur; at the further extremity is the principal door leading to the "Grand Escalier," as an inscription informs the stranger. The busts of Sully and his Duchess adorn this entrance, and another inscription tells of his virtues and attachment to Le Grand Henri, whose spirit seems to pervade the spot. Before I ascended the wide and winding staircase of this tower, I turned to the suite of apartments on my left, which I was informed were those formerly appropriated to the gallant monarch, and which still remain in a great degree unchanged—in the further saloon the faded blue satin bed, embroidered with heavy silver garlands, is the same once destined for Henri—the chairs and sofa, the tapestry and carved ceiling remain, but the dark window-frames have lately been replaced by others more modern and convenient. The portraits of the duke and duchess in state costume adorn the long gallery, which was a sort of hall of ceremony in former days; but these pictures are lamentably faded, and the tapestry round the walls is grim and ghastly. I now ascended to the upper rooms, called, par excellence, *les chambres de Sully*, and entered a magnificent chamber with a range of windows on each side, those on the right looking across the moat, those on the left into the inner square. The ribbed ceiling is of dark oak, carved and gilded, with here and there the arms of Sully emblazoned; the walls are hung with tapestry, representing the loves of Cupid and Psyche on the most gigantic scale. In the interstices are hung several full-length pictures of the Conde family, from whom the castle passed, by purchase to the Duke de Sully. Paintings, emblematic of the different offices held by

the minister, ornament the huge fire-place and the surrounding pannels. There was formerly a raised dais in this room, a canopy and throne, where Sully and his lady usually sat. Several seats without backs are still preserved, which were appropriated to the younger branches of the family. The floor has been levelled and the canopy removed for the greater convenience of the present resident; the former being now composed of glazed octagonal red tiles, whose dark hue and polished surface suit not ill with the antique roof and walls. Beyond this is a beautiful square room, commanding a view of the stately avenue in front of the castle on one side, and on the other the wide extent of garden and the luxuriant range of orange trees, whose produce forms part of the revenue of the domain. Here I saw with infinite pleasure two fine full-length portraits of Sully and Henri Quatre, in admirable preservation and very well executed. A small turret chamber opens to the right, from whence a winding staircase ascends to a similar room above: these are in the tower called *Tour de Conde*. After quitting the room just described, and casting a glance at a fine specimen of bright-tinted tapestry representing Pandora, which covers one side of the walls, and admiring the antique clock and *picced* looking-glass, in which luxurious ornament the grand duchess's majestic figure was doubtless often reflected, I hurried through a series of chambers of different dimensions, each containing some interesting relic, although at present fitted up in a style of Parisian elegance suited to the comfort of a modern dwelling. At length I found myself standing at the top of a precipitous flight of stone steps, vaulted by a roof of beautifully carved stone, and lighted by an antique window looking into the inner court below; opposite me I observed the door of an apartment, above which was inscribed, "*Icy est mort M. de Rosny, 1641.*"

I entered with awe the solemn retreat. There stood the bed on which the great man died; those were the hangings of yellow brocaded silk and gold; those the coverings; the same tapestry representing the siege of Troy; the high-backed, embroidered chairs, on one of which the anxious wife sat watching the changes in his beloved countenance, and on which she sank back when his eyes closed for ever. I lifted the heavy arras, and stepped into the small adjoining closet in the *Tour de Sully*. This was his study; at this desk he was accustomed to sit and dictate to his four secretaries portions of his "*Memoirs*;" from this window he loved to lean, and often perchance looked out into the clear moonlight, his mind exalted with lofty imaginings for the good of his country and his king. How shall I describe my delight on finding that these two "*pieces*" were allotted to me, and that in them I might ruminate at leisure on Sully and his times.

Somewhat fatigued with my journey, I was not sorry, soon after the *de l'Anglaise*, to betake myself to my solitary wing, and it was with excited feelings that I found the door closed upon me in night and silence, and myself in quiet possession of the *chambre de mort de Sully*! Two high wax tapers were burning brightly on the ponderous mantel-piece of carved white marble, and shone on the huge silver *chenets* beneath, which were of the same uncouth form as the mutilated dogs on pedestals, guarding the entrance to the outer court of the chateau.

The figures on the tapestry seemed larger than life as I gazed upon them, and the unmeaning eyes appeared to follow mine as if to offer me their ghostly welcome. I began to feel nervous in spite of myself, and starting from my antique fauteuil, I resolved to return to the mute salutations of my shadowy companions. I took a taper and approached the walls to pay my devoirs to Helen, who stood, attended by her damsels, all elaborately dressed in the costume of Louis XII. The long, starred, train of the fair coquette

flowed in conspicuous breadth behind, on an ample fold of which sat her favourite lap dog. Paris, whom she is meeting, seemed equally to have attended to his toilette, and might be mistaken for the gallant dauphin François himself, but for the labels on the robes of each proclaiming their identity. As much of the tale of Troy divine as could be pressed into the allotted space was depicted in sombre colouring little improved by time. I next took my station at the casement, having by the aid of a chair and table, climbed up to its height. A bright, clear, full moon shone in upon me as I unclosed with difficulty the jalousies, and the high peaked towers opposite came out in high relief, while the painted windows of a long gallery on my left reflected a thousand rays. This gallery was formerly the guard room of the *four hundred* men at arms which the magnificent Sully entertained at his expense in and about the castle. I could perceive by the light which streamed through the two rows of casements, rich with coats of arms, that here and there were forms which to my startled eyes appeared clothed in complete armour, while shields and javelins placed against the walls threw back the fitful light. I determined at early dawn to explore that chamber, and, closing my shutters, prepared to seek repose. I had, I suppose, slept some time when I was suddenly roused by a most appalling noise—all the horrors of a haunted castle seemed combined to terrify the intruder; creaking hinges, clanking chains, hollow groans, and low, smothered shrieks met my ears. I sat up in amazement—the wind had risen, and howled dismally without; the rain pattered, and still, at intervals, these frightful sounds continued. I tried in vain to account for them, and, by dint of half smothering myself, contrived to obtain some sleep. Very early, however, I rose, hurried into the adjoining tower, destined for my dressing room, and throwing open the heavy window was refreshed by the clear morning air and the perfume of the orange flowers, which a group of village girls were carefully employed in gathering in profusion before the sun had drunk up the dews which rendered the half opened blossoms so fragrant. They filled their clean white aprons with the snowy heaps, and, one by one, disappeared through the antique gateway, ere yet the sun had attained his awakened strength. The twittering of the birds, the leaping of the fish in the moat beneath, which sparkled and dimpled like a running stream, and reflected a thousand gay flowers which bent over the margin on the opposite side, all tended to revive me, and I began to consider my shrieking groaning ghost a mere dream. I traversed a long suite to the breakfast room, where I found some of the party busily engaged in discussing a fine stately *pate de Chartres*, a delicacy whose fame has spread far beyond its place of creation, and which has rendered its native city more known and esteemed than any other recollection attached to its antique walls.

Encouraged by the gaiety of my hosts, I at length found courage to relate my terrible adventure, on which my friends, though not a little amused, overwhelmed me with apologies for having neglected to warn me of the fact, that on the chimney of Sully's chamber was a huge creaking weathercock,

"A spirit whom no exorcism could bind."

and which, when the wind was in a particular quarter, made a point of exerting its eloquence, to banish slumber from the unlucky inmate of that wing. I afterwards saw my midnight enemy, lording it over the very roof of my chamber, and his enormous dimensions made me no longer wonder at the noise he made.

I now proceeded to explore further the various parts of this curious old pile, and first entered the billiard room on the ground floor, on the walls of which are represented the different chateaux of the Duke de Sully.

That of Sully where he was born; of Rosny, so lately possessed by the unfortunate Duchess de Berri (who had visited Villebon a few months before the revolution), and Villebon itself, as it appeared in his time, embattled and defended as for a siege. Within is a little circular *cabinet* where on a pedestal once stood his statue of white marble, erected by his widow, whose affectionate and mournful care had caused the whole of the ceiling and walls to be painted with devices alluding to her beloved husband, his prowess and his virtues, while long inscriptions record his birth, the chief events of his life, and his lamented death at this chateau.

The statue was, after the death of the Duchess, sent to the church of Nogent le Rotrou, where he was buried, and where, I believe, it is still *unpacked* and unnoticed. A pretty private theatre completes this suite of apartments, but all are in a ruinous state, and never entered now but for curiosity, though in the time of the descendants of Sully, Madame de l'Aubespine, mother to the last possessor, it was kept up in excellent style.

By ascending the winding stairs of a further tower, I now came to the door of the long gallery, whose armed inmates I had descried by moonlight. It is a fine, extensive chamber, and the painted glass casements admit into it "a dim religious light," well suited to its fallen grandeur, and partially concealing the decay which damp and neglect have encouraged. The suits of armour, said to have belonged to some of Sully's men at arms, are red with rust; a confused assortment of curiosities of little interest give it the appearance of a deserted museum, and one can only regret that so fine a room should be suffered to lie idle, since all that tells of ancient days has disappeared from it, except the escutcheons on the well preserved casements. The tower at the further end has been used as a chapel, and was once gorgeous with painting and gilding; this, the most ancient of the six round towers, is called the *Tour d'Estouville*, from its first founder, and is considerably larger than any of the others: the numerous cracks extending from top to bottom, which have been carefully repaired, and the sensible inclination of the whole structure, testify its antiquity.

On descending into the court, I crossed the small light bridge which connects the chateau with a pretty garden, planted with rows of trees, leading to La

Chapelle de St. Anne, a beautiful, secluded building, so bosomed in flowers, shrubs, and high foliage, that its picturesque spire alone is visible on the other side of the moat. From hence, by a little wicket, I walked along a raised terrace, and caught a view of a fine lake on which numerous water-lilies were floating, and wild fowl sporting, uttering their sharp shrill cry. This terrace was the favourite walk of Sully and his duchess; and here they were accustomed to sit, as gratifying in the wall bears witness, to observe the labours of the people employed in making the Grand Etang.

A considerable extent of gardens planted with richest roses, grafted in bouquets of different colours, and extraordinary beauty, being traversed, I entered a fine, closely shaded *bosquet* of lofty linden trees, forming a lengthened avenue terminated by a pretty summer retreat dedicated to Notre Dame de la Solitude. This conducts to the "Briquerie," where, *on dit*, the bricks were made which built the castle; it is a large field surrounded by a double row of fine pines of majestic height, the resort of numerous rooks, and not unfrequented by hawks, as I observed by the gaily striped feathers which strewed the ground and told of recent struggles. I continued my walks as far as I could ramble through the woods and groves which every where presented agreeable quiet haunts, uninterrupted, save by the note of some bird in a neighbouring brake, the sudden flight of the brilliant ariole, or the light tripping step and timid bound of the speckled deer, whose large bright eyes rarely gaze on the form of a stranger in these solitudes. The spot possesses a peculiar charm which it owes entirely to itself, for no view is obtained from any part of the grounds; to enjoy one, you must mount to the top of the towers, and then, indeed, an immense tract of country is spread out before you, with the unequal and towering spires of the cathedral of Chartres above all, a landmark for miles round.

I lingered in this interesting solitude for several weeks, and it was not without regret that I bade adieu to the spot where the most estimable of men and of ministers lived so many years, and where he closed his long and useful career; nor could I help, as I looked back on the venerable towers, repeating the sentence inscribed over the entrance door. "Sully fut en tout temps l'ami de Henri, jamais flateur, pour la France il montra son zele; Francois, citoyens, voici votre modele."

A FAREWELL TO WALES;

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I hear—
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain-air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free
hand!
From the love of my spirit around thee 'tis shed,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

I bless thee—yet not for the beauty that dwells
In the breasts of thy hills, on the waves of thy shore;
And not for the memory, set deep in thy dells,
Of the hard and the hero, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
Green land, poet-land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet gleams up from thy skies,
For thy peasant-hearths, burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's
kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my home, holy land of my dead!

WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FELHAM.

How holy woman's youth—while yet
Its rose of life's first dews is wet—
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the virgin in the breast!
O'er her white brow, where in the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart unto
The soul so nobly placed there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But darkly slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream.
The soft rose on her softer cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness lived within,
The rich lip in its bright repose,
Refused above its wealth to close.

THE IRISH CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

"La vie d'une femme est toujours un roman," so says a French author, and far be it from me to contravene the dictum of one of those "licensed dealers" in brilliant apothegms, pretty sentiments, and pithy maxims.

But what I do most solemnly and publicly take this approved vehicle of contradicting, is a report which has got abroad that the numerous romantic female histories of which I am the depository, and occasionally (I must own) the retailer, originate in my prying and officious disposition, which inclines me to make mountains and miracles of very common occurrences. That I like to be exactly aware how my neighbours are employed, I do not affect to deny; nor that I take some pains to obtain accurate information. But what the ill-natured part of the world terms curiosity, I denominate sympathy—an amiable desire to acquaint myself with the concerns of my friends, that I may offer the disinterested meed of my advice—I never had an unreserved communication made to me in the confidence of a prolonged tete-a-tete, either by the winter fire, or in a summer evening walk, that I did not find something in it worth remembering. The dullest and most common-place woman in society warms into eloquence when her heart is touched, and when she is herself the heroine of her story.

Indeed, this same word eloquence has often puzzled me. It is usually applied to long speeches, yet, I believe, often lies in a small compass. No one speaking under the influence of strong feeling or passion is vulgar. A poor Irishwoman whom I sometimes employed, gave me an affecting narrative of her little daughter's tedious illness, and how she had brought her through it "wid de blessing of God," though destitute alike of medical aid or proper nutriment. "And how could you support such incessant watching," I said, "and what could you do, so unassisted, in the turns of such a dangerous disorder?"

"How did I get through it, my lady!" said the poor woman; "I was her mother."

I was silent, for what praise can be given equal to that sacred affection's unconscious devotion?

But it is not of an Irish mother, but of an Irish clergyman's daughter that I wish to relate a tale.

Poor Florence Butler! She lived in my own neighbourhood. Now to begin "*novelistically*." But the reader may be assured the facts are from real life.

A few days previous to a brilliant and crowded drawing-room, a young beauty and her very plain, but equally young, companion, were engaged in exactly opposite employments. Laura Delme was trying a diamond comb. Florence Butler was working a problem. One was adorning the outside, the other furnishing the inside, of her head. The occupations of both bore a striking reference to their future lots. Laura was preparing for her coming out as a wealthy heiress. Florence for going out as an accomplished governess.

And yet these two were friends. Yes, hitherto, for they were friends that nature made. Laura's mother and the parent of Florence were sisters' children; and the chance that had made the one the wife of one of the richest capitalists in Europe, and the other that of a ruined Irish clergyman, had not, as in many cases, dissolved the ties of relationship.

Neither did the, perhaps, severer trial of Florence's pre-eminent personal attractions excite one "unworthy thought" in the generous Laura's breast.

Florence was a splendid Irish beauty, who would have made her fortune in the times of the Hamiltons

and "long-lost Coventrys," when admirers were more disinterested, or female charms more rare.

Her rich dark hair, soft, silky, and abundant, was braided in the simplest folds, over her lofty brow, which would have well become the sparkling gem and towering plume—her arm was moulded in nature's happiest symmetry to set off the costly bracelet's jewelled clasp—and her swan-like neck, in its unadorned beauty, was whiter than any pearls that could have encircled it.

Laura, on the contrary, was as brown as Sappho, though not quite so bright—her forehead was low and undistinguished. Without being positively deformed, she was so narrow-chested and round-shouldered, as often to be supposed so. Her little figure was oppressed, not adorned, by dress, but on this splendid occasion, glittering like a glow-worm. And, then, her maid told her she had the prettiest little hand in the world, and she knew she had a foot, which, in a sandal, might rival "Thetis tinsel-slippered feet!" and these, with many other minute beauties were recalled to mind, until Laura "crept in favour with herself," and anticipated with confidence the ordeal that awaited her.

Many hearts were already beating at the prospect of the coming-out of the opulent heiress, and already many a snare was laid for her unpractised heart. Will the good and well-intentioned Laura escape them?

In speaking of the prospects of young women, there are perhaps no expressions in the whole range of conventional language, which convey such completely opposite ideas as those of coming out and going out.

While Laura was anticipating with a beating heart her initiation into the splendid gaities of fashionable life, Florence was arming herself with courage to await those trials that must fall to the share of the unportioned and accomplished female. To check the curiosity and love of gaiety so natural at her age by the recollection that it is unsuited to her station. To endure the petulance, the folly, or, "worse far" the modern affectation of wisdom assumed by children, without experiencing the all-repaying feelings of a mother. To consume the "dear, delightful days of youth" in the formal tuition of other youth—seldom rewarded by gratitude (for what young lady does not hail with delight her emancipation from the trammels of the mildest governess?) Such were the brightest prospects Florence saw held up to view: and to reconcile herself in any degree to them, she was obliged to call to mind that she was the eldest of ten children. That her father, although Rector of Moneymore, with a nominal income far exceeding that of many English livings, was, notwithstanding its promising title, nearly moneyless, as those disputes and jealousies had already begun, which ended in the "first flower of the earth" absolutely refusing to yield any longer the first fruits of the earth to the obnoxious protestant pastor.

Keen was the struggle in her parent's breast to part with his beautiful, his highly-gifted girl, and send her forth to tempt the uncertain favour of a cold and calculating world: but when once Florence Butler's lot in life was cast, her father accepted with gratitude Mrs. Delme's offer of giving her the advantage of a season in London, to perfect herself in those accomplishments so necessary in her arduous career by the opportunity thus afforded her of hearing music in its utmost perfection, and studying the arts in the *ateliers* of their professors. On Laura's presentation at court, Florence assisted with her opinion at her toilette; and, as she took up one rich ornament after another, praised

them with unaffected cordiality, as she could not in conscience praise the beauty of the wearer. Laura's splendid appearance excited a strong sensation, and visions the most flattering flitted round her nightly pillow. She believed herself admired, beloved by the most dazzling and captivating being on whom her youthful eye had ever rested. In the hall that succeeded the drawing-room, and several subsequent fetes, the same sweet delusion was continued. He was the first man who had ever addressed her in the intoxicating language of adulation, the first who had made her young heart glow with the mingled throb of vanity and pleasure—he was her fate. Yet Laura, with the diffidence attending a first and girlish passion, had only named this favoured being to Florence in a cursory manner among a number of others; and Florence, who, anxious to perfect herself in various branches of acquirement, seldom indulged in an amusement, except an occasional concert or exhibition, had not yet met the object of Laura's preference.

The scene changed; Laura, whose health soon proved unequal to a tumultuous life, removed with her mother to their villa, situated on one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames. Here every thing invited to confidence between two young hearts. Laura's friendship for Florence grew more lively, her communications more unreserved. It was not a place to forget the lover who had imparted fresh charms to the most brilliant scenes.

"E'en love, (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air."

"Come, answer me one question," said she to Florence, "and answer it truly; and do throw aside that history, those maps and compasses. I so hate reading history with the map, it always reminds me of the school-room."

"When you consider the school-room is to be the scene of my whole future existence—"

"Oh, I hope not; but to return to my question: which do you think likely to turn out the happiest marriage—that in which the advantages of fortune are equal on both sides, or where the woman has the power of conferring a signal favour and benefit on one whom fortune has not treated with the kindness due to his distinguished merits?"

"Indeed," answered Florence, with a slight blush, "I am a very indifferent judge of those matters."

"True; you are always thinking of graver things. Well, you wise ladies have one comfort; your minds are too much taken up with philosophy, poetry, and belles-lettres to leave room for the anxieties and perplexities that disturb us ordinary mortals."

Laura noticed not the sigh with which this observation was received, and continued, warming into more earnestness as she pursued the subject, "Then I will answer the question myself. Happy, thrice happy, in my opinion, is the woman who has the power of repairing the injustice of fortune in favour of the man she loves; who can every day indulge in the delightful thought that, but for her, those graces, those talents that she has admired and distinguished, would have been blighted and chilled by—"

But on a sudden Laura's voice is hushed—a bright carnation kindles her pale cheek—her respiration is suspended, and the next moment she turns eagerly to point out to Florence a figure advancing on the smooth-shaven lawn. He has passed it, and approached the French window—he enters it at the invitation conveyed by a smile—he seems assured of a welcome to his unceremonious approach; and what eye, what heart could refuse a welcome to Lord Invermay? The most strenuous upholders of the doctrine of the uselessness, nay, the unbecomingness of great beauty in a man (we suspect they are generally of the rougher sex, and themselves members of the ugly club.) would

have been almost converted by his appearance. There was something in it at once so dazzling, yet so pleasing, so fresh, and yet so noble, that the eye rested upon his countenance as upon an assemblage of all that was most gracious in nature; and the heart refused to admit it possible that this splendid temple was only the spacious lodging of vice and extravagance.

"You here, Lord Invermay?" said Laura, with a little faint attempt to chide; "and to give us no notice of your coming: how could you leave London while it retained any attraction?"

"It has none now for me," his Lordship with marked emphasis replied: "I am not arrived half an hour; but I intend, if you do not forbid it, to be a very assiduous and troublesome neighbour."

A most animated and interesting conversation ensued; interesting, we mean, to the parties concerned: for, truth to say, nothing could be more trifling: and Lord Invermay interspersed it with anecdotes of his dogs and horses little calculated for the meridian of a drawing-room. Yet Laura listened to all as if it had united the colloquial eloquence of Coleridge to the sparkling brilliancy of Moore. Had Invermay been silent it would have been the same; Laura could have sat, hour after hour, in pleased silence by his side. Be his pursuits what they might—cards or billiards—riding or reading—fishing or fencing—nay, even algebra or mathematics, she would have found something in each and all to interest and engage her; for Laura loved, and loved with the whole strength of an innocent, confiding, and truly generous heart. So engrossed was Laura with the unexpected pleasure of seeing Lord Invermay that she had forgotten to present Florence; and the deadly paleness that had at first overspread the cheek of the Irish clergyman's daughter remained unnoticed, and she had time to resume her usual gentle dignity of carriage before the ceremony took place. A screen and a flower-stand had hitherto concealed her from his sight; and who would have suspected in Lord Invermay's few courteously murmured words "that he had already had the pleasure of seeing Miss Butler in Ireland," and in the graceful and silent courtesy of Florence, that when those two last met, it had been with blushes, heart-throbs, and blending tears; and that they had not parted without the mutual avowal that they were all the world to each other.

On Lord Invermay's departure, Laura rallied her friend on her silence relative to any previous knowledge of him. Florence parried her remarks with tolerable firmness. "I met him at a third place," she said, "at Lady Osmond's, whose domain was near my father's living; and when the Lord Lieutenant, who was staying in that part of the country, made her a visit, Lord Invermay was one of the *aid-de-camps*."

"And you, my fair Florence, were invited to play beauty on the memorable occasion of 'His Majesty's visit to Tillietudlem,'—why then you really had some tolerable society at Bally Kelly? Excuse me, my love, but I never can remember or pronounce the Irish name of your father's residence."

"No matter. Am I not also doomed, for my future days, to 'forget mine own people, and my father's house?'" said Florence, with a starting tear.

Laura embraced her tenderly, and the trifling wound inflicted by girlish thoughtlessness, and the exuberant spirits incidental to a "pure, open, prosperous love," was instantly healed.

Released from Miss Delme's society, which for the first time she felt painful, Florence, early inured to habits of self-discipline, seriously held commune with herself, whether she should not open Laura's eyes on the true character of her interested lover. Yet the longer she revolved it in her mind, the more difficult she found the task. True, Invermay had loved her, fondly, madly loved her—he had been struck at first

sight by her singular and winning style of beauty, and by manners which he had hardly expected to find in a district so remote. During his short stay with the Lord Lieutenant at Lord Osmond's, and a subsequent meeting in the Irish capital, he had contrived to make known his sentiments to Miss Butler. He had acknowledged there were difficulties—great difficulties—that he was as poor as proud, and dependent on the favour of an uncle. He had requested her secrecy, and now she found him the acknowledged lover of another. She knew not the mad career in which he had plunged since they parted. She knew not how irretrievably ruined were his present prospects, unless Miss Delme granted him her hand. But she soon perceived he was vain, selfish, and extravagant. She thought of warning Mrs. Delme; but a nameless reluctance seized her whenever she approached the subject. Examining narrowly into her heart, she found it was the fear of injuring Invermay; for the first time she doubted the purity of her own intentions, and felt, bitterly felt, the stings of self-reproach.

Lord Invermay was soon a domesticated guest at the villa. It happened that one morning Miss Delme was slightly indisposed, and absented herself from the breakfast table, where there was always arranged a number of beautiful bouquets. Florence, on descending, found the room only occupied by Lord Invermay, and, after a brief interchange of the compliments of the morning, was about to leave it until joined by Mrs. Delme, when he stopped her with some inquiry respecting Laura's health, and did not appear to hear Miss Butler's unsatisfactory *bulletin* with much feeling. Selecting the most beautiful from among the clustered flowers:—

"These white moss roses," he said, with his irresistible smile, "are, I think, poor Laura's favourites; but as she is not here to enjoy their exquisite fragrance, permit me, in the absence of the queen of diamonds, to make an offering of them to the queen of hearts."

"By no means," said Florence, indignantly, "that would be my very reason for leaving them for her, should she chance to come down; never would I deprive her of the smallest object that can give her pleasure."

"And yet you *have* deprived her of more than that," resumed Invermay, with a penetrating look; "because you see me here the victim of cursed necessity. Can you believe me so dull, so blind, so forgetful, as to have banished from my memory all traces of former days—all that I fondly felt—all that you made me hope, when——"

"This is language I must not hear," said Florence, moving to the door. "What were my former feelings it matters not, you have set the example of forgetfulness, and in the cares and occupations of my future life——"

"That is what maddens me," said Lord Invermay, impatiently. "Why, Florence, why yourself erect an insurmountable barrier between us? Why, with your graces, your beauty, and attractions, condemn yourself to a life of ceaseless disgust and endless toil, when you might command——"

Florence had hitherto listened to him in a constrained silence; but this harsh and unjust picture, drawn by the hand she loved, was too much for her feelings, and exclaiming—"This comes too late!"—She burst into an agony of tears.

Lord Invermay was moved by her weeping—more affected than he would have acknowledged to himself impulse, the world and all its vanities receded for a moment from his sight, and he thought he could be happy with Florence and a cottage. He raised to her those eyes that in former times had always spoken so directly to her heart—those eyes "so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

"Will you refuse to hear me?" he exclaimed. "Renounce, renounce that horrid sacrifice, and I will break with Miss Delme, brave the anger of my family, and bear you where I shall find all happiness centred in calling you mine."

Florence leant against the window for support. She trembled violently, but her resolution was unshaken. What! prove a serpent to her friend, and the ruin of Lord Invermay! "Never," she exclaimed, "address this language to me again—happy with me alone! Alas, Lord Invermay, you know not yourself. You may grieve, but you cannot move me. But if, indeed, you retain some regard for poor Florence Butler—some remembrance of the esteem with which you once inspired her—be kind to Laura, and never let her suspect that her generous affection was repaid with indifference."

Lord Invermay was silent. Never, between him and Florence was this subject resumed, and, happily, had she listened to him, it had been her lot to mark how soon that light mind repented an offer made from a transient glow of honour and generosity. On the contrary, his attentions to Laura grew more assiduous, as if to dispel from her mind the remotest suspicion that she was not the sole "ladye of his thoughts," and an humbler than the young heiress might, by his manner, have been deceived into the belief that it was so.

The marriage day was fixed. Laura was talking over with Florence her future plans. "Poor Invermay," she said, "is terribly embarrassed in his affairs. I fear he is too generous ever to be rich. How I wish it had been possible for us to join in concealing it from those prying, poking lawyers and guardians, who never see things rightly. For have I not enough for both? But who can talk, who can think, of the advantages of fortune, when about to be united to Invermay? I only regret my personal pretensions are not greater; but Invermay says he never could endure professed beauties. Then I never could make any thing of painting or music; but Invermay says he does not like to see a lady distinguishing herself in the arts like a professor."

A slight and scarcely perceptible smile on the cheek of Florence showed how superfluous she considered most young ladies' apprehensions of being mistaken for professors. But Laura continued:—

"As for literature, we are pretty much on a par. I am aware I am no blue stocking or bel esprit, but Invermay says he detests clever women. How glad I should be to have you a witness of our happiness. (A fine scheme of happiness, thought Florence, from which all that elevates and adorns human life is to be excluded.) How I have wished you would have allowed me from my ample means to settle on you such a fortune as should prevent the necessity——"

"You know," replied Florence, interrupting her, "that, sincerely grateful for the kindness of your intentions, I never could brook the idea of so great an obligation. Besides, what right have I to revel in idleness and luxury, while so many of my nearest and dearest kindred must seek a precarious existence; the boys in toilsome or hazardous pursuits, the girls——"

"Why true," said Laura thoughtfully, "'tis a pity there are ten of you;" and a vague vision of Lord Invermay's noble *Fergus Mac Ivar-like* features, and prepossessing countenance, assuming a somewhat less benign expression at the inroad of ten hungry cousins, all anxious to be provided for, darkened her imagination, and made her for a moment look grave.

"At least," she hastily resumed, "you could live with us, be my companion, in the best—in *that* only sense of the word—my chosen and truest friend."

"Impossible!" cried Florence with emotion.

"Nonsense! what is your objection? Perhaps you think you would not be welcome to Lord Invermay—that best and noblest of creatures, you will never know

him as he ought to be known—it is he who put me on that plan—”

More Laura might have added. For, engrossed in her darling theme, glowing with eloquence, where alone she could be awakened to it, she perceived not that she had no longer an auditor—Florence had fainted.

“And can he be, indeed, so vile?” thought Florence, as with clasped hands and streaming eyes she implored strength to endure this last drop in the cup of misery. A conviction of the utter unworthiness of the heart's once consecrated idol—for a deep and intimate interest sometimes gives to innocence the penetration of age—“Then it is time indeed my resolution were taken.”

A fatality sometimes seems to overrule our best concerted plans. Thus it was with Florence Butler. After having weighed over and over the advantages and disadvantages of various brilliant offers of establishment, and rejecting them all, she now suddenly closed with the most ineligible that had presented itself.

Mrs. Honeymoon was a widow lady with a small fortune and a large family, with means just sufficient to supply her every year with a new gown and a new governess, for none had been yet found with patience to continue the “delightful task” of “rearing the tender thoughts” of her young shoots for a longer period. Reader, if you happen to sympathise in fate and fortune with Florence, never engage your talents to a widow lady in moderate circumstances. A dull home, a thankless task, a scanty board, and a tyrant brood of spoiled and overbearing children will await you, with none of those remunerating advantages or cheering compensations to be found in the abodes of the prosperous and affluent. A governess was to Mrs. Honeymoon a luxury that taxed too highly her small expenditure to enable her to make any further outlay in order to render that governess comfortable. The eldest daughter, Monimia, it was her wish to make a perfect musician, and she certainly would have succeeded had the poor thing possessed either voice or ear; for she had, as her mother declared, a wonderful turn for music. Her figure, too, would have looked graceful at the harp, but for a slight spinal defect, and the accident of having one foot shorter than the other. The second, who was so short-sighted that she did not know a person in the same room, was to be made a paintress; and the third, who had narrowly escaped being an idiot, a *let esprit*.

“I had almost forgotten to mention, Miss Butler,” said Mrs. Honeymoon, with a complacent smile at the agreeable surprise she was announcing, “that there is a fourth aspirant after your instructions, a dear little boy. Come forward, Dionysius, my dear, and let Miss Butler examine you in your catechisms. (Ah! little thought our wise and reverend ancestors, when they compiled the first interrogatory of that name, that catechisms of botany, mythology, conchology, geology, would be as familiar to their successors.) Come, hold up your head, my love, and don't be afraid of her, she won't puzzle you.”

“Puzzle me?” repeated Dionysius, (who by the way was a very ugly budy of between seven and eight.) “that's droll! a man to be puzzled by a woman!—Come, Miss Butler, first do you answer me, and answer without stop or hesitation, mark me! When was the inquisition established in Spain? What is the date of the first Punic war? Who discovered America? What is your opinion of the Salique law? Who was the inventor of the Greek fire? What is the distance from this to Coventry? and what are the relative proportions of carbon, hydrogen, azote, and oxygen, that go to the composition of crouthoune?”

Seeing that Florence was silent, he politely burst into a horse-laugh, made a low bow, and vanished.

“How quick he is!” said Mrs. Honeymoon, with glistening eyes, “Miss Butler, I shall not think the worse of you for acknowledging yourself posed. How those catechisms bring young people on! I assure you this is but a small sample of the various knowledge Dionysius has already arranged in that little head of his!”

Who but must rejoice in the sight of childhood as it ought to be—beautiful, gay, unaffected, a thing of light and glory, diffusing life and joyousness to the hearts of all around; but in proportion as the charms of ingenuousness and sprightliness are heightened by the innocence of infancy, so is the assumption of wisdom and the affectation of manhood ridiculous and revolting.

Florence soon found that Master Dionysius, or Denys, as he was familiarly styled, was rightly named, for he ruled in the family like a perfect despot, thereby verifying the observation of a French abbe long conversant with youth, that “a young lady with only a papa, or a young gentleman with only a mamma, was sure to turn out *un enfant gate*.” Neither quickness of intellect nor warmth of affection rewarded poor Florence for the time she now lavished on her untoward pupils; and indeed Mrs. Honeymoon, who was herself a dunce of the first magnitude, used with great simplicity to observe that her's were the oddest girls—they never cared either for their governesses or their learning! Yet to Florence these untoward pupils and this uncongenial abode possessed one invaluable recommendation—it took her wholly out of the circle of Laura and Lord Invermay.

Their marriage had followed close upon her departure. It was celebrated with a pomp, a lavish waste of wealth, that was more than magnificence; it was profusion without bounds. Gold, silver, and jewels sparkled on all sides, until wealth became absolutely the supplanter, not the handmaiden, of taste. The bride's *trousseau* surpassed every thing that luxury had yet imagined. Crowds flocked to examine the ominous splendour of that ill-assorted marriage. The extent of Lord Invermay's embarrassments exceeded even the calculation of the confiding Laura. Gambling debts, and other arrangements of even a less honourable description, required an immediate settlement. A large portion of her wealth was the sacrifice, but she witnessed its alienation without a murmur, fondly repeating,

“And then the grateful youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.”

Fatal mistake! Say, could she purchase love? No—the woman who fails to awaken passion, but rarely inspires gratitude. Some minds spring up with a reactive scorn from the oppressive weight of obligation, and the native pride of man revolts at receiving pecuniary favours from any hand but that of her he loves.

Faintly, as in the wandering of a dream, or as echo conveys to the listening ear the murmurs of the distant ocean, Florence occasionally heard the tidings of a world she was never to enter; heard descriptions of Lady Invermay's gaieties; then, hinted reports of secret misery and domestic unkindness; lastly, a rumour of discord, violence, and threatened dissipation of her once princely wealth.

Her own lot admitted of no change, no amelioration. She herself had chosen it; and as the sun arose upon each succeeding weary day, she only looked upon the one that was past as filing off one link from the chain of misery by which she was bound.

At length a visitor appeared capable of awakening in her the long dormant feelings of complacency and sympathy.

A distant relation of Mrs. Honeymoon's late husband—the Marchioness of Tiverton, on paying her annual visit, was struck with the beauty and grace of Miss

Butler, whom she had formerly occasionally met in the world, but had not had such opportunity of estimating her pretensions in the hurry of society. There is no denying that Florence, on her part, was equally charmed with her ladyship, and spared no pains to heighten her favourable prepossession. A long abstinence from all that was elegant and engaging, had produced its usual effect of increasing the power of a fascinating exterior; and there was a something in Lady Tiverton's countenance and features that acted with mysterious sympathy on the heart of Florence, and yet she guessed not the cause: yet in Lady Tiverton there was to be seen only the splendid remains of a once strikingly beautiful woman, and her sharpened though elegant features, and slight emaciated form told truly that the mind within was a restless flame, and that, contrary to most of her sex, it had been, even in the first bloom of her beauty, more her ambition to be distinguished for the graces of the mind than the person. Worldly observers could also detect in her manner a feverish restlessness, an anxious desire to shine, that sometimes, although rarely, took from that dignified tranquillity which is its perfection. But in the "Honeymoon" sphere such defects were invisible, and Florence was charmed with the graceful urbanity that could diffuse pleasure through every member of the little circle—satisfy even the exorbitant parental vanity of Mrs. Honeymoon; but then, if of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, must be acknowledged, console itself with a pallinode, the moment an opportunity presented. This was offered in a second visit, of which Florence had not the false modesty to deny that she was the cause and motive. "My dear Miss Butler," said the marchioness, "why have you hidden yourself from us? you must be dying with ennui with good Mrs. Honeymoon. The girls are '*de bonnes gâtes de filles*,' but will never do honour to your talents as an instructress; yet even their quiet dullness I prefer to the spoiled boy, attacking one with all his little knowledge about him, freshly acquired half-an-hour before, and pestering visitors with 'Why' and 'Because.' Why did you not confide your intentions to me: I should have had a pleasure in giving you the preference over Miss Aspendale, whom I established in Lady Frances Delavel's family. That would be a situation, indeed, somewhat worthy of you, and almost independent: apartments to yourself—separate establishment—servants to wait on you only—two lovely intelligent pupils—and frequent use of Lady Frances's play, opera, and concert tickets."

It needed not Lady Tiverton's talents to demonstrate to Florence that her lot was a most disagreeable one; and by the time her ladyship took leave, notwithstanding all in her own manner was bland, kind, and condescending, Florence found the result of her visit, an added depression of spirits, and she could not restrain a few tears from falling in (what Madame de Staël denominates) self-pity.

"That is so exactly like Lady Tiverton," said Mrs. Honeymoon, who took her ladyship's call in her absence as a heinous offence. "You look pale and agitated after her visit, Miss Butler; I could 'guess' now, as they say across the water, her ladyship has been pitying you, and that you think yourself, at this moment, a very unfortunate heroine: it is only the marchioness's way. She left you impressed with the idea that she was deeply interested in you, and that if you had consulted her, she would have done wonders for you." Florence blushed: Mrs. Honeymoon had so exactly portrayed the effect of Lady Tiverton's conversation. "Now," resumed her hostess, "Lady Tiverton does not care a straw whether you or any other creature on earth may be happy or miserable, and merely set before you the imaginary disagreeables of your situation for the pleasure of displaying her own eloquence, and the additional gratification of making

you most uncomfortable." Florence was rather astonished at this *sorte* from the usually yea-and-nay Mrs. Honeymoon; but, as I have before taken occasion to observe, a strong feeling of any sort often warms the dullest into eloquence, and Mrs. Honeymoon very dogmatically continued: "Should Lady Tiverton call again, with her condolences and her eternal eye-glass, and her snappish lap-dogs, my advice to you, Miss Butler, is, that you should not make your appearance: your engagements are surely a sufficient excuse of a morning, and the marchioness cannot require the company of my children's governess."

I have often wondered, considering the liberality with which advice, and no other commodity of equal value, is often bestowed, at the negligence, perverseness—not to say ingratitude, with which it is usually received. I have had occasion to make this remark in my own person more than once, but never was it more signally exemplified than in the case of Mrs. Honeymoon; for, exactly a week after she had pronounced a homily intended to prove that her honied establishment was superior to Tiverton House, Florence was leaning in a swiftly gliding and easy lung equipage, the companion of the travelled, accomplished, and intellectual Marchioness of Tiverton.

Reader! have you in your travels round the world, or by the fireside, ever met the description of the fascinating snake, whose victim wheels in endless circles above its insidious foe, but at length drops powerless into the jaws of the destroyer? Such was the fate of Florence, who, after enduring much, and suffering long, found herself at the end, drawn into the very vortex from which she had so struggled to escape, for Lord Invermay was nephew to Lady Tiverton!

Painful and pleasing was the meeting between the two cousins—"pleasant, but mournful to the soul." Florence saw in the now constantly contracted brow and care-worn cheek of Laura a confirmation of fame's worst report; yet still she strove with hollow gaiety to mask a breaking heart—not from that false pride which seeks to conceal that it has erred in the important choice of life, but to screen the chosen object from even a thought of blame. Oh, woman! in every class of life, in every scene, alike fond, faithful, confiding and undone!—"John did not mean to hurt me, I am sure he did not," is the exclamation of the expiring wife of the peasant or labourer, who dies the victim of his brutal intoxication. "I have been a little indisposed, but change of air will restore me," was all the complaint of the meek, long-suffering, half-ruined Lady Invermay.

Florence soon discovered another drawback on her satisfaction. The latent sparkle, the flushing cheek that spoke the restlessness of the mind within were no misleads. She soon perceived Lady Tiverton's friendship was to be still more easily lost than won. Offence given, however undesignedly, would awaken all the latent fires of a temper hardly ever in repose. Her polished manners, united to warmth of heart, concealed this from the general gaze; it was a volcano covered with verdure and flowers, but the fires that slept below were not extinct. To Florence it appeared that she had in some manner discovered Lord Invermay's latent attachment to herself, and watched her conduct with a jealous, suspicious eye. Lady Invermay's removal from town to try the effects of a milder air being imperatively enjoined by her physicians, Florence hoped that, as Lord Invermay of course accompanied her, there would be at least a truce to these painful and humiliating trials.

They had been gone to the sea-side a fortnight, and the marchioness dined from home, when Florence, who had despatched with negligent indifference a slight and solitary meal, had ordered the tea equipage at rather an earlier hour than usual.

Much to her surprise Lord Invermay was announced.

He was always a welcome guest to Lady Tiverton, but her absence made his appearance awkward, if not alarming, to her representative. Recovering from her momentary confusion she received with outward composure, although with inward uneasiness, Lord Invermay's statement of having run up to town on indispensable business, having left Lady Invermay in amended health and spirits, concluding with a declaration that he intended to intrude for a dinner on his aunt.

"I regret she is gone to dine from home," replied Florence, "and my tea-table," she added with a faint smile, "would afford your lordship but poor refreshment."

"The very thing," exclaimed Lord Invermay—"nothing so refreshing as strong green tea after a journey; so come now, there's a good soul, give me the unusual pleasure of a cup made by the fair hands of a lady, and I'll produce a bribe (holding up a letter from Laura:) I am very good to be the bearer of it, as no doubt it is full of sad stories about a certain Lord Invermay. Sit down;" for Florence had been standing during this brief colloquy, as a hint that he was expected to take his departure after she had announced the absence of Lady Tiverton; but Lord Invermay would take no hints; and as, with gentle urgency he led her back to the sofa, there was a grace in all he did and uttered, that what in another would have appeared rude and obtrusive met with ready pardon in him. It was only in his absence that the faults of this dangerous and fascinating being could be remembered.

"Since you absolutely will not go without some tea," said Florence laughing and blushing, "the sooner I prepare it the better; but surely at the clubs——"

Lord Invermay interrupted what she would have further said by a general complaint of the "cursed dullness of every thing in London—the dreary emptiness of his deserted mansion;" adding, with a forced laugh, "Although I have not, now, the Frenchman's reason for remaining all day at a coffee-house looking over a game of dominos, that he had 'a wife at home;' still Lady Invermay is too good an economist to think of providing for a husband's comfort in her own absence."

Florence resolved to have now recourse to silence and reading her letter.

"Will you permit me?" she said, unfolding the perfumed envelope.

"No, indeed, I will not permit you," said Lord Invermay, laughingly taking it out of her hand; "you must attend to me now, and any time will do for Lady Invermay."

Florence sighed to mark the determined coldness that accompanied every mention of the name of his suffering wife; a coldness which he had veiled at least, in former times, under the semblance of affectionate ardent. Turning to him with a sweet and persuasive earnestness,

"How I should rejoice to hear you call her Laura once again!" she cried.

"How I rejoice to hear you deign to express any wish it is in my power to grant! I'll call her Laura, or what you will," continued Lord Invermay, bending a too-speaking glance on her averted face, "so I talk of her to you."

Florence felt alarmed, yet too confident of her own strength she thought this was perhaps the only opportunity she might have of recalling the being she had once loved with all the devoted singleness of affection, to duty, to happiness, and thereby securing the felicity of two persons still the most dear to her in the world. She spoke to him of Laura's claims, of her devoted affection; she pleaded her cousin's cause with a fervour of eloquence inspired by the recollection of her anticipated felicity, and the sad conviction of her

bitter disappointment. She urged how happy they still might be if he would listen to the voice of reason, and renounce those mistaken pleasures that had already led them to the brink of ruin.

Lord Invermay listened with rapt attention. He could have bade her go on for ever, while his eye wandered in uncontrolled admiration over her beautiful and animated countenance.

Florence mistook the cause of his emotion. She imagined she had gained a victory when she was never farther from the one to which her pure heart alone aspired. At length, availing himself of a pause, Lord Invermay snatched her hand, and, kissing it passionately, exclaimed,

"Mould me as you will, enchantress; hereafter I am the creature of your power!"

Alarmed and startled, Florence turned to disclaim the assumption of any such influence, when her disclaimers were met—not by Lord Invermay, but by the Marchioness of Tiverton!

Her ladyship, having been seized by a slight but sudden indisposition, had returned home earlier than she was expected; and, from totally different causes, time had slipped away alike unheeded by Florence and Invermay. Lady Tiverton was much too well bred to let the slightest appearance of displeasure betray itself in the presence of her nephew. On the contrary, the welcome she gave him was so immediate and cordial, that Lord Invermay flattered himself his unguarded action had remained unobserved; but Florence, who knew every turn and variation of Lady Tiverton's countenance, was not to be lulled into tranquillity by this deceitful calm, and was aware that the storm was delayed, not averted.

Her fears did not deceive her—Lord Invermay shortly afterwards took his leave, and Lady Tiverton, relieved from the restraint of his presence, observed—"You were regretted at Lady D——'s, Miss Butler. Her ladyship, I told you, had expressed a desire to have you introduced to her circle; but as you can find so much better amusement for yourself——" Here she paused, fixed her fine black eyes on her in indignant scrutiny, and then resumed—"Rumour, for once, was no slanderer, I find. I now understand my nephew's long reluctance to a perfectly suitable match—the sudden removal of a dangerous inmate from the villa of Mrs. Delme—an inmate who abused the friendship and confidence of the unsuspecting Laura to——"

"Hear me, Lady Tiverton," said Florence in tears—" 'tis true I have long known your nephew, Lord Invermay—knew him before——"

"Choose some other confidante, Miss Butler," answered her ladyship proudly. "To insult my ears with the story of your aspiring and criminal attachment is a freedom I neither can nor will brook. I ask no avowals—no humiliating and tardy confessions; they are useless to you, and unworthy of me."

Florence listened with her hands clasped, her head declined, her brow contracted, as if in these definitive sentences she had heard her warrant of death; all the blood that should have circulated round her heart seemed to have mounted to her cheek, enhancing her usually pale beauty with the richest crimson glow; then again retreating, leaving it paler than before; yet, to a discerning eye, her appearance would have conveyed the impression of outraged delicacy—of injured rectitude—not of conscious guilt: but Lady Tiverton, blinded by passion, was incapable of making the distinction: she only quitted the object of her wrath to consider in what way she should make the preceding scene known to Lady Invermay. For she was indeed, as Mrs. Honeymoon had observed, one of those cruel comforters who, under the pretext of pity, plant a thorn in the unsuspecting bosom which no after kindness or sympathy can extract.

Laura was made acquainted with that, of which, if

she had remained in ignorance, some chance would have existed of her benefiting by the change of air and scene, and a slight renewal of the attentions of her husband.

Laura was not naturally suspicious, but repeated and bitter experience had rendered her so. She listened to the voice of groundless jealousy, and indignant at her supposed wrong, disclaimed to conceal what she felt. She wrote to Florence in the fulness of a heart bursting with the sense of unrequited kindness, and announcing that their friendship was at an end. Thus injured by Lord Invermay, thrown off by the Marchioness, and suspected by the world, this was the last drop in the cup of misery that poor Florence was compelled to drink. The story was related in a hundred different ways, and in each to the disadvantage of its innocent heroine. It gave a sort of unhappy celebrity to the most modest and unobtrusive of human beings, and all were anxious to have a peep at the mysterious being caged at Lady Tiverton's. The distressed Irish clergyman's daughter, whose charms had fixed and fascinated the hitherto notoriously fickle as handsome Lord Invermay.

But Florence was now in no state to justify fame's exaggerated statements. Chained to a bed of sickness, unsoothed by sympathy or friendship, for one and twenty days life and death struggled with her for the mastery; but in the extreme of misery consolation dawned, or the victim must succumb; and thus, from the enlightened and benevolent physician, whose skill recalled her from the brink of the grave, she was destined to find refuge from those storms which had almost rendered its haven desirable.

In the family of Dr. Welwyn, Florence at length met that consideration and kindness which she had hitherto sought in vain, and blest was she to devote her renovated strength and improved faculties to the charming family of this exemplary man.

Genius and knowledge were here arrayed in their most attractive garb. Doctor Welwyn did not consider his home as a mere resting-place, where he might recruit his overwrought spirits, and indulge in querulous complaint or sullen silence. The sight of his interesting daughters and amiable wife seemed to act at once as a cordial to his body and mind; and never, in his domestic circle, would it have been supposed, from his manner, that he had, perhaps, just returned from combating the opposition of ignorance, the taunts of envy excited by his superior success and skill, or the indecision of timidity worn out by long suffering, yet half conscious that some painful sacrifice must be made.

Here Florence witnessed, for the first time, the calmness that rules the mind devoted to science; and also the numerous pleasures which spring from that exhaustless source. She had been accustomed to apply the term "interesting" to a drama, a poem, or a tale. She had also occasionally heard the word used in speaking of young ladies far her inferiors in beauty; indeed, had often observed with a secret smile, that a "sweet, interesting girl," was one of whom little else could be said; but in Doctor Welwyn's circle, she had got into a land of "interesting minerals," and "interesting earths," and often marked the unwearied philosopher, after a day of exhausting labour, prepare to consume the midnight oil in foreign correspondence, about some newly discovered, and "most interesting chemical body."

But a term is put by nature to the exercise of the finest energies, and the intense and varied studies of Doctor Welwyn at length seriously called for an interval of repose. Travelling was discovered to be necessary to avert the threatened loss of health; and he was compelled to abstain for a time from every thing that could agitate or engross his mind. A tour in the southern provinces of France was recommended to

him, terminating in a sojourn at Nice, and thither Florence obtained permission from home to accompany a family to which she had become sincerely attached.

The result of this experiment was favourable to Doctor Welwyn, so as to realize the most sanguine hopes of his relatives and friends. But as health dawned again on one member of the travelling group, it was but too visible another drooped and declined.

It was now three years since Florence Butler's first "going out," and the variety of trials to which a delicate and sensitive female is thus exposed, had done their work. Toil, anxiety, sympathy with a revered parent's sufferings, who had been gradually reduced from "an elegant sufficiency" to the sacrifice of the conveniences, the comforts, almost the necessities of life; but above all, those appalling and secret conflicts in which "the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness," and the purer the spirit the deeper the distress. These, added to the strange jealousy, and abandonment of the only relative, who, in England, had opened her heart to the sweet impressions of friendship and confidence, had undermined a constitution not naturally strong, and at length produced symptoms of that fearful scourge of youth and beauty, pulmonary consumption. And first she was obliged entirely to desist from the exercise of that voice whose clear tones had been the delight and hopeless emulation of her pupils. In song it could be raised no more, and soon the short reading lesson proved too much for her. Her kind friend, Dr. Welwyn, who watched her symptoms with paternal care, then applied to her the fiat promulgated against himself, and enforced absence of application and gentle exercise as absolutely necessary.

At first she seemed cheered and renovated by the balmy air and foreign scene: but soon she shrunk in hopeless languor from the shortest walk, and riding and driving abroad alike were tried in vain.

While thus the clergyman's daughter was trying, but trying in vain the remedial course proposed by friendly sympathy, a stranger of distinguished rank and adorned with all "outward appliances" of splendour and luxury arrived at the same spot, perhaps to die.

Her wasted form, her feeble gait and languid countenance too surely announced the ravages of the same disease with which Florence was attacked, and a look of hopeless melancholy contrasted strangely with her gay retinue and rich attire. Often would she after a short excursion leave her equipage, and with the aid of one favourite attendant seek some lone spot that commanded a view of the sea, and seating herself there, as she gazed on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, would let hours pass unheeded. Perhaps the mourner passed in review the hopeless sorrows of her fruitless life, and found in the inconstant element a resemblance to the peridy from which she had suffered—it was Lady Invermay.

When first Florence heard of Laura's arrival, alone and suffering, "her heart went out to meet her," but she was now, herself, too much enfeebled in health and spirits to encounter a harsh repulse, and she knew not but that Lady Invermay might still retain all those feelings of misplaced resentment, which had already broken the bands of friendship as warm as the female bosom had ever cherished. These difficulties were surmounted by the active friendliness of Doctor Welwyn.

Having resumed, with health perfectly restored, his medical functions, he was called in to attend the unhappy lady, and soon saw that she was "past hope, past cure," the root of her disorder being a broken heart. But he also saw that friendship might do much for her in smoothing the dark passage she was doomed to tread, and he longed to restore to each other those two young, hapless, and amiable creatures, who, but a short time before had begun life with such different prospects, but who seemed destined to be united in one

common fate. The culpable absence of Lord Invermay at this critical period had, at least, this advantage, that it rendered easier to Florence the steps towards a reconciliation. She had long intrusted to Dr. Welwyn all that it was necessary to relate of her story. He seized a favourable moment to mention his interesting inmate, and Lady Invermay's mind was already prepared for a reconciliation. Subsequent inexorable conduct on the part of Invermay had led her to reconsider the past, and to tax herself with a too hasty condemnation of Florence in a case in which he probably was alone to blame. An interview was effected, and as the two friends gazed on each other's wasted forms in mute anguish, tears were the only language which ratified their complete reconciliation.

From that time to the close of their unhappy and innocent lives, Laura and her faithful Florence were never a day asunder—often at

— “the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,”

Laura would relate to her sympathising friend what yet remained to be known of her sad history: told her of her husband's deceitful return to kindness, the object of which was to deprive her of the last remnant of independence, that it might be dissipated with the rest—“But I could not renounce my settlement,” continued Laura, her mild nature showing at length some spark of indignation—“I could not in justice to our child, and now I have neither child nor husband!” and the unfortunate and bereaved wife and mother declined her head on the shoulder of Florence and wept bitterly. At that moment, had Invermay offered to return, Laura's tender and all-forgiving heart would have opened to receive him.

But Invermay returned not, to receive the last sigh of her who had lived only for him. Provoked at the unexpected firmness of one whom he had accustomed himself to look upon as a soft and yielding idiot, he had at once inconsistently taxed her with obstinacy

and folly, and as if the last tie between them was broken by the death of his daughter, announced his determination to separate from her, and hurried to another part of the continent, while Laura was wearing out her last thread of life at Nice.

In Florence the deceitful disease took its most beautiful and captivating form—the flushing cheek, the beaming eye, the pellucid skin. Laura, on the contrary, appeared scorched and withered by the wasting breath of sickness, and a few weeks seemed to have added years to her age. Fully aware of her state—“They say consumption is a complaint that gives beauty,” she said, with a languid smile, “but it cannot be imparted to me—I now feel sure Invermay never thought me pretty, and could he see me now—”

Her short cough interrupted this mournful retrospect which showed where her feelings, ever faithful, had taken their flight. Florence could enter into them all, and the band of sympathy was only strengthened between them, that they had both once aspired

“To reign over the same heart.”

That heart was alike unworthy of the generous simplicity of Laura, or of the high-minded virtues of Florence. But all partiality in which guilt would have been included had long been over in her pure breast, and other causes had wrought the ruin of her health. She was not formed for the life she had been compelled to lead; nor did Laura possess that penetrating intellect which could alone have saved her happiness from shipwreck in the heiress's perilous career. The last pang was saved each of these gentle hearts—that of one surviving the other—for a few days alone intervened between the death of both. Such is the hapless lot of woman—endangered alike when too hastily exposed to the scorching sun of prosperity or adversity's rude blast. The boundless wealth of Laura left her a prey to the tempter who caused her misery and ultimately her death, while a portion of it would have preserved from dependence and all its train of ills the Irish clergyman's daughter.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY COLERIDGE.

’Tis the merry Nightingale,
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!—

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great Lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass, and king-cups, grow within the paths:
But never elsewhere in one place I know
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirnish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and sweet jug-jug;
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

SONNETS.

ON A SET OF GEMS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

WHAT forms are these, touched by the silver hand
Of honouring Time? Methinks I see the face
Of Genius, smiling on the radiant race
That crowned old Greece with glory, and command
Even now the love and praise of every land!
The Beauty of the Dead herein we trace;
Their very minds seem moulded into grace—
Nay, their most fixed affections may be scanned
In these life-printed pages. Who may tell
How thought hath been inspired! Perchance this form
Was fashioned in the heart's mysterious cell,
An image which young passion worshipped well;
Or haply in a dream, a visioned storm,
First on the mind it rose, a rainbow bright and warm—

’Twas subtle Nature's ever-working skill
That gave these graces life. Most calm and white
They lie, like clouds. In some enchanted night,
When sleep had sealed up every earthly ill,
The mind, awakening like a miracle,
First in the purple shade, the starry light,
The glory, and the marvel, and the night,
Found fine Realities, diviner still
Than its own Dreams—shapes wonderfully fair,
And faces full of heaven. Or from the sea
In its proud flow—the peaks, sublime and bare—
The woods, wind-shaken—from the shell-strown lea,
Were these creations caught, that breathe, and bear
Old Nature's likeness—still, profound, and free.

THE CALABRIAN EARTHQUAKE.

NATURAL calamities, which no human foresight, no human experience—the only ground of human foresight—can avert, allay, or even modify, might seem to be of all possible subjects of study the most useless.—Nevertheless the philosophical curiosity of man eagerly seeks to investigate their causes and their circumstances, whilst his, and yet more, woman's love of strong emotions and sympathy with every kind of suffering, give peculiar interest to their details. The philosophic investigation of natural causes belongs not to these pages, but the last-mentioned qualities of those who are likely to be their readers may authorise some little account of the extraordinary ravages committed in Calabria and the adjacent portion of Sicily by the earthquake of 1783, an earthquake which, despite the horrors of that of Lisbon in 1755, and of that described by Mrs. Graham, now Mrs. Calcott, as lately changing the face of an extensive district of South America, is, perhaps, unparalleled, as well in many of its circumstances, as in the destruction of human life. A few preliminary words respecting the especial and unusually limited scene of its ravages, may not be unacceptable, inasmuch as such scene lies somewhat beyond the beat of the common herd of tourists.

The Apennines, as every body knows, extend to the southern extremity, or toe, of Italy; but from this main ridge protrude, at various points, several smaller branches; and two of these branches, the northern terminating in Capes Vaticano and Zambrone, the southern in the point called Pezzo, opposite to Messina and near the once-dreaded Scylla, embrace a basin, or, as Italian writers more elegantly term it, a shell-shaped district, surrounding the gulf of Gioia, and denominated *La Piana di Monteleone, or della Calabria, or simply and par excellence, La Piana*. This title must not, however, conjure up in the reader's mind the image of an American savannah, of Salisbury plain, or, indeed, of any level country whatever, inasmuch as this Calabrian plain not only slopes from the Apennines to the sea, but is overspread and intersected with hills, mountains, dells, and ravines, the latter produced by the occasional torrent-form of the streams, which, in their ordinary state, fertilise the country; this *Piana* being as much distinguished for fruitfulness as for wealthy and populous towns, such as Monteleone, Pizzo, Tropea, Mileto, Soriano, Oppido, Santa Cristina, Nicotera, Polistena, San Giorgio, Terranova, Casalnuova, Seminara, Bagnara, and Scilla. This fair and happy province, in extent about one hundred and forty miles, and embosomed, as though for shelter, in the Apennines, was, together with the neighbouring Sicilian city of Messina, the destined prey of the earthquake.

The year 1783 opened without any indications of impending evil. Vesuvius and *Ætna* were hushed in grim repose, and all seemed much as usual at 1 o'clock (*Anglice* noon) of the 5th of February, when human beings were heedlessly pursuing their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure. Not so, however, the humbler inhabitants of Calabria. The learned academicians employed by the king of the Two Sicilies to ascertain and record particulars of the catastrophe, relate that the brute creation instinctively foresaw some approaching disaster. The dogs and asses first showed symptoms of disturbance; the cats remained longer unconscious or indifferent, but gradually the hair of their coats rose and spread, as when they confront an enemy, their eyes gleamed a turbid sanguine light and with piteous mewings they fled in all directions. The horses stamped and neighed, and by the restless motion of their eyes and ears discovered their uneasi-

ness. Even the poultry were commoted in the farm-yard, and the bees in their hive. The birds fluttered and screamed in the air; and a little migratory fish, called the *cicirello*, swarmed on the coast of Messina, although the season of its appearance in those seas is considerably later.

The distraction of the animal kingdom alarmed not man. He continued unapprehensive of danger until a few minutes past noon on the 5th of February, when a tremendous burst, resembling thunder, from the entrails of the earth, effectually broke the bands of "mental" sleep asunder. The convulsed earth heaved, shook, opened wide her ponderous jaws, and in the same instant, as we are told, one hundred cities were overthrown, and thirty thousand human beings were buried under mountains of ruins, or engulfed in the yawning chasms that opened to swallow them!

But the external outbreak of internal disorder ceased not with this first frightful work of destruction.—Again, on the 7th, on the 20th, on the 28th, and even a month later, on the 28th March, were new shocks experienced, the destroyers of two hundred more towns or villages; and if they proved less murderous than the first, it was only because the terrified inhabitants had fled from their houses, from the threatening neighbourhood of solid edifices, to dwell under tents or huts in the open country. These repeated shocks exhibited, in union or succession, all the different forms of convulsion known in earthquakes, that is to say, the lateral, the upward, the downward, the undulatory, and the rotatory shock; in some of these the sides of hills broke off and fell in tremendous *avalanches*, burying trees, houses, rivers, under the ponderous mass.—The rivers afterwards re-appeared, but in new channels, and turbid and discoloured, as though mourning the desolation they had witnessed and survived. In others the solid ground was rent, and from the chasms issued streams of mud, and of chalk more or less liquefied, that inundated the adjacent lowlands. And in the intervals between the five days fatally distinguished by those greater convulsions, smaller shocks frequently recurred, whilst an undulation, sufficient to produce sea-sickness, is said to have been almost uninterrupted.

The sea and air participated in the disorder of the earth, the former rising into such towering waves as rather resembled solid hills than heaped-up waters, and passing all appointed boundaries, deluged inland-regions to which the very aspect of ocean was unknown—the latter, by tempests, whirlwinds, and hurricanes, enhancing the calamities of the province, and further distracting the miserable inhabitants. And as though its immediate ravages had been little, the earthquake produced ulterior evils, whose action continued even after their cause had ceased. The fall of houses, instead of extinguishing the fires blazing on their hearths, often supplied fresh fuels in the boards and beams so flung upon them, whence burst out wide spreading fires that the stormy winds helped to render unquenchable whilst aught remained to be burnt.—The oil, vinegar, and wine turned to vinegar, escaping from their crushed receptacles, flowed, as did the choked waters, into the granaries, spoiling the corn, which became utterly unfit for human sustenance.—The springs of wells were corrupted or lost. And the dead bodies imperfectly buried under the ruins that killed them, together with others long since committed to the grave, whose sepulchres the same terrific agent of destruction had torn open, diffused pestiferous exhalations that generated mortal disease.

But it is not the main purpose of these lines to re-

late merely natural ills, or to commemorate the overthrow of buildings; how much soever we may lament the ruin of the splendid remains of classic antiquity, of the solemn monuments of the piety of young Christianity, or of those huge majestic castles that stood a living record of the feudal power and magnificence of southern Italy's rude Norman conquerors. The more direct effects upon our fellow beings, the dreadful fate of some, the marvellous deliverance of others, with circumstances in some cases almost comic, were and are intended as principal subjects of the paper; and these shall be chiefly taken from Botta's new and hard-to-read *Storia d'Italia*. Which shall we begin with? According to established custom, with tragedy followed by farce? Alas! the latter is hardest to find: for few are there, even of the happiest escapes, unalloyed by something sad. Let us then abandon the arduous task of accomplishing any artificial arrangement, and take the anecdotes as they present themselves, limiting all idea of management to the choice of the incidents. The first mentioned by Botta, as if to cheer his reader's mind after such wholesale natural horrors, is one of the few purely ludicrous, and we the more willingly follow his example, as we purpose, for our reader's final solace, to conclude with an extract from a tale founded upon this identical earthquake, by that always pleasing German novelist. Baron de la Motte Fouque, best known here as the author of *Undine*.

Lovely was once the road from Soriano to Jerocame, and sheltered from the noontide sun by the vines that festooned amidst overhanging olive and chestnut trees; and beneath this verdant canopy was Father Agazio, prior of the *Carmine* at Jer-came, journeying when surprised by the first shock of the earthquake. In an instant the luxuriant trees were uprooted, the whole path was a chaos of rains. The ground cracked, disclosing frightful clefs that threatened to devour whatever approached; that closed again, again to open with every new shudder of the vexed earth. It were needless to describe the poor monk's terror, or the anxious care with which he strove to shun each hungry-looking chasm. Unavailing were his vigilance and activity. Under one of his feet the ground suddenly opened. The prior's leg sunk as its support failed; and ere he could sufficiently recover himself to snatch it out, the fissure as suddenly re-closed, holding Father Agazio as fast by the ankle as though he had been set in the stocks. In vain he exerted his utmost strength to extricate his foot! What is the strength of man, especially of one in old age, against that of mother earth? In vain he strained his voice in loud shrieks for help! All were flying for their lives, or seeking for lost wives, children, parents; who had leisure to think of an unconnected monk? And, indeed, had his whole monastery heard, what aid could they have rendered him? No key had they to this strange, this fearful species of gyve. Father Agazio, exhausted by his efforts, had sunk in despair upon the knee he could still bend, to prepare for death, when a new concussion re-opened the fissure, and released his imprisoned limb. Instantaneously the good Father's drooping energies revived; he sprang upon his feet, hurried forwards, and reached his cell without further mishap.

At Polistena, two young mothers were sitting together, the one with a three year old son playing at her feet, the other with a babe at her breast, when the first shock of the earthquake flung the roof—flung the whole cottage down upon the hapless group. Neither pain nor danger, scarcely death itself, can quell the strong impulse of maternal love. The mothers made vaulted roofs of their own bodies, to protect their offspring from the falling masses. So they died. So they were found, crushed, swollen, livid, and putrescent. Let us believe their last moments to have been soothed by the hope that they suffered not in vain.—Delusive hope! They were disinterred too late—the

helpless little objects of their care had withered. They lay wasted, dried up, dead in their mothers' bosoms.

A mother of Scido was more fortunate. Don Antonio Ruffo, and Donna Pasqualina Nota, a pair of wedded lovers, united little more than a year, had recently had their conjugal felicity augmented by the birth of a daughter. They were playfully caressing their infant, when the first awful concussion disturbed their peaceful enjoyment. The alarmed husband clasped his wife and baby to his heart, to fly, or to perish with the objects of his affection. A beam from the falling roof struck the fond couple to the ground, and husband and wife died folded in each others arms. Their fate and their child's was lamented, and the ruins were early searched in order to give the regretted family Christian burial; when a faint cry quickened the zeal of the workmen. The infant girl was found, still alive, between the bodies of her dead parents!

In different places two women severally remained seven days buried alive in vaults formed by the falling ruins. Both were of course without food or drink, but seem to have suffered comparatively little from hunger. Thirst was their torment, until they fainted; and when released and recalled to sense, their cries for water were frantic.

At Oppido, a girl of fifteen was extricated on the eleventh day from her living grave. One of her hips was out of joint, a child of which she had the care was dead in her arms, and she herself was quite insensible. On being with great difficulty restored to animation, her first words were, as usual, water! water! And on being questioned as to what she had thought and felt in her dreadful situation, she simply answered, "I slept." Beneficent provision in the formation of such fragile creatures, that the extremity of human suffering often produces unconsciousness of its agonies!

Generally speaking, to moderate the inordinate avidity with which all rescued victims, human or brute, sought for drink, was the one point essential to the preservation of their lives. A dog remained a fortnight thus buried, and did not, as might have been expected, go mad for want of water. But his thirst, when drawn forth, was as immoderate, and as difficult to be restrained, as that of his reasoning fellow-sufferers. A cat alone is mentioned as spontaneously not intemperate. Poor puss had been sheltered in a boiler, that supported, unbreaking, the superincumbent weight of ruins, and had remained there forty days without meat or drink. She was found lying as if in a placid sleep, and gradually and quietly recovered.

The hill on the side of which Terranova was built, split with the violence of the concussion. Part fell over with a portion of the town, crushing every thing beneath its mass. Another part slid down to the bank of the river, carrying along its share of buildings;—among others, a public house containing seven persons, to wit, the landlord, then a-bed in the stupor of intoxication; his wife and niece, engaged in household duties and waiting upon four customers who were playing at cards. On reaching the channel of the river Soli, the travelling mansion abruptly stopped, and was shattered to fragments by the jar; when the landlady remained sitting on her chair, terrified nearly out of her senses, but otherwise uninjured; and the sottish landlord was awakened and sobered to behold the wreck of his little property; but the young girl, and the four gamblers upon whom she was attending, were completely crushed under the ruins.

Not far from this luckless tavern a chestnut tree performed the same journey so smoothly, that a peasant, who was perched amidst the branches pruning their redundancy, reached the same goal unhurt; however, alarmed at his unwonted mode of conveyance, and leaping down, he hurried away in search of a home and family, too probably hidden for ever from his sight.

In another part of Terranuova, its physician, the Abate of Taverna, was overwhelmed by the ruins of his house; and whilst smothered by dust and rubbish, braised, battered, maimed by falling stones and beams, he believed every minute his last, another concussion of the labouring earth tossed him out again into the light and air, stunned and breathless, more like a corpse than a living man, and hardly conscious of the escape which, in after times, he delighted to relate.

Among the less disastrous accidents, is the adventure of Catharine Polistina, a little girl of nine years old, the daughter of a Casoletan peasant. She had been sent upon a message when the earthquake interrupted her progress, overturning trees and houses, flinging down hills, filling up valleys, burying streams, till the bewildered child could no longer recognise a feature of the familiar landscape. Confounded, affrighted, half-distracted, she wandered amidst unknown pathless wilds, until weary, faint, and despairing, she sank upon a chalk hill just ejected from one of the momentary and shifting craters, opened by the earth's throes. Here she lay weeping for her lost home and parents, when she found unexpected aid. A goat of her own little flock, flying, like herself, in delirious terror from, or rather amidst, the horrors of the hour, joined Catharine. The sight of any known object amidst the desolation that surrounded her, was balm to the poor child's breaking heart, whilst the presence of a human companion seemed to allay the frenzy of fear in the animal. For an instant the goat couched at the little girl's feet, and licked her hands in dumb reply to her sobbing caresses. Then recovering, with returning composure, the confidence of instinct, it rose up, invited, by bleating and expressive action, its more helpless young mistress to follow, and, despite the metamorphosis of the scene, led the way to the cottage, which lay remote, and had escaped injury, although its inmates were racked with alarm for the child they knew not how or where to seek.

The town of Scilla stands upon a promontory, nearly adjoining to the rock so famous in ancient story. It is built in terraces, that rise regularly, one above another, along both sides of the headland; on the extremity of which, toward the castle, is the abode of the prince of Scilla. The then prince was a very old man, who had lately returned thither, to await, it might have been supposed, his last hour in retirement, had he not brought with him a train of light damsels and boon companions, better fitted to induce forgetfulness of, than preparation for, death. The first shock greatly damaged the whole town, rendered the upper terraces shapeless heaps of ruin, and rent the castle in twain, flinging to the earth a portion of its massive walls.—The aged prince, who, amidst the fearful convulsions of nature, saw little chance of preserving his few remaining days, repaired to his chapel, prostrated himself at the foot of the cross, and there resolved to await his doom. But his guests, more restless in their fears, urged him so strenuously, so incessantly, to make an effort at least for safety, that he yielded, and agreed to seek shelter on board the *feluccas*, and other light vessels in the bay, in a fond hope that the ocean might have changed characters with the now unstable land, or, at least, that its agitation, as more natural, might prove less destructive. Together with his worthless associates, the whole population of Scilla, amounting to four thousand souls, followed the example of their feudal lord, and hurried to the sea shore, where such as could find vessels embarked; the rest remaining on the beach. The offices of religion were resorted to in the hour of peril; and fervently did all pour forth their united prayers for safety, ere they lay down to rest, as they fancied, in comparative security. About midnight, a new concussion, followed by a tremendous crash, startled the fugitives from their repose, but without excessively alarming them; such was their dis-

tance from stone walls. That trust was short-lived! Part of the mount Baci, the next promontory south of Scilla, had shivered from its base with the shock, and fallen into the sea. The swelling billows were violently driven upon the Sicilian coast; after deluging which, they recoiled, and increasing in power and fury by their own action, returned in momentarily increasing mass upon Calabria. The Scilla fugitives heard a low murmur from the bosom of the deep; it grew louder and louder as it came nearer, until the boding roar foretold the fate that darkness shrouded from sight. In one mountain surge the waters came rolling on, overwhelmed alike the light barks, and the tremblers on the beach; and swept away prince, parasite, courtesan, and peasant, to one promiscuous doom. Some few, after tossing about during a fearful length of time, the sport of the raging waves, were thrown alive on the shore. Some corpses were, at that same time, lodged on the roofs of the yet standing houses; but the greater number, including the prince, were permanently buried in the deep.

One circumstance alone is wanting to close this detail of the dreadful, the sad, and the strange, to which this terrific phenomenon gave birth; and that one is, to a reflecting mind, more fearful than any natural calamity. Whilst "this great globe itself" and "all which it inherit" seemed about to "dissolve" amidst horror, affright, and agony unspeakable, human beings were actually revelling in whatever the destruction of their fellow men threw in their way; were perpetrating every crime, every atrocity, murder not excepted, that the most unbridled and most vicious appetites and passions could prompt.

And here the account of the Calabrian earthquake might close, did it not seem a fitting relief from such matter-of-fact horrors, to add, as already proposed, *La Motte Fouque's* pretty narrative of a fictitious escape. Of the story of his *Fata Morgana*, it is needless to say more than that Veronica, the affianced bride of Guglielmo, a Sicilian fisherman, is believed to have perished on the fatal day at Messina, whither she had gone to a wedding; that the widowed bridegroom has gone mad, and that her unexpected reappearance, by recalling his senses, solves the difficulties of the tale. The fond, simple, and devout girl thus tells the story of her supposed death, her feelings, and her escape.

"When I came to myself it was much darker. It seemed to me as though a black firmament hung close over my head, with one single, red, wild-flickering star visible. But the firmament was the roof of a subterranean vault, under a mass of fallen houses. It might be a burial place, for the star was a sepulchral lamp. Its twilight showed me two corpses close beside me.—They were gaily tricked out. I looked more heedfully, and they were the bride and bridegroom of the morning's wedding. They held each others hands and still smiled lovingly. Then I thought of Guglielmo, and looked round for him, and recollected myself, and said, 'He rows cheerily on the free ocean wave, whilst thou, his poor, true heart, liest here, buried alive.'—Then a horrid agony came over me, as though the fallen stone vaults were crushing me to death; or rather a far greater agony; for at the bottom of my quaking heart I wished that might be, at once, and suddenly.—But then it shot piercingly upon my mind, 'And poor Guglielmo! how shall he live and breathe above in the beautiful sunshine, without his poor buried heart?' And then, far more anxiously frightened about him than about myself, I made a vow to my patron saint that I would live whole years in a convent, praying for him, without letting him know I was alive during the whole time, so I might but pray in the dear sunshine by day, in the dear moonlight by night.

"And now something whispered along with my sighs, and I moaned, and thought, 'another living buried creature?' And I was not much in the wrong;

for it was a fountain, buried alive, that was rippling at no great distance from me, and at length worked its way through between the stones. "There now!" thought I, in my half swooning dream, and I cannot but laugh at myself now, "if that brook will not utterly ruin my beautiful new wedding dress!" But the brook was wiser than me, and helped us both. Further and further it rippled, and tapped, sobbingly, on and on, against a bit of a wall. And I sobbed anxiously between whiles, "strike not! thou wilt bring down the smothering vault on both our lives together." For I no longer wished that, since I had felt its dear living motion so near me. The brook heeded me not, but tapped on and on—tap, tap,—softly, softly, but regularly, tapping and sobbing, on and on—till little by little, earth, clods, and stones, began to give way, and part and roll sideways, most likely into deeper chasms. And then I remonstrated no longer, for I saw, shivering with joy, I saw he was in the right.

"In the right? Yes, thank God! he was in the right, the wise, diligently-labouring brook. For presently a sunbeam fell inwards upon him. And whilst he glowed and sparkled in it, just as if reddening with joy, he leaped suddenly, fanning upwards, driving the rubbish clean away, and glittering, dazzlingly bright, in all the rays of noon. Then side by side I went with him, up, over the step-like crumbled walls, refreshed by his sweet spray, the stones under my staggering feet moist with his pearly shower. And once more above ground, with the blessed airs of Heaven playing around me, I sank, trembling and praying, upon my knees. When I rose I looked about me; in the burial ground of St. Ursula's convent, was I born to new life! At first, I shuddered at the solemn spot. But presently something within my soul seemed, in low, friendly, half-spoken words, to claim my vow.—It might well be a warning from my patron saint.—And then, with a comforted spirit, I walked into the convent."

ANGER.

Anger is a violent emotion of the mind, arising from an injury either real or imaginary, which openly vents itself against the offending party. The effects of anger are often productive of the most dreadful consequences. The passionate woman, when the fit is upon her, becomes as incapable of distinguishing right from wrong, as an idiot or a madman; she is carried away by the impulse of the moment; a turn of imagination, often as violent as a gust of wind, determines her conduct, and hurries her to the perpetration of actions which, in her calmer moments, strike her with remorse.

So nicely and wonderfully are we made, that all the internal feelings have a strong influence upon the body. The truth of this observation is in no case so evident, as in that of an angry woman. Her countenance wears the strongest and most visible marks of its uncontrollable power: all the nerves are put into the most violent agitation, and the frame is continually shattered by its repeated attacks. Anger, as it proceeds originally from the mind, ruffles that as well as the body: the calm and quiet affections, which diffuse peace and joy around them, fly at its approach, and are succeeded by a black train of evil passions which carry their own punishment, by inflicting the most bitter torments. Nor do the ill effects subside when anger ceases; the mind still retains its commotion, like the sea, which continues in a state of agitation, though the winds have abated. It has been argued, that anger is the consequence of a peculiar frame of the body; but this is a simple argument, as it is in the power of every one to control their passions, if they are watchful.

It was a memorable saying of Peter the Great, "I have civilized my country, but I cannot civilize myself." He was at times vehement and impetuous, and

committed, under the impulse of his fury, the most unwarrantable excesses; yet we learn that even he was known to tame his anger, and to rise superior to the violence of his passions. Being one evening in a select company, when something was said which gave him great offence, his rage suddenly kindled, and rose to its utmost pitch; though he could not command his first emotions, he had resolution enough to leave the company. He walked bare-headed for some time, under the most violent agitation, in an intense frosty air, stamping on the ground, and beating his head with all the marks of the greatest fury and passion; and did not return to the company until he was quite composed.

Lord Somers was naturally of a choleric disposition; and the most striking part of his character was the power of controlling his passion at the moment when it seemed ready to burst forth. Swift, in his "Four last years of Queen Anne," has in vain endeavoured to blacken this amiable part of that great man's character; as what the dean mistook for a severe censure, has proved the greatest panegyric. "Lord Somers being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, avoids all incitements to them, by teaching those whom he converses with, from his own example, to keep within the bounds of decency; and it is indeed true, that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue, with the utmost violence to himself; so that his breast has been seen to heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage, in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the humblest and softest manner."

An Arabian merchant, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freightage. The waterman, in a violent passion, appealed several times to the governor of Mashat for justice: the governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman, surprised at this conduct, demanded the reason why he did not sooner grant his petition. "Because," said the judge, "you were always drunk when I saw you." But the waterman declaring he had not been overtaken with wine for several years, the judge replied, "the drunkenness with which you were overtaken, is the most dangerous of all—it is the drunkenness of ANGER."

A SCOTCH PROVOST.

The magistrates of the Scottish burghs are generally the least informed, though perhaps respectable men, in their respective communities. And it sometimes happens, in the case of very poor and remote burghs, that persons of a very inferior station alone can be induced to accept the uneasy dignity of the curule chair. An amusing story in point is told regarding the town of L—, in B—shire, which is generally considered as a peculiarly miserable specimen of these privileged townships. An English gentleman approaching L— one day in a gig, his horse started at a great heap of dry wood and decayed branches of trees, which a very poor-looking old man was accumulating upon the road, apparently with the intention of conveying them to town for sale as fire-wood. The stranger immediately cried to the old man, desiring him, in no very civil terms, to clear the road, that his horse might pass. The old man, offended at the disrespectful language of the complainant, took no notice of him, but continued to hew away at his trees. "You old dog," the gentleman then exclaimed, "I'll have you brought before the provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road." "Gang to the de'il man, wi' your provost!" the wood-cutter contemptuously replied; "I'm provost mysel'!"—*Glasgow Chron.*

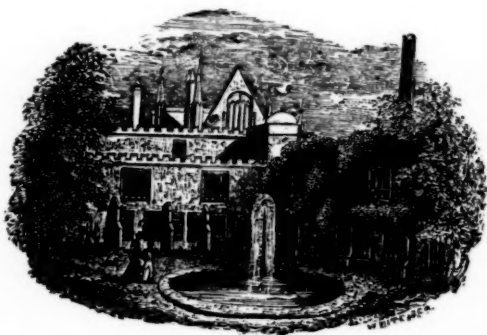
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BYRON'S RESIDENCE IN ATHENS.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY,

The Residence of the late Lord Byron.

BYRON'S RESIDENCES.

BY J. A. SHEA.

I.

In Newstead's halls the harp is voiceless now ;
 And Athens mourns her minstrel patriot dead :
 The latter wreath'd a laurel round his brow ;
 The former is a trophy which is wed
 To his ancestral glory. It is said,
 And truly, that the place where rests a beam
 From those by genius in its brightness shed
 Should be the scholar's haunt—the poet's theme—
 Love's holiest place of sighs—ambition's dazzling
 dream.

II.

Whether we look on Newstead's hoary height,
 Or the Greek home for which he sung and sigh'd,
 The spell's the same to the beholder's sight
 To fire his genius and direct his pride :
 Of one, the slave—of both, the boast, he died ;
 And when the future ages speak his name,
 Young hearts shall leap, for he, for freedom tried,
 With freedom's foes, a bold and bloody game :
 And Greece will Byron's place beside Bozzaris' fame.

III.

In England's land his sires were of the brave,
 And of the brave were they at Palestine :
 One gallant nation weeps above *their* grave,
 But *nations* kneel at his as at a shrine :
 For every land beheld his glories shine.
 When his lyre breath'd its music, Freedom spoke,
 And he, inspir'd with energy divine,
 Bade man renounce the enervating yoke,
 And while he sung, the chains of answering freemen
 broke.

IV.

Oh Athens! wert thou not, and thy fair daughters
 To him a dream of love and loveliness.
 Did he not mourn the unrelenting slaughters
 Which fill'd with desolation and distress,
 Thy land which nature ever lov'd to bless.
 Did he not fly to thee as to a bride ;
 And glad thee with the dawning of success
 To thy land's contest, deeming all beside,
 Hope, kindred, country, friends, as weeds upon the
 tide!

V.

There, from the glow of thy inspiring skies
 He drew bright inspiration, and became
 The idol of creation's hearts and eyes ;
 The centre-soul of earth: the bard of fame :
 Restoring to the universe thy name,
 Thy former glories and thy present woes ;
 Till Europe hearing thy neglected claim,
 Her thunders launch'd on thy barbaric foes,
 Till independent peace from ruin'd Athens rose.

VI.

Thus far advanc'd Freedom will follow on :
 And when, (as yet thou wilt,) thou'rt free as air,
 Remember him who walk'd thy Helicon,
 Thy name his song, thy sufferings his care.
 Let him, thy thoughts at morn and evening, share.
 That thus for other land, thou may'st inspire
 Another Byron; who, if tyrants dare
 To quench the subject millions' waking fire,
 May lull the demons' wrath as once did Orpheus'
 lyre.

VII.

Ye wave-link'd dwellings of the lyric chief ;
 By recent ravage or by old renown,
 Alike immortal! though, but as a leaf,
 Which flourisheth an hour and falleth down,
 With ye he dwelt, an everlasting crown
 Your names shall bear thro' ages for his sake.
 And whether glory shine or slav'ry frown
 Upon your fortunes, years unborn will make
 Your magic stronger still till death from darkness wake.

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

BY H. S. B.

I.

SHE hath her wish—for which in vain
 She pined in restless dreams—
 "Oh mother! is this home again?
 How desolate it seems?
 Yet all the dear, familiar things
 Look as they did of yore;
 But oh! the change this sad heart brings—
 This is my home no more!

II.

"I left thee!—like the dove of old
 I left thy parent breast—
 But on life's waste of waters cold
 My soul hath found no rest!
 And back the weary bird is come,
 Its woes—its wanderings o'er;
 Ne'er from the holy ark to roam—
 Yet this is home no more!

III.

"Oh mother! sing my childhood's songs!
 They fall like summer's rain
 On this worn heart, that vainly longs
 To be *all* thine again!
 Speak comfort to me! call me yet
 'Thy Mary'—as of yore;
 Those words could make me half forget—
 That this is home no more!

IV.

"Sit near me! Oh this hour repays
 Long years of lonely pain;
 I feel—as if the old bright days
 Were all come back again!
 My heart beats thick with happy dreams—
 Mine eyes with tears run o'er!
 Thou'rt with me, mother! Oh it seems
 Like home!—*our* home once more!

V.

"Oh home and mother! can ye not
 Give back my heart's glad youth?
 The visions which my soul forgot,
 Or learnt to doubt their truth!
 Give back my childhood's peaceful sleep,
 Its aimless hopes restore!—
 Ye cannot!—mother, let me weep—
 For this is home no more!"

VI.

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
 On earth there is no rest—
 When grief hath troubled the pure streams
 Of memory in thy breast!
 A shadow on thy path shall lie
 Where sunshine laughed before;
 Look upwards to the happy sky!
 Earth is thy home no more!

A SCENE ON RIVER PLATE, IN 1826.

AFFAIRS of a private nature rendered it necessary for me to communicate with my husband, and as letters were, in all respects, unsafe, I thought it better to go myself—(I was at Monte-Video, and he was in command of the Brazilian blockading squadron, up the river Plate, before Buenos Ayres.) An excellent opportunity presented itself in a Brazilian corvette, commanded by an elderly, civil, and good-natured Frenchman.

All being arranged, I took leave of my children, recommending them to the kind offices of my friends and neighbours, and embarked on the 25th of July.

It was very cold weather, and the air of the Plate is peculiarly piercing; we tried to heat a stove, which the captain had kindly procured for me, but it choked us with smoke, and we were obliged to relinquish the attempt, which, perhaps, was not to be regretted; very warm clothing, and as much exercise as possible on deck, being far better methods for alleviating this sort of discomfort. The French generally, in their private arrangements, are more economical than we are: the captain had little closets fitted up in his own cabin, where he carefully kept locked up his china and glass, and all such stores of provisions as he could conveniently keep in them; what was wanted, he regularly gave out himself every morning, and he kept the keys in his pocket—notwithstanding all this, we had a most liberal and excellent table, and the finest coffee I have tasted on board ship. Our *mess* was composed of the captain, the pilot, and myself; the pilot was, I believe, the only Englishman on board, all the rest were French, Brazilians, and negroes. I had brought with me some needle-work, books, and writing materials, which, with the grand occupation of keeping myself warm, quite filled up my time for the three days of my voyage.

Early on the morning of the 28th, I suspected by a certain movement and hubbub on board, that we were approaching our destination—I rose, and began to make my toilet as quickly as possible. The captain presently knocked at my door, and informed me that we had reached the squadron, and should presently speak; he therefore begged to know what he should say about me—for the good man seemed shrewdly to suspect that I had taken upon myself to go, nobody knew why, where every body thought I had no business to be. I replied, "merely say that I am on board, if you please, sir." Accordingly, in a few minutes after the Commodore had hailed him, I heard the intelligence bawled out through his speaking trumpet, in good Portuguese. My husband's boat was alongside in a second, soon followed by those of several of the other commanders, and we sat down to such a breakfast as they had not enjoyed for many days; after which we took leave of our kind host, inviting him to dine with us on the following day.

The weather was beautiful, and we passed a very pleasant day in visiting several of the principal vessels.

On the following morning the squadron got under weigh, and anchored as near to Buenos Ayres as possible. The Brazilian vessels were much too heavy for service on the river Plate, and drew too much water, an incalculable disadvantage to them during war. However, we were able to get near enough to have a very interesting view of the city and harbour; and having retired from the dinner-table, where most of the commanders were our guests, I sat on the poop, surveying with peculiar, and somewhat painful interest, the novel scene before me. The vessels of our

gallant enemy seemed to me alarmingly close; and as to Buenos Ayres, although it looked so pretty, quiet, and inviting, I could not help secretly wishing it much further off.

The gentlemen soon joined me, took their coffee, and were each on board their own ships before dark. I felt rather fatigued, and was in bed by nine.

The scene still haunted me, and I could not help saying to my husband, with a voice betraying a little apprehension, "suppose our Buenos Ayrean friend were to take it into his head to pay us a visit to-night?"

"Let him come," was the reply, and then, "Non-sense, my dear, go to sleep," which order I obeyed with dutiful promptitude.

I recollect awaking very shortly afterwards, with a start of terror; strange and confused noises were around me—"the enemy is among us!" rung in my ears; my husband, already up, cried out, "Very well;" and then saying to me, "I will be back in a minute," he left me. I crept out of my bed, huddled on some clothes, and poked my feet into my husband's large slippers, *because* they lay closest to the bed. The shots whizzed fearfully above my head, and well I knew that it was a mere chance whether or not they entered the cabin-windows. My husband soon returned, with the steward—the former taking me by the arm, drew me as quickly as possible on deck, and then down the companion ladder; the steward collected all my *traps*, and followed us. We went into the gun-room, which lay quite aft, beneath the poop-cabins—it was lined on each side with small sleeping cabins; in one of these, (a spare one which had not been occupied,) he placed me, recommending me to lie down underneath the bed-place, and having thus disposed of me, returned to his duty. The firing at this time was tolerably warm; the little cabin, from the circumstance of its being a spare one, was filled with all sorts of rubbish, and on looking underneath the berth, I found that it was also occupied in the same way; and the whole was so small, close, and sickening, that I began to think I might as well be shot as smothered. I looked into the gun-room, where a marine officer was seated composedly by the powder magazine, which lay open before him; I decided to take my station here on the floor, leaning against the side of the cabin I had just emerged from.

The fire began to slacken—sometimes it ceased altogether, and was renewed at intervals, which gradually became longer. I do not think my companion and I exchanged a single syllable—he was a little, quiet, elderly man, and as nothing from the magazine was yet wanted on deck, he had as snug and idle a time as myself; he nodded and napped until some sudden repetition of the firing roused him; then he crossed himself, sighed, and napped again.

About the middle of the night my husband came down and begged I would *turn in* to the little bed, and try to take some repose. The night had become so very dark, that it was probable the struggle would not be renewed until dawn, when the enemy would, he presumed, try to get back into their stronghold, which he should prevent, if possible; as yet, he thought little damage had been done on either side.

I accordingly crept into the little bed, which the steward cleared and prepared; an unusual stillness pervaded the whole vessel, and I soon sunk into a feverish and dreamy repose.

No dawn found its way into our abode; but I was conscious of a stir beginning through the ship. I looked

into the gun-room; the dim lamp was still burning, and the little man still nodding; we were both, however, thoroughly shaken out of our drowsiness by a sudden and tremendous broadside, given by our vessel, which was succeeded by various demands for ammunition stores, so that the old gentleman began to be fully and actively employed, the fire on both sides being kept up with unremitting warmth. The steward, with professional coolness, apologised for the want of coffee, but brought a tray with wine, bread, cold fowl, and pie, which he secured with care.

From this time, we were nearly six hours closely engaged; we were around three several times—a species of danger which gave me much uneasiness. Now and then an officer, (they were chiefly Englishmen,) came down, and having popped his head, face and hands into water, and taken a glass of wine from my tray, returned; from them I received the most encouraging reports, and their faces, though hot, black, and dirty, looked so merry and full of hope, that the very sight of them did me good. I learned that several men were wounded, but none as yet dead, at least that they knew of. They generally remarked that the enemy fired *too high*—(comfort for me.)

I had not seen my husband since midnight, and I began anxiously to watch for his coming. I began to feel weary and dejected. I had lost all idea of time, and ventured to ask my friend, the marine, what o'clock he thought it was; he went to a cabin for his watch, and seemed as much surprised as I was, to find that it was between eleven and twelve.

I imagined that we must be coming to a conclusion; the firing was no longer so constant and steady—a long pause had now succeeded; but as to what had been done, what had been really effected, I knew no more than if I had remained at Monte Video. At length I heard my name called by my husband: I flew out of the gun-room, and reached the bottom of the companion-ladder, when on looking up, the light struck me so suddenly and so dazzlingly, that I could scarcely tell whether the begrimed and blackened figure that stood at the top, was my husband or not, and even his voice was so changed and hoarse, that I hardly recognised it as he cried out, "Come up directly—I want you particularly to see with your own eyes, the position of the vessels *now*, at the close of the action."

"I shall be very glad to come up—but—are you sure the action is quite closed?"

"Yes, I don't much think we shall have another shot. I shall give no more—come, come!" and up I went. In ascending, my foot slipped twice, which I attributed to my own agitation; but it was no such thing—I had stepped in blood! It was down this ladder the wounded had been conveyed, and while pausing at the top to recover from the sickening sensation I experienced, the groans of a young wounded officer from a cabin below, met my ear.

Alas! how little can those who only read of battles through the cold and technical medium of a general officer's bulletin, conceive of the reality! This first slippery step of mine into an actual field of slaughter, conveyed an impression which can never be erased.

Summoning all my presence of mind, I accompanied my husband to the side, and stepping upon the carriage of a gun, looked round. The first thing that fixed my eye, was the ship of the Buenos Ayrean Admiral, stranded, a complete and abandoned wreck—there she lay, covered with honourable wounds. The Admiral's flag was on board one of the smaller vessels, and he was effecting his retreat in good order. I then looked up at our own ship—to the eye she seemed almost as complete a wreck as her antagonist. Her sails were floating in ribands, her masts and yards were full of shot without exception—every thing was crippled; she had besides numerous cannon-shot imbedded in her hull, while others had passed right

through the opposite side; the decks were smeared with dirt and blood—the seamen, overcome with fatigue, were crawling about, or sinking with their heads on the carriage of the guns. I then looked at our other vessels, who were grouped at some distance behind; but I could not discover that either they, or the Buenos Ayreans, who were conveying away their gallant Admiral, had suffered the slightest damage. I then discovered two of our vessels in the distance, one very far off indeed; that nearest to us we soon observed had her foretop-mast shot away, but for the flight of the other, we could not then account. We afterwards ascertained that she left early in the action, because her Captain had received a wound in the arm.

A few hours were devoted to the rest and refreshment of which the whole ship's company stood so much in need; but towards evening, repairs and cleaning had begun; the other vessels were called to our assistance, especially the one I had arrived in, and in a day or two, we were pretty well patched up.

On the 4th of August, I took leave of my husband, and, accompanied by those who were the most severely wounded, went again on board the quiet Frenchman. We reached Monte Video on the 8th, after an absence of fourteen days.

VARIETY OF SCOLDS.

"In the whole course of my reading," says a celebrated writer, "which has been both extensive and desultory, I do not recollect having ever met with an essay on the science of scolding; yet that it is reduced to a perfect system, and that the practice of it has long been a ruling passion with the fairer part of the creation, few men will deny. There is as much harmony, comparatively speaking, in the boisterous pipes of a regular bred out-and-out scold, as in the astonishing cadenzas of Mrs. Wood, or the melting appoggiaturas of Braham; indeed, even the most celebrated and experienced physicians assert, that it is of the most essential benefit in many cases, which I would attempt to divide into the following classes, viz:—

"First.—The constitutional scold, who practises for the benefit of her health.

"Second.—The beautiful scold, who is put out of temper, because she cannot bring her complexion to its usual pitch of perfection, even with the aid of the captivating patch.

"Third.—The authoritative scold, who discharges her spleen to support her dignity, and will not permit the least infringement on the prerogative of the petticoat.

"Fourth.—The matrimonial scold, who reads certain lectures for the reformation of her husband's morals, recommended to the very ancient and numerous family of the *hen-pecks*.

"Fifth.—The dramatic scold, alias stage shrew who endeavours to convince the world that she can rant off the stage as well as on it.

"Sixth.—The patriotic scold, who vociferates for the good of her country, to display her great knowledge and party principles.

"Seventh.—The inebriate scold, who, by forming a cordial alliance with certain strong liquors, is wrought-up to frenzy, in which she strikingly evinces the ardent disposition of a woman of spirit.

"Eighth.—The common scold, though last not least in fame, who may with the utmost propriety, be styled a *professional virago*, possessed of a volume of voice combining vast compass and exhaustless strength, especially in the upper notes. She is so well established in the ancient art, mystery and practice of scolding, that all others implicitly submit, and leave her the undisputed heroine of the field of tongue."

GOOD NIGHT;

WORDS BY SHELLEY.

"*Delinea gli anima colorisce la vita.*"

COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. SHELLEY BY MRS. TOWNSHEND STITH.

GRAZIOSO.

Good night? ah! no, the hour is ill, Which so - vers those it should u - nite, Let

us remain to - ge - ther still, Oh! then it will be good

night. How can I call the lone night

good, Though thy sweet wish - es wing its

flight, Be it not said through un - der - stood

Then it will be good night To hearts which near each other

move, From Eve - ning close to morning light, The

night is good because my Love, They never say good

night- They never say good night.

THE VISION OF SADAK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER," AND "PURITAN'S GRAVE."

THE merchant Sadak was blessed with abundance, and dwelt in peace. He had all that mortals usually desire, and was duly and deeply sensible of the happiness of his lot. But as humanity must be imperfect in its happiness as well as in its wisdom and its power, there was one drop of bitter floating in the sweet cup of Sadak's life—there was a cloud in his sky, a thorn in his pillow, and a sigh of sorrow marring and mutilating the melody of his joy. "Blessed be Allah for his goodness towards me—praise to the high and holy one who has fixed my lot in a land of peace, and has stretched the cords of my tent on the plains of prosperity! Blessed be Allah, that my caravans travel the desert in safety, and that the hand of power has not rudely touched my wealth. Blessed be Allah for the security of my home, for the fidelity of my servants, for the smiles of my children, and for the affectionate love of my wife."

Thus did Sadak express his gratitude and joy duly every morning and evening; but oft in the course of the day, there rose in his mind painful thoughts and sad forebodings. When he walked in his garden, he looked on his flowers and saw them fade, and, sighing, said to himself, "So also must I pass away; my strength must decay—my glory perish, and I must lie down in the dust, and make my bed with the worms. Then what to me will be the wealth which I have gathered together? What the affectionate love of my wife—the smiles of my children—the fidelity of my servants? We must all die; yet wherefore should death, that must rob us of our possessions, first rob us of our enjoyment of them? Why can I not banish from my soul all thought and fear of that which is to come? I ask not to live in this world for ever? but I would fain so live as not to fear death." This was often the language of Sadak's heart in his hours of solitude, bringing on his spirits a gloom of which none but himself was aware, for in society he was cheerful, and his friends enjoyed his company.

Now it came to pass, as Sadak one afternoon was reposing in his pavilion, and was watching the falling rose leaves, and indulging in the gloomy thoughts which did so often interfere with the happiness of his life, that there suddenly stood before him, he knew not whether rising from the earth or descending from heaven, a figure of preternatural size and gracefulness, having a countenance of calm but not smiling kindness, expressive of mercy unmingled with weakness, and marvellously blending the awful with the attractive. Sadak's heart for a moment forgot to beat; the pulse of his life stood still with astonishment—nor could he withdraw his gaze from the strange vision that saluted him. Speechlessly he waited to hear the spirit's voice, for his own tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he was helpless as a bird in the gaze of a basilisk. In a voice as gentle as the evening breeze, and musical as the tones of a lute, the vision spoke and said, "Sadak, thy prayers are heard in heaven, thy praises are accepted by Allah, and thy fears are registered above; I come to remove these fears." Then Sadak took courage and said, "Who art thou, and by what name may I address thee?"

The vision answered, "I am the Angel of Death."

Thereat Sadak trembled and bowed his face even to the ground, saying, "Behold thy servant." He thought that now his hour was come, and that his fears were to be stilled in the grave: and much did he marvel that the terrors of his soul were not greater

at the sight of so awful a visitant. The spirit spoke again and said, "Sadak, wouldst thou be above the fears of death?"

Sadak answered and said, "Remove thy terrors from thy servant, and then shall my life flow sweetly and calmly as the rivers of paradise."

"If then thou wouldst be above the fear of death, thou must be as those for whom death has no terrors. Come, and thou shalt choose thy lot." So saying, the angel lifted him lightly from the ground on which he was kneeling, and carried him high in the air above the cities, the plains and the rivers, and he saw the scene beneath him moving silently as the picture of a dream.

Presently they had passed the fertile and cultivated country, and they came to a dreary region where the unclad mountains lifted their bleak summits to the sky; steep and rugged were their sides, so that there seemed to be no path for the foot of man, nor was there any symptom of human dwelling. Here the Angel and his charge alighted, and the spirit said to Sadak, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." Then Sadak, wondrously supported in climbing the rude precipice, and again in descending divers chasms and clefts of the rocks, followed his guide till they came to where a low dark opening admitted them into a tortuous and gloomy passage, leading to a cave in which the light of one sickly lamp just served to show that this was a retreat of reckless robbers. Sadak saw the ruffian gang assembled in brutal conclave. He saw them drink the strong red wine; he heard them shout the insulting song of triumph over their victims whom they had robbed of wealth and life; he shuddered as he listened to their tales of blood, and he trembled as he heard them devise their next day's exploit.

"To-morrow," said the chief of the robbers, "the prince passes through the valley, with a slender retinue, but a weighty purse; he fancies that the awe of his name, and that a dread of his vengeance will be enough to save him from our hands; but we must let him know that the mountain robbers have no fear or reverence. We can mock the majesty of law, and despise the power of princes. We who fear not death, are invincible, and, while we live, omnipotent."

Thereat a shout of rude applause was sent up by the lawless multitude, and the heart of Sadak was sick at the brutal and unholy sound.

Then the angel said unto him, "Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this!"

Thereupon the gloom of the cavern vanished, the clear light of heaven shone upon them, and the robbers disappeared, and Sadak and his guide were sailing again through the liquid air. They passed beyond the region of the barren mountains, and descended on a plain, through which a gentle river calmly glided, on the banks of which stood many a pleasant dwelling, and where the cheerful voice of the living and laborious were heard. The spirit said to Sadak as before, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard."

And the merchant followed as he was commanded, and they entered a house where an old man was sitting alone, watching the quiet course of the river, and seeming to count the straws, sticks, or leaves, that floated on its surface. The old man saw them not, and heard them not—therefore their presence interfered not with his thoughts or with his employment.

For a long while they stood, and Sadak asked no question of his guide, though he wondered what could be the meaning of what he saw, for he feared lest an improper or untimely word might break the charm in which he was involved. After a length of time, the old man moved away from the place where he had been sitting, and began to make preparations for a solitary meal. He was wonderfully slow in all his movements, and ever and anon he paused as though endeavoring to call something to mind. At length he sat down and ate, and when he rose from his cheerless and solitary meal, he resumed his seat where Sadak first saw him, and there he sat watching as before, the course of the river, and occasionally looking up to the bright blue sky above him. The merchant and his guide stood hour after hour watching the still scene, and Sadak grew weary, but ventured not to name his weariness, or to express his impatience: then the angel said unto him, "Sadak, what seest thou?"

And Sadak said, "Truly I know not what to answer. I see, indeed, an old man who seems as though he had no employment for hand or thought, and whose life appears but a breathing death."

"Thou hast answered rightly," said the angel; "he whom thou seest, hath by the aid of philosophy, conquered all fears, and by a skilful management of life, removed all source of annoyance and trouble—he hath no cares, and no fears; there is not one dark spot in his life. His days are as tranquil as the silent river, and he has no more dread of death, than the river hath of the ocean into which it is flowing."

"But what," asked Sadak, "are the joys of his life? Has his philosophy destroyed them too?"

"How can it be otherwise?" said the angel; "who can in this life separate joy and sorrow? Where is the land on which the sun shines for ever? Can the earth have mountains without valleys? Can man enjoy the beauty of the rising day without knowing the darkness of night? Who but the weary can taste the luxury of rest? He whom thou seest before thee, hath, by removing all causes of uneasiness, or hardening his heart against them, formed for himself a life of perfect peace and unmingled calmness; having no friends or kindred, he is never called to mourn at the side of the grave—trusting no one, he is deceived by none—steeling his heart against all sympathy, the sorrows of others never afflict him; and as there is nothing in life to which he clings with fondness, so there is nothing in death which he regards with abhorrence. Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Then the angel carried him away from the peaceful vale, and bore him onwards to a well-peopled city, and they alighted there, the angel saying as before, "Follow me, seeing, but unseen, hearing, but unheard." Sadak did as he was commanded, and followed invisibly his invisible guide; and they entered a dwelling in which there were abundant tokens of wealth, and Sadak thought to himself that if the owner of this well furnished abode could live superior to the fear of death, he must be an amiable man indeed, for here was much to make life interesting. Passing through several splendid apartments, they came to the room in which was the master of the house; but at the sight of him Sadak sighed deeply, for sorrow sat upon his countenance, and his whole talk was that of despair.—"What seest thou?" said the angel.

"I see," replied the merchant, "a sight of wretchedness."

"Thou seest," said the angel, "one for whom death hath no terrors. He hath wealth, but there is no one to enjoy it with him; his wife and children are in the grave, and as he loved them most deeply when living, so he mourns them most heartily when dead. He

looks about his well-furnished house, and finds that every part of it reminds him of those who were most dear unto him; his soul is filled with bitterness that they are taken from him; vain also would he make his bed in the grave. Wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

The angel then led him forth from the house of the desolate man, to another street and to another house, in which there were many symptoms of wealth, but none of solitude, and the angel said as before, "Follow me, seeing, but unseen, hearing, but unheard." There was a tumult in the house, as of oburgation, and a noise of many voices; and Sadak saw a man somewhat past the middle of life, surrounded by his family, who were quarrelling with him and with one another. The merchant looked alarmed, and his guide said unto him, "Sadak, what is thy fear? Thou art unseen and unheard, the fury of these people cannot injure thee."

And Sadak said, "My fear is not for myself, but for these people, lest they may presently inflict violence the one upon the other. Seest thou how that furious woman endeavours to provoke to violence him whom I take to be her husband? Surely blood will be shed. What, I pray you, has caused this sudden quarrel?"

"This is no sudden quarrel," said the angel, "but this is the ordinary life which this man leads; his wife and children are unreasonable in their wishes, and violent in their tempers, so that the poor man hath no peace. He wishes for the peace of the grave. Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Again the angel caught up the merchant, and carried him through the air, a distance of many leagues, alighting with him at length, at the entrance to a mine, from whence many of the labourers were issuing, and the angel said to Sadak, "Follow me, seeing, but unseen, hearing, but unheard." So the angel conducted the merchant to one of the abodes in which the labourers resided. And Sadak saw the weary man sit heavily down to a scanty meal, which he devoured hastily; and presently the man slept, and his sleep was sound, and Sadak thought within himself, "How blessed is the sound sleep of him who by labour has earned the comforts of repose!" Sadak watched him while he slept, and there was no symptom of any dreary restlessness, but his features were still as a stone, and calm as death. Morning came, and with it came the summons to renewed labour. Then Sadak grieved for the labouring man, that he needs must be awakened from so sound a sleep. And the angel said to the merchant, "Sadak, thou thinkest mournfully."

Then the merchant replied, saying, "I grieve for this poor man, that he hath no time for the enjoyment of that rest for which his labour gives him so good an appetite, for while he sleeps, he is insensible to all that is around him, and when he wakes, he is forthwith called away to labour—nay, even before he hath well slept his sleep, he is roused, to re-commence his toil."

"True," replied the angel, "but he thereby lives without the fear of death, because he lives without the thought of it—he has no time for thinking; his days are occupied with ceaseless labour, and his nights with dreamless sleep. Wilt thou thus be above the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Now when the merchant had been so long with the angel, his fears began to abate, and he spake more freely to the spirit, saying, "Hitherto thou hast shown me only those who live a life of misery, to which death must be considered a relief; show me, I pray

you, one to whom life is truly desirable, and by whom death is not regarded as an evil?"

"Thou askest an impossibility," said the angel; "for thou askest to see one who prefers light to darkness, and yet who likes darkness as well as light.—How can this be? I have shown thee such as care not whether they live or die: to them, therefore, death can have no terrors; and I have also shown thee such as feel more pain than pleasure in life—therefore to them, death can present no terrors. But how, I pray you, can he who loveth life, love to have it taken from him?"

"But my dread of death," replied Sadak, "often-times takes away my enjoyment of life."

"Thou speakest inaccurately," said the angel; "rather shouldst thou say that thou feelest a dread of death because thou hast so great enjoyment of life. Seest thou not that death is unpleasant because life is pleasant?"

Then Sadak was silent for a moment, seeing that he

knew not what to reply; and much did he fear that he had offended his supernatural guide and messenger; then forthwith did he prepare himself with a propitiatory reply to the angel, but when he lifted up his face from the ground, and sought his spiritual companion, behold the monitor had fled; and Sadak was left alone, and he began in great perplexity and terror to cast about by what means he might return to his home, from so great a distance, and after so long an absence, for he knew not in what region of the globe he was, nor could he distinctly recollect how many days he had been away from his home; but presently recovering from his surprise, he found himself in his pavilion, his garden was as he had left it, and when he returned to his family, they spake not of his absence from them. So he perceives, that it was but a dream, and he took instruction from the dream, and learned to prize the blessings of life more highly, and to receive the good things bestowed upon him, with a more unmingled gratitude.

DON'T TALK OF SEPTEMBER.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

I.

Don't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst;
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the first:
I try to arrange a small party,
The girls dance together—how tame!
I'd get up my game of ecarte,
But they go to bring down their game!

II.

Last month, their attention to quicken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken
They're tempted by birds on the wing?
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And slighting my sweets and my trifles,
Prefer my Lord Harry's preserves! [of game.]

III.

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!
Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now 'stead of popping the question,
They set off to pop at the birds.

IV.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That love at the sight of you dies:
You care not for locks on the forehead,—
The locks made by Manton you prize!
All thoughts sentimental exploding,
Like flints I behold you depart;
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

V.

They talk about patent percussions,
And all preparations for sport;
And these double barrel discussions
Exhaust double bottles of port!
The dearest is deaf to my summons
As off on his pony he jogs;
A doleful condition is woman's;
The men are all gone to the Dogs!

WOMAN.

[Suggested by a portrait of the Honorable Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, in the foreground of a beautiful landscape.]

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

O what a scene is this! so beautiful,
So placid, that if Peace would deign to choose
A sublunary habitation, here
Would be her home. How lovely in repose
Spreads the clear lake in which the sun delights
To bathe its sultry beams! See you tall grove
Of fragrant lime trees, which, at eventide,
Cast their rich perfume on the minstrel gale
In guerdon of the melody it breathes.
There rears the classic temple its proud front;
Here the full'n column, emblem of decay,
Gives pathos to the picture; while beyond,
In the dim distance, like a barrier, rise,
The giant hills, as if to guard a spot
So consecrate from feet profane.

To crown

The scene, the climax of its beauty, see
Yon fairy form, imparadised like Eve,
The loveliest, last create of Eden's flowers!
How, like a sylph, descended from the stars,
To gladden and to grace this lower world,
She treads, with printless foot, the verdant lawn!

But not in Nature's silent haunts alone
Shines woman with a lustre which exceeds
That of all earthly things. Go to the world,
And mark her value as a boon to man,
In every grade and circumstance of life,
In pleasure, pain, in splendor, and eclipse;
When sorrow, like a cloud, is on his path,
And lost, bewild'ring, in the gathering gloom,
He vainly seeks a shelter from the storm:
Or when, awaken'd from Youth's idle dream,
He finds the world the wilderness it is,
Its verdure as the grass that hides the grave,
Its fruit all bitterness, its fairest flowers
Tangled with weeds, and thickly girt with thorns:
When those whom once he fondly deem'd his friends,
Tried by Adversity's unerring test,
Have proved base counterfeits—or, when the grave
Hath mercilessly closed on one whose love
Had been his cherish'd treasure—it is then,
O then that Woman's accents have a charm
To calm the tempest of his troubled mind!
On her fond breast, in grief's abandonment,
He pours the long-pent current of his heart,
Of which, in presence of his fellow-man,
His pride had closed the flood-gates!

THE VOW.

From Jephtha downward, few have ever vowed rashly, without repenting bitterly, and yet our self-conceit is so much more powerful than our better judgment, that neither our own personal experience, nor our observation of the course and experience of others, can cure us of promising unconditionally, which if we perform at all, we can perform only upon certain conditions which may, or may not, exist. If a thousand other instances of the folly and danger of rashly vowing, had not previously occurred to my observation, that folly and that rashness would have been firmly and impressively taught to me by a late occurrence in a not very distant branch of my own family. In England, distinguished as it is by the abundance and the excellence of female beauty, there is not a more lovely woman than my cousin Emily Mordaunt; and she was beloved as well as lovely, and if the village in which she passed her girlhood, and of which she was the ornament and the pride, were to be canvassed, I doubt if a human being could be found in it who would not have perilled life and limb to procure her a pleasure, or to spare her from a pain. A good and a beautiful girl she was, and it was the greater pity that she was silly enough to make a rash vow.

About four years ago, and at this very season of the year, I left town for the village at, or rather near, which she resided; the name of which, for reasons quite sufficiently cogent, if not more than usually obvious, the reader must be so good as to excuse my not mentioning. My uncle is a fine specimen of "the good old English gentleman;" and though only moderately wealthy, is possessed of immense influence, and unbounded affection in his neighbourhood, from the constant well-doing in which his own long life is spent.

Entre nous, though I yield to no one in admiration of his numberless fine qualities of breast and heart, I must earnestly confess that my annual visits are none the less punctual or extended in their duration from the fact of my uncle's grounds affording me finer sport than I can enjoy elsewhere, without making a longer or less convenient journey. And it was partly, if not mainly, for sport's sake, at the time above mentioned, I deposited myself, my Manton, one tiger, two horses, and ditto dogs, at the good old English house of my good old English uncle. I was welcomed, as I always am, cheerily and heartily; duly thanked for sundry newspapers sent by divers posts to the old gentleman, and for certain Court Magazines, which I had forwarded for the especial delectation of my fair coz.—But she, usually the first to bid me welcome, was not visible, and when I had gossiped and luncheoned away for a full hour after my arrival, without perceiving any signs of her intention to become visible, I took the liberty to pop the plain question to my uncle as to the cause of her absence. The answer was categorical enough, but not altogether so satisfactory as I could have wished.

"She was ill," her father said, "and yet not ill; debilitated and nervous, shunning all society, perpetually in tears, and yet unable, or unwilling to assign any cause of her indisposition. In short," concluded my uncle, who doats on her, "she is a woman, and who the deuce is to know a woman's mind? And yet she's young and pretty, and she knows it; and I have picked her out a husband as young and as handsome as herself, and egad! one would think it impossible for her to be otherwise than happy!"

"So!" thought I, "the murder's out!" I need not

trouble my readers of either sex with the wise saws of "every one has his faults," "the best of us are not perfect," and so forth. We all know that, though we are a little apt to make ourselves, our wives sometimes, and our children always, special exceptions to this general rule. Now if my uncle has any very considerable and lamentable failing in his character, it is a certain warmth and arbitrariness of temper. Though in other respects very unlike Squire Western, I could sometimes almost fancy him sitting to Fielding; so decisive and "Sha't ha' un"-like is his mode of ruling his household when any of his whims, more or less, are unfortunately by some accident thwarted or neglected. And from the instant of his having told me of his having "picked out" a husband for my pretty cousin Emily, I judged that his paternal kindness had been far more sincere than acceptable. "The course of true love really never *does* run smooth," thought I, "but poor Emily shall not want for all the little wit or wisdom I possess." And I, accordingly, pestered her with coaxing notes until, just as the evening was darkening down, the stubborn little puss relented in her obstinacy at last, and honoured me, the stately minx! with an interview. I went to her *petit boudoir* with the full determination to rally her most unmercifully; but when I entered, I was too much shocked by her appearance to carry my determination into effect, or even to remember that I had ever made it.

She lay upon a sofa by the opened window, pale, haggard, and with that ghastly glassiness of eye, which but too frequently is the prelude to
"— cold obstruction's apathy."

I thought of "the angel and the cramp iron," and my tears "flowed feelingly and fast," as I gazed upon the wreck of one so loved by all, so envied by many, and but a brief time before so joyous in herself.

Our conversation was long, too long to be set down here; but it ended in my starting the following morning for Malta, instead of dealing death among the northern beauties of my uncle's preserves.

Poor girl! she had reason enough to be unhappy; and yet her unhappiness, like but too much of that which afflicts humanity and defies the doctor, was in no slight degree self-sought and self-inflicted. Very true it is that it was no agreeable task to oppose my uncle in so important a matter as the marrying of his daughter to the man of *his* choice.

"Sha't ha' un, I tell thee; sha't ha' un," would have been his reply to any maidenly reluctance; and if from blushing reluctance my fair cousin had proceeded to "hint a doubt and hesitate dislike," incomprehensible English, I would not be bail for the safety of any fragile materials within reach of the good, but rather choleric squire. But there was a word which would have ruled him at his wildest, and have sent the unwelcome and pertinacious suitor of his choice to choose more fittingly, or to vent his disappointment in a rattling run with the nearest hounds. But that one word she would not, could not, dared not, speak; she had a vow, and she kept it until she looked like a spectre, and was in an extremely fair way of becoming one. For once in the way—for I am the unluckiest dog now extant, in all matters of locomotive, rarely riding in a coach that does not lose a lynch-pin, or journeying by a steamer which does not boil over, or run upon a sand-bank—for once in the way I say, I made a good voyage, and in an unusually short time, had presented myself and my credentials—a letter, namely, penned in the prettiest crow-quill hand that ever wrote verses

in an album—to Lieutenant ———, of ——— regiment. He perused the letter with all the approved symptoms of gentlemen afflicted with hydrophobia or love. Very stark indeed, very, thought I, is the poor gentleman's mania; pray heaven he do not toss me out of the window by way of rewarding my civility! He did a much more sensible thing; he ordered in dinner, wrote to his colonel for leave of absence, and in four hours from my arrival, I was again on "the deep, deep sea," in company with the smitten subaltern.

We arrived at my uncle's safely enough; but I was so fairly done up with excessive fatigue, from travelling night and day, that I would fain have preferred a sound sleep to a scene. He who takes part in the affairs of lovers, must make up his mind to bear their despotism. They feed on love, so he must eschew more nourishing diet; they wake ever, so he need not dream of—they will take especial care he shall not dream in—sleep. And so it was in the present case; my valiant sub. insisted upon our seeing my uncle that very night.

Poor Emmy had been literally a prisoner for a long time previous to my going down; and her maid, unlike the waiting maids of the most approved novel heroines, had sternly refused to aid her in any attempt to convey clandestine epistles. And when my companion now announced to my uncle that he was her lover, her accepted lover—old acquaintance as his father had been of the squire's—the rage of the latter knew no bounds. Seldom is there much reasoning when people are very passionate, and very determined to have their own way. I shall therefore leave the dialogue that passed between the pair unsung and unsaid. But there was one fact elicited in it that was important and decisive—Emily was unable to marry the man of her father's choice, from the simple fact of her having some time previously gone through that ceremony with the man of her own! My subaltern friend had, in fact, been for some time married to my pretty cousin; but as his father had left him no fortune, he had judged it best to conceal their marriage for a time, and he had extorted a vow from his young and devoted wife, that she would not betray the secret without his consent.

How well she kept her unwise vow, we have seen. She is alive and well, and as happy as her own virtues and every one's love can make her, and he is no longer a sub. But if I had not chanced to see her, to carry that news to her husband which she could not otherwise have conveyed, I verily believe she would have died in her unwise obstinacy.

Rash vows should never be made. Should they even be kept when made? W. T. H.

THE PASSING CROWD.

"The passing crowd," is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man, of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than the "passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces: but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our

warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and wo, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths and the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so: he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.—Blackwood.

Pay visits only on alternate days, thou wilt be beloved the more; for he who multiplies his comings and goings fatigues his friends.

Original.

THE FATED CITY.

'Twas evening, and the golden sun
Streamed brightly in the sky,
And cast his purple beams abroad,
Like smiles of an approving god,
O'er plain, and mountain high—
O'er waving fields of floating gold,
That round his sinking car were rolled,
And o'er the city's glistening spires,
That flashed beneath his blazing fires.

There lay that city—wealth and pride
Had built their temples there,
And swift-winged commerce there had brought
From many a clime, her trophies caught
From isles, in ocean, fair:
The pearl, the coral, and the gem;
And jewels far outvying them
Were, with that city's wealth, combined—
The priceless jewels of the mind.

The sun went down, and night came o'er
That city's winding walls;
The pale moon rose above the sky,
And looked down there all silently,
Upon the shouting halls,
Where mirth was heard, and laughter went,
From lip to lip, in merriment—
Where all was careless, thoughtless, light,
Besporting on that happy night.

An hour passed on—what cry was that,
Which thrilled that city so?
What shrieks are those—what means yon cloud,
That wraps that city like a shroud,
And fills the breast with wo?
What mean those flames, that blazing, run
Along that mountain dark and dun?
Why shakes the earth—why heaves the sea—
Why peal those thunders dreadfully?

Night left the earth—the sun arose,
As wont, along the sky,
And looked—not on that city bright
Which he had left before the night
With turrets gleaming high;
But on a black and cheerless waste,
Which desolation's hand had traced—
Upon a flood of lava, where
Once dwelt in beauty POMPEII fair. A. B. M.

A MAY-SONG FOR EMILY.

May's red lips are breath'd apart
By the music of her heart
Which ever gently stealeth through,
Like enchanted honey dew,
Falling from some odour tree
In the golden Araby.
And gladness danceth on each stream,
And singing comes in every dream,
Riches flow on bower and lea,
But I am poor in wanting thee,
Oh! beloved Emily!
Pleasant May, I love thee well,
When within my silent cell,
In the quiet shadow sitting,
Thy mild beaming eye is flitting
O'er the page of poets old,
Touching the pale scroll with gold.

I sit alone in summer eves,
Hiding my head among the leaves
Of some thick-branching laurel tree,
When the air is warm with glee,
Watching the sunlight to and fro
Upon the foliage come and go;
Or bending back, with listening ear,
Amid the glimmering silence near:
The bird along the green boughs springing
Now hushing in the gloom, now singing;
Or, careless of sweet sounds, I fold
The beauty of my dreams about
Some gentle face beloved of old,
From time's dark shadow looking out.
And to that shady harbour green,
Where stranger face is seldom seen,
Sweet May, thy low-toned footstep cometh
While the wild bee faintly hummeth,
In the lily's silver bell—
Oh, then, sweet May, I love thee well!

Thou dewy-footed creature, sorrow
From thy face a light doth borrow;
The weary pilgrim sinks to sleep,
The mourner's heart forgets to weep!
Then why by thee am I forgot?
And why dost thou regard me not?
Thy love is pour'd on bower and tree—
Then hear my prayer and bring with thee,
My beloved Emily!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

It is the right of canvassing, without fear, the conduct of those who are placed at their head, that constitutes a free nation.

A Representative of the people is appointed to think for, and not with his constituents.

The bow loses its spring, that is always bent; and the mind will never do much, unless it sometimes does nothing.

Every party, in every country, have a vocabulary of court phrases and unmeaning terms, which they use to mislead the multitude.

The only kind office performed for us by our friends,

of which we never complain, is our funeral, and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only thing which we never purchase—our coffin.

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment—if they censure them, your own.

He that writes what he should speak, and dares not speak what he writes, is either like a wolf in sheep's clothing, or like a sheep in a wolf's skin.

We always fancy there is something ridiculous about those sentiments which we ourselves have never felt—still more about those which we have ceased to feel.

An excellent rule for living happy in society is,

never to concern one's self with the affairs of others unless they wish for, or desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often show more curiosity than affection.

The sterner powers that we arouse within us to combat a passion that can no longer be worthily indulged are never afterwards wholly allayed. Like the allies which a nation summons to its bosom to defend it from its foes, they expel the enemy only to find a settlement for themselves.

In the pure heart of a girl loving for the first time, love is far more ecstatic than in man, inasmuch as it is unfevered by desire—love then and there makes the only state of human existence which is at once capable of calmness and transport.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

A wise man poor

Is like a sacred book that's never read,
T' himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.

This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of the thread-bare saint in Wisdom's school.

The height of mountains in the moon is considerable—ten are five miles, or nearly; and eight are from three to four miles. Three of the hollows are from two to three miles, and as many are nearly two miles.

Teeth are phosphate of lime and cartilage, but the enamel is without cartilage.

Anger wishes the human race had but one neck, love but one heart, grief two tears, and pride two bended knees.

Two things fill my mind with ever new and increasing admiration and veneration, the oftener and more constantly they occupy my thoughts—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.

The continuance, and frequent fits of anger produce an evil habit in the soul, called wrathfulness, or a propensity to be angry; which oft times ends in choler, bitterness, and morosity; when the mind becomes ulcerated, peevish, and querulous; and like a thin, weak plate of iron, receives impression and is wounded by the least occurrence.

The brain certainly is a great starver, where it abounds, and the thinking people of the world (the philosophers and virtuous especially,) must be contented, I find, with a moderate share of bodily advantages, for the sake of what they call parts and capacity in another sense.

Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

We talk of the extravagance of modern ladies; Herodotus says that the revenues of Anthylla, in Egypt, a city of considerable magnitude, were always given to the wife of the governor for her expenses in shoes.

A chestnut tree grew at Tamworth which was 52 feet round, it was planted in the year 800; and in the reign of Stephen, in 1165, was made boundary, and called the great chestnut tree. In 1759 it bore nuts which produced young trees.

Botanists record 56,000 species of various plants, and 38,000 are to be found in the catalogues.

The flights of genius are sometimes like those of a paper kite. While we are admiring its vast elevation,

and gazing with boyish wonder at its graceful soaring, it plunges into the mud, an object of derision and contempt.

Curtail thy sleep, and increase thy knowledge; he who knows the value of his object, despises the pains it cost him.

Say not the possessors of science have passed away, and are forgotten; every one who has walked in the path of science has reached the goal.

Increase of knowledge is a victory over idleness; and the beauty of knowledge is rectitude of conduct.

Men in general do not distinguish properly between dissimulation and hypocrisy. The former consists in disguising what we are, the latter in pretending to be what we are not. The first is often necessary in the common affairs of life, the latter is always contemptible and wicked.

It is the part of fools to be too sagacious in seeing the faults of other men, and to be ignorant of their own. They that reprove others are sometimes guilty of pride, but they that amend their own lives, will more easily persuade their fellows.

Questions you should never be ashamed to ask, so long as you are ignorant. Ignorance is a shameful infirmity; and when justified, is the chiefest of follies.

Alexander the Great had such extraordinary value and esteem for knowledge and learning, that he used to say he was more obliged to Aristotle, his tutor, for his learning, than to Philip, his father, for his life; seeing the one was momentary, and the other permanent, and never to be blotted out by oblivion.

RECIPES.

RAGOED LIVERS.

Take the livers of half a dozen fowls or other poultry, a dozen mushrooms, a bunch of sweet herbs, a clove of garlic or a small onion, a table-spoonful of butter rolled in flour. Add a glass of white wine, and sufficient warm water to keep the ingredients moist. Season it with salt and pepper. Stew all together, and skim it well. Before you send it to the table, stir in the yolks of two or three beaten eggs, and two spoonfuls of cream.

A FINE HASH.

Take any cold game or poultry that you have. You may mix several kinds together. Some sausages, of the best sort, will be an improvement. Chop all together, and mix with it bread crumbs, chopped onions and parsley, and the yolks of two or three hard-boiled eggs. Put it into a sauce-pan with a proportionate piece of butter rolled in flour. Moisten it with broth, gravy, or warm water, and let it stew gently for half an hour.

Cold veal or fresh pork may be hashed in the same manner.

MARINADE OF FOWLS.

Take a pair of fowls, skin and cut them up. Wash them in lukewarm water. Drain them, and put them into a stew-pan with some butter. Season them to your taste with salt, pepper, and lemon-juice. Add parsley, onions, and a laurel leaf. Moisten them with warm water, and let them stew slowly on hot coals for two or three hours. Clear them from the seasoning and drain them. Then lay them in a dish, and grate bread crumbs over them. Whip some white of egg to a stiff froth, and cover with it all the pieces of fowl.

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Evening Dress

Morning Dress

THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1884.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.—The robe is composed of a new kind of gauze, called *gaze fleur des anges*, a rose-coloured ground, flowered in separate sprigs in a blond lace pattern, and worn over a satin slip to correspond. The *corsage* is low, cut in a very graceful manner on the shoulders, and trimmed with a lappel of the same material. The lappel is square behind, cleft upon the shoulders, where it is sufficiently deep to form a *mancheron*, and descending in the stomacher shape, terminates in a rounded point a little below the waist. The lappel, bust, and bottom of the *corsage*, are each edged with blond lace. Bouffant sleeve slashed in front of the arm. The hair parted on the forehead, is disposed in light loose curls, which hang low at the sides. The hind hair is arranged in low bows, from which a few ringlets fall over the back of the head. A half wreath of blue wild flowers is placed rather far back. Scarf of *gaze sylphide*, embroidered round the border in a very light pattern. Ear-rings and neck-chain, fancy jewellery, gloves of white knitted silk, resembling double-grounded lace. Black satin slippers of the sandal kind.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—A pelisse of lemon-coloured *gros princess*, plain, high *corsage*. The sleeves very large from the shoulder to the bend of the arm, sit nearly but not quite close to the wrist, and are ornamented with knots of satin riband to correspond, placed at regular distances. Pelerine of two falls, deep on the back and shoulders, but open, so as to display the form of the bust in front; each fall is bordered with a bias band of satin, a similar band adorns each side of the front of the skirt, and knots of riband much larger than those on the sleeves are placed at equal distances from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Lemon-coloured satin hat, lined with pale lilac velvet, a round and very open brim, which stands much off the face; crown of the helmet form. The trimming consists of knots of lemon-coloured gauze riband, and a sprig of half-blown flowers to correspond. Cashmere scarf. Lilac kid gloves. Black *reps* slippers.

MISS A. DOBBS TO MISS J. TIBBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ECCENTRIC TALES."

Jasmine Cottage, County of Herts.

MY DEAREST JEMIMA!—You have always been the depository of my soul's dearest secrets—I am so happy!—Would that you, my sweet friend, were with me, to share the delights of our rural *retreat*—the greatest General from little Alexander down to Napoleon, never made such an *one*!—and as for my *suite* of apartments—“Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life!” as Moore says.

The country around is a volume of Miss Mitford bound in green: every thing seems *smiling* here—except the willows—and they *do weep so gracefully*!—And then at night the crickets chirp so merrily—I am certain there have been a great many *cricket-matches*, there is such a numerous family! These with the *copper-kettle*, are really the only *grate musicians* we can boast in this sequestered dwelling! and they have, in truth, a great *range* here!

My papa is very happy too, and is not like the same

man he was: since he left off business, he is not at all *retired*, but interchanges civilities with the gentry in the neighbourhood: among these is a young Squire, who is so handsome and so witty! I *must* tell you a *bon mot* of his: we had wandered to the edge of the copse, where we sat upon the style, and watched the decline of the sun, until the glorious orb had set—“Why is your *father* like that *sun*?” I gave it up. Because he is a—*retired Tanner!*” I smiled, and my memory reverted in a moment to Bermondsey—the Tan-pits, and my dear Jemima!

I have made some acquaintances among the “rustics:” there is one Rose Verdant, a pretty, melancholy, dark-eyed “*forsaken*”—who placed “her heart's best affections,” on the clergyman—but the *pastor* passed her, for one who he thought *surpassed* her; and she has been as much distressed—as poor Ireland—since the *Union!*—The Album (commenced by my dear Jemima,) is nearly full—for I visit the church-yard every morning, and transcribe the epitaphs: the *sheep* ruminating beneath the *yeu-trees*, being my only companions in this *grave* solitude!

This is the hay-making season, and, of course, all the meadows are a *la mowed!*

There are some impertinent people, who live near us, and they *laughed* so much at our city taste in gardening, that Papa has been forced to “*get up a Ha-ha,*” as the hedgers call it; but I don't think it is of any use, and as it cost a great deal, I don't see the fun of “getting up Ha-ha,” at one's own expense!

I forget whether I told you, that there is a lover's walk here—but there is—and I frequently visit this romantic spot—it would frighten you, Jemima, to walk there *alone*—I *never do!*—

You ask me to quote the amusements here. Alas! my Jemima, when you do pass within their high gates—you find no *style*, or what is *very low*: so it would be useless for any one to take *steps* for a *Hop* here! We had a vocal concert at the great Inn, “The King's Head,” but I did not like to hear the singing in the king's head, though there was a *crown* entrance: and in short, the “Concert” was *aloud* to be a mere “*baul!*”

The young squire drove me home in his stanhope: it proved a dreadful wet evening—and, notwithstanding he is a good *whip*, he regretted, for my sake, that he had no *command* over the rains!—And said, although he was fond of a *whet* before dinner, he did not at all relish a *wet* before supper!—He is really the most passable of my rustic admirers—rather too fond, perhaps, of field-sports—but I dare say that may be remedied—for his father has a *cure* in his gift—Oh! Jemima, if I could but persuade him to *take orders*, I think—but no matter, I am building on the *hair*.—Suffice it to say, that his father is a rich man and a *mayor*, and he—a young man and a *hunter!*

My dearest love, I am obliged to draw my letter to a close—he has just called, to invite me to walk in the green lanes, so my *botanical* studies must apologize for my not filling the other *leaf*—but you shall have his *flowery* speeches, in a long *crossed letter* next post.—That one from you may *cross* this, is the heartfelt wish of

Your most affectionate

AURELIA DOBBS.

THE FORSAKEN CHILD;

BY MRS. NORTON.

"My boy! Henry, I cannot leave my boy!" Such were the words, wildly repeated over and over again, (as if they contained all the reasoning or argument of which she was capable,) uttered by Madeline Wentworth, as she sat convulsively sobbing, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaking with a paroxysm of despairing grief. By her side stood a handsome sickly-looking man, on whose pale brow more perplexity than sympathy was visible, and who seemed impatiently waiting till the fit should subside sufficiently to enable her to hear him. Twice his lips parted, and his arm fell from the marble mantel-piece where he had been leaning, and twice he relinquished the attempt to soothe that misery of which he was at once the cause and the witness. At length the tempest ceased; the weary head sank back on his arm, and the weary eyes looked up to his in melancholy silence, as if hoping for counsel.

"Madeline! my beloved Madeline, calm yourself; believe me, I have not a selfish wish or thought concerning you. If you find you cannot after all make up your mind to take a decided step—if the society of your child can make such a home bearable—remain in it; I would not press you to do aught for which hereafter you might reproach me. It is not for the sake of my own wild dream of happiness—to see those sweet eyes shining upon me through the long day—to hear those sweet lips welcome me ever on my return to our home with words of tenderness—to be able to call you mine—my own, that I have urged this measure upon you. It is because my heart is bursting at all that you endure; your tears, your complaints have maddened me. If I could know you away, safe from the brutality of the man to whom you have been sacrificed—if I could know you at peace, I should be happy, though I were doomed never to see your face again! Did not your own letter bring me to your side? that letter so full of love and of despair, that surrounded as I was by fools and chattering, I could not repress the groan that burst from my lips as I read it! Did not your own promise embolden me to make arrangements for your departure while he was absent, and now, my Madeline, weakened by momentary agitation, you would relinquish plans which have been the work of months to contrive. You leave a home so wretched, that life seems scarce worth having on such terms; a man whose temper and character are so well known, that the harshest of condemning tongues will speak your name in pity and sorrow; and even those whisperers," said Henry Marchmont eagerly, as she shrank from his side, "even those whisperers you shall not hear. We will go to Italy, to Spain, to the wilds of America, where you will—so that we forget all but our own love, our own existence. Your child—may, hear me without weeping, Madeline, hear me and then decide, (you have still the power to decide on remaining.) Your child will not be left desolate—an only son—the heir to a peerage. Do you think that ambition and self-interest will not watch him with as careful a solicitude as your own, if not with the same tenderness? Do you think that the boastful spirit of Lionel Wentworth will suffer the guards of his future prosperity to slumber? Even if the father had no father's feeling, he would foster and cherish his brother's heir. Lord Wentworth has paid his debts, settled an annuity upon him, and shown more apparent kindness than ever he evinced, till the birth of your boy gave a hope of continuing the title and estates in a direct line. Their whole souls are centred in that child. And you, my Made-

line, you would relinquish my love, and drag on a life of wretchedness for a vain shadow—the hope of devoted affection from that little being whose first few years are all that ever can be yours. You think of your infant child; but will the boy at Eton, who neither sees nor comprehends your love or your sorrow; will the youth at college, who considers a week at home a tax on his holidays; will the heir presumptive to the Wentworth property, finishing his education on the continent, and rarely writing you a hurried letter, will he be so great a comfort, so dear a pleasure, as to counterbalance all this lonely misery? Will there not be hours, days, years, when you may regret the love that could only end with life, that love which would have haunted your steps like a shadow, and given a new youth to your withering days?"

Madeline Wentworth left her home, her child, her husband, and learnt that there is no misery like the curse of remorse, no tears so bitter as those in which self-reproach is mingled. It was all true that Henry Marchmont had averred—true that her husband was selfish, brutal, violent; true that many had pitied her for being his wife; true that her boy was the spoil idol of calculating heirs, in a family where there were no heirs; true that her lover was devoted to her, heart and soul; but which of all these truths quenched the agony of her heart, when, as they sat together, awaiting the arrival of dinner at a comfortable inn on the road, the sunset hour brought to her mind a picture she never again was to witness? A picture of that little rosy head hushed to its innocent and early rest, with the white curtains drawn close round it to mellow the evening light, and herself bending tenderly, cautiously, silently above it; to print the gentle kiss, and breathe the whispered blessing of a mother's good night. It rose—it grew more and more distinct—that imagined scene; and as her head sank on her clasped and quivering hands, and the thought flashed through her brain that it might lip her name on the morning, or wait for a sight of her familiar face, and be checked by harsh and angry voices, Henry Marchmont's presence, and Henry Marchmont's caress, had no power to check the bitter exclamation—"My child! my forsaken child!"

Years past away—five years, whose comparative happiness might have stifled the voice of self-reproach in Madeline Wentworth's heart. Divorced from the man she hated, married to him she loved, watched, shielded, worshipped, and the mother of two beautiful children; might she not dream that Heaven's justice slept, or that for her there seemed so many excuses, that her crime was judged more mercifully than that of others? She was spared most of the common miseries of her situation. She had not to bewail the inconstancy or growing coldness of the being for whose sake she had forfeited the love and esteem of all beside. She had not to endure the mortification which the scorn of the more prudent could inflict; for no wounded bird ever crept away more warmly to die, than Madeline shrank from human notice. She had not to struggle with hardship and poverty, after having been accustomed to all the comforts and superfluities of a luxurious home. Henry Marchmont was well off; his uncle's estates and baronetcy were to be his; and not only his, but would descend to his boy; she was spared even that misery, that last, worst misery; the consciousness that the innocent were to suffer for her sin—her children were not illegitimate. Of the one she had left, accounts were transmitted from

time to time during the first few months which had followed her departure, through the means of the nurse, who was sincerely attached both to the child and its mother; but afterwards Madeline had the sorrow to learn, that this woman had been sent away by Mr. Wentworth when he discovered that she communicated with her late mistress, and that her boy was placed under the care of a stranger who neither knew her love nor felt for her sorrow. Anxiously Madeline used to glean the vague reports which from time to time reached her of the well-being of this precious charge. Eagerly, when they received English newspapers, did she read over and over again the few words in the Morning Post which announced the annual departure of her former husband for his brother's country seat. "The Hon. Lionel Wentworth and family for Wentworth Park." How often did her eyes peruse and re-peruse that sentence, and fancy that it contained intelligence of the *life*, at least, of her little one!

Once only she obtained fuller information, though from the same common-place source. As her glance wandered over the columns of the gazette, she was struck by a passage headed "Miraculous escape." The names were familiar to her; with a flushed cheek and beating heart she read the brief account of "an accident which had nearly proved fatal to the son of the Hon. Lionel Wentworth, a promising child aged three years;" the nurse was lifting him on the rails of the balcony to see a cavalcade of gentlemen on horseback, when he suddenly slipped from her hold and fell on the pavement below; it was at first supposed that he was killed, but, on examination, he was found to have escaped without even a bruise! In the agony of her feelings Madeline wrote to Mr. Wentworth, beseeching him to write but a single line, or even commission another to tell her whether the report in the newspaper were true, and whether the child had suffered any injury. To this appeal no answer was returned, and the next certain intelligence that reached her was the account of the marriage of Mr. Wentworth with a Mrs. Pole, a widow, whose restless spirit and love of meddling had, as Madeline well remembered, been the cause of much and serious discomfort in her home. Her boy—her gentle and lovely little Frank, was now under the control and dependent on the caprice of a stepmother! This was an unexpected blow. Mr. Wentworth was no longer young when she herself had been induced to accept him, and she had never anticipated having a successor. The event would perhaps have made a stronger impression upon her but for one which overwhelmed her with anguish and occupied every feeling: Henry Marchmont broke a blood-vessel.

No paroxysm of passion—no previous illness—no excessive exertion—gave any apparent cause for this terrible and sudden catastrophe. Mr. Marchmont's friends vainly inquired of each other "how Henry had contrived to bring on this attack?" Those appealed to shook their heads—some attributed it to anxiety of mind—some to natural delicacy of constitution—all that was certain was that he *had* burst a blood-vessel and that he was to die.

He was to die! the graceful gifted being, with whom, in the blindness of human hope, she had looked forward to a life of tranquil comfort—of devoted love—for whom, in the blindness of human passion, she had deserted the ties that first bound her, and the station to which she belonged. How often had they vowed that years should pass away and find them unchanged towards each other—how often had they talked over the decline of their days, spent in retirement and cheerful affection—and Henry had grown eager as he spoke of a residence in England, when, as Lady Marchmont, she would be enabled to occupy herself in acts of charity and kindness to the poor on

his estate; and, forgotten by the great, feel that, sinner as she was, her name was pronounced by many a humble lip in their evening prayers. Those hopes were over. The decree had gone forth which none could reverse. The heart whose love had so planned and parcelled out her future, was to lie chilled and senseless in the grave ere a few more brief months completed the seventh year of their union; and Madeline was to be left alone! Oh, never knelt enthusiast or saint before heaven with a soul full of more agonized fervour than the wretched wife of Henry Marchmont:—she prayed—not as they pray who have been taught to murmur words of supplication as a duty, and repeat them with scarcely a faint consciousness of their need of the blessings solicited. Her prayer was such as burst from the fasting David's lips when the child of his sin was taken from him—wild—earnest—spoken with pale and quivering lips—with swollen and streaming eyes—and such it well might be, for she prayed for *his* life!

It was at the dawn of a bright warm day, at a beautiful villa near Nice, and Madeline had just returned to her husband's room, which she had only quitted to bathe and dress after the long night's weary watch. He called her in a more animated tone than usual: and she bent over him with sorrowful affection. "Madeline," said he, "this is our wedding-day." Madeline started; it was the first of those loved anniversaries which had not been foreseen by both—and for which they had not provided some trifling token of mutual regard; the tears rose to her eyes. "You shall do me a service;" said her husband; "you want air—it will give you strength—strength to sit by me—you see what a selfish fellow I am; take the children, and go in the little pony chaise and buy me an inkstand; I want to write a long letter: and an inkstand shall be your gift for to-day." She obeyed, though her heart trembled at leaving him even for an hour; she dared not contradict his whim even by requesting permission to say. She wept as she besought his servant not to quit the ante-room during her absence; and the man wondered why she should be more anxious and depressed on that day than on any other. She wept as she entered the nursery, and bid her little boy and girl prepare to accompany her; and the children wondered she could feel sad on such a bright and beautiful morning; she wept, as in an almost inarticulate voice she desired the *bijoutier* to produce the prettiest of the articles she was commissioned to purchase; and the curiosity and surprise visible in the man's countenance reminded her of the necessity of appearing composed. She had no mother—no sister—no virtuous and sympathising friend, to whom she could unburthen her grief; to whom she could say; "It may be the last gift I shall ever present to Henry—the last 10th of October I shall ever spend in his company!"

She hurried home and stole to her husband's apartment. He was sleeping on the sofa by the little reading table: a letter, folded but not directed, lay by him; and the materials for writing were scattered on the table. She inquired of the servant and learnt that, after writing the letter, Marchmont had rung for a taper and some sealing wax, but that when the man returned with them his master had sunk back in a deep sleep, from which he had taken care not to disturb him. Madeline sighed, and again sought her husband's dressing-room. One hour—two—three past away, and still that sleeping head preserved its position; and still, with a statue-like quiet, the unhappy woman kept watch by his side. At length a feverish start on the part of the sick man roused her: the shadowy blue eyes opened and gazed kindly upon her, and a broken sigh indicated that he was awake and conscious—"Henry, love, here is your inkstand; how are you?" murmured Madeline in a low voice. She smiled, too,

as she said it—the fitful, struggling smile which bears so close a resemblance to sunshine on an April day. But the dying man did not reply, eagerly and wildly he gazed at her, and then seizing the letter, he directed it, “To Sir Henry Marchmont, Bart.” A few hours closed the scene. The sun that rose the morning after that wedding-day, saw Madeline Marchmont a heart-broken lonely widow, and the gazette which contained the announcement of her husband’s death, also told of the birth of twin-sons, born to the Hon. Lionel Wentworth by the former Mrs. Pole. In his will, Henry Marchmont left his wife sole guardian of his two children; sole inheritor of his property; but he expressed a wish that in the event of his uncle’s offering any advice on the disposal of the former, that Mrs. Marchmont should endeavour to comply; that his boy should be educated in England; and that the letter he was then intending to write to Sir Henry, should be forwarded immediately after his death. His desire was duly obeyed, and his uncle read as follows:

MY DEAR UNCLE—From my earliest boyhood to the day I left England I can recall nothing on your part but kindness and generosity: to that kindness, to that generosity, a dying man makes his last appeal. I leave one behind me, (God comfort her;) more desolate than ever is the lot of woman under such circumstances. I leave her alone—unprotected—and that one thought is all that embitters my last moments. I know what you thought, what you said at the time she left Mr. Wentworth. I do not defend our mutual sin (though I believe and hope there will be mercy for both) but I do entreat of you to believe that hers is not a vicious mind; I do implore of you to receive her, not as the divorced Mrs. Wentworth, but as my fond, true, and patient wife; as one who watched me in sickness and cherished me in health; as the devoted mother of my innocent children. In this hope I die—die without seeing again the home, or the friends, of old days: and my last words are—do not, oh! do not cast her off, for the sake of the nephew who played round your knees when a child, and who now, for the last time, languidly and painfully signs himself.

Your affectionate

HENRY MARCHMONT.

The news of Henry Marchmont’s death arrived at the same time as the foregoing letter. The old man to whom it was addressed crushed it between his hands and groaned aloud. He had, then, outlived his heir—his handsome, high-spirited nephew was no more! such an event seemed more like a dream than reality; and he was forced to read the intelligence again and again before he could persuade himself of its truth; and again, and again as he read it, did exclamations of sorrow burst from his lips, mingled with many a vow of protection and assistance to those whom Henry had left behind him. Again was Madeline spared the common addition to a sorrow like hers. Where another might have met with scorn and silence she found warmth and welcome. A kindly and condoling letter reached her by the first post, offering a residence at Marchmont Park to herself and the children as long as would be convenient to her. There was indeed one sentence in it which cut her to the heart—a vague, slight, but evidently anxious allusion to the possibility of her hereafter forming other ties, and a hope that, if she remained abroad, she would suffer the children occasionally to visit one who would always be a father to them. Rich, still young, and still most beautiful, it was perhaps natural that the thought of her marrying again should strike Sir Henry Marchmont’s mind, and that the loneliness of his old age should make him anxious to secure the affection and society of those whom years might perhaps estrange entirely from their unknown relation. Madeline was

not long deciding. At Marchmont Park, the scene of so many visions which now might never be realised, she felt she *could* not live; but she felt, also, that for her children’s sake it would be most unwise to receive with coldness the late and long-delayed offer of reconciliation and kindness from her beloved Henry’s uncle. She wrote humbly, gratefully; and after expressing her own intention of remaining abroad till her daughter’s education should be completed, she told him that her boy should be sent immediately to England; that it was her wish he should be placed at Eton; but that in all plans for his future welfare, she would be guided entirely by Sir Henry’s opinion; and desired that her little Frederick’s holidays might be spent with him.

With tears and blessings Frederick was accordingly confided to the care of an English officer, who was returning to England after burying an only daughter in the spot where they had promised him that health should again bloom on her cheek and sparkle in her eye; and with tears and blessings he was received into the new home that was prepared for him; and, too young for school, remained the plaything and idol of his grand uncle, the old housekeeper, and a circle of tenants and dependents who seemed to have no other theme for praise, or object for flattery.

At length Madeline Marchmont wrote to the old baronet, expressing her intention of revisiting England, as he had repeatedly pressed her during the last two or three years, anxious, as he said, to give Gertrude, her daughter, of whose beauty he had heard many rumours in spite of the retirement in which she lived, an opportunity of marrying in her native country. It was with many a sigh of sorrowful recollection, and dread of the new future opening upon her, that Mrs. Marchmont consented to undergo the trial of seeing her pretty Gertrude taken about by careless relations, or perhaps unnoticed and uninvited because of her mother’s fault. Gentle and irresolute, always oppressed with the consciousness of her early disgrace, and morbidly afraid of losing the affections of her children, Madeline had made the most weakly indulgent, and perhaps the most ill-judging of parents, to a boy and girl who particularly required control and discipline. Wild, proud, and ungovernable was the beautiful little Frederick she sent to his grand uncle ten years since, and from whom she had only had two short visits, which served to show that he still was what she remembered him in infancy; and wild, proud, and ungovernable was the handsome lad who sprang forward and bounded down the steps of Marchmont House to welcome her arrival and that of his sister. Gertrude was still more completely a spoilt child, for boys at school and lads at college *must* find their level; and Henry had soon discovered that though heir to a baronetcy, and supplied profusely with pocket money, he was not the only great man in the world: but Gertrude, at sixteen, only felt that she was a beauty and her mother’s idol. A word of contradiction roused all the violence of her nature; and Sir Henry, as he gazed on the pale, meek face of his nephew’s widow, would turn and wonder whether she were indeed the parent of the slight fairy-like being whose fits of passion half shocked, half amused him, as he watched her dark blue eye flash fire, and her delicate nostril dilate with rage.

As their situation became more clear to them, these young people became even more uncertain and irritable in their tempers. Frederick felt the mortifications which from time to time even the flattered Gertrude had to endure, though neither gout nor fatigue prevented Sir Henry from escorting her himself to a ball or party, when he could find no chaperone sufficiently worthy in his eyes to take charge of her. The history of her mother’s elopement was of course soon known to Gertrude Marchmont, and the knowledge embittered her feelings, and removed the only barrier to the con-

fidence that existed between the brother and sister; for Frederick had been taunted with his mother's frailty while a boy at school. The thoughtlessness and selfishness of youth were pre-eminently displayed by the two children of the unhappy Mrs. Marchmont. She had never had the courage to tell them of her fault, nor even after she was aware they knew it, had she in any way recurred to it. She had never, when some angry word from Gertrude had cut her to the soul, said, "My heart is already breaking; do not afflict me further." Accustomed from the first to have something to conceal, she hid even her tears from them; and often, when the resemblance of Frederick to his father struck her more forcibly than usual, and thought how ill that father, who had never frowned upon her, would have brooked the angry looks and angry words she had to bear from his son, she would retire to the solitude of her own chamber and weep, and wish that she were laid beside him in the grave. Gertrude, too; her pretty Gertrude! the days were past when the little fat, white-shouldered, toddling thing came to be kissed and taken on her knee: her daughter was a woman now; an angry woman; and they stood together, the wronger and the wronged. So at least deemed the ill-governed offspring of Henry Marchmont: they felt their own mortification—their own disgrace; but no thought of her love, and her sorrow; no pity for her early widowhood—her lonely life—her devotion to themselves, to their father, crossed their minds; they felt angrily and coldly at times towards her, and took no pains to conceal those feelings. Oft was the timidly offered caress peevishly evaded by the daughter; and Madeline felt more desolate while seated with her two grown-up children, than when, stealing away unquestioned and unregretted, she wandered through the beautiful avenues of Marchmont Park, dreaming of the love of her early youth, and the curly-headed, smiling infants who then seemed such certain sources of pleasure and happiness. At such times as these it is not to be supposed that she could forget one, of whom she had heard little, but for news of whom her restless spirit always pined—the one who had "first woke the mother in her heart"—her forsaken child! He lived—that she knew; but she longed to gaze upon him; unloved, unremembered as she must be, even by him; to trace the changes time had made in that sweet face, and hear the voice whose unforgetten tones could barely lisp the word mother, when she abandoned him.

On one of the very few occasions on which Mrs. Marchmont could be persuaded to leave home when Sir Henry struggled through Gertrude's spring in London, they all proceeded together to the opera; Madeline was passionately fond of music, and there, where she could be herself unseen, unheard, she enjoyed having pointed out to her Gertrude's favourite partners, or rival beauties, and listening to the passionate melody of Pasta's voice. The curtain had just fallen, and Mrs. Marchmont was taking a survey of the theatre, when she was struck by the countenance of a young man in one of the boxes immediately opposite—it was singularly, divinely handsome, though something effeminate and suffering in its expression made it perhaps less pleasant to gaze on than a common observer would have deemed. Such as it was, however, it riveted the attention of Madeline, which Gertrude no sooner perceived, than she observed carelessly, "that young man has been watching you all the evening whenever you bent forward to see the opera." Mrs. Marchmont started and shrunk back out of sight, nor did she change her position throughout the remainder of the performance. As they hurried through the crowd in the round-room, Gertrude whispered to her brother, "There is Hugh Everton, Lord Everton's brother; I wish I could speak to him; it is so tiresome! I never can stay a moment in this room the nights

Mamma goes to the opera." Madeline overheard the whisper, and the tears rose to her eyes—it was very—very seldom—she accompanied her child to this single place of amusement. It had been a pleasure to her, and she thought—she hoped, it was a pleasure to Gertrude. Alas! even these few evenings were grudged by the selfish object of her affection. She gently disengaged her arm from that of Frederick, and had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing Gertrude's silver laugh as she joined in young Hugh Everton's jests, and knowing that she had afforded her this unexpected pleasure by leaving the brother and sister unencumbered by the mother's presence. She stood alone, miserable, shrinking, awaiting the return of Sir Henry, who was receiving from his servant the agreeable intelligence, that one of the horses appeared too ill to take them home. She was close to the doorway, and leaned against it to avoid the pressure of the crowd, and as the subsiding tears allowed her again to see distinctly the objects round her, she was struck by perceiving the identical face, whose beauty had fascinated her in the boxes, opposite the place where she was standing. He was still regarding her intently, and in the mood in which Gertrude's whisper had thrown her, she thought there was insult in this obstinate notice. She returned a haughty and angry look in answer to his air of scrutiny, and moved forward to take Sir Henry's arm, who just then appeared. The young man turned very pale, as if seized with sudden faintness, and placing his hand on the rails of the stairs, he descended them on the opposite side to that she took with her uncle. It was then for the first time she perceived the young stranger was lame; and his feeble but not ungraceful figure roused again in her heart the same strange mixture of interest and pain, which she had felt in the previous part of the evening. As they severally prepared to retire after their return home, Madeline could not resist the curiosity which prompted her to inquire of her son the name of the young man, who had so pertinaciously watched her. Frederick "did not know, but could easily find out," and wishing her the usual good night, left the apartment. Gertrude followed him, and Madeline was preparing to accompany her, when old Sir Henry, laying his hand on her arm, said: "Is it possible, my dear Mrs. Marchmont, that you are not aware, that you do not know ——" He paused, for the sick thrill that drove the blood from Madeline's heart left her cheek ashy pale. "Is it he?" gasped she inarticulately. "It is Mr. Wentworth," said the Baronet, sorrowfully, for he hated to hear even the name of Madeline's former husband.

"Holy Heaven!" murmured Mrs. Marchmont as she sank on a chair; "but that lameness?—my boy is a cripple—a complete cripple."

"I believe it was a fall," said Sir Henry. And Madeline remembered the "miraculous escape" of the newspapers, which had so agonized her at the time. The next morning a note was brought her. It ran as follows:

"Mother! I saw you last night, and you saw me, though you treated me as a stranger. But that was in public—you shrank from me—you frowned on me before others, while you were with your other children, while strangers watched you; but alone, mother, alone, would you spurn the child of your youth? I have never forgotten you. I think I should have known your face, though so pale last night. I am sure I should have known your voice; it has haunted me from my infancy till now, and no other has ever sounded so sweet to me. Oh! mother, see me! I am a weak, low-spirited creature; but I feel as if it would give me a new soul to feel conscious that there was one human being that really loved me. My father has never loved me—my step-mother grudges the place I hold as something her children are cheated of;

and the love which others win, will never be bestowed on a deformed cripple. I am alone in the world—comfort me—comfort me, mother. I do not expect you to love me as well as those (blessed and happy children!) who have spent their lives with you; but something—something you will grant me, for the memory of the days when I was your only one. Write to me—tell me I may see you, and when and how, and let me hear your voice once more."

Madeline read the note and laughed hysterically. The bitter words and scornful speeches of Frederick and Gertrude rose in contrast to her memory. The day she left her home seemed but as yesterday, and once again her lips burst forth with passionate sorrow—"My child!—my forsaken child!"

When Madeline recovered from the first bewildered burst of grief, which had followed her reception of Frank Wentworth's note, she sat down to reply to it with mingled feelings of bitterness and joy. "There is then," thought she, "one in the wide world who pines for my love as I have pined for theirs; who feels for my sorrow without scorning my sin. Child of my early youth, it is to you I am to look for the consolation of my age!" She would have given worlds to have been certain of the sympathy of a human being, and to that being she would have flown to impart the triumphant news that her lost boy, her own beautiful Frank, had written her those lines of mournful and passionate affection, and was coming to see her; but the habit of repressing every expression of feeling was strong. Her pretty Gertrude's light footstep glided through the two drawing-rooms to her boudoir, before she was aware of her approach, but when she did become conscious of her presence, she only replied slightly in the affirmative to a question as to whether Frederick and his sister might ride together at their usual hour; and adding, "I have some notes to write," bent her head again over the table.

"Mamma is looking very well to-day, Fred," said Gertrude, as they bent their way towards the park; "she must have been very beautiful when she was young." Alas! it was the lack of hope, that youth of the heart, and strengthener of the frame, which caused Madeline's cheek to be already faded, and her glossy tresses to be mingled with gray; and it was the flush of hope which brought light to her eye and smiles to her lip, as she looked up and answered her daughter's question, while Frank Wentworth's note lay beneath her pausing hand.

With a beating heart and a hurrying pen, Madeline traced the following lines:—

"Now and always, my beloved boy, come to me at the same hours, from three till five: I am then certain to be alone. Come, for my heart is fainting within me till I press you to it; and my breath seems choked when I remember last night. Come quickly—come as soon as you get this.

YOUR MOTHER.

And when she had sealed and sent her own, she read again his note, every syllable of which was already graven on her heart, and as her tearful eye dwelt on each word, it seemed as though there were a peculiar and unutterable grace in all; even the way in which he signed his name appeared different from what another might have done. FRANK WENTWORTH—oh, how many weeping kisses did she press on the unconscious paper where his hand had traced this loved, this unforgotten name! She was still gazing on the note when a light, hurried, uneven step was heard on the stairs; her breathing became choked and heavy; her limbs trembled; the door was flung open, and with a suppressed and convulsive shriek she sprang forward and fell fainting at the feet of him whose form her stiffening arms had vainly sought to embrace.

"Mother! sweet mother!" How musical was the voice which fell on her ear; how radiant the eyes which gazed anxiously into hers as she woke from that swoon to the consciousness that her son, her long-lost, idolized boy, was near her, was supporting her, was blessing her with his lips and from his heart! "I called no one, mother; I thought you would not wish it; I could not have borne that any one should have aided you besides myself; lay your head back again on my shoulder till you are well."—"I am well, my boy," murmured Madeline faintly; but her head sank again to its resting place. There was a pause; the thoughts of each ramed through past years. "Oh! mother!" exclaimed Frank Wentworth, suddenly, "how long ago—and yet how like yesterday it seems—that first dark lonely day after I lost you?" With the sobbing grief of a little child, he rose and flung himself into her arms as he spoke, and Madeline pressed his head to her bosom, even as she had often done to still his cries in those by-gone years; and repeated mechanically the same words she had been wont then to use, in the same soothing tone, "Hush, Frank, hush, my own lovely boy!" with a bewildered and dreaming consciousness, in which all was forgotten and confused, except that she was his mother, that he was her child. And the voice and the words that had consoled Frank's infantine sorrows, sank to his heart. He looked up, and they both laughed hysterically at their forgetfulness of the lapse of years; and then they wept again. And there was sorrow mingled with their laughter, and joy struggling with their tears.

For some time after this first meeting Frank Wentworth continued to visit his mother daily, at those hours when, as she herself had expressed it, she was sure to be alone; when Gertrude and Frederick rode or walked together, and the old Baronet was talking politics in White's bay-window. Madeline's shrinking and timid disposition and acquired reserve made her instinctively dread broaching the subject of her son's visits; and some feeling, half unexplained in the depths of her heart, told her that he would not be welcomed by the haughty Frederick, or the cold, selfish Gertrude as she had welcomed him. Nevertheless the thirst of affection made her crave for more of his society, and now and then, in her happier moments, when he was with her, and all the charm of his wit, his beauty, his gentle gaiety, wound round her mother's heart, she would picture to herself long happy evenings with all three of her children in friendly intercourse, and perhaps the devotion of one impressing the others with a sense of their own negligent or rebellious conduct towards her. Still she would never have had courage to propose a meeting, had it not been that Frank Wentworth himself one day talked of it as of a natural step. They had been speaking of the future, and Frank had been repeating over and over again his little arrangements, of which the principal feature was that, as soon as Gertrude was married (which, with her beauty, accomplishments, and fortune, was a thing to be soon expected,) his mother should come and live with him, when he interrupted himself by saying, half gaily, half tenderly, "and, by the by, am I never to know Gertrude or Frederick? I should like so to be with them; to talk to them; I should love your other children so much, dear mother, now that I know you have love to spare for me!" Madeline sighed; she had never hinted that the love she had poured out for years was as water spilled on the sand; that her lonely affection was unreturned; and that carelessness, bordering on insult, was the general conduct of those he desired so ardently to know as her children; but she promised him that they should all meet, and the remembrance that it was his wish, that it was a promise made to him, carried her through a task she would otherwise have shrunk from.

She chose one evening (such evenings were rare) when Gertrude had neither ball, opera, assembly, nor play to take her from home; but was seated quietly near her, occupied with a piece of beautiful embroidery. A long silence was broken by a yawn from Frederick, who rose from his chair, and flinging down the book he had been reading, which he pronounced the dullest in the world, walked towards the door. "Are you going out, Frederick?" asked Madeline. "Yes, mother." "Could you spare me half an hour before you go?" added she in a tremulous tone. "Certainly;" and he resumed his seat, and after waiting a few moments as if expecting she would again address him, he also resumed his book. There was another long pause, during which Madeline stedfastly contemplated the graceful figure of her daughter, as her white and taper fingers wandered among blue, crimson, and white silks in a basket by her side. "What pretty shades you are working that screen in," said she, with a heavy sigh, which would have told many a more anxious and more affectionate child that her thoughts were not with her words; but Gertrude only replied with a pleased smile, "Yes, I have got all your favourite carpet colours, I am working it for the little boudoir; your cheek gets so flushed by the fire there, I think it must be quite uncomfortable." Slight as this attention was, it gave something like hope and courage to the fainting heart of the disgraced mother. "Thank you, Gertrude, thank you, dear girl; you have spent many hours of your time upon it, and I shall value it very much. Do you happen to recollect," continued she, hurriedly, as though it were part of the same subject; "do you happen to recollect a young man at the opera one night, who ——" "Yes, mamma," interrupted Gertrude, without raising her eyes. "Do you know who he was?" gasped the unhappy woman, as the tears, long choked back by effort, gushed from her eyelids. Gertrude threw down the silk, and took her mother's hand; "Yes, mamma, yes, dear mamma, don't distress yourself; I know; Frederick told me the next morning. He asked—" "Children, children," sobbed Madeline, "I knew it, also, the next day; and that day, and all succeeding ones, have brought my poor Frank to see me—and—and my earnest wish—my prayer—is to see you altogether—my prayer, children—?" and she sank on her knees before them, for, as she spoke of Frank Wentworth's visits, a deep and angry flush had mantled in Gertrude's cheek, and she withdrew the hand which had clasped her mother's. Worse tempered, but warmer hearted, Frederick started from the chair, where he had remained hitherto, motionless with surprise; and hastily throwing his arms round his mother's neck, he exclaimed, "Of course, mother, could you doubt his being welcome!—don't sob so, I'll fetch him myself; I see him often at the club. Pray compose yourself;—he's welcome—is he not Gertrude?" And Gertrude sank back in her chair and gave way to a violent burst of tears—tears of mingled selfishness and agitation. The fact of Frank Wentworth's visits flashed information to her mind that certainly did not add to its peace. Her dearest wish was to marry young Lord Everton, who she knew was in love with her, and whose proposals she firmly believed to be delayed or prevented by the unhappy circumstances of her mother's misconduct. That Mr. Wentworth should visit every day at Madeline Marchmont's house, might be gratifying to the two parties most deeply concerned, but to Gertrude, brought into vague reflections on the increased publicity of their disgrace by this mingling of the two families; and she figured some one asking, "Why young Wentworth went so constantly there," (for so retired had Madeline lived, that there were some to whom her story—nay, her existence, were unknown;) and the reply, "Why, don't you know Mrs. Marchmont is his mother?" and then the details of

that elopement twenty years ago; and blame, and scorn, and coldness, and insult to all, for the sake of one; and Everton's haughty mother lecturing her son to shun the snares spread for him by the daughter of a divorcee.

Again: Gertrude had remarked of late, that her mother had ceased to be so much grieved at any wayward action, or angry speech; had ceased even to be so very anxious to soothe and coax her spoiled child, when she had met with mortification, or what she considered such: now, now she saw the cause: her mother's heart had found another occupation—a haven of love wherein to shelter herself when the storm rose—a son to welcome her when the daughter frowned—and to him she had, doubtless, turned in all those moments of transient disgust with which the young Gertrude visited her sinning parent. Gertrude had been accustomed to be her mother's idol, and though she did not love that mother as in her childhood, she yet felt a vague jealousy of one who, apparently, was to take her place as *first object* in that wrung and broken heart. It was a mixture of all these considerations, combined with the sight of such distress, as acts *mechanically* on all who have human feelings, that caused the beautiful daughter of Henry Marchmont to burst into tears; a flash of lightning thought for *herself*, with involuntary pity for her weeping mother. Alas! with Gertrude, *self* was always predominant.

She was still occupied with these thoughts when Frank Wentworth's well known step greeted her mother's ear. Frederick stood forward: he was roused and excited: and, always the creature of impulse, he determined to do his best to give Mrs. Marchmont the momentary gratification of seeing her unhappy son greeted kindly. "Frank," said he, reddening, as he extended his hand, "we ought to need no introduction. Gertrude!" and Gertrude rose and shook hands with the young stranger, and they all sat down as though they had been one family.

Wo for that day! wo for the attempt to bind together, in that strange and unnatural alliance, the children of her who had broken her first natural ties. Wo for the home where, in the credulous sweetness of his gentle disposition, Frank Wentworth thought to live as a brother with the offspring of the man who had tempted his mother from her home. Wo! to her—to him—to all!

"Gertrude," said Frederick to his sister, the day after this scene, "I think young Wentworth is very handsome." "Handsome, Fred? what, with that leg! why he is deformed." "No, Ger., nonsense; he is only lame, and his head is beautiful." "Yes, like the old fashioned pictures, of the serpent with a cherub's face, in the garden of Eden; and though heaven knows *ours* was no Eden, even before he came, yet now—" and Gertrude, with many a sigh and some tears, explained all that she felt, and thought, and feared, and conjectured, till a dark veil seemed to fall before young Frederick's eyes, and change Frank Wentworth to a demon.

Unwitting of all these secret prejudices; anxious to make them fond and proud of their new companion, and full of admiration for the beauty which he inherited in common with her other children, and the talents in which he far surpassed them; fascinated by his gentleness and devotion to herself, Madeline Marchmont blindly pursued a path which led only to further misery. She would sit closeted in the little boudoir with Frank for hours; careless how time flew—careless where others spent that time. When they were assembled together, she would defend his opinions with vehemence, if contradicted, or smile with the proudest admiration when they seemed to listen in silence. She did not scruple at length openly in her reproaches (and even her reproaches were less gentle now that a new hope had given life to her

heart,) to institute a comparison between her younger children and the pledge of early days. Frank would not so have conducted himself—she could still turn to Frank; and Gertrude and Frederick grew to hate even the sound of his name, and to shun him as they would have done a serpent. The first symptom of their dislike, which struck on the startled mind of their unhappy mother, was on the occasion of some slight dispute, in the course of which Frank Wentworth contradicted Frederick Marchmont with some warmth. Frederick answered passionately, as was his custom; and Frank, holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Well, well, Fred., I *may* be wrong; don't be angry."—"I am not angry, Mr. Wentworth," coldly and haughtily replied the offended young man, and so saying he left the apartment. Gertrude watched the door as it closed—rose irresolutely—sat down again—rose, and prepared to leave the room.

"Do not leave us, Gertrude!" said her mother.

"I do not know that Frederick should spend his evenings alone *now* more than *formerly*," muttered the spoiled beauty; and her haughty eyes flashed indignantly on Frank as she emphatically pronounced the last word.

She disappeared from their presence, and Madeline wept on the bosom of her forsaken child.

"It is a pity you ever left Frank, if you are so much fonder of him than of us," was Gertrude's reply to the gentle expostulation which Mrs. Marchmont ventured to make.

"Would that I had died in my cradle, or never been born, rather than live to see this creeping effeminate lounger make our house his home," was Frederick's spontaneous observation.

Once kindled, the torch of discord burned with a quenchless flame; and if the children of Henry Marchmont disliked and envied their mother's eldest son, that son was not slow, in spite of his gentleness of feeling and manner, to resent the want of respect and affection shown to her who, in his eyes, was all perfect. Bitter words were exchanged, and once exchanged were often repeated. To a stranger it would have appeared that two opposing parties were formed in the house; Henry Marchmont's children on the one side, and Henry Marchmont's widow and Lionel Wentworth's son on the other.

One evening of that eventful autumn, Gertrude entered the drawing-room, where Frederick was already seated; her cheek crimson with rage and shame, and her eyes swollen with weeping.

"I knew it," exclaimed she, "I knew it," and setting her teeth hard, she flung down a letter, or rather the copy of a letter, from Lady Everton to a friend, in which the former commented with the most unsparing contempt on the conduct of the unhappy Madeline—sneered at the terms on which Frank Wentworth visited at the house—lamented her son, Lord Everton's, infatuated blindness, and finally expressed a determination to use *any* means to prevent his disgracing himself by the connexion.

"How did you come by this?" was Frederick's first question.

"It was sent anonymously," replied Gertrude, "with a few lines, purporting to be from 'a true friend,' and asserting their belief that I might, if I pleased, marry Everton to-morrow, without Lady E.'s consent being asked or granted. Whether this be true or no," continued she, impatiently waving her hand, as she saw her brother again about to speak—"Whether such a letter was ever sent or not, scarcely signifies: it is enough that others dare write what I have scarcely dared to think; and let the letter come from a friend who would warn, or an enemy who would mortify, it has equally decided my mind. I will write to Everton to bid him farewell, and I will cease to mingle in society, since its members are so anxious to visit on

my head the follies of my mother. My destiny is ruined for her sins."

During the delivery of the last sentence, Gertrude had one more auditor than she counted upon. Frank Wentworth stood before her, his face deadly pale, his wild and radiant eyes fixed full on her face, and his whole frame shaking with emotion, "Gertrude Marchmont," exclaimed he, "the words you have spoken are disgraceful alike to the names of *woman* and *daughter*. Oh! who shall speak kindly of my mother's fault since her own child can so bitterly condemn her? May you never be tempted—or rather," gasped he, and he laid his hand heavily on her arm as he spoke, "or rather *may* you be tempted; and then—then, when false reasoning is poured into your ear, and false hopes glitter before your mind, may you fall—as she did!" He flung the hand he grasped from him, while Gertrude shrieked in mingled terror and pain; and at the same instant a blow aimed full at his breast by the desperate and muscular arm of Frederick Marchmont stretched him prostrate on the ground. Madeline heard enough as she advanced from her boudoir to madden her with alarm; she rushed forward, and wringing her hands, exclaimed, "Desist, children, desist! oh, my God, remember you are *brothers*!"—"Brothers!" shouted Frederick, while the veins on his temple started with rage; "woman, this is your own work—*all* Everton we are BROTHERS!" "Hush, Frederick," murmured his sister, "she does not hear you;" and the terrified and remorseful girl knelt down by Frank Wentworth, and passed her arm under his head while she looked anxiously up in her mother's face. That mother heeded not her silent appeal. Pale and statue-like, Madeline stood—her dilated eyes wandering slowly from the face of her eldest-born, the feeble, crippled child of her youth, to the folded arms and haughty form of the child of her sin. Into *his* face she *dared* not look, but ever and anon her pale lips parted with a strange ghastly smile, and the word "*Cain*" broke from them. Frederick heard and started; he bent eagerly for a moment above young Wentworth, and a shuddering sigh from the lips of the latter reassured his heart; his wide blue eyes opened and met Gertrude's face of horror and anxiety, and he murmured, as they again momentarily closed, "I was stunned—only stunned." And Madeline—did the sound of her favourite's voice recall her to herself? It did; but she knelt not by his side; she aided him not to rise; a fear worse than death had taken possession of her mind, and flinging herself into Frederick's arms, she exclaimed hysterically, "Oh, Frederick—oh, my son, thank God you are not a murderer!"

Alas, it needed not violence to snap the thread of that fragile life. The reconciliation which followed this fearful scene never brought Frank Wentworth again to that stranger-home; a brain fever attacked him, and in the ravings of his delirium he called incessantly on one whose form he vainly fancied sat patiently watching at the foot of his bed, thanking her for her tenderness and adjuring her to bear with resignation his death. Madeline heard of his illness, and once more she appealed to the husband she had deserted, for permission to have news of her child, for leave to see him die. Perhaps if Lionel Wentworth had read her passionate and broken-hearted note he might have melted, but he had vowed never to open a letter directed in that hand, and even in that hour—that hour of sorrow which both were doomed to share—he flung it with gloomy resentment into the flames. Madeline had a last resource—she wrote to *his* wife—"You are a mother—let me see my boy!"

"Frank," said the wretched woman to her dying son, "is there any message, any token you wish to leave; can I do nothing for you? Now that you are collected, if there is any one you have loved—*any one*

Frank—oh! let me cling to something that has belonged to you. Have you never loved, idol of my breaking heart?" Frank Wentworth took his mother's hand, and a sweet smile hovered round his lips, a smile of love so holy and intense, that, as his failing hand pressed hers to his bosom, she felt that *her* image only had found a place there.

It was over; and with the calm of despair Madeline passed through the long passage of what *had* been her home. She paused at the nursery door, not that she wished to linger, but because her limbs refused to do their office further; lights and voices were within, and she heard the news of Frank's death announced, and the nurse of Mrs. Pole's children exclaim, "Bless my soul, ma'am, and Mr. Lionel will be my lord after all!" She heard the "hush, hush, Ellis," of the mother who stood in *her* nursery, and the eager kisses which were showered on the boy who stood in *her* son's place. She heard, and walked on.

Into the home which was *now* her's, Madeline Marchmont entered, and as her noiseless step glided into her own drawing-room she was again doomed involuntarily to hear what smote her to the heart. It was Lord Everton's last sentence to the weeping Gertrude. His was a frank and cheerful voice, and his

manner had a mixture of tenderness and firmness. "I would not be thought harsh and unjust hereafter," said he, "and therefore, dear girl, I tell you *now*, however painful the subject may be. I do not say you shall never see your poor mother, but it must be at very rare intervals—very rare, Gertrude. You consent, my beloved girl?" And Madeline heard Henry Marchmont's daughter murmur her assent to the proposal; and her obedience to the law laid down of rarely seeing the widowed and disgraced parent, who had watched over her in sickness—worshipped her in health—nestled her to her nursing bosom when an infant—and borne meekly, *too* meekly, with her faults as a girl. Did the cradle songs of that mother never rise to her memory when she too became a mother in her turn?

But it is not our intention to pursue this tale further; what Gertrude's fate as a wife might be is shrouded in darkness; this much alone we know and tell, that, during the little remnant of her days, Madeline Marchmont met with more kindness and forbearance from both than they had hitherto shown. Perhaps they felt for her when the thought struck them that she could no longer turn from *them* to her Forsaken Child!

LINES,

BY MRS. NORTON.

I THINK of thee—not as thou art,
In the cold and hollow grave;
Where the sun's rays vainly dart
And the cypress branches wave:
But I think of thee bright and young,
With life on thy beaming brow,
And I sing all the songs that we sung—
Though thou never canst hear me now!

I think of thee—not with the grief
Of those past and passionate years,
When my heart sought a vain relief
In bitter and burning tears—
But I think of thee fond and gay,
Unshadowed by death or pain;
And smiles on thy red lips play—
As they never may play again!

I think of thee—not as I thought
When I stood by thine early tomb,
And all that this world had brought
Seemed wrapped in a changeless gloom;
But I think of the living friend
Of my happiest early days,
And what thou wert wont to commend
I do—though thou canst not praise.

Calmly I welcome the guest
Who knows not he's loved for thy sake:
I laugh when he tells me some jest
Which thou in thy life-time didst make;
In the groves where thy footsteps have been,
I wander with others, nor weep
When a glimpse of some favourite scene
Brings thoughts of thy long dark sleep.

But, oh! though a change hath come o'er
My heavy and mournful heart—
Though thy name hath the power no more
To bid the warm tear-drop start—
The sun shall grow dark in the skies,
And the turf spring no more on the hill,
When thy love from my memory dies—
Lost heart, I remember thee still!

B 2

A RETROSPECT OF YOUTH.

BY ROBERT A. WEST.

Oh! bright were the days of my youth,
As they rapidly glided away:
When my heart was the mirror of truth,
And my path was illum'd by her ray:
When I knew not the guile of the world
Nor saw its enticements displayed,
The banner of hope was unfurl'd,
In brightness and beauty array'd.

And I deem'd that this banner alone
Should ever move over my head:
That my heart should be purity's throne
And vice should be harmless or dead.
But the days of my manhood are come,
And the dream of my youth-time is o'er
Disappointment and care are my doom,
And my trials are greater and more.

Oh! bright were the scenes that appear'd,
Illusive, alas! though they prov'd;
And gladsome the hopes that I rear'd,
Tho' they droop'd as their soil was remov'd:
If I tasted the bitter at all,
The drop would envalue the sweet;
And pleasure was there at my call,
I fear'd not—I knew not deceit.

And I fancied the stream of my life
Would ever thus calmly flow on,
Undisturbed by the rapids of strife,
And of passion's storms, for there were none.
But the days of my manhood are come,
And the dream of my youth-time is o'er;
Life's current is whitened with foam,
And the trumpets are loud in their roar.

Then guide me, thou God of my sire;
My errors in mercy forgive:
With wisdom and virtue inspire,
In faith, hope, and love, let me live:
I, poverty ask not, nor wealth,
Lest either should lead me astray:
I ask not for sickness or health,
But, ah! for thy blessings I pray.

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN.

A PHYSICAL despotism governs the social world not less than monarchs and oligarchs sway the political. Moralists indeed tell us that, notwithstanding all the diversities of human endowments, every man inherits upon the whole an equal share of the materials for happiness—that the weights in the great race of existence are after all accommodatingly distributed among the entry of runners. They mean well enough; and may have disciples about the breakfast hour in night-gowns and slippers; but few or none after hat and cane have been put in requisition. Certainly—keeping up the racing figure just employed—it is pre-eminently desirable that we should all start fairly “handicapped,” for our mundane career; but, alas! Nature has formed her Childers and Eclipses amongst the genus of unplumed bipeds as well as amongst the irrational brutes. She has “favourites,” whose surpassing stretch no countervailing clog can adequately repress. To come plainly to my point—what does, or can equal chances in love and war, between six feet of humanity and five?—Nothing—any more than the latter amount of sovereigns can be made to discharge the obligations of the former. And who doubts the correctness of Butler’s “ancient sage philosopher,” when he

“—swore the world as he could prove
Was made of fighting and of love!”

The heart-burning distinction is therefore one of lonely recurring annoyance. It may be seen that the ancients have recorded their sense of it in the proverb: “qui invidet minor est.” If, in sooth, life be, as our pastors say, a lottery, from which each mortal draws an ordained number of blanks and prizes, he who obtains the gift of towering, like Saul, above his fellows, banks a substantial thirty thousand. Let him be content, though spindle-shanks and a lantern visage should prove the (justly due) concomitants of his lot. Addison, feigning the “Spectator,” reasons himself into good humour with his brief allowance of face. He would never have succeeded had the *curtness* applied to his entire “outward Adam.”—But now to show how far these opinions have been justified in the purgatory of personal experience.

The biographies of great men usually prelude with a mass of genealogical researches meritoriously intended to rebut any scandalous notions flying abroad to the effect that their heroes were prodigies of nature, as well as of talent, and born or begotten otherwise than in common course. As I however am neither a *great* man, nor about to indite a memoir, I hold myself excused from the necessity of substantiating the fact of actually having had a grandfather. Nevertheless, should what follows, from being couched in the first person, excite curiosity on the subject, I pledge myself to supply the omission—and, as I hate half-proceedings, will then pursue my ancestry up to the emigration of the Pygmies from Thrace. My distinguishing—or, rather my indistinguishing—characteristic is a lack of corporeal expansion, both longitudinally and laterally. When I predicate that baner! with I conceive I have told the reader all he needs know concerning the “sort of man” who addresses him, and at the same time, furnished a sufficient key to the jeremiad impending. Would he have me more precise, he may understand that my express height is five feet and five-eighths of an inch. Frequent admeasurements have convinced me that I do not err a single hair’s breadth in this statement. I had sooner have been a positive dwarf than thus barely insignificant; for then I might have claimed a peculiar kind of con-

sideration, nay, have acquired the fame of a Hudson, or a Borulanski; but, as it is, I have no consolation.

In looking back to past days I sincerely thank Heaven that I lived up to what is commonly called the age of discretion before I became fully sensible that my altitude fell so far within the statute of limitations. During my previous years of hope and thoughtlessness I *did* enjoy something like the pride of active youth. But when once the period arrived when I felt called on to assume the *toga virilis* it occurred to me displeasingly that I was somewhat lost amidst its flowing folds; and beginning to suspect that unkind fate had issued a decree of “hitherto shalt thou grow and no further,” a new light—no, a dark cloud—came o’er my spirit. Then I could comprehend why my friends had so strenuously discouraged an avowed wish to enter a regiment of heavy dragoons: then I ceased to wonder why my shadow in the sun never seemed to stretch so far across the sward as those of my contemporaries, whom (good easy soul!) I had all the while fancied fellows of my own standing. In short, it was precisely at the epoch, when, according to dates and registers I ought to have given the world “assurance of a man,” I first discovered how much I had been “cheated of a man’s fair proportion.” Since, the consciousness has been abundantly forced upon me, and vexations consequent have beset me daily and hourly—with foe and with friend—with mistress and with maid—mensa et thoro—at home and abroad.

It might provoke laughter, of which I am very jealous, were I to detail the various means I long employed to induce Nature to rescind her spiteful fiat. Change of air being recommended, there was one year of my life wherein I don’t think I spent more than two consecutive weeks in any given spot within the circuit of Great Britain. Three hours daily was I, at another season, wont to relax—or, more properly—strive to relax in warm baths. And, at moments, I could verily feel in my heart to have walked out, uncovered, in a shower, in order that, as they say in the nursery—“the rain might make me sprout.” All was vain. I read the fable of the bescour’d blackamoor and desisted.

Those portly personages, “the bluster of whose huff” renders rivalry modest and opposition respectful, little acknowledge the *large* debt they owe their progenitors. Their pomp of progress would be voluntarily rebuked were they made aware how much the deference they would fain believe paid to dignity of manner is, in sheer truth, a tribute to greater superficialities of matter. How smooth is the highway over which they travel, compared with the briary bye-paths we “lesser men” must toil through towards the same object—and yet we often gain them, too. Perdie! as merit is so notoriously enhanced by difficulties overcome, I might, were I of a philosophic turn (which unfortunately I am not) feel elevated in one sense, by my lack of elevation in another. Certainly a folio in Roman capitals looks imposing, but a duodecimo in Lower case may contain the same intelligence, and is moreover the handier volume. Besides, the persevering of our race have the proclaimed admiration of the gods to set against the slighting regards of mortals; for it is known that the sight of a virtuous man struggling with undeserved troubles, is as a bouquet to the superior deities. This thought ennoble us, as being “born to suffer,” but I, who am no stoic, and have no ambition to have it said, in reference to myself,

“Tertius a cælo cecidit Cato,”

must fairly own that it does not, in my case, blunt the repeated sting of terrestrial persecution.

The earliest blight my young aspirations received, arising out of Dame Nature's mistreatment, was, as has been hinted, the being denied permission to draw, dance, and smoke cigars in scarlet. True, it may be held that the colour of one's coat is not connected with happiness or the contrary; yet it is a hardship to lie under any sort of arbitrary prohibition. Like the old citizen in the story, who, after abiding seventy years within the walls of his city, unmoved to pass beyond, risked punishment for a ramble when it had been formally refused him, so did I the more pine for military honours, seeing myself excluded therefrom. Next to the pleasure of enacting manly deeds comes the privilege of talking big over them. Even that secondary indulgence was, and is, withheld from me. I soon perceived that whenever I glanced at a spirited intention, such as the chastisement I destined for some impertinent; or related an anecdote of past energy—a little heightened, perhaps *more majorum*—a repressed smile invariably sat on the features of audience, which tripped me in mid career. Every body must feel how provoking the liability; because every body is aware that to be precluded from sounding a few flourishes of this description, would be to sit in company, gagged with a wet blanket. Thus do I find my self-importance crushed at the social board even—the seat of our most equal relaxations. And what is a man without self-importance?—A cipher. Modesty is really an amiable quality, and very proper to inculcate; but, Lord help him who is overburthened with it as times go!

In the drawing-room, my ill-hap no less attends me. A gallant, to be at his ease, must feel himself one to whom the fair can look up for protection; and luckless is he, who may not, upon a literal construction, claim that kind of regard. Where is the would-be Lothario, that could preserve his composure, on overhearing a silvery-toned voice allude to him as "little Mr. So-and-So," or possibly favour him with the character of a "nice little creature?" I never could, and I have had a few opportunities for practice. Then, at a ball, to be shunned as a partner by the taller ladies, lest the contrast should be too strong; and equally avoided by the shorter, lest the affinity should invite sarcasm:—'tis too bad. I shall never forget the mortification I endured, one night, at a fancy-ball, whither I had gone in the character of Alexander the Great; to whose fame I have always paid special worship, owing to the circumstance of his being, notwithstanding his prowess and inseparable adjective, by no means of Titanic mould. My Roxana, a lady of charms, that in China, or Bornou, would have been homicidal, overcome by the heat of the room, fainted at my side. With the devotedness of a manly heart, I extended my arms to arrest her fall; but, Oh! *horrescimus referens*, it was only to exhibit the conqueror sinking, like a weak Antony, under female influence. We gravitated with a quetch that shook the building. The savage laughter that arose still haunts my memory. That night I had well nigh made business for the coroner.

The above are annoyances which embitter a lot like mine, even in circles where *bienveillance* is supposed to prevail; important as showing how inseparable its plagues; but trivial, when compared with the "thousand and one" practical pains and penalties attendant on a general commerce with the world. To be insignificant in presence, is to be the certain victim of insolent coachmen, imposing watermen, overcharging waiters, faithless book-keepers, *et id genus omne*. It is also to be the chosen mark for every "saucy jack's" witticism, every drawcansir's oath, and every wicked waggery, that may not be experimented, with impunity, elsewhere. "*Dat deus immitti cornua curta bovi*," we are told: I wish I could find it so, for your "*bos piger*" butts heavily. From all these pests, the man of "big assemblance" steps free. Should there not

be some moral tax on so vast an exemption? To recite a tithe of the instances wherein I have suffered, through my exclusion from the benefits of that natural magna charta, would fill a volume. The very laws, which should be my sure safeguard, have occasionally added to my list of grievances: for I can recollect having been no less than four times seized, and committed to custody, as a party to unruly mobs I wished to escape, for no other reason than that of offering the sort of capture, some "ancient and quiet" officer could most readily effect. Again, if ever my ill stars throw me amongst a knot of obstreperous companions, sure it is, that I prove the individual singled out to endure the retaliation of those their impertinence may offend. Talk of being inured to hardships! egad! no six-foot adventurer that ever crossed the seas, granting him his half dozen "hairbreadth 'scapes," can make up the aggregate of trials I have gone through without leaving this metropolis.

Nor are the evils of a diminutive frame confined to matters of coercion, and mere manhood, any more than to gallings of vanity. On the contrary, it involves so many other disturbances, that summing up the whole, I am fully persuaded the curse charged upon the descendants of Cain (whereabout the learned differ,) can have been neither more nor less than lowness of stature. Is it agreeable to be *always* condemned to ride bodkin, when travelling with six "insides?"—is it either elegant, or comfortable, to take horse-exercise, sitting as though one bestrode an elephant!—to submerge in the corner of even a moderately-sized arm-chair, almost hidden, like a coy perriwinkle in its shell!—to be perched up at the dinner-table, with chin possibly above its level, but toes barely touching the carpet? No, they are circumstances truly the reverse, and alone, warrant my considering the accessory deficit in the light of a primitive curse. An umbrella, that indispensable comfort in this moist climate, I may not use, being unequal to the fatigue of lifting it over the head of every grenadier I meet, and unwilling, by hazarding the equilibrium of chapeau, to give their tall owners the happy opportunity of bullying an obviously non-armed transgressor. A man cannot walk about with his great coat strapped to his back like a groom; yet such would expediency require of me. Others can borrow a friend's cloak or roqueleure in a case of emergency. Were I to do so, I should also need to rob him of his foot-boy for a train-bearer.

I am fond of seeing public shows, but suffer a double martyrdom in most endeavours; once, in body, from suffocation amidst the crowd, and a second time in mind, by being unable to catch a glimpse beyond the lofty head-dresses of the ladies which have rendered the Pit at the Opera to me but an impervious grove of feathers and flowers inodorous; whence, as I cannot afford a box, I am virtually banished from a favourite place of amusement. At the two great theatres I can see, and, when Kean acts, seldom miss a night.

"There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like a hero if he be not tall;
The feeling sense all other wants supplies,
I rate no actor's merit by his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?"

This was Churchill's opinion, and a *fortiori* mine. After witnessing Kean's personation of the jealous Moor, I can think of my fate with something like temper; and returning home, whilst the impression lasts, to contemplate the bust of Napoleon on my mantel-piece, I could well nigh cry "content." Midst all the admiration lavished on the unparalleled self-exaltation worked by the latter, I wonder more stress has not been laid on his having so entirely overcome the disadvantages of figure:—disadvantages so immediate in a commanding career. In my eyes that fact

honours him with double glory. He directed the axe to many obsolete prejudices, and amongst the rest (for which, hallowed be his memory!) heaved down a villanous one that had rendered a huge hulk of bone and muscle as essential to our *ideal* of a hero as a white plume on a long-tailed charger. Perish such ignorant conceits! Were immortal Cæsar, Frederick of Prussia, Napoleon, "Macedonia's Madman, and the Swede," who snuffed the air farther from *terra firma* than their neighbours—History tells us not. Why then does not a coincidence so remarkable, curb the overweening prance of Brobdignagian pride! Or rather, I would ask how, in the face of these controverting evidences, they ever dared to measure heroism by a foot rule? That our forefathers were not so besotted as to square their views of men by such a medium, is recorded in their treasured legends of the doughty Thumb and giant-quelling John; both erroneously supposed fabulous personages, but, in reality, ancient British knights, famed alike for enterprize and paucity of inches. But this signifies naught: my object is not to prove what needs no proof—the injustice of the

vexations heaped upon myself and "order;" but their illimitable extent, and minute ramification. With that purpose I could depict still more shapes of mortification than have been already sketched, but that I fear a want of sympathy amongst the herd *quos super nos nihil ad nos*. Of this I had a proof only the other day:—chancing to be in a lofty mood, with my feet upon a friend's fender, I descended to him somewhat in the foregoing strain: "Ah! P——," says he, when I made a pause, "all our acquaintance agree that you are a high-souled man." I saw by the direction of his eyes that he meant to be impertinent.—Puppy! yet thus it always is.

That Procrustes, of whom we read in the classics, was a rare fellow. He is commonly denounced as a horrible monster—I suspect wrongfully. Why may he not have been an experimental philosopher, labouring in a rude age to harmonize men's minds by equalizing their bodies? This is an age of re-forms. Would that some successful reformer of Procrustean spirit, but more than Procrustean genius—might appear! I would not stand on "conservative" principles.

THE STAR.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

EVER beaming, still I hang,
Bright as when my birth I sang
From chaotic night,
In the boundless, azure dome
Where I've made my constant home,
'Till thousand, thousand years have come
To sweep earth's things from sight!

Mortals, I unchanging view
Every change that sports with you
On your shadowy ball.
All below my native skies,
Here I mark how soon it dies;
How your proudest empires rise,
Flourish, shake, and fall!

Wealth and splendor, pomp and pride,
I've beheld you laid aside;
Love and hate forgot!
Fame, ambition, glory, power,
You I've seen enjoy your hour;
Beauty, withering as a flower,
While I altered not!

Him, whose sceptre swayed the world,
I have seen aghast, and hurled
From his lofty throne,
Monarch's form and vassal's clay
'Turned to dust and swept away:
'E'en to tell where once they lay,
I am left alone!

When I've been, from age to age,
Questioned by the lettered sage
What a star might be,
I've answered not; for soon, I knew,
He'd have a clearer, nobler view,
And look the world of mysteries through
In vast eternity!

Mortals, since ye pass as dew,
Seize the promise made for you
Ere your day is o'er.
The righteous, says a page divine,
Are as the firmament to shine;
And like the stars, when I and mine
Are quenched to beam no more!

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retreats, only trod
By ævian footsteps!—Regions consecrate
To oldest time!—And, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—One
Among the many there —Wordsworth.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do ye call me?
Vainly, vainly would my steps pursue!
Chains of care to lower earth enthal me,
Wherefore thus my weary spirit woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are borne on high?
Could we soar to your proud eyries fleeing,
In our hearts would haunting memories die?

Those wild places are not as a dwelling
Whence the footsteps of the loved are gone!
Never from those rocky halls came swelling
Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings free;
And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's pinion,
Is not from some hidden pang to fly;
All things breathe of power and stern dominion;
Not of hearts that in vain yearnings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been, that so we pine?
Bear me up, to grow in thought less lonely,
Even at nature's deepest, loneliest shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious singers,
At whose tone my heart within me burns;
Bear me where the last red sunbeam lingers,
Where the waters have their secret urns!

There to commune with a loftier spirit
Than the troubling shadows of regret;
There the winds of freedom to inherit,
Where the enduring and the wing'd are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your falling!
Woman's lot thus chainless may not be;
Hush! the heart your trumpet sounds are calling,
Darkly still may grow—but never free!

THE TOILET.



A MELON RETICULE.

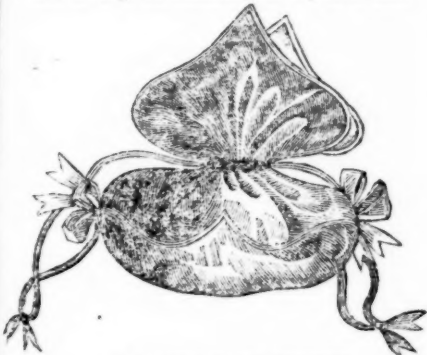
A very pretty reticule may be made in this manner. Cut four pieces of pasteboard into an elliptical or oval shape; perhaps they had better be somewhat pointed towards the top and bottom. They should be a quarter of a yard deep, and half a quarter in width. Split two of them down the middle, so as to make four half pieces, and let the other two remain oval. Cover them all with silk, and bind them neatly with narrow riband; or else insert a covered cord between the edges.

Sew the curved sides of the half-pieces to the two curved sides of the whole pieces. This will leave the straight sides of the half-pieces inward.

Make a square bag of a quarter of a yard of silk. Run a case in the top, and gather the bottom so as to draw it up quite close. Unite the bag to the pieces of covered pasteboard, by sewing them all together at the bottom, so that they shall all meet in as small a space as possible.

Make eyelet holes near the top of the outside or whole pasteboards, and when you run the string into the case at the upper edge of the bag, pass the ends of the riband through these eyelet holes in the pasteboard, so that it will draw both ways, and connect at the top the silk part of the reticule with the pasteboard.

Prepare three handsome bows of riband, and sew one at the bottom of the reticule, and the others at the top. The pasteboards of these reticules may be covered with white satin and handsomely painted. In this case the bags and riband should be pink or blue.



A HALBERT-SHAPED RETICULE.

Take a quarter and half-quarter of silk. Cut off and lay aside a half-quarter to line the top. Then

cut out the two sides of the bag, which must be rounded at the bottom, and terminating in a point at the top. It must also be rounded at the upper corner. Line the lower part with muslin, and the inside of the top with silk, sewing a covered cord all round.

Sew together the two sides of the bag, and make a case where the silk lining leaves off.

Get some satin piping-cord, and sew a row of it on the outside of the bag, so as to correspond in form with the shape of the top. Put on two bows of riband, one at each side, and run in the strings.

The riband and piping-cord had better be of a different colour from the silk of which the bag is made; for instance, a purple reticule may be trimmed with blue; a green one with pink, &c.

A LITERARY WIFE.

How delightful is it (says D'Israeli, in his *Curiousities of Literature*;) when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband. It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budeus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! his wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages, and transcribed quotations: the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side, and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budeus shared the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budeus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two ladies; one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was philosophy, who produced books. The lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same passion in her own breast as animated her husband's, who has written with such various ingenuity. Of Baron Haller it is recorded that he inspired his wife and family with a taste for his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations; they translated manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants, and designed and coloured under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, "her affection to me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person, (which time gradually impairs,) but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured."

THE more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affection of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

LORD JOHN BIRMINGHAM;

OR THE FIELD OF DUNDALK.

THE success which had hitherto attended the invasion of Ireland by Edward Bruce, caused great tribulation amongst the Lords of the Council in Dublin; the more so as they could not, from its distracted state, hope for succour from England. In this jeopardy they were disposed to waive their own feuds and jealousies, that, by union, they might be the better enabled to resist the common enemy. Perceiving the minds of the council thus swayed, the Lord Justice, Alexander de Bignor, Archbishop of Dublin, thus addressed them:—

“While our past ill success and loss of divers battles have been attributed to noblemen otherwise of great fame and valiant; and as I, by reason of the infirmity which hath of late befallen me, have not the ability to take this worthy enterprise in hand, it moves me to state what I think best should be done, and to name him whom I wish to undertake this great battle, whereupon rest the honour of our prince and the welfare of the realm. There is amongst others of great renown, the lord John Bermingham, a man of great courage, stalwart, practised and apt in war; of good condition, wise, sober, and circumspect; one that will do all that may be done, but will not rashly attempt that which is hopeless. Him I think meet to be captain of this battle. My predecessor did not well like him, by reason of evil and sinister counsellors, who, moved more by malice than zeal of justice, did inform and impress him, that his designs of government would miscarry if he gave the said lord John Bermingham the mastery equal to his ancestors. Wherefore he was put by until my time, who think him as meet to be of this council as any of his ancestors hath been, and of whom report saith no man is worthier in all the realm, which maketh him the more odious to his enemies and maligners, for such ever hate the most worthy. Another cause moveth me to the better liking of the said lord, that all the time of this malicious persecution he was as well content to be absent as in the press amongst the highest. And always he answered, when his friends found fault at his being so passed over, that he was most beholden and bound to such a lord who had, by his report purchased him so much rest and quietness; and that to make suit for the place of his ancestors he meant it not; for that such belongs to those of mean estate, who always desire to stand where they or their ancestors never stood; but that when his time would come he would not find it strange to be where his place would be of right. There be much more which at this time it would be tedious to trouble your lordships withal; I shall therefore conclude that I do condescend and think it good, that he, the lord John Bermingham, be head and governor of this worthy enterprise.”

This speech of the lord justice would have failed to move some of the council, had not the greatness of the danger prevailed over their envyings and jealousies more than the words of truth and justice. Thus influenced, some by reason, others by fear, the council gave an unanimous assent to the lord John Bermingham being appointed commander of the army against Edward Bruce.*

Of a lineage the most ancient, his ancestors having been lords of Bermingham from the foundation of the kingdom of Mercia, and lords of Athenry in Connaught, since the conquest of Ireland by Henry the II., the lord John Bermingham was not less highly gifted in person

than in mind. In a chivalrous age, when personal prowess was so important, he was eminent for stature and great strength. No knight was more learned, stout, or valiant. Experienced and wise, discreet and sober in weighty matters, not to be seduced, or provoked, to speak more than was material in matters of importance; nor any more grave than he in the seat of judgment: but in things of no great weight, such as hunting, hawking, riding, and in all other sports, no man pleasanter, speedier, or lighter, than he. With gentleness he was won, but with rigour nothing of him would be had. Most liberal to his friends, and so warm to those he loved, that men would think his heart would burst when any of them did die. In that which the wisest and most valiant are as likely to be noted as any—in admiration and love of woman, lord John gave not place to the most favoured; and if he erred, he was not reproached by the fair with treachery or unkindness. He had married the lady Katherine, one of the four daughters of the renowned Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, the eldest of whom being married to King Robert Bruce, gave occasion to lord John's enemies, to whisper that he was not unfriendly to the invasion of Ireland by Edward Bruce. The like suspicion, together with the ill success of earl Richard against the Scot, so contrary to his great renown in the wars of Edward the First, in France, had, two years before, made the citizens of Dublin, with their mayor, Richard Lawless at their head, drag the aged earl from the abbey of St. Mary, where he lodged, slay his men, spoil the abbey, and put him in prison, where they held him until the next year that Roger Mortimer, the king's lieutenant, persuaded them to let him out.* The lord John Bermingham being a junior branch of the Berminghams, lords of Athenry, was himself lord of Totmoy. The fine ruins of his castle of Carrick-na-Carberry are to this day a record of his race, and the theme of many a heart-stirring legend.

The early sun shone brightly on the still bosom of the bay, the blue mountains of Wicklow, and the golden sands of the ever memorable Clontarf, as the lord John, attended by a chosen train of knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, left the walls and towers of Dublin behind him, and made a hasty journey to his friend the lord of Howth, at his castle at the foot of that huge promontory. The brave baron was marshalling his lances, whom he promised should meet Bermingham at Drogheda.

“Why dost thou shed tears, my boy,” said lord John to a youth of twelve years.

“For that my father, my lord, says I am not old enough to go to the battle,” replied the young William St. Lawrence, “and yet David was but a stripling when he slew Goliath, and why might not I cast a stone at the Bruce?”

“There will never be lack of battles, my brave boy, from the time thou art sixteen to sixty,” replied lord John, patting him on the head. “And when thy father and I are dead, or too old to fight, thou wilt avenge thy country's quarrels.”

“Aye, my good lord, and with God's blessing, both his and yours,” said the boy, his eyes brightening and his cheeks glowing with generous zeal.

Lord John looked earnestly at the noble youth, who, eleven years afterwards, bravely verified his words as regarded Bermingham.

The long, low, island of Lamb-bay, and the singu-

* Vide the Book of Howth, Sloane MSS. No. 4999, P. 165.

* Camden's Annals.

larly picturesque Ireland's Eye, gemmed the sea that expanded before lord John when he rode from Howth to Malahide, the noble estate of his valiant friend Sir Richard Talbot. Here he found his missives as promptly attended to as at Howth, and Sir Richard, with his men-at-arms, prepared to accompany them to Drogheda. The lofty round tower in Fingall, as lord John passed it, looked a hoary memento of former ages; and of a people whose very name hath become extinct, making the reflecting mind feel the transitoriness of the most important events of the passing generations of men.

At Drogheda,* Bermingham was joined by many of his numerous kinsmen, who with their valiant men-at-arms, would have remained in Connaught, leaving the lords of the Pale to make the best of their disastrous warfare with the Bruce, had not their noble relative been placed in the post of honour and power.

Night had closed in. The silent Boyne, as its waters flowed gently down to the sea which skirted the eastward, reflected the numerous stars and watch-fires on the hill that backs the town to the westward; while the gray walls and flying buttresses of the abbey, and lofty square tower of a church, caught the ruddy glow as the flames now blazed amain; or, darkened again in deepest gloom, when the fitful light subsided. Lord John, followed by one faithful squire, left the abbey in which he had taken up his abode, and traversed the quarters of his troops. The oppressive system of coyne and livery, or free quarters, he could not prevent, but he hearkened lest the cry of suffering should reach his ear, that he might rescue the victim. Happily, no such afflicting sound reached his ears; the stillness of night being only broken by the heavy tramp of a sentinel, and his challenge to the knight as he passed.—He had thus reached the cemetery of St. Mary's church, and was looking at its lofty tower, when a low wail struck on his ear. He paused and listened. The cry was repeated. It sounded like the voice of a female; and there was also a noise as of a person struggling. Lord John sprang forward, and, turning the angle of a wall, beheld, by the obscure light, a man dragging a female along.

"Ruffian! desist!" cried Bermingham, sternly.

"Who art thou that would bar my purpose?" cried the man, letting his victim fall, and drawing his sword.

"John Bermingham," replied the lord of Totmoy.

"Ha! does a Bermingham think to thwart a Verdun in Uriel,† as he would an O'Connor in Carberry?" cried Verdun. "Pass on, lord Bermingham, and let me have my way."

"Not so, Verdun," said Bermingham, firmly but mildly. "No wrong shall be done to man, woman, or child, by any of my host, with my fore-knowledge."

"Then be thy banner in the dust! if thus thou wouldst lord it over an Anglo-Norman knight!" cried the enraged Verdun. "Thou shalt not have my lance against the Bruce!"—So saying he turned away in wrath, and disappeared in the darkness of the night.

Lord John raised the female from the ground, and, as well as he could distinguish, thought he had never beheld so fair and lovely a creature. Her long light coloured hair had, as well as her hood, fallen back over her shoulders, leaving her beautiful face and throat fully exposed. Her blue eyes were turned in supplication on her deliverer, and her lips, half opened, seemed to give passage to a prayer which terror stifled.

With soothing words and tender solicitude, lord John supported the fair maiden to the doors of a burgher, whither, in timid accents, she directed him, and to which she had been going after vespers, when she

* Drogheda, a bridge; *ah*, a ford.

† Uriel, the ancient name of Louth, in which the Verduns had been great barons until driven out by Bruce.

had been, by the false lures of a woman, bribed to the purpose by Verdun, led to a remote cottage, from which, when his designs became known, she had fled, was pursued by him, and finally rescued by lord John.

The terrible manner in which Bruce had ravaged the country with fire and sword, burning churches, towns, and castles, traversing it rather as a scourge than as one who expected to reign over it as its king, had, eventually, fatal effects on his army. There was no longer sufficient provisions to be had, and his troops became wasted with sickness and famine, as well as by the sword, though victorious. Nevertheless, when he heard that the lord John Bermingham was advancing against him from Dublin, and that his brother, king Robert Bruce, was on his voyage from Scotland coming to his aid, he hastened back to meet the English before his brother should arrive; his proud spirit and daring courage not allowing him to brook the sharing with Robert the honour of a victory. He had now entered Dundalk, within a short march of Drogheda, and which he had burnt on his first invasion, and where he had afterwards been crowned king of all Ireland, receiving, as such, the oaths of allegiance of the Irish kings, dynasts, and chiefs. Bermingham advanced with his small but well-conditioned army, and, leaving Dundalk to the east, encamped on the rising ground to the north of the town, having at his back Faugard, the conical artificial mount, double dyke, and deep trench of which afforded an admirable position. He took up his own quarters in the desolate nunnery of St. Bridget, the nuns having fled from it from terror of the Scots. From the summit of the mount Bermingham surveyed the surrounding country. To the south-west it was flat, or gently undulating; while Dundalk, with its blackened castles, towers, abbey, gates, and massive walls, rose from a plain scarcely higher than the sea, which laved its eastern side. Immediately to the north-east the bold peninsula of Mount Ragnall stretched far into the sea, dividing the broad bay of Dundalk from the narrow and mountain-bound one of Carlingford. There, in that town of Dundalk, which the English had built, and strengthened with walls and castles, and planted with industrious people, and which the Bruce had plundered and partially reduced to ashes, lay the warrior who had, during four years, triumphed over so many able and valiant commanders. Bermingham gazed on that town, and wished that he could behold the Bruce. This desire gradually became so intense, that he determined on having an interview, and, with his own eyes, judging of the state of the Scot's army, which had been represented to be wasted with famine and disease.

It was morning prime when the lord John Bermingham, in the weeds of a mendicant friar, presented himself at the south gate of the town, and was, without difficulty, permitted by the sentinels to enter; and having learnt where the Bruce was at mass, he proceeded to the Minorite abbey, founded in the reign of Henry III., by John de Verdun, an ancestor of him from whom he had rescued the fair maid of Drogheda, and whose family were powerful lords in Uriel.

Bermingham entered the western portal of the abbey church, and strode slowly up the middle aisle of the choir. The sun's rays glanced upwards through the curious stone tracery of the great east window, throwing a golden light on the foliated capitals of some pillars, and on the groinings of the arched roof; but the wax lights disputed with that of day the mastery at the high altar, where mass was being performed. The church was crowded with Scots and Irish warriors, and on the step next the railing at the altar knelt king Edward Bruce, with his book of devotion before him, and several knights, fully armed, standing behind him.

As the seeming friar slowly strode up the choir, and his garments brushed against the stern chiefs who

leant on their swords or battle-axes, they would look angrily at him; but that stalwart friar, nothing moved, passed on, nor vouchsafed to notice their rebukings.

At length Bermingham stood at the side of Edward Bruce, who, being intent upon his book, he could not see his countenance as he desired; wherefore, in his character of a mendicant friar, he craved alms of the king. But Bruce heeded him not. Wherefore Bermingham, with somewhat of impatience more than well became his assumed character, earnestly importuned him; which, at length, drawing the king from his book, he looked up, and said to the knights who stood behind him—

“Serve this scurvy friar with somewhat, he doth disturb me in my service.”

“And even so do I mean until I have my desired purpose,” said Bermingham; and, turning away, strode from the altar and down the choir, with the same fearless mien with which he had approached it.

Their eyes had met! Bermingham had beheld the Bruce, and Bruce had beheld the Bermingham!—Whose heart was it that quailed? that of the Bermingham or the Bruce?

When mass was ended, Bruce said to his knights, “I pray you, sirs, where is that bold friar that hath thus disturbed me, for I swear to you, that since I saw his face my heart hath not been quiet.”

Whereupon the friar was sought for, but no where could he be found; which being told to Bruce he was much troubled. “Cannot he be had?” said he. “My heart telleth me that this friar is Bermingham! Well, we shall meet again, and where he shall receive a bitter reward. But, sirs, it was evil done to suffer him to depart; for had we him here we should easily win that which now even with great travail is doubtful.”†

Meanwhile Bermingham slowly withdrew from the abbey and the town, and returned, unmolested, to his camp. His heart leaped for very joy! The eyes of the young, haughty, and valiant Bruce, had shrunk beneath his! The blood had fled from his cheeks when, turning, he had beheld the countenance of Bermingham. There, in that abbey, Bruce had been crowned king of Ireland, and by the holy rood, swore the knight, in the sight of that abbey shall he lay down that crown!

It was the feast of Pope Calixtus when the hostile armies were drawn up in battle array. The Scots advanced more than a mile from Dundalk, and the Anglo-Hibernian army rested with its left wing on Faugard.

The army of Bruce made a more gallant appearance than from sickness and privation could have been expected. As crowned king of Ireland the Bruce had a royal standard with the golden harp of Erin, in an azure field, fully displayed; besides which was his own red saltier cross in a field of gold. Four brothers of the house of Stewart, which was ere long to succeed the Bruce on the throne of Scotland, displayed on their banner and pennons the chequers of their name and office. The English lord, Philip Mowbray, displayed the cognisance of his house, as did the Lord Soules and others. Even the traitors, Robert and Audimer de Lacy, did not scruple again to show their banners in the ranks of the enemy of the king to whom they had so often sworn fealty, and so often broken their oaths.

On the Anglo-Hibernian side was the royal banner of England, and also the spear head on an indented field, partly per pale, or, and gules, of the lord John Bermingham, as well as those of many a gallant knight, such as Sir Richard Tuit, Sir Miles Verdun, Sir Hugh Tripton, Sir Hubert Sutton, Sir John Cuala, Sir Edward and Sir William Bermingham, Sir Walter Sarpulk, and Sir John Maupea.

The archbishop of Armagh walked through the ranks of the Anglo-Hibernian army, and pronounced his benediction on the warriors, and absolution to all who should die in that day's fight. After which, the lord John Bermingham, mounted on a black horse of great bone and muscle, and standing on the summit of the outer dyke which encircles the Faugard, thus addressed his army; the upraised vizor of his helmet not denying them a sight of his intrepid countenance.

“My followers and friends, you shall understand in this hour of battle it is necessary to be remembered, first, the cause, which on our side is right, for it is to defend our country, which, saith the Bible, we may.—The second is, we are fresh and lusty soldiers; not wearied in the wars with travail and pesterous spoil: coveting nothing but to maintain that which is ours, our lands, goods, and friends; not desirous of any man's else. We are to serve a worthy prince, our king and master, which if we do well, not only shall we have his praise, but shall win and receive such reward that all our friends shall rejoice. Now, with valiant stomach, set forward, in the name of God and our King!”*

This speech was followed by a loud shout from the whole army, and a flight of arrows, which checked an impetuous charge of Scots highlanders and Irish kerns, nor glanced idly past a knight, in panoply of steel, who fell backward from his horse, which from frigh: scoured towards the sea.

The battle soon became general; knights, with their men-at-arms, entering into conflict with others similarly attended, until the battle raged with dreadful fury. Bermingham, with a vigilant eye, watched wherever the strife was stoutest, and thither carried the timely aid of his own battle-axe, and the lances of a chosen body of men-at-arms. In similar sort he observed a stalwart knight on an iron-gray charger, who bore on his surcoat and shield the chequers of the Stewart, ever bringing succour to that party which the Bermingham assailed. The heroic bearing and valiant deeds of this Scots knight, marked him a worthy foe to Bermingham, who, clearing himself of the press, cried with a loud voice,

“Make way, my friends, until the Bermingham, tries the temper of this Scots knight's mail.”

“The Bermingham! the Bermingham!” shouted the surrounding English warriors, and held back.

“The Lord Almeric Stewart! the Lord Almeric Stewart!” cried the Scots, and did the like.

For a minute's space the two knights surveyed each other through the eyelets of their vizored helmets, and then, with lance in rest, and clapping spurs to their steeds, rushed furiously on each other. The violence of the shock shivered their lances in pieces, and threw their steeds back on their haunches. It was not now those immediately around them who rested on their arms to behold the conflict, but the cry of the Bermingham! the Stewart! drawing the attention of the more distant combatants, there was a pause in the general battle as though each party waited the issue of this personal conflict.

It was now that with a battle-axe the Bermingham assailed the Stewart, who defended himself with an iron mace studded with points. The violence of their mutual assaults could only be surpassed by the skill with which they defended themselves with their ponderous weapons and shields. But this was not always successful, and their helmets and body armour gave terrible proof of the gigantic strength of the combatants. At length, by a tremendous blow Bermingham cut through the Stewart's armour, at the junction of the gorget to the shoulder, and cleft him down to the breast: the Lord Almeric fell dead from his horse. A wild cry was uttered by the surrounding Scots, and

* Book of Howth.

† Book of Howth.

* Book of Howth.

the English set up a shout of triumph, and rushing impetuously on the enemy, the battle once more became general, and no longer doubtful. The Scots were every way driven back and slaughtered. Edward Bruce and his gallant knights did every thing that could be done to recover the day, but in vain. Bruce fought with desperate valour in the thickest of the fray, and at last in close press with Sir John Maupas, a gallant English knight. They were both on foot, both having had their horses slain, and no time or opportunity of being remounted. There was a forest of swords and axes and maces in deadly war around the Bruce and Maupas, but they fought as though none other were in the field. The strife was indeed deadly; the Bruce fell on his back in mortal agony, and the gallant Maupas fell dead upon him.

It was now no longer a battle but a slaughter. The Scots were every where massacred; two thousand* lay

dead on the field, and of all the gallant knights scarcely any survived but the traitors Robert and Walter Lacy, and the Lord Philip Mowbray; and though the latter survived the fatal day, he died of his wounds.

Thus terminated the invasion and reign of Edward Bruce in Ireland, which Robert Bruce no sooner learnt, having just reached the Irish coast, than he set sail for Scotland, and no more attempted to dispute with England the mastery in Ireland.

The lord John Bermingham returned in triumph to Dublin, and proceeding to England, presented to king Edward the Second the head of Edward Bruce, and was, for this great victory, created by that monarch Earl palatine of Louth, the district of Ulster in which the battle was fought, and which became the scene of his own tragical end.

* Some accounts have it 8200.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

BY EL J. BRADFIELD, ESQ.

COME forth, my shining sword,
Thou friend in peril's hour;
When Valour gives the signal word
On battlement and tower:
In terror's darkest thou shalt be
The herald of my destiny!

Thou'rt true to the last of life,
In defiance and in death;
No treachery marks thee in the strife
Of war's tumultuous breath!
For thou wilt pierce thy crimson way,
When foes are fierce and friends betray.

'Mid shouts of death, of victory,
On the red battle field;
I will not there ignobly die,
I will not basely yield!
But thou shalt in thy course impart
An impulse to this aching heart.

My fondest hopes are gone,
My soul is rent with care;
Hence do I wander forth alone,
The victim of despair!
I'll deem e'en memory's anguish o'er,
When sounds the thrilling note of war.

I will not fall debased,
Where Freedom's voice inspires;
But all my griefs shall be erased
When martial glory fires!
My spirit shall surmount them all,
These ills of life, this mortal thrall.

Loved idol! thou for whom
This heart so long hath beat;
Wilt thou, when my early doom
Thy listening ear shall meet—
Wilt thou, in thy beauty, grieve
For one who loved, too fondly loved to live?

To know one silent tear of thine—
Fond woman's tear—for me was shed;
When war hath pierced this heart of mine,
Ere I was numbered with the dead—
I'd smile on death, and think, with thee,
My soul was blest immortally.

Come forth, my willing sword,
Thou friend in peril's hour!
When valour gives the signal word
From battlement and tower,
Where hostile banners wave on high
I'll rush upon the foe and die.

SPRING.

THE Spring is come again! The breath of May
Creeps whisperingly where brightest flowers have
birth,

And the young sun beams forth with redder ray
On the broad bosom of the teeming earth.
The Spring is come! how gladly nature wakes
From the dark slumber of the vanished year;
How gladly every gushing streamlet breaks
The summer stillness with its music clear!

But thou art old, my heart! the breath of Spring
No longer swells thee with a rapturous glow,
The wild bird carols blithely on the wing,
But wakes no smile upon my withered brow.
Thou art grown old! no more the generous thought
Sends the warm blood more swiftly thro' my veins—
Selfish and cold thou shrink'st!—Spring hath naught
For thee, but memory of vanished pains.

The day-break brings no bounding from my rest,
Eagerly glad, and strong in soul and limb;
But through the weary lid, (unwelcome guest!)
The sunlight struggles with a lustre dim.
The evening brings no calm—the night no sleep,
But feverish tossings on the hateful bed;
While the vexed thoughts their anxious vigils keep,
Yet more to weary out the aching head.

Still the deep grove—the bower—my footsteps seek;
Still do I read beneath the flowery thorn;
And with a worn and hollow-eaten cheek,
Woo the young freshness of the laughing morn.
But now no pleasure in the well-known lines,
Expands my brow or sparkles in mine eye,
O'er the dull page my languid head declines,
And wakes the echo with a listless sigh.

Ah! mocking wind that wandereth o'er my form,
With freshened scents from every opening flower;
Deep—deep within, the never dying-worm—
Life's longings all unquenched, defy thy power!
There coolness comes not with the cooling breeze—
There music flows not with the gushing rill—
There shadows calm not from the spreading trees—
Unslaked, the eternal fever burneth still!

Mock us not, Nature, with thy symbol vain
Of hope succeeding hope, through endless years—
Earth's buds may burst—Earth's groves be green
again,
But man—can man forget youth's bitter tears?
I thirst—I thirst! but duller day by day
Grow the clogged soarings of my spirit's wing;
Faintly the sap of life slow ebbs away,
And the worn heart denies a second Spring!

THE RESTORED;

A TALE.

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

"Not seen nor heard of: then perhaps he lives."—Douglas.

"STOLE away!" cried Mr. Phillips, with a sportsman's triumphant laugh, as his eye followed the light form of his favourite niece, Ellen Mordaunt, retreating, as she had hoped unobserved, out of the dimly lighted apartment. "I'll bet you what you will, Mrs. Phillips, she is gone to finish her Paris letter to Miss Wilmington."

"You are always ready enough to bet, Mr. Phillips," responded his meek wife, "about anything or nothing: I am as sure as if I saw her doing it, that she is only gone to finish the new novel; that's always Ellen's way—never likes to stay with her relations, or keep them company!" Now, the fact was, Ellen Mordaunt had been sitting with her uncle and aunt from the time the duties of the tea-table had ended, with the most smiling patience, *deux mortelles heures*: unable to work, unable to read, unable to chime in a word in the daily, or rather, evening wrangle, with which it was the constant custom of this otherwise very affectionate couple to amuse themselves, previously to ringing for candles. Mr. Phillips was a great admirer of the *owl-light*; whether it was that it relieved his eyes, heavy and oppressed with scrawling over skins of parchment all day, or that it enabled him to indulge in those vague reveries in which men who are the architects of their own fortune, love to lose themselves, is uncertain: but to Mrs. Phillips, it by some link of invisible association, invariably recalled a train of petty domestic grievances, which vanished before the power of cheerful candle-light, like noisome insects before the sun.

"I have no objection to her correspondence with Miss Wilmington," continued Mr. Phillips, pursuing rather the current of his own thoughts than the suggestions of his lady. "She will get nothing but good from the worthy daughter of my worthy patron, Lord De Mowbray (that should be.)" "I don't think Mr. Wilmington has any right to the title of De Mowbray," interrupted Mrs. Phillips, hastily; "and if he had, I don't see any advantage girls get by forming acquaintances above them. Ellen sends Miss Wilmington Beechgrove gossip about us, I suppose, and Miss Wilmington sends her little articles of dress, and the young ladies swear eternal friendship; and the compact will be broken on Miss Wilmington's part, the first convenient opportunity."

Ellen Mordaunt was the dependent niece of Mr. Phillips, a solicitor of considerable practice, to which he added several lucrative agencies; among others, that of Mr. Wilmington's, the possessor of the largest estate in the neighbourhood.

Aurora Wilmington was his only daughter, and, pleased with Miss Mordaunt's manners, in a scene which allowed little liberty of choice, he had encouraged an intimacy which had continued between these two unequally situated young persons, strange to say, without the least admixture of servility on the one side, or extortion on the other.

For two years the Manor House of Beechdale had remained unoccupied. Although its present possessor was a man of taste and information, it was neither the delights to be afforded by foreign travel, nor the imputed salubrity of foreign skies, that made Mr. Wilmington a wanderer from his country, and induced

him to prefer a gaudily furnished French hotel, or a gloomy, rambling, comfortless domicile in Italy, by courtesy styled a palace, to the perfect union of comfort, taste, and splendour, his mansion in England afforded. No; he was an absentee on a much nobler principle. Partly from the evidence of what he had supposed irrefragable documents, and partly at the suggestion of the already mentioned Mr. Phillips, he had been induced to lay claim to an ancient title in right of a remote maternal ancestor. The claim had been successfully contested: the title was awarded to another, and a distant branch of his family; and Mr. Wilmington, as he had failed in his attempt to become Lord De Mowbray, wisely determined to become an exile.

Aurora's friendship with Ellen Mordaunt was just in the bud when Mr. Wilmington took this cruel determination; and not even the punctuality of Miss Wilmington's correspondence compensated Ellen for the dearly-prized pleasures she had lost. When she wandered through the deep waving woods of Beechdale, contemplated its neglected shrubberies, its orangeries wafting their sweet perfume in vain, and fed the inhabitants of the aviary, so dear to her from having been prized by her friend—"And this is the work of ambition," she would say; "it is this that has deprived me of my friend. Ambition! no, not ambition! that is a noble, wide-reaching passion:—but a petty struggle for distinction—a paltry desire of aggrandizement. Oh! how can the rich and great, with the means of every real joy within their power, place their happiness at the mercy of such trifles!"

Certainly, Paris is an enchanting city, and *La belle France* almost worth all that the adventurous Duchesse de Berri has risked to secure it as a kingdom for her son. But where no ties of family, home, or country attract the wanderer to foreign shores; when the love of pleasure or the cravings of disappointed vanity alone invite his footsteps, England cannot but mourn the loss of so many of her sons, while her daughters still less can be spared from the land they are so fitted to adorn.

During Miss Wilmington's sojourn both in Italy and France, Ellen had been reminded of her continued regard by various tokens of remembrance. Somebody—I believe Doctor Johnson—used to say, that women never knew how to make a present; and would give a rich chased smelling-bottle or a plume of ostrich feathers to a girl who was in much greater want of a winter or summer dress. Miss Wilmington's presents were somewhat of this description. A pair of alabaster vases from Florence—a French clock, which never told the hour, but which was adorned with a figure of Friendship pulling off the wings of Time—and a hat, the fac-simile of one which had been the delight and envy of Longchamps, but which was a soupon too fine for the *champs* of Beechgrove—rather bespoke the tastes and habits of the young lady of the manor, than consulted the convenience of her village friend. But perhaps, to borrow a phrase of Madame de Staël—these gifts had a charm even in their noble *inutilité*. None like to be rated at their exact value, and the suggestion that her friend did not consider her as unworthy of such elegant *souvenirs* was gratifying to the

little pride and self-consequence of Ellen. Nor was that theme, supposed to be most interesting to young ladies, long wanting to enliven their correspondence. Since Mr. Wilmington had finally established himself at Paris, Aurora's letters spoke much of a certain Charles Cavendish, who was the despair of all the men and the admiration of all the women, under the title of *Le bel Anglais*. With him she had danced at Lord G——'s, had shared the gaieties of the carnival—and Ellen even began to indulge in incipient visions of bridecake, gloves, and white and silver favours, when the news arrived that Paris had changed masters—that Holyrood house might prepare to receive Charles the Tenth—and (oh, anticlimax!) that Mr. and Miss Wilmington were returning to Beechdale.

"I have good news to tell you, my dear," said Mr. Phillips to his wife, when first he communicated his intelligence—"Gad; how glad I shall be to see Miss Wilmington!—I remember her as if it were yesterday, coming to our verandah window, looking as bright as her name, and more like a young rose than the very roses themselves that twine about it!"

"Fiddlestick, Mr. Phillips, now what you call good humour I call impertinence: and I am in no hurry to have her here again—popping in at all hours and places, perpetually proposing parties of pleasure and interrupting Ellen in every thing useful."

"Well, my dear, if Miss Wilmington was a little of a romp—"

"Oh, no doubt Paris has greatly corrected that—and so they have turned off their poor dear good old king, and taken the—pooh, the man who was educated by the woman that wrote the books—"

"The Duke of Orleans," said Ellen, who was accustomed to her aunt's way of giving her historical reminiscences.

"And he is supported by the man the Americans were so fond of—" (*La Fayette*.)

"Who lost his wife in consequence of their long sufferings in some prison—" (*Olmutz*.)

"Oh yes, I remember it all now—a very brave man the present king of France. He fought under some republican general at some place in Flanders—"

"Under Dumouriez at Jemappes—"

"My dear here is the newspaper—you will see it all," said Mr. Phillips, who began to grow a little tired—

"So I shall—Ellen read it me—or no—I'll put it by till I can study it leisurely, and now finish the volume of Tremaine we were engaged upon—only mind to skip me all the religion and read me all the love—"

This was the way Mrs. Phillips acquired such accurate ideas on all subjects. Whatever was informing she put off to read "when she was at leisure," that is to say—"this day six months," while the novel of the Book Club was eagerly devoured, "not that she liked such reading, but that it might be sent to the person next in rotation." When she did quote a fact of any kind it was always guiltless of dates and names—persons and places. So that her information rather resembled the Irish chairman's manner of reading the newspaper aloud to his less erudite companions:—who, when "fairly bother'd" with the Russian, Prussian, and German names he encountered in the detail of marchings and countermarchings, at length quietly betook himself to the expedient of announcing,

"And so the division under general hard-name marched from hard-name to hard-name, till they took up a position opposite to the unpronounceable hill."

The return of the family to Beechdale was a subject of unmix'd delight to Ellen, and gladly would she have forestalled the moment of re-union by hurrying down immediately to meet her friend: but, fearful of appearing intrusive, she was obliged to content her-

self, for that night, with the account of an eye-witness of their arrival, who described Mr. Wilmington as seated in a singularly built carriage of French construction, opposite to a lady who answered any description better than that of his daughter. It was a pale, drooping, sickly form, sinking back in the carriage; but as far as her informant could discern the face through a thick low veil, it was that of "a yellow Frenchwoman."

"A yellow Frenchwoman!" This expression grated singularly upon Ellen's ear. Could it be a *femme-de-chambre*? Oh, no! she would not have been in the same carriage with Mr. Wilmington. A friend that Aurora had brought over, then?—for certainly she must have been in the carriage, although her informant had not been able to distinguish her. A pang struck Ellen's heart at thinking her place was supplied. The morrow was destined to clear every doubt; and now was she shocked and grieved to find that there was no other lady of the party but her friend: unchanged in heart, indeed, but, in mind, manners, and appearance, reduced to a melancholy spectre of her former self—

The Wilmingtons had witnessed the struggle of the eventful three days of July. For a brief moment Ellen's fears had been much excited for them. She now expected to hear many particulars respecting it from Aurora's lips: but a steady and determined silence showed that it was in some way connected with the subject that had undermined her peace; while another, which had filled her letters, seemed condemned to equal oblivion—the name of Charles Cavendish.

Good Mrs. Phillips had not now to complain of Miss Wilmington's exuberant spirit. Pensive, reserved, and sorrowful, yet without the smallest tint of pride, Aurora confined herself strictly to the duties of her station, which the gloomy and unsocial habits her father had resumed restricted every day within narrower limits; and hardly ever quitted the park or manor house of Beechdale. Without attempting to pry into what Miss Wilmington was evidently desirous to conceal, Ellen Morfaunt often carried thither the delicate tribute of the sincerest sympathy and sorrow. There was a charm in the attachment of Ellen to Aurora. Though independent and free as air, it was not exactly that of an equal. No—she felt too deeply, Miss Wilmington's immeasurable superiority in every graceful acquirement and accomplishment. It was rather that spontaneous and unenvying admiration which is the most flattering, yet the rarest tribute to merit. Ellen's intercourse with Miss Wilmington, had refined her manners and corrected her taste, without rendering her spoiled or affected. Her young companions felt that she was more elegant than they were, yet forgave her, because she never pretended to surpass them. She resembled Aurora in some respects, without copying her. Never was the Persian fable "Je ne suis pas la rose mais je vis pres d'elle," more perfectly exemplified than in the instance of these two charming girls.

At length, an occasion offered, which Ellen had not the fortitude to resist, to seek some explanation of the mysterious sorrow of Aurora. Being on the footing of calling unannounced at Beechdale, she entered the music-room one day, and found Aurora so deeply absorbed in her employment that she was not aware of the presence of any other person. She was bending over a tiny music book, the gaudy embellishments of which announced its French origin. The page was open at these words—

"Momens charmans d'amour et de tendresse,
Comme un clair vous partez a nos yeux,
Et tous les jours passes dans la tristesse
Nous sont comptes comme les jours heureux."

A profound sigh burst from Aurora's bosom as she closed the volume exclaiming, "True, true, alas, true

to the letter! The cheerless length of these dreary days, in which I but retire to sorrow and awake to hopelessness, will all be recorded in time's too faithful characters, as much as those that passed winged by pleasure with Charles Cavendish."

"And what has become of him?" exclaimed Ellen, advancing; "What has become of *le bel Anglais*? I am sure you cannot have consigned him by your cruelty to *Pere la Chaise*—yet you have condemned him to the worse death of oblivion in all our conversations?"

Aurora started at being thus suddenly aroused from her reverie; then instantly recovering herself exclaimed in an accent of surprise "Miss Mordaunt!" The tears stood trembling in the intruder's eyes. "Nay, if I am not to be your own Ellen"—she said. Miss Wilmington's countenance cleared up, and with a smile of encouragement, she replied,

"Forgive the little petulance, dear Ellen, you knew not the wound you undertook to probe. Doubtless you think me only suffering under some slight estrangement, but have you any medicine for remorse?" As she spoke her eyes assumed a fitfully bright expression; but, soon resuming her melancholy softness she twined her arm round Ellen's waist and leading her to a window continued, "Look at yon distant cornfield, so late rich with the bright golden promise of harvest—now, heavy, crushed, and beaten down by descending rains; it is thus that sorrow has destroyed all the prospect of my youth; and drowned the gay blossoms of my fancy in tears."

"I cannot believe you to blame," Ellen involuntarily exclaimed; "in what way could you have caused the disastrous termination of an attachment you still evidently deplore?"

"By coquetry!" exclaimed Aurora, forcing herself with a strong effort to go on—"Yet not coquetry—it was rather the desperate expedient of neglected, ill-requited love. Suffice it that, after months of exclusive attention of which I was the sole object, Charles suffered vanity to lead him away. A lady, who did not depend for her attractions on fashion or beauty alone—in short, a royal lady, struck by the celebrity of his unequalled personal endowments, and stimulated perhaps by the difficulty of the conquest, determined to win him—and succeeded. I had been too much accustomed to adulation to acquiesce in any rival claims—but, too proud to seem to seek a renewal of his attentions, I resolved, by the agency of jealousy, to pique him again into love. An opportunity soon presented itself.

"It was at the Countess Zamoiska's, a Polish lady living in a magnificent style at Paris, that I first met Prince Polinski Plumaska. He was a Pole—need I add a patriot—had served with distinction, and suffered losses and persecutions. A few smiles were sufficient to enchain him to my side, and, at first, I was really pleased with the romance of his character: but I soon found the conversation of Plumaska *tant soit peu ennuyeux*, after the varied brilliancy of Charles Cavendish. Never had I understood the meaning of the Prince de Ligne's expression, when he called the Poles the Asiatics of Europe, so well as after making acquaintance with this handsome, but somewhat tiresome prince. All his ideas were on a grand and magnificent scale, his sentiments noble and elevated, but he had a *parcasse d'esprit* that was truly oriental; an indolence and want of curiosity that equally prevented him from giving or receiving the smallest intellectual gratification. Still my design was answered, as I saw that Cavendish, although he continued his assiduous attentions in another quarter, did it with a divided mind; and that, although he still forbore to approach me, his eye followed me whenever I waltzed or sang with Plumaska. At length, chance seemed resolved upon bringing about an explanation. It was at a

crowded assembly that we met: Charles had, this evening, sedulously avoided the dancers; but, at length, when fatigued, and desirous to avoid Plumaska's importunities to join in a Mazurka, I had established myself on a sofa in a smaller room, he approached, and after eyeing it wistfully for a moment, as if uncertain whether he was worthy of a place by my side, leant over the back of it in silence, but evidently waiting that I should speak. He seemed pale and ill, and I own I was touched with his appearance. I made some trifling inquiry, to which he replied by complaining of indisposition and fatigue. 'Doubtless, with dancing,' I replied sarcastically, with reference to his utter renunciation of an amusement which I both enjoyed and excelled in. 'No,' he answered; 'there are fatigues of the mind as well as the body—thoughts that wear the soul, and effectually preclude the possibility of repose.'

"He looked at me earnestly, and as I met his deep and penetrating gaze, I thought that I understood his feelings: he talked of inextricable embarrassment, of entanglements from which he would risk life to get freed, and, in short, so won upon me by his gentleness, dejection, and evident unhappiness, that insensibly we slid into the same intercourse as formerly: and, apparently, cheered by my manner, he gradually regained something of that buoyant vivacity which had, 'in days of yore' rendered his conversation so enchanting. From himself and his own feelings, he now turned to remark the varied groups as they flitted past us. After laughing heartily at several of his piquant and original remarks, I was not so well pleased when Plumaska became the subject of them. He said, his unreflecting mind and uncalculating heroism always reminded him of the character in *Don Quixote*, of the Knight of the Boiling Lake. I felt piqued into a defence of Plumaska: I launched into enthusiastic praises—praises that were not all heartfelt—of Polish valour, self-devotion, and patriotism. I contrasted these qualities with the ingloriousness of a life of mere fashion and dissipation, and concluded that I would prefer, a thousand times, the man who possessed that one brilliant attribute of valour, to all the wit that ever sparkled in a circle, or stung behind a mask. To enter into the full force of my sarcasm, you must keep in mind that Charles had been quite one of the heroes of the carnival: and I concluded the contrast I drew by applying to him who had only distinguished himself at levees and drawing-rooms the term of carpet-knight, when a secret instinct stopped me: I felt I had gone too far, and I was assured of it, when Cavendish, with a change of manner and countenance such as I had never seen before in him, withdrew his arm from the sofa over which he had hung, fixed his fine eyes with an expression of mournful and reproachful meaning on my face, and saying in a low but impressive voice, 'I am not what you deem me,' mingled with the crowd.

"At this moment, my father announced to me that our carriage was ready, and I returned home, but not to rest. Every part of my conduct that evening now underwent the severest scrutiny, and I found it unjustifiable—childish, absurd. Whence arises that strange perversity in women, that leads them to repulse with capricious disdain the very overtures they but a moment before have coveted? For weeks I had sighed for some explanation with Charles Cavendish; and when he appeared on the brink of making it, I stifled the infant love that was returning, by bitter words of scorn."

"But I think he did not approach with sufficient humility," replied Ellen, willing to soothe her friend: "the ease with which he was reconciled to himself merited a check." Aurora shook her head. "You do not know him as I did: he was peculiarly circumstanced, and was not to be judged by the rules to be

applied to other men. Wit, gaiety, and vivacity were his element; and whenever he shone with unwonted brilliancy, it was a proof that some one he loved was near. I felt he still loved me—I had felt it before, when his silent eye watched my every movement amid the crowd; yet I had all but insulted him, and oh! how his reply disarmed me! 'I am not what you deem me!' it haunted my nightly pillow, which I bedewed with tears, and I tried different explanations of his words, for they seemed to admit of many." "There certainly was something mysterious in them," observed Ellen; as if struck with a sudden thought. "After a restless night," continued Aurora, "I found no other means of calming my spirits, than by a resolution to adopt a perfectly different line of conduct to Cavendish, when next we met; and to behave to him with a gentleness and forbearance that should pave the way for a perfect reconciliation. Vain projects! We had met for the last time."

Aurora continued.—"After a season of varied amusements, my home-bred feelings were not a little shocked at finding myself, *un beau matin*, in a town declared in a state of siege. Those vicissitudes, so common on the Continent, so improbable—so impossible, I trust, ever to occur in dear, happy, if not 'Merrie Englande,' recalled the poor little forsaken island, 'with all its faults,' most tenderly to my memory; and I could not forbear reflecting, how very seldom we properly value any blessing until we have lost it. Nearer considerations, however, pressed home upon me. Although not ourselves in the vicinity of immediate danger, I regretted, with the liveliest anticipations of evil, my imprudence in having, the preceding day, permitted my *femme-de-chambre*, Rosalie, to attend a *festin des noces* at the house of a relation, from which she was not yet returned. It was situated in the very centre of the scene of action, and I trembled for the poor girl's safety—even for her life. Hour after hour I listened, in sickening anxiety, to the appalling roar of cannon, which announced that the Hotel-de-Ville, the chief point of attack, was alternately in the power of the royal troops and of the people. At length Rosalie appeared, and I found my fears had exaggerated the mischiefs that might have befallen her. Her relations were furious republicans; and I saw, from the state of tearful and hysterical excitement she was in, that she was divided between the recollections of the horrors she had witnessed, and the exultations which a woman, and, above all, a Frenchwoman, is too apt to feel at the success of the political party she fancy she espouses.

"A glass of water soon brought Rosalie to herself, and enabled her to give a description of what she had seen. Thrice was the Hotel-de-Ville carried by the people, and it at length remained in their victorious hands. But at one critical moment, in which despair seemed to have seized on the most sanguine, that the flagging energies of the patriots seemed at length to yield before the reinforcements that poured in to support the royal guard, their sinking courage had been rallied and order restored, by an Englishman!—an Englishman who had volunteered in the cause of constitutional liberty, as in that dearest to his country and to mankind! 'Oui Mademoiselle,' she pursued, 'C'était bien un Anglais, et divinez qui!—ce beau Monsieur Cavendish, l'enfant cheri des dames, Charles Cavendish, le bel Anglais!' A thousand pulses beat at my heart. I wished, yet feared, to question her farther. It was needless: she too soon resumed. 'Oui c'était lui. C'était bien lui: Ah! que je le reconnais-mais bien, encore tout couvert de sang et de poussiere. C'est un heros de roman—un veritable heros de roman—il s'est couvert de gloire.

"'Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre*,' and

* Corneille.

the poor girl, with true French versatility, alternately wept, and cried, 'ga ira!' as she thought of the triumphs and the sorrows she had witnessed. Wild with contending emotions, little suspected by her who thus thoughtlessly pierced my heart, I adjured her to state the exact truth. Alas! she had but little heightened it. After marking Charles Cavendish foremost wherever danger thickened round, she had seen him fall, not until after receiving several severe wounds, and watched the brave citizens who bore him from the ground, in hopeless sorrow. I heard no more.—Every particular of our last conversation, and the cruel, the un feminine opinions I had then supported, arose, in accusing array, to my memory, and exclaiming—'Oh God! I sent him there!' I fell senseless, ere she could hasten to support me, upon the floor."

The emotion of Miss Wilmington, as she gave this detail, was so painfully renewed, that Ellen half repented having urged her to it. Tenderly she tried, for the present, to withdraw her attention from the agitating subject: but Aurora judged, perhaps, more wisely; and, having once plunged into the distressing narrative, hurried to the conclusion.

"My next recollection is that of finding myself stretched upon a sofa, my father bending over me, as if anxiously watching my returning consciousness. My spirits, already softened to almost infantine weakness—the idea of his tenderness, which he so seldom displayed, quite overcame me, and, seizing his hand, I carried it to my lips, and bathed it with tears: but this gush of feeling met no answering sympathy. Displeasure, and stern determination alone appeared in his eyes; and, after casting a quick glance around, as if to assure himself that Rosalie was not returning, and that every door was fast, he began in a slow, measured tone—'I trust, Aurora, that the unbecoming expressions which I am told lately escaped your lips, were the result of natural alarm and over-excited feelings: and that a daughter of mine has not been guilty of the intolerable folly of interfering in questions of policy, only to be decided by blood!—You do not know my father, my dear Ellen. Whenever he used the expression, 'a daughter of mine,' I felt that his sensitive nature was hurt by the apprehension of some conduct liable to affect the dearly-cherished honour of his house. The happiness of his child was a secondary consideration: he detested every species of revolution; the liberal sentiments, occasionally expressed in conversation by Cavendish, had already occasioned him to look coldly on his pursuit of me; and he now hesitated not to declare, that had he proposed for me, his doors would have been for ever closed against him.

"I can give no connected account of the succeeding time, until we found ourselves past the barriers of Paris—I was not ill—save of the careless sickness of the heart; and I disdained to affect indisposition, even for the sake of lingering within those walls, where I at least might hear more particulars of the fate of him, who, I now found, was dearer than fancy had ever painted him to me. My pitying Rosalie had, once, contrived to slip out, and bring the farther tidings that the unfortunate Cavendish still breathed; but that his wounds were pronounced mortal. The wretched young man had implored the assistance of the ministers of his own religion, and, it is said, had expressed a deep regret at having lished a life, which, at home, was the sole pride and hope of affluent and noble parents. Something he also added, of a romantic aim and an unworthy deceit being punished: but I heard it all as one in a dream; and my father, who considered any publication of my feelings as disgraceful, kept the poor girl under such strict surveillance, that he never lost sight of her again, until we were far away from Paris. He has forbidden me all correspondence there; he—no, I am sure he does not—he

cannot intercept my letters; but he debars me from every access to public information, keeps me immured in this joyless solitude, where even the sole consolation that I contribute to his comfort is denied to me; for how can I flatter myself with that, when I too plainly perceive that the absence of honours, which he never possessed, outweighs in his mind all the pleasure he might derive from the affectionate devotion of a daughter?"

"But my dear Miss Wilmington," interposed Ellen, soothingly, "the very circumstances you mention as aggravations to your grief, would furnish me with the materials to build a thousand new castles of hope. Debarred from all communication with your Parisian friends, how can you tell whether you have not anticipated the worst? While there is life there's hope. You never received the actual tidings of his death—take my word for it, when least expected he will be restored."

Aurora looked steadfastly at her. "Dear, kindest friend! Say those sweet words again! Say them," she repeated mournfully, "even though you know them to be groundless—that I have not seen him for the last time. They say that princes love those best who flatter their wishes"—she half murmured to herself—"Ah! now I know the reason!"

"My opinion is not groundless," Ellen gaily replied—"I feel it is not;" and endeavouring to inspire her friend with a portion of human cheerfulness, she repeated the *refrain* of a well-known French song—"Il reviendra, il reviendra."

Mr. Wilmington spent a part of every day in a mournful building that was a conspicuous object from every part of the grounds. This was the chapel, which was also the family mausoleum—and in the very spot which might have best taught him the nothingness of earthly grandeur, he nourished those feelings of bitter envy and blasted ambition, which were gradually consuming away his existence. Here were deposited the remains of that predecessor, in right of whom he had set up his rejected claim to the long contested title of De Mowbray, and here also reposed the ashes of the late faithful partner of his joys and sorrows—the wife whose gentle influence had, during the term of her existence, subdued the asperities of his character, and smoothed its eccentricities away.

Mr. Wilmington had one day prolonged beyond its usual term this mournful visit: and his daughter, deeply impressed with the idea that a perpetual indulgence in one harrowing train of thought leads to partial madness, timidly sought him in his melancholy haunt, although his orders were peremptory and distinct, that he should never be intruded on.

Alone she reached the edifice, shaded by pines and cypresses that spread their funereal gloom around. A moment she paused and hesitated, dreading to be deemed intrusive. Then, full nerved in her filial purpose, she fearlessly passed on. She entered the chapel. Her father was not there. She then descended the steps that led to the sacred receptacle where were deposited the mortal remains of the Wilmingtons. This spacious chamber was hollowed all around into a series of narrow recesses, which, as each new inmate was received into their depths, were successively walled up, so that the whole presented a uniform appearance, save where some space remained untenanted awaiting some descendant of that race, yet rejoicing in activity and life! Here Aurora discovered Mr. Wilmington, absorbed in melancholy contemplation near the spot that contained the remains of his wife. He did not notice the entrance of his daughter; and Aurora, grateful at least that no faintness or sudden illness had caused his long delay, stole softly to a distant spot, patiently awaiting the favourable moment to speak. Her father's countenance exhibited an expression of greater softness than usual, and his hands were

joined as if in mental prayer. "He thinks of her!" whispered Aurora's heart; and slowly sinking on her knees, she also preferred a secret orison to be guided in what way best to address her only remaining parent. Suddenly, as if stung by some maddening thought, Mr. Wilmington hastily arose, hurried towards the door, and, without once looking around him, issued forth and hastily locked it. The walls of the vaulted chamber reverberated a dull, hollow sound, and Aurora, starting from her knees, with a chill feeling of terror attempted to call after her father—but her voice was faint and indistinct, and in inarticulate murmur died away. A moment she stood petrified, then hastily ran towards the portal in the hope, no sooner adopted than abandoned, that it was not completely secured. She now, again, tried to elevate her voice so as to reach her father's ear—in vain! Door after door, closing with a loud clang, informed her that he was gone, for a space of, at least, four-and-twenty hours. True, he seldom let a day pass without visiting the mausoleum, *seldom!*—what a volume of apprehension was included in that word! Yet, in this trying moment, be justice rendered to Aurora. No vulgar physical fears assailed her yet—it was the nameless awe, the secret shudder, that seizes the most pious, the purest, at being thus brought face to face with death, which alone caused her soul to sink and her blood to curdle. She leant against the wall. She clasped her hands together; and again tried to fortify her spirit by fervent prayer. Presently, the solemn, twinkling, gray light which some small apertures had admitted, faded altogether, and left her in utter darkness. Aurora started. She thought she felt something like a bat's wing flap against her face. Hastily putting up her hand to brush it away, she discovered the error of her disordered phantasy, and that her mind, overwearied with sorrow and watching, must have been sunk for a moment, unconsciously, in the wanderings of a short-lived dream. This inclination to drowsiness she determined resolutely to combat: that no chance might escape her vigilance of the possibility of release—yet, again, she thought that something, certainly, was near her: and that a light, imp-like touch just brushed her shoulder and was withdrawn. And this time she experienced a dread that some visage of unutterable horror might be revealed to her, which might sear her brain and dwell on her darkened intellect for life. The gloom grew thicker and thicker. She was conscious of being in a sort of waking dream. She knew where she was—she was fully aware of the painfulness of her situation—yet the vague, nameless horrors that had beset her had passed away, and given place to a grateful calm, in which the image of her departed mother—the thought of the De Mowbrays, who were, in fact, of the same line of ancestry as herself; and the image of Cavendish (for into what meditations will not love intrude!) were strangely and inexplicably mingled. And first, arose upon her ear a whispering sound, like the voice of the vernal wind as it plays among leafy branches; this soon became sweeter and sweeter, till it was changed and modulated to celestial chimes of sweetest melody. Mixed with these tones was a rustling of many wings; but the sound of their motion was so silvery sweet, that it seemed as if they, themselves, were attuned to move in harmony with the sights and sounds that awaited her wandering vision. Suddenly, the damp and dismal walls became coloured and illuminated, as when on the snowy sheet the gliding figures pass. The building, from base to roof, seemed piled with massive clouds, and glowed and melted with every varying hue, of sapphire, violet, opal, saffron, purple, and rose; and through these gorgeous clouds glimmered a thousand stars that seemed instinct with soul, and that steadfastly gazed upon her, till she felt that they were not stars, but mournful and

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loving eyes, that pitiingly looked down and bade her trust to them; and the clouds by degrees arranged themselves into the flow of sweeping robes, in which she could now trace a fanciful resemblance to the ermine of peagee, the warrior's martial red, and the Romish church's purple pride. She stood in the midst of the worthies of her race! Some were in blooming youth, some venerably aged, yet, still, a kind of shadowy similitude pervaded the features of all, while each struck her as being identified with some picture, statue, monument, or bust, that decorated the gallery, hall, chapel, or chambers of Beechdale.

And there was one gray, awful man, around whose hollow temples a coronet was bound, while a small, and almost imperceptible crimson circlet around his neck fearfully hinted that, in times long past of anarchy and bloodshed, he had attempted, and failed in the attempt, to change it to a crown. And there was one fair female form, that seemed almost to have slept from the cradle to the convent, and whose languid eye and faded form announced that short again was the passage from the convent to the grave; but chiefly was her eye fascinated and fixed by a countenance—strange indeed in that group—yet most familiar to her—that with looks of gentlest reproachfulness seemed to cry, "Turn not away, beloved! we were not, sure we were not, born to hate each other. Does not a portion of the same blood flow in our veins?—a ray of the same intelligence illuminate our souls—a flash of the same spirit unite and vivify our hearts?" Trembling she gazed again, and, pale as if he had risen from a new made grave was Charles Cavendish! Her heart beat violently—her pulses throbbled—her head swam round. It seemed as if the vision approached her—held her—and his clasp was cold as clay—she struggled to get free, and found herself in the arms of her father! Torches gleamed around; servants were looking in all directions—and, most conspicuous, was a pompous figure of a gentleman in black, whose appearance was that of an utter stranger to her. Starting from the delirious trance thus pictured to her fancy, her feelings were too highly wrought to let trifles annoy her.

Dear to her heart—dear even beyond the recovery of light and liberty—was the conviction, (a conviction which she had often, with tears, been forced to combat,) that, spite of his stern prohibitions and unsocial gloom, her father loved her. His agitation, his terror, his agony, lest she might have been injured by her temporary and accidental detention, laid bare all these feelings beyond the possibility of doubt.

It was the unexpected arrival, on a visit, of the stranger—an old college companion and scholar of eminence—that had prevented immediate inquiry from being made for Miss Wilmington on her father's return to the house; but the moment she was missed, the possibility of her having followed him to the Mausoleum occurred to his terrified imagination, and not a moment had been lost in hurrying to effect her release. "Give the young lady air!" officiously exclaimed Doctor Palimpsest. The Doctor, with his strange gesticulations, pompous gait, and double chin, would, at another time, have provoked to mirth, but this would have been now too violent a transition: and when Miss Wilmington, with but little assistance, was conveyed back to the house, and her father had assured himself that this accident would be of no material injury to her health or nerves, he readily acceded to her proposal of spending the evening alone, which she did in such secret communings as were most naturally suggested by her late escape.

She arose the next morning a renovated being. How different now appeared the aspect of nature from each returning sun, since she had been separated from Cavendish! Till now, it had found her ever ready to exclaim, in the soul-felt language of the poet—

"At morn my eyes with anguish I unclose,
They long to weep to see the day begun,
Time's lagging lapse, which ever as it flows,
Fulfills no wish of all my soul—not one!"

But now a hope, a belief, a conviction, filled her mind that Charles lived, and not only lived, but was in some mysterious way connected with her destiny, and that he would be finally restored to her. And on what was that belief founded? On a day dream—a vision. And what are our brightest hopes but day dreams? Dream on then, sweet maid, while yet you can enjoy them: dream, till the rude hand of experience wakes you—till even the power of weaving the fairy castles of hope is gone, and contentment is superseded in the haughty spirit by despair—by resignation in the mild—

The arrival of Dr. Palimpsest was of use to Mr. Wilmington, by reviving in him a taste for literary pursuits, which he had laterly neglected, but never wholly abandoned. The Doctor, to be sure, was but a solemn trifler after all. He piqued himself on the elegance and facility with which he turned Latin verses; nor did it in the least diminish their value in his eyes, that those verses, if put into good plain English, were upon subjects too trivial to be looked upon by the most superficial a second time. Accordingly, during his stay at Beechdale, the slightest incident arising from a ride, a walk, or a visit, an accident to a favourite dog, or the amount of a present of fish or game, was duly put into classic verse by the ready Dr. Palimpsest; and his felicity was at the full when he had distributed copies of these effusions; nor forgetting Mr. Phillips, who did not know—yes, he just knew—the difference between the look of a Greek manuscript and law Latin.

But such unenlightened praise could not satisfy him long: and Palimpsest soon prevailed on Mr. Wilmington to open his doors to some congenial spirits, all of whom he announced as well calculated to contribute to the classical festivities of Beechdale Park, but who were so little to the taste of its fair mistress, that she never gave them any other name than that of "The Owls;" and notwithstanding the natural hilarity and urbanity of her disposition, was, we must confess, during their stay but barely civil to them. First, there was Mr. Wertheimer, "a fine, sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man," with a profusion of black hair hanging in dishevelled curls about his forehead. He was a great Frondeur: angry with every thing and every body; and always lamenting that "no one could understand him." To this young misanthrope succeeded Professor Haines, who wrote closet tragedies and lackadaisical sonnets "to his mistress's eyebrow." He was deaf, fifty, short-sighted, left-handed, and a snuff-taker; and not having met with a female duly sensible of such a combination of attractions, pronounced them all cold, insensible, and "fancy-free." But the greatest original of the group was Mr. Olinthus Nihil.

Olinthus Nihil, Esq., F.R.S., A.S.S., was a sort of intellectual "Old Mortality," who was at a vast expense of pains and labour to resuscitate persons and performances long since gone down to the gulf of oblivion. He reprinted, at his own expense, new editions of old-fashioned works that had long been very properly superseded by much better ones on the same subject; and would send six letters consecutively to a person he never saw, in order to obtain some trifling particular relative to another, whom none but himself had ever heard of. On one of these occasions he has paid double postage for such information as follows:—

"DEAR SIR—In reply to your queries relative to the late ingenious and learned Mr. Twaddle, I have

* Goethe.

to inform you, that I performed a journey of eighty-five miles to the village where he was born and his parents resided, and have ascertained an undoubted fact, that his mother's Christian name was Margery, and his father's John. He also possessed a maiden aunt, a woman of a fine understanding, who kept a preparatory school for little boys, and lived to the advanced age of ninety. He had a great uncle who was a famous cricket-player, and a cousin who died of decline at Bath. I had much talk with the landlady of the village, an affable, chatty old lady, and gathered from her that Mr. T. was quite Johnsonian in his love of repeated cups of that beverage, 'which cheers but not inebriates.' She was decidedly of opinion he preferred black to green; but as, while I was there, she produced nothing but Bohea, this requires confirmation. She told me he was fond of angling in a little brook that runs hard by the village, but rarely got a nibble. I fear, my dear Sir, these are but slight materials for the quarto you hint at; but if these few particulars can be of any use in your projected important work, you are most welcome to them;—from,

"Dear Sir, &c. &c."

"Enclosed is the entry of the baptism of Mr. T. copied from the parish register."

Perhaps, sometimes, the impatience with which Aurora listened to the implied compliments of Mr. Wertheimer, the poetry of Mr. Haines, and the antiquities of Mr. Nihil, was increased by a secret comparison with the beauty, grace, and spirit which she was never more to behold. Oh! how often have we been all guilty of this injustice! and hated innocent persons merely for being—themselves! and not another.

At length Mr. Nihil, with many blushes, owned to a still more important correspondent, a foreigner. The person, Professor Panin of the Crimea. He declared that the hospitalities of Beechdale were enough to detain him, "ages past and all that were to come;" but said that as the Professor was a perfect stranger in England, and as his advices told him that he might now be expected any day, he did not think it right not to be at his chambers to receive him.

"And where did you make acquaintance with the Professor, Mr. Nihil?" inquired Aurora, with an air of provoking innocence. "I never knew that your researches had extended beyond England."

"Personally, we are unacquainted, my dear young lady," replied the pompous Mr. Nihil. "My eyes have never beheld the outward form of Professor Panin; but his letters, and the praises in former times of Professor Pallas, have made me the intimate acquaintance of his soul."

"Cannot you ask him down here?" enquired Aurora, carelessly. "His society would be a valuable accession to papa's amusement, and I should like to see a Russian *avant* exceedingly."

It was soon carried *nem. con.* that the meeting between the two illustrious F.R.S. should take place at Beechdale. The Professor accepted the invitation with gratitude: a day was fixed for his arrival; and Ellen Mordaunt, the kind, cheerful, affectionate Ellen, for whom Aurora was always anxious to procure any little gratification in her power, was invited to see this new and rare addition to the aviary.

Professor Panin was a tall man, almost enveloped in furs; so that when he began to take them off, it was more like unswathing a mummy than releasing a living man. If the other "Owls" were not great beauties, Professor Panin was a perfect fright. His face was so overgrown with hair, that, as some one has humourously said of a pluck of Cossacks, it was difficult to know which was the back of his head; added to which, he seemed shy and ill at ease, and

when placed next to Miss Wilmington, at dinner, seemed as if he would have declined, if he durst, the proffered honour.

"What wisdom he must possess," thought Mr. Nihil, "to have gained such a reputation, in spite of his repulsive exterior!"

"What arrogance and self-conceit," thought Miss Wilmington, as the Professor proceeded in his silent meal, "not to deem me worthy of a word of his conversation?"

At length, after dinner, when the discourse grew general, the Professor seemed conscious of the awkwardness of not addressing some observation to the young lady of the house. Small talk was, however, not apparently his *forte*; for, after hunting in his brain some moments for a subject that might be *ad captum faminarum*, he suddenly turned the discourse upon exhibitions of animals, and abruptly asked Miss Wilmington—"Pray, Mademoiselle, did you ever see a crocodile?"

The oddity of this address put Aurora's gravity to the test; yet, upon reflection, it piqued her to be treated by the learned Professor as such a *Missal* person.

"He believes, like all foreigners, that I can have no conversation or acquirement because I am an unmarried woman," she thought, as she put up her pretty lip, "and reserves all his wisdom for the gentlemen." Under this impression, Aurora, whose *engagement*, respecting a philosopher from the borders of the Black Sea, was already gone, gave him very little encouragement to proceed, and soon made the signal that released Ellen and herself. This was just what Panin wanted.

"I wish to show you my camellias," said Aurora to Ellen, as she led the way to the greenhouse—"I have got so many additions to my stores since you have been last here." When the camellias had been sufficiently admired, the magnolias were next to be looked at, and various other rare and valuable plants. Ellen was quite in her element. In her love of a garden, and all that it contained, she was a true daughter of Eve; and, as Miss Wilmington had given her a *carte blanche*, she had so many cuttings to request, and so many questions to ask the gardener, that Aurora at length strolled onward, and Ellen, after some time, looking round her with surprise, found herself alone. "How quickly time passes! how I wish I could get my aunt to have a greenhouse!" was her first thought; but then, observing that it was sunset, she hurried forth in search of Miss Wilmington. She reached a little grove that overlooked the rest of the landscape, and there, thinking she beheld the white robe of Miss Wilmington, was hastening to join her, when the sound of her friend's voice expostulating, which was answered by manly tones, modulated to the deep, thrilling accents of passion, caused her to pause, and two figures emerged from the woodland, and stood, clearly defined, against the back ground of a glowing sunset; one of which was Miss Wilmington, and the other, in height, resembled Professor Panin, but, on turning round, the features, the expression, the whole person, conveyed to Ellen's mind irresistibly the idea that it could be no other than the often described—the lost—the restored—Charles Cavendish!

Miss Wilmington no longer reproached him. Her voice was attuned to the softest tenderness.

"Leave me again!" she exclaimed, "and so soon, when I have scarcely recovered my delight and wonder."

"Even so," replied the stranger; "it would be impossible for me to continue this deception. Yet I knew that in my own character, your father's gates

were barred against me, and I could not resist the impulse that hurried me to you."

"Too true," replied Aurora, trying in vain to check her starting tears; "so adverse is my father to the party (shall we say?) you were induced to espouse, so decidedly anti-republican are his principles, that there is now but one name in the world more obnoxious to him than Cavendish, and that is—"

"And that is," earnestly repeated the young man, "De Mowbray!"

Charles seemed to repress some deep emotion, and the arm that had, till now, fondly cherished her waist, dropped lifelessly by his side. In a moment he resumed in a low, soft voice,

"And do you too, Aurora, share in this prejudice against the De Mowbray branch of your family?"

"Oh no, indeed!" answered Miss Wilmington, lightly; "I hate those family feuds, am quite content with the rank in society we enjoy already; and, besides, I think papa, instead of grumbling with them, had much better have made friends with the present Lord de Mowbray, and, as he has a son, who can tell but I might, like the heroine of a poem, have united our two families, by making the conquest of Lord Beauchamp!—There! if I have not made you look seriously grave and jealous. So now tell me all the particulars of your recovery, and that dear Madame de Preval, who nursed you at her country house, when the cruel doctors had given you over. What obligations have we not to her! but she is not—sure she is not, Charles, so pretty—so very pretty, as they used to say she was, at Paris?"

"O no!" answered Cavendish, with half a smile; "an old woman of forty, that nobody would look at. The rest of my story is soon told: arrived in England, I heard of the seclusion in which your father lived, and the restraint under which he kept you. I found that a letter, if it fell into wrong hands, would ruin all. I spent my days in contriving how to gain access to you. Neither wounds, sickness, nor your contempt, fair lady, have cured my carnival-born love of masquerading. I had made acquaintance with Professor Panin, at Paris, who was with Prince Demidoff; learnt he was going over to England at the invitation of a servant, who had never seen him. We happened to embark in the same vessel. He communicated to me, when arrived here, the alteration of plan, and the extreme reluctance he felt, being a very shy man, to meet the circle of literati assembled at Beechdale. I offered to be his representative. I had already interested him in my story. He yielded—the grand object was to avoid a premature discovery, for had you made any exclamation of joyful surprise—"

"And what right have you to suppose me so overjoyed, Sir," said Aurora, softly smiling; "but, to do you justice, Professor Panin's manner effectually convinced me he was one of the most frigid of Russia's frozen sons."

"And do you still think so?" whispered Charles, in a tone that only reached Aurora's ear—

"Why—hem—no. I suppose your dinner has warmed you; but how can I trifle so, when our minutes of happiness are numbered! Charles, it is in vain to deceive ourselves—we are not one step advanced in (why should I longer deny it?) our mutual projects; and should my father know you have surprised me into this interview—"

At this moment a low rustling among the brushwood caused the enamoured pair to turn round, and Mr. Wilmington stood before them.

Long, and anxiously as Aurora had been accustomed to read her father's countenance, its expression was now such as she could not decipher, and no wonder, for a thousand contradictory feelings were striving for mastery in that proud, but not ungenerous mind. He was provoked with the obstinate perseverance of the

young people against his wishes; yet still justice whispered him that he had something to reproach himself with; and that he had not made her home such as he should have done, had he wished his daughter to prefer it to all others. The sight of her broken health and altered spirits had lately alarmed him, and symptoms of declining health in himself inclined him at length to indulge and to forgive. To have altered, however, immediately, was more than could be expected of him; and, surveying the pair with looks of very dubious import, he began—

"Your absence has been observed, Miss Wilmington."

"I am the culprit, sir," exclaimed Charles, advancing and interrupting him, "and have to claim your indulgence for thus abusing your hospitality. But the moment is arrived in which further concealments would be absurd. Mr. Wilmington, you have known me vain, volatile, rash, but I believe you will conscientiously acquit me of being capable of a dishonourable action. While the name I had assumed was more pleasing to your ear than that by which I am really known, it was dear to me, as obtaining for me access to your daughter. My own folly has rendered it obnoxious, and thus I cast it from me—I am Lord Beauchamp, the son of Lord de Mowbray. From the time of our accession to the titles to which (with a courteous inclination) you have, perhaps, an equal right, my fancy which was always romantic, dwelt upon the relative position of the disappointed branch of our family. I heard of your anger and resentment, and understood that it had even gone so far as to make you an exile from your country." (Here it must be confessed Mr. Wilmington looked a little foolish.)—

"I pictured to myself this fair creature pining for the rank and precedence at home, of which the decision of the law deprived her. I learned (for nothing that related to you was indifferent to me) that she had a mind as superior to the generality of her sex as her person, and I loved her," continued the blushing Charles, turning his earnest and ardent gaze from the father to the daughter; "I may truly say I passionately loved her mind and character, even before that ever-blessed moment which introduced her to my sight. What remains for me to add? Under an assumed name I followed her abroad and accomplished an introduction. Interview after interview only served to rivet my chains. I even flattered myself I was making some progress in your esteem, Sir, when, in a moment of madness I risked the loss of her who was essential to my existence, even while believing myself most obeying her wishes."

Mr. Wilmington's brow darkened, and Aurora gave Charles a supplicating look—he hastily passed on to the present object of his mission.

"Mr. Wilmington, my fate is in your hands—I am an only son. My father adores me, and when I told Lord de Mowbray I could not live without your daughter, he declared himself willing to forget any unpleasantness arising, perhaps, from the folly of malicious tale-bearers and ill-judging friends, and to enable me to make such proposals as might forward the ultimate end of uniting our interests, and burying our disputes for ever in oblivion."

Charles paused, and turned to Aurora, who shrinking from the appeal she had expected, looked anxiously around for Ellen; but Ellen was at the mansion, supplying her place to her guests. Mr. Wilmington was wholly taken by surprise. There is a magic in the union of youth, eloquence, and beauty, that no heart, however seared, can resist! Silently he joined their hands—their hearts had been long (oh! how long!) united.

"Bless you, my children!" he said, in a suffocating voice, "and may I, in witnessing your happy love, forget the years I have sacrificed to a groundless, vain, unholy hatred!"

**THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER'S
BEQUEST.**

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"BEHOLD," the hoary vet'ran said,
"The silver scattered o' my head;
A remnant of the Auburn hair,
That curled in sunny clusters there,
When, in the land that now is thine,
With bounding flock and fruitful vine,
While Freedom's banner waves unfurled
The envy of a gazing world,
Life was but slavery to me,
And when I fought, my son, for thee.

"Thy father's forehead time has bared,
The few white locks, that yet are spared
And lonely round my temples stray,
Soon from thy sight must pass away.
So thinned, so scattered o'er the land
Is now that valiant, patriot band
Who, when their country gave the word,
'To arms! to arms! gird on thy sword!'
Sprang forth, resolved her chains to break,
Or earth their gory bed to make.
And, gathering where their chieftain led,
Thick as the hairs that clothed his head,
Marched onward, where the foeman stood
Waiting to dip his foot in blood.

"Though many a groan was heard around
From quivering lips that strewed the ground;
Yet none could pause to bid farewell,
When at his side his brother fell,
To close alone the dying eye—
To heave unheard the final sigh,
With none to stay the fleeting breath,
Or wipe away the damps of death.
For struggling Liberty impelled,
When nature's ties had fain withheld,
Until the God of armies spake
The word, that made her bonds to break.
And Independence, shouting loud,
Burst glorious from the fiery cloud
That rolled upon the battle-field,
And scenes of blood and death concealed!
'Twas thus thy liberty was won,
'Twas thus I fought for thee, my son!

"Yes, on the earth I've sought my rest,
The hoar-frost gathering o'er my breast;
And oft the freezing, midnight air
That chilled my blood has warmed my prayer,
That He, who governs all, would ride
With victory on our injured side.
Through winter's cold, and summer's heat,
With aching head and weary feet,
And hunger's cravings I have gone,
And when I saw the morning dawn,
Have thought my day of life must close,
Ere the first star of evening rose.
But now those toils have long been o'er,
And Plenty spreads from shore to shore;
While Peace and Freedom join to sing
The praises of our heavenly King.
And long his eye has sweetly slept,
Who then in lonely sorrow wept,
And bowed with years beneath the stroke,
When his last earthly prop was broke,
And his fair son, upon the plain,
Lay pale, and numbered with the slain.
The widow too, has made her bed
Low as her soldier's, when he bled,
And waning life could only spare
A breath to waft the soldier's prayer,

*'Receive, O God, my soul—and bless
The widow and the fatherless!'*

"And now the dimpled babe that smiled,
When the armed warrior clasped his child;
And felt a father's parting kiss
Distend his little heart with bliss;
Nor knew that parting kiss must sever
His father's face from his for ever;
That infant's face is altered now,
Life's Autumn rays are on his brow.
While bending o'er the grave I stand
Waiting a few last grains of sand,
To drop my clay beneath the sod
And give my spirit back to God.

"No glittering wealth that stored the mine,
Will at thy father's death be thine.
The scanty portion earth bestows
Just lasts me to my journey's close.
But then, I feel I leave thee more
Than sparkling gems, or dazzling ore;
Thy heritage is worth them all—
Thy lines in pleasant places fall.
Thou hast the land of liberty,
Which I have fought to win for thee.
O keep the dear bequest I make
Unsolied, for my memory's sake!
Let no usurping tyrant tread
Upon my low and peaceful bed—
No cringing slave retire to weep
For freedom, where my ashes sleep.
But when the hand of Time shall trace
His name in furrows on thy face;
When four-score years have plucked thy hair,
And bowed thy form their weight to bear;
When thou the minute hand shalt see
Pointing thy feet to follow me,
To God, and to thy country true,
Then, for a heavenly home in view,
Thou to thy son this land resign
As blessed and free, as I to mine."

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY DR. R. MADDEN.

THE sea was smooth and bright the shore,
A cloudless sky above,
But frail the little bark that bore
A mother's freight of love!

It danced upon the morning tide
And mocked a mother's fears;
An object of a moment's pride—
A subject soon of tears!

The sun is gone, the sky is dark,
The sea is ruffled o'er,
Ah, me! where is that little bark
That left the joyous shore?

It meets no more the longing eye,
It may no more return;
The night is past, no bark is nigh,
The mourner's left forlorn.

Yet weep not, though it meet no more
Thy gaze on yonder sea,
Another and a brighter shore
Is smiling on its lee.

Another and a brighter port
Is now its peaceful home;
Where wail or wo, or earthly sort
Of care can never come!

CHAPTERS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials of which I find any account in my note-book, took place on the Northern Circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of deep meditation and reflection. To those who think more lightly upon such subjects—to those whom philosophy or indifference has taught to regard the passing current of events as gliding on in a smooth and unruddled channel, varied only by the leaves which the chance winds may blow into the stream—it will offer food for grave contemplation. However they may smile at the thought of Divine interposition, they will recognize in this story another proof of the wisdom of the sage of old, who said, that when the Gods had determined to destroy a man, they began by depriving him of his senses—that is, by making him act as if he had lost them. To the inexperienced in my own profession, it will teach a lesson of prudence, more forcible than ten thousand arguments could make it: they will learn that of which they stand deeply in need, and which scarce any thing but dear-bought experience can enforce—to rest satisfied with success, without examining too nicely how it has been obtained, and never to hazard a defeat by pushing a victory too far. “*Leave well alone,*” is a maxim which a wise man in every situation of life will do well to observe; but if a barrister hopes to rise to eminence and distinction, let him have it deeply engraven on the tablet of his memory.

In the year 17—, John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of —shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during his life. Great consternation was, of course, excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made—first, as to who the stranger was—and, secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no farther. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

With respect to the death, as little could be learned of the dead man: it was, it is true, sudden—awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner's jury was, of course, summoned; and after an investi-

gation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased died *by the visitation of God*. Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the meantime rumour had not been idle: suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of dark and fearful character, were at first whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another: but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over-scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining those supplies of money of which he was continually in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

Ten years and more had elapsed since his return; and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown: but, on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions.

Two months after the death of the stranger, a gentleman arrived at the place, impressed with a belief that he was his brother, and seeking for information either to confirm or refute his suspicions. The horse and the clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were instantly recognized: one other test there was, though it was uncertain whether that would lead to any positive conclusion—the exhumation of the body. This test was tried: and although decomposition had gone on rapidly, yet enough remained to identify the body, which the brother did most satisfactorily. As soon as it was known that there was a person authorized by relationship to the deceased to inquire into the cause of his death, and, if it should appear to have been otherwise than natural, to take steps for bringing to justice those who had been concerned in it, the reports which had been previously floating idly about, and circulated without having any distinct object, were collected into one channel, and poured into his ear. What those reports were, and what they amounted to, it is not necessary here to mention: suffice it to say, that the brother laid before the magistrates of the district such evidence as induced them to commit Mr. Smith to jail, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice, to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the grand jury upon the subject of this murder had excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to ensure a conviction, to throw out the *Bill*; explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offence; whereas, if they found a true *Bill*, and, from deficiency

of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumoured, by a majority of only one, returned a true Bill.

Never shall I forget the appearance of anxiety exhibited upon every countenance on the entrance of the judge into court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed; and interest, intense and impassioned, though subdued, seemed to wait upon every word and every look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet interfere to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place.—Nothing, however, occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield—“*Let John Smith be placed at the bar.*” The order was obeyed; and, as the prisoner entered the dock, he met on every side the eager and anxious eyes of a countless multitude bent in piercing scrutiny upon his face. And well did he endure that scrutiny. A momentary suffusion covered his cheeks; but it was only momentary, and less than might have been expected from an indifferent person, who found himself on a sudden “the observed of all observers.” He bowed respectfully to the court; and then folding his arms, seemed to wait until he should be called upon to commence his part in that drama in which he was to perform so conspicuous a character. I find it difficult to describe the effect produced on my mind by his personal appearance; yet his features were most remarkable, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. He was apparently between forty and fifty years of age; his hair, grown gray either from toil, or care, or age, indicated an approach to the latter period; while the strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, and an eye that spoke of fire, and pride, and passion, ill concealed, would have led conjecture to fix on the former. His countenance, at the first glance, appeared to be that which we are accustomed to associate with deeds of high and noble daring; but a second and more attentive examination of the face and brow was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, strongly marked, the intellect to conceive and devise schemes of high import; but I fancied that I could trace, in addition to it, caution to conceal the deep design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and to personate a character at variance with his own, and a cunning that indicated constant watchfulness and circumspection. Firmness there was, to persevere to the last; but that was equivocal: and I could not help persuading myself that it was not of that character which would prompt to deeds of virtuous enterprise, or to “seek the bubble reputation at the cannon’s mouth;” but that it was rather allied to that quality which would “let no compunctious visitings of Nature shake his fell purpose,” whatever it might be. The result of this investigation into his character, such as it was, was obviously unfavourable; and yet there were moments when I thought I had meted out to him a hard measure of justice, and when I was tempted to accuse myself of prejudice in the opinion I had formed of him; and particularly when he was asked by the clerk of the arraigns the usual question, “Are you guilty, or not guilty?” as he drew his form up to his fullest height, and the fetters clanked upon his legs, as he answered with unflinching tongue and unblanching cheek—“Not guilty,” my heart smote me for having involuntarily interpreted against him every sign that was doubtful.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box: he entreated them to attend

to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated that, in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property, and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. With respect to the property of the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made away with, gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candour he was bound to admit that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned; for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other. Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant with suspicion at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased Henry Thomson was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and, as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death. It would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his correspondent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively to there being then in his possession jewels of large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties to which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson’s departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval, could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner’s house situated in the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested. He had not been seen from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith’s house, and through which he passed, without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith’s gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt that the deceased died by *poison*—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained, that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question—by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself: there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negated its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man-servant. The man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state, most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room; that two persons then came out of the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and singularly enough, since his committal, the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again: but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel) and he had done his duty; it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found, in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described, by the medical men, as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened

to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution: it amounted, in substance, to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even knowledge.

When the case was closed, the learned Judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the Judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflictive nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal, upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impressions that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which at present appeared doubtful. He urged the learned Judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the fatal request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds—upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of a poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of, that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial

mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One fact, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer—the fact of his having gone to the bed-room of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said, that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant; he had, therefore, kept her out of their way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave to it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more; with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and been awakened by the manservant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half-persuaded himself, that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and by that means draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever, you call it, opened *once*, or *twice*, while it stood there?—A pause; no answer.

I will call it to your recollection: after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. A medical man was immediately directed to attend to her; and during the interval occasioned by this interruption to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. In a short time the gentleman who had attended the witness returned into court, and stated that it was impossible that she could at present resume her place in the box; and suggested that it would be much better to allow her to wait for an hour or two. It was now about twelve in the day; and Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court for two hours. The prisoner was taken back to jail, and the witness to an apartment in the jailer's house; and strict orders were given that she should be allowed to communicate with no one, except in the presence and hearing of the physician. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper hers at the witness-box: the court in the interval had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness—I have very few more questions to ask of you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded: the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting, in value, to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal; but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, convicted and executed.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MYTHOLOGY.

ASTREA, GODDESS OF JUSTICE.—This deity is generally represented as a virgin, with a stern but majestic countenance, holding a pair of scales in one hand, and a sword in the other. She is supposed to be an Arcadian princess, who lived upon the earth during the golden age, which is often called the age of Astrea. Others consider her the same as Rhea, the wife of Saturn, who, after his expulsion from his throne, by his son Jupiter, followed him to Italy, where he established a kingdom. Her benevolence in this part of Europe was so great, that the golden age of Saturn is often called the age of Rhea. Astrea was called Justice, of which virtue she was the goddess. But the wickedness and impiety of mankind, during the brazen and iron ages, drove her from the earth in disgust, and she was placed among the constellations of the zodiac, under the name of Virgo.

"The virgin goddess of the glittering sword
And equal balance, by the just adored;
Who, when the other goddesses were gone,
Remained on the corrupted earth alone;
Till, to her native heaven compelled to fly,
She shone a constellation in the sky."

ATLAS, THE ASTRONOMER.—This celebrated personage was said to be king of Mauritania, or Maurusia, an extensive region of Africa, and was so addicted to the study of astronomy, that he passed whole nights on the summits of lofty mountains, the better to observe the heavenly bodies. His proficiency in this sublime science at length became so great, that he was said to support the whole weight of the starry sphere. Hence he is generally represented with a ponderous globe on his shoulders. He was master of a thousand flocks of every kind, as also of beautiful gardens, abounding in every species of fruit, which he had entrusted to the care of a dragon. For some cause or other—authors disagree on this subject—he was changed into a large mountain, which extends across the deserts of Africa, east and west, and is so high that the heavens appear to rest on its top.

"Whose brawny shoulders bolster up the stars,
Knocking his brows against heaven's brazen door.
He that the noble burthen bears,
And on his back supports the spheres."

AURORA, MORNING.—This goddess is generally represented by the poets, drawn in a rose-coloured cha-

riot, and opening with her rosy fingers the gates of the east—pouring the dew upon the earth, and making the flowers grow. Her chariot is generally drawn by white horses, and she is covered with a veil—Darkness and Sleep—(Nox and Somnus) fly before her, and the constellations of heaven disappear at her approach. She precedes the Sun, and is the herald of his rising.

"—The blushing goddess which doth sway
The dewy confines of the night and day,
—Who from the glowing east displays
Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed
With bright dew-dropping roses thickly spread,
Which as she in her lightsome chariot rides,
Scatters the light from off her saffron wheels."

BACCHUS, THE GOD OF WINE, ETC.—This jovial deity, is said to be the son of Jupiter and Semele. He was the Osiris of the Egyptians, from whom the fables respecting him were taken by the Greeks. He is generally represented crowned with vine and ivy leaves, with a thyrsus in his hand. His figure is that of an effeminate young man, to denote the joy which commonly prevails at feasts; and sometimes that of an old man, to teach us that wine, taken immoderately, will enervate us, consume our health, render us loquacious and childish like an old man, and unable to keep secrets. Bacchus is sometimes represented like an infant holding a thyrsus and cluster of grapes with a horn. He often appears naked, and riding upon the shoulders of Pan, or in the arms of Silenus, who was his foster-father. He also sits upon a celestial globe, bespangled with stars, and is then the same as the Sun or Osiris of Egypt. He is sometimes drawn in a chariot by a lion and a tiger. His beauty is compared to that of Apollo; and, like him, he is represented with fine hair loosely flowing down his shoulders. He has been called,

"God of the cheering vine, who holds in awe
The spotted lynx which his chariot draw."
— "The dimpled son
Of Semele, that crown'd upon his tun,
Sits with his grapy chaplets."

BELIDES, OR DANAIDES.—There were fifty daughters of an Egyptian king, named Danaus, who abdicated in favour of his brother, and afterwards usurped the throne of Argos, in Greece. His brother Egyptus had fifty sons, to whom their fair cousins were promised in marriage, and who, with their father, paid a visit to the court of Argos, for the purpose of ratifying the connubial contracts. They were kindly received by their uncle; but before the celebration of their nuptials, Danaus, who had been informed by an oracle that he was to be killed by the hands of one of his sons-in-law, made his daughters solemnly promise that they would destroy their husbands on the first night of their nuptials. They were provided with daggers by their father, and all, except Hypermnestra, obeyed his sanguinary orders; for which crime they were condemned to a severe punishment in Tartarus, being compelled to fill with water a vessel full of holes, so that the water ran out as soon as poured into it; and therefore their labour was infinite, and their punishment eternal. Their grandfather was the celebrated Belus, king of Babylon, from whom they got the name of Belides. They have been called

"The cursed daughters of fierce Danaus,
Whose kinsmen's blood eternally accuse;
Who ever draw the water which they lose."
— "Those youthful sisters who, in vain,
Still water pour into the fatal tun,
Yet that as empty as when they begun."

THE CONDEMNED.

THE assizes approached. Clifford's friends were numerous and influential, but in his case influence could be of no avail as a safeguard against the penalty of crime. He knew that if he were found guilty he must suffer. His sole chance therefore was to silence that only evidence which could convict him. Against the oath of Esther Lutterel nothing could prevail. Immense sums were consequently offered to purchase her silence, but she despised such sordid temptation. Every effort made to win her from her resolved and just purpose was unavailing. She turned with scornful indignation from the offered bribe. "No," said she, "he has ruined me; that I could forgive, because Heaven might pardon that; but he has murdered my child—that Heaven will never pardon, and I dare not. I will not, therefore, interpose betwixt the delinquent and his judge, when that delinquent deserves to die, and that judge is the delegate of One who is eternal. He has braved the penalty; why then should he not suffer it? Let him die."

The day of trial arrived. Clifford was brought into the dock—alas! how changed! Terror had wrought fearful ravages upon a countenance which the most fastidious could not deny to be handsome. The blood seemed to have receded from every vein, while the blanched features told a fearful tale of sleepless nights and daily heart-burnings. A yellow tinge had usurped the usually transparent skin, while the whole countenance, gathered into one unvarying expression of subdued agony, appeared like an ivory head that had yielded up its primitive whiteness to the gradual spoliation of time. The change which a few short weeks had wrought was truly astonishing. He was scarcely to be recognized as the once robust, lively, thoughtless Clifford. Days seemed to have been converted into years. His hair had become thin, and hung in straggling tresses on his pallid temples, which were deeply indented with the lines of acute suffering. His nose was sharp and shrunk; his eyes were sunk and hollow; his cheeks rigid; his jaws fallen; and his lips so attenuated that, when closed, the mouth was only indicated by a strong curved line. He sighed deeply, and the hurried glance which he every now and then threw around the court, showed how busy were the enemies of his peace within him. A tear of sympathy gathered in the eyes of many of the spectators, when they beheld the altered aspect of the man whose person but a few weeks before had been the envy of many and the admiration of all. What a tyrant is guilt, when her slaves crouch beneath her scourge!

The trial commenced. Clifford was near fainting several times during the opening address of the opposing counsel, and when he heard the dreadful charge announced that he was the murderer of his own child, he fell senseless upon the beam which separated him from that part of the court appropriated to the spectators. He was, however, soon restored to a consciousness of his awful situation, and was furnished with a glass of water at his own request, which he swallowed with the most painful eagerness. Several times during the opening speech he was near falling. He continued, however, to retain his senses to the conclusion, when the prosecutor was ushered into court. Every eye was fixed upon the witness-box. After a short pause Esther entered with a firm step, and a serene unembarrassed air; nevertheless, as soon as she was ready to be examined, the momentary quiver of her lip, and the transient flush upon her ashy cheek, showed that all was not at rest within. Her bosom heaved quick and heavily, but her self-command, evidently amid the most violent inward struggles, was truly surprising.

She lost not her composure a single instant. Her clear, dark eye had in it an expression of lofty determination, blended nevertheless with a dignified respect, which excited the admiration of the whole court. Every person present felt a lively interest in her welfare; but in proportion as their sympathies were excited towards her, they were weakened towards her seducer. The contrast between them was remarkable. She stood before them in the severe dignity of her beauty—he in the untimely wreck of his. In her the hand of sorrow had shaded, but not eclipsed it: in him, the scourge of terror and the stings of remorse had marred it altogether. Although she had become the dupe of his artifice and suffered the penalty of her frailty, he, nevertheless, had been the greater victim; for while she had been the prey of another's guilt, he had fallen a victim to his own. It must be confessed she rejoiced that retribution had overtaken him. Her wrongs were too great to be easily forgiven; they had seared her sympathies—they had extinguished her woman's tenderness.

Upon entering the box, Esther made a slight inclination of the head to the presiding judge, and then fixed her eye placidly, but keenly, upon the examining advocate. She exhibited no symptoms of timidity, but stood before him with an air of such settled collectedness, that he seemed rather disconcerted, as he cast towards her a glance of somewhat equivocal inquiry, and found it repelled by a quiet but indignant frown. She, like the prisoner, was dressed in the deepest mourning, which strikingly contrasted with the transparent whiteness of her beautiful countenance. Her hair was withdrawn from her forehead, and she wore neither cap nor bonnet, so that the whole face was conspicuously exposed, and every expression, therefore, visible to the spectators. She looked not pale from sickness, nevertheless she was pale; while in her tall, but round and well-proportioned form there was a delicacy and ease of motion, at the same time a sustained elevation in her whole deportment, which soon expelled those favourable sentiments at first awakened for the wretched Clifford, and excited in every bosom a feeling bordering upon detestation towards him as the seducer of so much loveliness. As soon as she appeared before the court, Clifford shrunk from the object of his base perfidy, as if conscience-stricken at the unfavourable impression which he saw she was but too likely to excite against him. The blood rushed for a moment into his cheeks with a most distressing impetuosity, spreading there a deep purple suffusion; but immediately left it, when the skin resumed its dull parchment hue, while the quivering eye-lid closed over the sunken orb beneath it, as if to shut out at once from his view the world and its miseries. He listened with breathless anxiety to the evidence which was to decide his doom. It was brief but decisive. In a distinct tone, which was low, but neither feeble nor tremulous, Esther denounced Clifford as the murderer of her infant, by stabbing it in the breast with a knife.

The knife was produced in court, and she swore to it as the same with which the prisoner at the bar had inflicted the fatal stab, that deprived her of her babe. Her testimony could not be overthrown, and evidently made a strong impression upon the hearers. Clifford did not once raise his eyes, whilst she was delivering it; but the convulsive twitches of his countenance plainly denoted what was passing within him. Esther seemed studiously to avoid turning her face towards him, as if she was determined not to be diverted from her purpose, by the silent appeals which suffering na-

turally makes to our sympathies and our compassion. She was most severely cross-examined by the counsel for the defence; nevertheless, with all his legal acuteness, he could not impeach the integrity of her evidence. Her answers were brief but unembarrassed; the facts which she had to communicate few, but conclusive. When she had retired, Clifford was asked if he had any thing to offer in his defence. He was dreadfully agitated, but, after a short pause, recovered himself sufficiently to address the court. He spoke as follows:—

"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury. I have but few words to say, and as I hope for mercy from that eternal Judge, before whom, if I am convicted upon this atrocious charge, I must soon appear, those words will record the truth. It is not likely that, standing in the fearful position in which I now do, I should rashly run the hazard of going into the presence of Him, who is the dispenser of justice as well as of mercy, with a lie upon my lips and with its taint upon my soul. Let this, then, be with you, the pledge of my integrity. The witness whom you have just heard, is forsworn. However cunningly falsehood may be disguised in the garb of simplicity, it is not, therefore, the less falsehood, because it is so disguised. If I am condemned, I shall have become its victim. The following are the facts which the prosecutor has so atrociously endeavoured to turn to my undoing. At her own request I met her, on the night mentioned in her evidence, on the spot where the supposed murder was committed, for which I now stand arraigned before you. After reproaching me with her ruin, she affected to desire a reconciliation, and to part from me in peace. She held her babe before me, and entreated for it a father's blessing. I pronounced, in the overflowing sincerity of my heart, the paternal benediction. At this moment, the child, which had been for some time in ill health, became suddenly convulsed. I snatched a penknife from my pocket, to cut the string of its dress, when the mother, in the agitation of her alarm, stumbled, thus forcing the infant against the knife, which instantly penetrated its side. I recoiled with consternation at the accident; but she, wildly screaming, forced the little sufferer into my arms, streaming with its blood, alarmed the neighbouring cottagers, and taxed me as its murderer. These are the simple facts, and upon their truth I stake my soul's eternal security. I am the victim of a disappointed woman's vengeance."

This address awakened no compassion for the unhappy man; on the contrary, it excited a murmur of indignation through the whole assembly. His countenance instantly fell as this token of popular feeling jarred upon his ear. The testimony of Esther had been supported by strong circumstantial evidence. The judge at length summed up, and the jury without quitting the court, found the prisoner guilty. Upon hearing this fatal verdict, the wretched man fell back into the dock insensible. Esther, whose ear it had reached, for she was standing near the jury-box, after having long struggled with her emotions, was now so entirely overcome by them, that, when sentence of death had been passed upon the unhappy Clifford, she sunk upon the floor in convulsions, and in this pitiable state was taken from the court by her afflicted mother.

Clifford was now put into one of the condemned cells, and clothed in the coarse habit assigned to those who have forfeited their lives to the outraged laws of their country. He had only three days to prepare his soul for eternity. What a term for a wretch so immersed in sin, to prepare to meet his omnipotent Judge! Was there no escape? None! The court had denied him all hopes upon earth, and what had he beyond? What but a prospect too black even for the imagination of despair! Nothing can be imagined to the mind so fearful, as the reflections of a man about to be launch-

ed upon the illimitable ocean of eternity, with such a burden of unexpiated sins upon his soul, as a forced penitence cannot remove; and standing upon the very verge of his awful destiny, looking through the microscopic perspective of his imagination into a near prospect of undefinable horrors. We have seen, indeed, instances of criminals who have met their doom with that stern obduracy of spirit which has enabled them to smile at the dreadful array of death, and curse the very Omnipotent before whose august presence they were about to appear. Shall we imagine, however, that because the tongue blasphemed, and the countenance could assume a smile, when the shaft of death was on the wing, the heart was at peace? No! Whatever may be the influence of a daring resolution upon the body, it cannot stifle the tortures of the spirit. The latter may be agonized, and writhe under pangs too frightful for contemplation, when the former seems not to suffer. With Clifford, however, the keen scourge of remorse had visited both with its terrible inflictions. He could look nowhere for comfort, nowhere for peace. He now, indeed, clung to the consolations of religion; but they offered no consolation to him. He was to die, not the death of the righteous man, but of the condemned—the degraded criminal. He was to perish, not in hope, but in abandonment; not a repentant prodigal, but a rejected rebel. How willingly would he now make reparation to the injured Esther for the wrongs he had heaped upon her, but it was too late. Alas! that he could recall the past; how different should be the tenor of his future life. This conclusion was wrung from him by his terrors; but past recollections, in spite of his now bitter contrition, poured through his bosom a tide of the most agonizing emotions. Now the stings of conscience were felt, tipped with all their poisons. Remorse let loose her scorpions within him, which clung to and preyed upon his lacerated heart. The veriest wretch in the dark dungeon of the inquisition, groaning under his lately inflicted tortures, and anticipating the future rack, was a happy being, compared to him who had no better prospect than the endurance of sufferings that must be tor ever, and shall be as great as they are illimitable.

The morning appointed for the execution at length dawned, but Clifford's preparation for another world was no further advanced, than when he had received the warning that his term of life was fixed. He had been too much engrossed by his terrors to allow him sufficiently to abstract his mind from the awfulness of his situation, and to repose his hopes upon that divine mercy, which is denied to none who seek it with a right disposition of soul, even in the hour of their extremity. He could not seek it. He could not crush the worm within, and he already seemed to feel that it would never die. It had a fearful vitality which worked upon every fibre of his frame, and reached even the impassive spirit. His hopelessness increased as the awful period drew nigh, which was to terminate his earthly pilgrimage. He had no resource in reflection. His bosom was a volcano, which the lava of burning thought violently overflowed, streaming its scorching fires through every avenue of perception, and giving him, while yet upon the threshold of eternity, a terrible foretaste of hell.

Upon the fatal morning when his sentence was to be fulfilled, he rose from a feverish sleep, and threw himself upon his knees in agony. He could not pray. He had committed no prayer to memory, and his mind was in too wild a state of conflict with his terrors to enable him to frame one. He supplicated his God to have mercy upon him; but this was all the prayer he could offer up. The bell at length tolled the hour, when he was, according to the terms of his sentence, to be taken from his cell to the place of execution, there to expiate his crime by the forfeiture of his life. He was conducted to the press-room. His legs scarcely

supported him; and he was obliged to avail himself of the assistance of one of the turnkeys, or he would have fallen. He seated himself upon a low bench, in a state bordering upon absolute stupefaction, whilst his irons were knocked off and his hands bound, preparatory to his execution. He could scarcely articulate intelligibly, in consequence of the excited state of his mind. While the preparations for the last eventful scene of his life were in progress, Clifford, whose eyes had been closed in a paroxysm of mental excitation, heard his name pronounced in a low but distinct tone, and, suddenly looking up, beheld the wretched Esther beside him. She had undergone a considerable change in her appearance within the last three days. She now looked pale and haggard. There was a dark crimson spot on each cheek, but every other part of her countenance was colourless. The clear whiteness of her skin had assumed the sickly hue of disease; it was dull and sallow. The lustre of her eye, though still bright, had considerably faded; yet there was in it at intervals that same stern expression of resolved purpose which she had so frequently exhibited during the late trial, and which renewed in the bosom of the terrified criminal feelings little likely to soothe the desperate agonies of his heart. She approached him firmly. He shrunk from her, as he would have shrunk from a herald of the pestilence. "Clifford," said she at length, "my prophecy is about to be accomplished—the day of retribution is arrived. You are about to go where 'the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor.' Let us part in peace." Clifford gasped—he spoke not, but turned from her with a convulsive shudder. A tear gathered into her eye, and rolled silently down her cheek—she however dashed it aside, and in an instant regained her self-possession. "I pity thee," she resumed, "but there are crimes of which it were criminal even to seek to remit the penalty. I confess, too, that it is a dear though painful satisfaction to me, to witness the author of my everlasting shame, the victim of his own misdeeds; and if, at this moment, I could pluck thee from the scaffold, still would I withhold from thee the arm of succour. Thou deservest to die. A thousand lives were all too little to atone for the wrongs which thou hast done me. Make thy peace with heaven, for the fearful day of audit is at hand—may God forgive thee!"

The procession was now ordered to move towards the drop, and Esther was in consequence obliged to quit the prison. She left the press-room, made her way through the crowd which had collected outside the walls, and placed herself almost immediately under the drop, whence she could obtain a perfect view of the execution, as if she anticipated a horrible satisfaction in witnessing the dying struggles of that man who had rendered her condition in this world one of unmitigated misery; and, perhaps, prepared for her one still more miserable in a world eternal. The vehement exclamations with which she was struggling, were but too visible to those around her; their attention, however, was soon called to those more arresting objects which they had assembled to behold. Her breath came from her lungs in quick spasmodic gaspings, while the blood was forced into her very forehead by the violence of the conflict within her; yet she uttered not a cry. Resolve was still written legibly in every lineament of her quivering countenance. She made a desperate effort to be composed, and in part succeeded. A slight tremor of the lip, and a faint, hurried catching of the breath, less audible than a lover's whisper, were the only indications of those active fermentations of emotion which were busy within her bosom. The prisoner was now brought out, and appeared upon the drop, but so completely was he overcome, that he was obliged to be carried up the ladder to the platform. He was supported while the executioner adjusted the cord, look-

ing rather like a thing snatched from the grave, and into which the spark of animation had been just struck, than a creature in which that spark was about to be extinguished, and which the grave was ready to enclose. The foam oozed from the corners of his mouth, while the thin tear forced its way through the closed lids, fearfully denoting the horrors which were darting their thousand stings into his affrighted soul. There was a death-like stillness among the crowd. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional sigh of sympathy or the sob of pity, whilst the awful preparations were making previous to withdrawing the fatal bolt. All this while Esther kept her eye fixed, with anxious earnestness, upon the platform. The preparations were at length completed, and the cap drawn over the eyes of the criminal. Expectation had become so painfully intense among the crowd, that their very breathings were audible. The bolt was now about to be withdrawn, when a voice was heard from among the assembled multitude—"He is innocent—I am sworn!" Every eye was directed towards the spot. The speaker had fallen to the earth—it was Esther. She was lifted up, but no sign of animation appeared in her now ghastly features. She was instantly taken to a neighbouring surgeon, but no blood followed the lancet—she was dead. The sheriff happened to be on the spot, and immediately ordered the execution to be suspended, until more tangible evidence should be obtained. In the pocket of the unhappy girl, whom Clifford had so cruelly abandoned, was found a written confession, which confirmed, in every particular, what he had declared upon his trial. He was immediately respited, and eventually released, yet the blight of infamy was upon him. He was given back, indeed, to existence, but his peace of mind was gone. His life was inglorious, still not without fruit. It was a sombre and a chequered scene. He had been stunned by the shock, to which he had so nearly fallen a victim. He had reaped the bitter harvest of seduction. All his bright prospects had been blasted; he resolved, therefore, that the rest of his days should be spent in making atonement for the past, and preparing for that future which is eternal. He lived an outcast, but died a penitent.

RESULTS OF ACCIDENT.

MANY of the most important discoveries in the field of science have been the result of accident. Two little boys of a spectacle maker in Holland, while their father was at dinner, chanced to look at a distant steeple, through two eye-glasses placed before each other. They found the steeple brought much nearer than usual to the shop windows. They told their father on his return; and the circumstance led him to a course of experiments, which ended in the Telescope. So the shipwrecked sailors once collected some sea-weeds on the sand, and made a fire to warm their shivering fingers, and cook their scanty meal. When the fire went out they found that the alkali of these weeds combined with the sand, and formed glass, the basis of all our discoveries in astronomy, and absolutely necessary to our enjoyment. In the days when every astronomer was an astrologer, and every chemist a seeker after the philosopher's stone, some monks carelessly mixing their materials, by accident invented gunpowder, which has done so much to diminish the barbarities of war. Sir Isaac Newton's two most important discoveries, concerning light and gravitation—were results of accident. His theory and experiments on light were suggested by the soap bubbles of a child; and on gravitation, by the fall of an apple as he sat in the orchard. And it was by hastily scratching on a stone a memorandum of some articles brought him from the washerwoman's, that the idea of lithography first presented itself to the mind of Senfelder.

THE FAIRY-SPELL.

A LEGEND—BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The crystal halls in fairy-land
 With golden lamps were shining,
 And garlands, trained by elfin hand,
 Round roof and pillar twining:
 The music of a thousand strings
 From harps unseen was sounding,
 And sprites; with tiny silver wings,
 Like notes in sunbeams bounding.

The blue-eyed queen of fairy-land,
 With amber tresses flowing,
 Sat circled by her courtier band,
 Bright smiles on all bestowing:
 But there was one amid her train,
 A stranger youth attending;
 No fairy he, but mortal swain,
 In irksome homage bending.

Titania by a moonlight lake
 Had marked his comely features;
 And fairies, like us mortals, take
 Strange fancies to male creatures.
 She stole upon his hour of sleep,
 And wove her spells around him;
 And, while in slumber soft and deep,
 With twisted lilies bound him.

They bore him off—her wanton elves;
 And friends and parents mourning
 Still wept, and wondered to themselves
 What marr'd the boy's returning:
 And oft, of all his sisters, she,
 His favourite sister—Mary,
 Sat weeping 'neath the beechen tree,
 The haunt of Woodland Fairy.

And there, one night when stars were set
 Like gems in sapphire glowing,
 And blooming gowans dripping wet
 With tears from ether flowing;
 She saw her brother pass along
 With troop of fairies wending;
 And love, than woman's fear more strong,
 Swift wings to light feet lending,

She cleared the daisy without touch,
 Nor bruised the cowslip bending;
 What speed too great, what zeal too much
 For such a prize contending?
 She gained the fairy-ring, and tried
 Its magic round to enter;
 Her brother waved her off, and sighed,
 As 'twere a fruitless venture.

But when the moon began to wane,
 And scared each elfin rover,
 He told her how she might again
 Himself to earth recover.

"When next you see me pass along,
 First night of new moon shining,
 I'll sing a stanza of thy song,
 'Aye waking O;'—then twining

"Thy sister-arms around me, say—
 'In name of God, my brother,
 I claim thee from unholy fay,
 Christ's servant, and none other.'"
 Then Mary tears of fondness shed,
 And many a promise gave him,
 That she would do as he had said,
 And die to serve and save him.

And now the night was come, and soon
 The elfin bands came tripping
 Beneath the glimpses of the moon,
 The dews from cowslip sipping:

"Aye waking O!" her brother sung,
 As he had promised Mary,
 But strange to say, her silver tongue
 Moved not to sprite or fairy.

Forgotten all that he had said,
 Each thought by wonder banished,
 She stood as one entranced, or dead,
 'Till all the troop had vanished:
 And never more that brother's face
 Was looked upon by Mary;
 Oh! had she spoke the words of grace,
 'T had broke the spell of fairy.

At sound of that *thrice blessed name*,
 Our beacon light still burning,
 She would have proved her sister-claim,
 With him to day returning:
 But now, in crystal halls, he sings
 "Aye waking O!"—and weeping,
 Baptizes with his tears the strings
 Of harp, sad measure keeping.

His mother dear and sisters three
 Eclipse the brightest fairy;
 Their human looks he'd rather see,
 And talk and sing with Mary,
 Than dwell within that magic place,
 With all its glittering beauty—
 An alien from his home and race,
 And lost to love and duty.

Ye children of the green earth, heed
 An aged minstrel's story!—
 Man is but like a broken reed,
 Without the words of glory.
 The *spell*, that sin has cast o'er all,
 In His name must be broken,
 Who gave, to rend the unholy thrall,
 Salvation's word and token!

THE INCANTATION.

I AM by the haunted well,
 Where love works his potent spell:
 Thus I stir the water's face,
 Though but for a little space,
 Wish of mine, or hope or fear,
 May wake the glassy stillness here.

Now the spell is cast around thee—
 Ludovic! my love hath bound thee!
 In thy heart and in thy brain
 Thou shalt feel a dizzy pain:
 And though distant thou may'st be,
 Thou shalt pine with thoughts of me!

Lo, 'tis done—I turn away—
 Nothing thou canst think or say,
 (Even though I might wish it too,)
 Can the hermit's spell undo:
 Round thee coils the serpent twine—
 Ludovic, thy love is mine!

Yet as from the waters, fast
 Have the ruffling ripples past—
 As they slumber still and clear,
 Even as I had not been here;
 And upon their glassy face,
 Human passion leaves no trace;

So within thy heart and home
 Calm and holy peace shall come;
 Love for me shall pass away
 Like yon sunbeam's quivering ray,
 And hearts that spell hath wrung with pain
 Sink back to shadowy peace again.

RIDING—WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

THAT health and its concomitant enjoyments are more successfully pursued by riding than by any other means, is not an opinion of the present day alone, but derives additional strength by a reference to the annals of our ancestors. Riding, in fact, has long been adopted as one of the most healthful exercises, and a lady, once mistress of this noble art, cannot consult the cheerfulness of her mind or the soundness of her constitution than by its adoption. It cannot be appreciated by those who do not perfectly understand it, and, as it is not only a healthful but a beautiful and fashionable exercise, and gives to the rider additional grace and effect in the management of her steed, it would be commendable that ladies who have an objection to receive instructions in the art at a Riding School should waive those objections as weak and unworthy, and avail themselves of the presence of some *skilful* equestrian teacher, as the instructions of others who probably are self-taught and therefore not *au fait* in their mode of teaching, would be injurious to the elegance of their figure and carriage, and would probably compromise their safety. In retaining the saddle and in guiding the horse, a well instructed rider is easily distinguished; and in a day, when a healthful is also a fashionable exercise, it should be the ambition of the ladies to patronize its general adoption.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

CHRISTINA, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, was born in 1626. When about two years old she was taken by her father to Calmar; the governor hesitated whether to give the usual salute, lest the infant should be terrified by the noise of the cannon. Gustavus being consulted, replied, after a moment's hesitation, "Fire! the girl is the daughter of a soldier, and should be accustomed to it early." The salute being given, the princess clapped her hands and cried, "More, more!" Delighted with her courage, Gustavus afterwards took her to a review, and perceiving the pleasure she took in the military show, exclaimed, "Very well: you shall go, I am resolved, where you shall have enough of this." Gustavus was prevented by death from fulfilling his promise; and Christina, in her memoirs, laments that she was not permitted to learn the art of war under so great a master, and regrets that during her life she never marched at the head of an army, nor even witnessed a battle.

On the death of her father, she was proclaimed queen, at the age of seven years, and appeared to take pleasure in the pomp and dignity of her station. She discovered in her childhood a distaste for the society and occupations of her sex; while she delighted in violent exercises, in exertions of strength, and feats of activity. She understood eight languages, and possessed a taste for the severer sciences; the study of civil policy, legislation and history, the knowledge of which she derived from its original sources: Thucydides, Polybius and Tacitus, were among her favourite authors.

Christina having completed her eighteenth year, assumed the reins of government, to the conduct of which she proved herself fully equal. An accident happened in the beginning of her reign, which displayed the strength and equanimity of her mind. As she was at the chapel of the castle of Stockholm, with the principal lords of her court, attending divine service, a poor wretch, disordered in his intellects, came to the place with the design of assassinating the queen. He chose that moment for the perpetration of his design, when the assembly was performing what, in the Swedish church, is termed *an act of recollection*; in which each individual, kneeling and covering his face, performs a silent and separate devotion. At this instant, the lunatic, rushing through the crowd, ascended a ba-

lustrade, within which the queen knelt. Baron Brahe, chief justice of Sweden, being first alarmed, cried out, while the guards crossed their partisans, to prevent the approach of the madman; but he, furiously striking them aside, leaped the barrier, and with a knife he had concealed in his sleeve, aimed a blow at the queen. Christina, evading the stroke, pushed the captain of the guards, who, throwing himself upon the assassin, seized him by the hair. All this passed in a moment; the man was known to be deranged, and therefore not suspected to have accomplices. They satisfied themselves with putting him under restraint; and the queen, without any apparent emotion, returned to her devotions; while the people, with a lively interest for the fate of their sovereign, showed great alarm and agitation. Some time after, another accident happened to Christina, which brought her into greater danger than the former. Some ships of war had been built at Stockholm, by her orders, which she wished to inspect. As for this purpose she crossed a narrow plank, led by Admiral Herring, his foot slipped, and he fell, drawing the queen with him, into water ninety feet in depth. Anthony Steinberg, equerry to Christina, plunged instantly into the sea, and caught the queen's robe, and by the help of the bystanders drew her on shore. She preserved her presence of mind during the whole time: "take care of the admiral," cried she, the moment her head was raised above the water. When brought on shore, she neither expressed fear, nor betrayed any emotion, but, dining in public the same day, gave a humorous turn to the adventure.

The rank which by its splendour had at first flattered her imagination, she at length began to feel a burthen; and, after mature deliberation, determined on abdicating the throne, and in an assembly convened for that purpose, resigned the crown to her cousin Gustavus. In quitting the scene of her regal power, she appeared as if escaping from a prison: having arrived at a small brook which divides the kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden, she alighted from her carriage, and leaping over the stream, exclaimed, "At length I am free and out of Sweden, whither I hope never to return." Dismissing with her women the habit of her sex, she assumed that of the other: "I would become a man," said she, "but it is not that I love men because they are *men*, but because they are not *women*."

The temper of Christina appears to have been vindictive. Accustomed to govern, she knew not how to resign with her rank the power which that rank had bestowed. On one occasion, sending her secretary to Stockholm, shortly after her abdication, she said to him, "If you fail in your duty, not all the power of the king of Sweden, though you should take refuge in his arms, should save your life." A musician had quitted her service for that of the duke of Savoy; in consequence of which she wrote to the duke of Savoy as follows:—"He lives only for me; and if he does not sing for me, he shall not sing for any body. It is his duty to live only in my service, and if he does not, he shall severely repent it." Like all human characters, that of Christina seems to have been mingled; her wit, courage, talents, activity, magnanimity, and patronage of learning, are worthy of praise. When speaking of herself, she says she is "ambitious, haughty, impetuous, disdainful and sceptical." It must be allowed, that early seated on a throne, and accustomed to exercise authority, she was unused to opposition, and corrupted by power, which rendered her temper restless and impatient of affront. Subject to extremes, in her emulation of the severer virtues of one sex, she lost sight of the delicacy and decorum of the other, and forgot to add to the reason and fortitude which belong to *man*, the gentleness and modesty which adorn a *woman*.

This extraordinary woman died at Rome, in 1689, in the sixty-third year of her age.

THE SETTLERS OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S LOVE."

"This is a wild night, Macgregor," cried Elliot, as he closed the door of a hut in Van Dieman's Land, against the blast that seemed to clamour for admittance, and threaten to bury the humble edifice beneath uprooted trees. "How unlike joyous June in England, or even in your more reluctant clime of bonnie Lothian."

The rain was falling in a flood; but the hut was weather-proof, and Macgregor dragged a huge branch of a she-oak along the floor, and threw it on the already blazing logs, so as to secure a good fire for the night. Then seating himself on an old sea-chest, beside the hearth, he lit his pipe, and sat smoking with an air of sturdy contentment, suited to his swart, but fine face, and athletic frame. Elliot, profiting by the example of his silent philosophy, established himself on the opposite side, on a camp-stool, and also sought to soothe himself with the weed, said to afford all the consolations that the Turk finds in opium, without any of the deleterious effects of that drug.

Cordial companionship can make comfort anywhere. St. Pierre says, there is no gem like the fire that burns in the poor man's cottage; but it is the meeting of kind hearts and friendly converse round it, that makes its warmth and cheer a luxury.

"I hope," resumed Elliot, filling his pipe from the tobacco-box on his knee, "that Marion and my brother are not on their way hither to-night."

"No," said Macgregor, "for it's ill travelling among falling timber."

"Faith is it!" rejoined his companion. "Such a wind as this would uproot the old oaks of England, let alone the pigmy pines, and gawky gum trees of Van Dieman's Land. How the bark will hang in ribands; 'twould be a fine time for a tanner, could he find his way hither."

"An' bock again," said Macgregor drily, turning down his kangaroo-skin trousers over his ankles, as the bright blaze of the fire dried his heavy boots.

"Do you hear how Howland snores?" resumed Elliot, alluding to a convict servant who lay asleep in the adjoining apartment of the hut; a recent addition to the original building, and called a "lean-to"—"Do you know he tells me he can never go out with the flocks any more, for fear of meeting the ghost of Peter Armstrong!"

"He ma' be right," said Macgregor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, previous to replenishing his bowl.

"Tush!" rejoined Elliot, "the fellow's a fool. I wish the natives had knocked him on the head in place of poor Peter; the better man of the two by fifty degrees."

"Every man, wise in his own conceit, calls his brother a fool," said Macgregor. "But there is mair in heaven and on earth than is dreamed of in your philosophy, Master Elliot. There ma' be revealings to a loon like Hoolland, that book-learning ma' never attain to."

Elliot burst into a laugh as he exclaimed, "I forgot that you were from the land of witches and warlocks; but you might leave such gentry at home, and not populate all places with sprites."

"Is it because ye canna see them ye doubt their existence?" asked Macgregor, with a slight sneer on his lip, and letting the hand that held his pipe drop on his knee. "Do ye consider that as disproving their existence? This water," he continued, and as he spoke he dipped his hand into a tub of water on the floor near him, and raised some in its palm—"This

water, to our gross vision, is pure simple water; but it is fu' o' animals, or animalculae, whilk is the right word. Noo if ye will na' tak' the word of the philosophers, ye shall doubt the existence o' these animalculae, but naithless they exist. All nature that we can examine, is marked by gradation, link after link. An' think ye that there are none between us an' the world aboon us, and us an' the world below us? Sir, I will ask you a question or twa," continued Macgregor, now fully warmed with his subject. "Do ye believe in angels? Do ye believe in devils? Is it because ye ha' seen them?"

"I believe in them," said Elliot, "on the authority of Holy Writ. But much there stated I hold to be common facts, figuratively expressed. For instance, the devils of Gadara was madness, sensual madness, typified in the swine that ran into the sea; when that was gone the man was cured."

"Ha' a care, mon," cried Macgregor, resuming his pipe with less enthusiasm, but more solemnity. "Ye know not what ye do. If ye ance tak' the road of interpretation, by the weak light o' your own imagination, it is more likely to lead ye to the wilderness, than to the world to come."

A loud knocking at the door interrupted the conversation. Elliot demanded, "Who is there?" "It is I, George," replied the voice of his brother. "For heaven's sake, open the door quickly."

The injunction was speedily obeyed, while Macgregor procured a light, by thrusting a pine branch into the fire, and stood ready, when the door opened, to receive or assist the traveller. The latter did not even enter the hut. "Come with me," he cried, "the cart is bogged in the wood hard by, and poor Marion must be half dead." He strode away followed by Elliot, to whom Macgregor gave the light; then stepped back into the hut to arouse Howland, provided himself with a fresh torch, and pursued the brothers.

Fortunately the rain had ceased, and the wind abated, so that the lights were not extinguished; and the gleaming of the pale moon, and the pine that Elliot carried, together with the sound of voices, guided Macgregor to the wood. On coming up, he perceived a cart drawn by four bullocks, almost overturned in the midst of a spot of deep mire. The vehicle was heavily laden, and covered with a tarpauling; thus its black shining surface presented the appearance of a huge hearse, and the patient and exhausted cattle stood in melancholy and congenial stillness. The dark foliage of the trees, with their broken branches glittering from the recent rain; the low sob of the subsiding storm, that seemed going over the hills, sorrowing for the ravage it had committed in its rage; and the hoarse voices of the men, at times raised in imprecation, as they laboured to extricate the machine, were all in keeping with each other. But amid all this, from the shelter of large wrappings, appeared a beautiful face—a face full of that best beauty, cheerful patience and dignified endurance. Marion Elliot was seated as securely and as comfortably as circumstances would admit, in front of the cart, and looked forth with a smile, that much fatigue and some fear could not rob of its sweetness.

With difficulty her husband had gained his brother's hut, but the assistance he brought thence soon enabled him to see his way out of his present dilemma. Marion was lifted from the vehicle by Macgregor, who was her kinsman, and he carried her in his arms to the hut, followed by Luke Elliot, her husband. They

were soon installed in the places recently occupied by Macgregor and his companion, and Howland was desired to place before the travellers such fare as the hut afforded.

Marion had had a weary day, but she was a woman, and thought not of herself. As Macgregor was about to return to the wood, she begged him to send her from the cart a box that she described, and very soon he kindly returned with it. In this box her provident tenderness had stored every available necessary, and some few comforts. Luke soon had his feet in dry shoes, had changed his linen and his coat; and a white table-cloth, a luxury hitherto unknown in the hut, was spread on the rude table. Howland had all the skill and activity so soon acquired under circumstances of necessity. The wood fire was improved, and spread a bright and warm welcome through the place; the iron pot hung over it, containing that Van Dieman's Land luxury—a kangaroo steamer, which sent forth a savoury odour, as well as the mutton outlets broiling on another part of the red embers. Tea, the common adjunct to all meals in the bush, (the name given to the wild country,) was soon prepared, nor was the more ready stimulant of ardent spirits absent from the feast.

Thus in little more than an hour had the bullock-cart been drawn up to the hut, and unloaded; the bullocks admitted to the stock-yard; and the family, in spite of fatigue and rough accommodation, seated in cheerful enjoyment round the rude board.

"So!" exclaimed George Elliot, when appeased hunger left leisure for conversation, "you must needs stay in Hobart Town till the winter had thoroughly set in; and then, instead of staying it out, with headstrong fool-hardiness make, in the very midst of it, your journey hither!"

"Badly managed, I grant ye," said Luke, "but under circumstances I could not help it. Thank heaven we are here, with whole bones and our bits of goods, far at times I had my doubts whether we should be so fortunate."

"Ye say weel, mon," said Macgregor. "An' ye did not travel the worse for having Marion aside ye." And he looked with pride and pleasure at his kinswoman.

"In truth, no," said Luke; "I grumbled and growled, like the storm; and I cursed and swore, like the men; and then I got sulky and silent, like the bullocks; but Marion had throughout a sweet smile, and a soft word to 'turn away wrath,' and allay impatience."

Marion's dark eye answered with the smile of her noble spirit; it rested first on her husband, and then glanced to his brother and her kinsman. She felt in the depths of her soul her power—the highest power on earth—the power of dispensing happiness. Her strong sense and high energy gained universal respect; her deep tenderness and active benevolence, universal affection; her influence, like that of nature, was unceasingly present, but never obtrusively perceptible; felt in its results, scarcely seen in its process.

The best accommodation the place afforded was yielded to Mr. and Mrs. Elliot. George and Macgregor threw themselves on rugs before the fire, and never, perhaps, had sleep fallen on lids with more welcome sweetness, than on those that night sealed in slumber in Elliot's hut.

The next morning rose in all the beauty of an English spring. The skies were as blue as if a cloud had never crossed their surface; the violet-winged parrots, the blue wren, and the diamond bird, flitted in the air, reflecting the light, and looking as if they had flown from the atoning rainbow that shone from the tears of the last shower; the fragrant shrubs, with which the wilds of the colony abound, breathed balm upon the air; the dark myrtle and silver wattle quivered to the light breeze; and afar the swollen waters of

the Shannon glowed in the flood of an unclouded sun. Such are the days that continually break the course of a Tasmanian winter, and, like a sweet spirit, make us forget the clouds and storms that have been.

It were tedious to enter into the details by which a settler gradually attains to the comforts of established associations. The progress of the colonist is proportioned to the general progress of society; and it is at once admirable and delightful to perceive the facility with which a wilderness grows into a township, and civilization displaces barbarity. A few years, and Elliot's grant exhibited a neat dwelling-house, built in the cottage style, with a verandah all round it: contiguous to this, were a hut for the men-servants, a wash-house, and fowl-house; yet more remote, shepherds' and stock-keepers' huts, and a commodious stock-yard. Of the land, thirty acres had been thrown into cultivation; and between seventy or eighty devoted to various fields and a garden, which were all fenced. The undulating nature of the land, a feature peculiar to the whole island, presented many slopes, which were soon white with fleecy flocks; while the lowing kine browsed in the valleys and along the bright brooks, stood in the splashy pool, or lay ruminating beneath the few trees, that sometimes singly, sometimes in small picturesque groups, give the levels the appearance of a park.

To this estate Marion gave the name of Hopeshire, and with much truth, as well as gay good humour, Luke called her its queen. The birth of two fine boys increased their happiness, and awakened new views. The road to Jericho and Elizabeth Town passed the estate, the line of road formed by the Van Dieman's Land Company, leading to Cape Grim, through it. In the river, very near the house, there was a fall. These circumstances Elliot looked on with new interest; visions of an inn, and a mill, rose on his imagination; he had on his lands abundance of timber fit for the saw and the splitting knife; and lime and sandstone were not remote; thus (counting on the allotment of life that all are so prone to believe destined for themselves, though they see it hourly denied to their neighbour,) he looked forward to patriarchal happiness and honours, when his children's children should make the valleys round him vocal with their voices.

Marion, less speculative about the future, strove practically to improve the present. Her chief attention, after the first calls of necessity had been met, was devoted to the moral amelioration of the people. What were the people to whom she thus directed her benevolent intelligence?—People set apart by the large majority of the world for contempt—by her for compassion. She did not recoil with sick delicacy from the degraded convict, whom the vicious disorganization of society has visited with the contagion of its moral diseases. She went among her prisoner-servants, as the sisters of charity in France went among the physically sick, with a holy zeal to amend them, and with a holy fearlessness of injury to herself.

She met at first much opposition from her husband, his brother, and Macgregor; of woman's power, and woman's privilege to put her hand to the moral regeneration of the world, they allowed little, and understood less; but she felt, that if that soil is ever to be properly cultivated, woman, as well as man, must hold the plough. Marion had too much sense to argue with rugged prejudices; she appealed persuasively to the kinder sympathies.

"Let me," she cried, "speak to these people; let me try what kindness, gentleness, and sympathy will effect. Let me organize arrangements that will prove to them we care for them, we feel for them. Give them some credit to set them up again in self-esteem and reputation! O! Luke, there is not one of the flock of humanity that might not, that ought not to be penned

in the fold of happiness; but there never was but one shepherd in the world.—He did not overlook the little one, nor insult the sinner. When has man done likewise?"

The pure fervent light of Christian love glowed in her Madonna face, heightening her beauty, and giving power to her pleadings;—what heart could resist the spell that was the halo of her spirit?

Among the servants assigned by the government to the proprietors of Hopeshire was Alice Ryan, an Irish girl. She had been transported for some trifling theft, and her punishment had introduced her to further debasement. Soon after her arrival, it became apparent she was likely to become a mother. The girl had little to recommend her; she was wholly uncultivated, but her misery was recommendation enough to Marion. She took the forlorn creature under her particular care; when the hour of her trial came, she was beside her with the ministering tenderness of a sister, and was the first to take and bless, and breathe a prayer over the new born.

Marion resolved in this event to give a general lesson. About a month after the birth, a neighbouring clergyman was invited to Hopeshire, to officiate at the christening. The people were assembled in their best dresses, and preparation made for a happy holiday. The ceremony was performed in the open air, Marion standing, with her little sons on either side of her, to answer as one of the sponsors. When the sacred rite had been performed, she took the child, who was christened Patrick, and advancing so as to address the general assembly, she held up her little burden.

"This child," she cried, "belongs to us all—let all endeavour to make it a good and happy creature. Luke and George Elliot," she added, addressing her little sons, and bending to let them each print a kiss on the baby's cheek, "love this child as you love each other. Alice," she continued, rising again with her beaming face, and holding out the child to its mother, "teach it to love us all."

"Madam!" cried the girl, sinking on her knees, as she received the infant, "it shall love you beyond all else on earth, or a mother's care be his!"

"Talk not of cursing, Alice," said Marion. "Banish from your heart, from your lips, all such unholy words and thoughts. Assist to banish them from the minds and language of others. Be not rude, be not violent; love one another, help one another. Let that child speak to the heart of each of us. Who is there here that was not once what that is now? Who would not save that child from what most, perhaps all, of us have since become? We may do so; other than we make it, that child cannot be. Let us try to make it good, and oh! be assured, in doing so we shall grow better. Now go to dinner, in the evening I will rejoin you. Go—God bless you all."

She turned hastily away to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes; her husband drew her arm through his, and led her into an adjoining grove, where, when in the sanctuary of privacy, she threw herself on his bosom and wept.

Years past away, and there were peace and prosperity at Hopeshire. Its wool was transmitted to England, and its wheat to New South Wales, and Luke Elliot became more and more sanguine about the inn and the mill. Patrick grew a gentle, generous creature, beloved by all, and loving every one, but chiefly the gentle Lucy Elliot, who was born about two years after his memorable christening. Her seventeenth birthday had arrived, and there was to be a general meeting at her uncle's, George Elliot's, to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of his happy marriage. When all were ready to depart from Hopeshire, Patrick was nowhere to be found. At last it was concluded he had gone on before the party, therefore the cavalcade set forth without further delay; Lucy on horseback,

with her brothers on either side of her. As they passed the forest at some distance from the farm, she imagined she perceived the figure of a man among the trees, and that that figure was Patrick; but she blushed at her own fancy, and forebore to mention it. Her apprehension had not been less true than it was quick. It was indeed Patrick whom she had seen, hid there in anguish, and gazing on her with strained and tearless eyes. His mother had discovered the secret of his love for Lucy. In the wild energy of her nature she had denounced it as a crime of base ingratitude, and told him the blighting story of his birth. He rushed from her, to the wood—where it was thickest—where he could not see the light of heaven. But instinctively, on the approach of Lucy, he had gained the verge of the forest—to look on her for the last time—to bless her ere he buried himself for ever in the wilderness.

The party returned to Hopeshire in the evening. Patrick had not been seen, had not been heard of. Lucy's cheek was pale, and her eye anxious. A mother's terrors crept over the heart of Alice Ryan; she began to perceive what she had done, and she went away to the barns and outhouses, and into the meadows, hoping to find her boy, and to be able to reason with him. Her search was vain; she grew wild; rushing back into the house, she proclaimed what she had done—what she feared were its consequences—and that her Patrick slept now in the deep bosom of the Shannon!

"Never!" cried Lucy, as her brothers, father, and Margregor, rushed out to remount their horses and scour the country. "Patrick, who would not give any thing pain, could not inflict such torture upon us!"

Marion could appreciate the fortitude with which Lucy sustained herself, and drawing the gentle girl to her bosom, she kissed her tenderly. "Mother," she whispered, "I thought I saw him, as we went away this morning, at the entrance of the forest." Marion understood her; drawing her daughter's arm through hers, they went forth. As they passed along they heard the hills and valleys ringing with the name of Patrick; but there was no answer, save the echo. When Lucy reached the spot she had described, she called Patrick. Her mother felt her tremble; again she uttered the name. The boughs of a large bark tree, near which they stood, rustled, they looked up, and beheld Patrick drop from its branches. He could not speak; he staggered, and fell. Marion flew to him, even before her daughter. "Patrick, why have you done this?" said that mother, who might be called the mother of humanity, for her large and genial heart embraced universal being, and had not one conventional feeling. "Was it well done to forget that I am your mother?" The boy kissed her hands, and she felt his tears rain upon them. "I could not go," he cried, rising on one knee, "without seeing you. It was impossible; I climbed into the highest branches of that tree, because it overlooks Hopeshire. I know I ought to ask—"

"Hush, Patrick," interrupted Marion; "you have nothing to ask but my blessing, and I will give you the best blessing I have got—my only daughter. You are worthy of her; and when all men are like you, broad lands and proud names will be of no account."

One brief moment Patrick lifted his hands and eyes to the starry heavens; the next, he clasped the weeping Lucy to his bosom; there was no pledge, no word exchanged, only the silent throbs of their overflowing hearts answering in deep pulsation to each other.

The next year a modest mansion was seen to rise in one of the pleasantest valleys along the Shannon. It was the home of Patrick and Lucy Elliot.

SENECA has very elegantly said that "malice drinks one half of its own poison."

THE GASCON VESPERS;

As sung by Mrs. Wood.

THE POETRY BY R. PIGGOT, ESQ.—MUSIC COMPOSED BY DAVID LEE.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp*, *p_{8va}*, *Dolce*, *dim loco*, and *mp*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

pp *p_{8va}* *Dolce*

len - - tan - - do *dim loco*

Hark! the mer - ry peal is ringing, List ye, how the bells a - round,

O'er t' e Garonne's banks are flinging Far and near their cheerful sound.

mp

Hark ye! how each Gascon maiden, To the rising moon now sings,

While with sweets the night breeze laden, Wafts their voices on its wings.

Haste then, stranger, join our Chorus, Come then with our maidens, pray

Join the happy group before us, Chaunting 'neath the moonlight ray.

pp

See them dancing, chaunt the pleasure
 Of their rustic home so sweet,
 Changing, now in mournful measure,
 Tales of hapless love repeat.
 Haste then, stranger, join our Chorus,
 Come then with our maidens, pray

Join the happy group before us,
 Chaunting 'neath the moonlight ray—
 Hark, the merry peal is ringing,
 List ye how the bells around,
 O'er the Garonne's banks are ringing,
 Far and near their cheerful sound.

THE PRESS-GANG.

TIME progresses while men decay. After eighteen years of peace a generation has sprung into activity, to which the operation of naval impressment is as much a thing of the past as faith in Whig or Tory has become with their fathers. Still, however, in our maritime towns, the recollection clings to the minds of the mature part of the population. Who that has spent his boyhood in, or near, one of our great seaports, but has vaguely partaken in the terrors which beset mothers, wives, and sweethearts, when the ominous sounds—"the gang!—the gang!" were rung out near their abodes; driving the brief sojourners whom they loved and trembled for, into every sort of concealment? Which of the yet numerous surviving householders, protected in their own persons, but has again and again been roused from his comfortable pillow, by clamorous night brawls, and looking night-capped from his window, beheld the brandished cutlasses which enabled him to inform his wakeful spouse that the cause of the tumult was *only* the conveying of some unlucky tar to the "tender" or the "rendezvous house?" The extreme hardship of the impress, passing over the rough and arbitrary manner of effectuation, consisted in its cruel contempt for all ties and decencies. No allowance was made to men returned from the longest and most arduous voyages. Husbands were snatched from the arms of fond wives whom they had barely embraced after years of absence—may, seized and dragged away on the very eve of meeting, and ere they had tasted that coveted solace. Sons could only visit the paternal hearth by stealth; and, in fine, the few hours of recreation which the sea-worn sailor, under any circumstances, sought on shore, were fraught with danger and interruption. He escaped the sharks of "blue water" only to be chased by harbour sharks of almost equal ferocity. That this state of things begat in all those interested in sea-faring people a hatred and hostility to the parties acting on, or in any way abetting, the impress service, may easily be supposed. Wrathful collisions were thence frequent. Doubtless the dread, formerly felt of impressment, arose much from the popular notion abroad of the brutal tyranny exercised over seamen in the Royal Navy. This cause of antipathy does not, perhaps, now exist; but the circumstance should be borne in mind by those who read the above remarks. Perhaps, after all, the younger tars found some compensation for the hazards of a trip ashore in the additional interest these gave to them in the eyes of the maidens; not one of whom but would have risked the loss of woman's dearest jewel—reputation itself—to shelter or befriended a sailor in his need. But enough of prelude.

On a part of the east coast of England, where the German ocean rolls proudly in upon a shore now opposing its waves with lofty and irregular cliffs, and now inviting them to break freely over stretches of open beach, stands a small village almost wholly inhabited by fishermen and their families. About three miles to the southward is situated the large sea-port of S—. From the latter place, the approach to this village—Coldcotes, by name—is chiefly made over a fine expanse of level sands, and occupying, as it does, a lofty site just where the land after descending for a considerable space in green slopes to the sea, resumes a bluff rocky front, it forms a conspicuous object in the view. Upon an evening late in the autumn, with the moonlight glinting upon the few white-washed cottages that distinguished the place, it centred the regards of an individual who trod his way across the sands in question, having shortly before quitted S—. This was an active young man, carrying a bundle,

and decently clad in the ordinary habiliments of civil life. A certain roll, however, in his gait, and, had the daylight remained to discover it, the sun-burnt hue of an open and honest, if not handsome, set of features, indicated the mariner. Such, in truth, was Lance Blacklock, the pedestrian we describe, though willing now to disguise his calling. Born and bred in Coldcotes, he might have pursued that of the worthy fisherman, his father, but opposing inclinations had led him into the merchant sea-service. Herein, having some little scholarship, he had risen to the post of mate in a vessel lately returned from a foreign voyage. But, unfortunately for his prospects, the death of the owner had caused the ship to be brought to sale, and Lance to be consequently thrown, for a time, out of employ. In this predicament we find him bound on a visit to the well remembered home he had of late enjoyed few opportunities of seeing; and which, at this moment, seemed, in the gentle radiance it reflected, to smile upon his return. It may be imagined, therefore, with what pleasure he scanned the outline of irregular cabins disclosed in the distance before him. And if he felt not unqualified gratitude to the officious moonbeams that lighted the scene to his eye, it was because they too liberally illumined the route he rather required to have buried in darkness. He had evaded with inexpressible difficulty the dangers of a "hot press" going forward in S—, and built his chief hope of enjoying any thing like safety even at Coldcotes, on the being able to arrive there undetected. The brilliancy of the night was therefore so far untoward. Not that he cared for observation from the inhabitants of the village itself, those he knew would be true as steel; it was the chance of falling under the ken of unfriendly prowlers that stirred apprehensions.

With the genial stream of thought that flowed through his breast, a little ruffled by care on this score, and further, perhaps, by surmises on another not yet alluded to, he had arrived about midway across the sands when he perceived in his front a figure, apparently that of an old basket woman, advancing towards him. They met, and he was disposed to have passed her with a civil "fine night, mother," but the response of the crone arrested his intention. She made a dead halt, and, peering over his person, sniffed out—"Ay, that it is, Lancel Blacklock; though may be not for all folks. What news from foreign, lad?"

Lance was, by this time, able to recognize in the speaker an itinerant dealer in small wares, "better known than trusted," by the housewives of the hamlets around. Her ready hail somewhat discomposed our sailor. Indeed, remembering as well her character, as that when a thoughtless urchin he had fallen under the ban of the old woman for his share in some unlucky tricks played off upon her, he had no peculiar satisfaction in the rencontre. As it was, he answered her with brief civility and essayed to move on. She did not, however, prove similarly inclined to part company.

"Ye're in right earnest haste to get within walls, Lancel," she observed, "and small wonder. It is not the long coat can hide tarry Jack, when he steps ashore. More's the shame he should need it, I say!"

"And well you may, goody," replied Lance, "but the saying's no news. How goes all at Coldcotes?"

"Oh! much i' th' usual. You're looking at Dame Maving's white steading—that puts me in mind. Ye'll recollect her niece, Bella?" Lance returned a conscious affirmative. Full well he remembered Bella Maving, and shrewdly did the owlsh querist gues-

with what feelings. "Well, then," she resumed, "her bonny face is to make her fortune at last. There's a rich young spark from S—— comes after her day by day; and the word goes it will be a wedding. She'll be the first Coldcote's lass that e'er was made a lady of. But what for that? hey, Lance?" Lance, however, plainly disquieted, withheld any reply. He muttered an abrupt adieu, and strode on his way; leaving the old woman, from whom proceeded a suppressed cackle, gazing after him.

To account for the young man's demeanour whilst listening to the intelligence thus thrust upon him, it remains to be avowed that filial affection alone had not drawn him some distance over land (for his last ship did not belong to the adjoining port) to his native village. There lived there one to whom when—"lashed to the helm where seas o'erwhelm," as his favourite ditty gave it, his thoughts constantly reverted. Sailors are proverbially easily pleased with a fair; but Lance mused upon charms which might even have created a sensation in the viscous lodged on the left side of an Almack's exquisite. This Venus, not from, but by, the sea, was Bella Maving; an orphan, but respectably maintained by a widowed aunt, who possessed a small competence. Unlike all her fellow maidens in Coldcotes, she had been spared the usual out-of-door drudgery to which the daughter of fishermen are subjected, and consequently retained the natural softness of her sex; a circumstance which alone, had positive beauty been denied, would have distinguished her in such a sphere. From early days, Lance had been accustomed to watch the movements of this, to him, the most delightful of created beings, and latterly, to sigh for her as a possession, than which the entire world offered nothing more desirable.

The pecuniary means of Bella's affectionate relative, though sufficient to meet their humble wants, did not extend so far as to place the maiden in a rank above admitting the society of the young Tritons of the place. Lance, therefore, had not lacked for access to the object of his affections during the few visits the calls of his profession had allowed him to pay to Coldcotes; but those were generally too brief and hurried to permit him unequivocally to assume the suitor, even though the diffidence of genuine love had been less powerful with him than it was. On the last occasion of the kind he did, however, place himself in that position; but a sudden summons to his ship deprived him of the power to carry away more than the belief that he was preferred. Now, again nearing her abode, with the passion of his youth deeply rooted in his manhood, it was his darling object to terminate in certainty those doubts and fears, which had of late agitated him beyond endurance. How severely then fell the blow levelled in the abrupt information he had just received. If it were true, a total blight to his hopes impended.

He continued his course, but it was mechanically. He moved on in the state of a man suddenly awakened in the midst of an ugly dream. Nor was it until stumbling among the broken rocks, which scattered out below the steep of Coldcotes, form the extremity of the beach he had traversed, that he became self-recalled. Then he found it necessary to retrace his steps a space, in order to arrive at the foot of the beaten road for ascent. This done, and proceeding slowly upwards, his spirit partially lightened. He reflected on the deceptive nature of rumour generally, and on the little credit, in particular, to be attached to a piece of gossip, repeated, he was sure, from malicious motives; thence resolving to await the disclosure a few hours would bring, ere he yielded to a despair of which the foretaste was so bitter. Ultimately, as he followed the windings of the road along the summit of the heights, familiar objects began to crowd upon him, and further diverted his thoughts.

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,
Who ——"

But we will not affront the reader, by assuming that either the remaining lines of the passage, or the sentiment they emphaticise, are unknown to him. The little cave among the rocks beneath, where the cobbles of his father and his compeers were drawn up, awakened in Lance the memory of a thousand venturous exploits; and even the "ancient and fish-like smell" pervading the atmosphere of the village, which he now entered, cheered him like the salutation of an old friend. All was quiet, all doors were closed; for though the evening had not advanced decidedly into night, yet, as was to be expected amongst a people whose pursuits oblige them to anticipate the lark in their rising, many were enjoying—most preparing for—repose. In passing the front of one cottage, differing from those adjoining, in whiter walls and more neatly ordered threshold, he was threatened with a return of his late discomposing sensations; but a few paces onward and his hand was upon his parents' latch. That was not a moment for divided feeling. Shall we enter with him? No. Nature has place enough in every bosom to render superfluous a description of what succeeded; moreover, our story must be confined within limits, and here requires us in another quarter.

Becky Purdy, the strolling basket-woman whom we quitted journeying across the sands, had her nightly abiding-place in S——. Thither she was at the time bound; but, before entering the town, she turned a little out of the direct course towards a well-built house in the suburbs; at the back door of which she cautiously knocked. The servant who attended ushered her into one of the outer offices, and departed; seeming to guess her errand. In a few minutes a gaily-dressed young man, with a handsome countenance, marked however by no amiability of expression, save when he chose to invest it with smiles, came to her.

"Ha! Becky," he exclaimed, "I've been looking for you. You have seen her to-day, and presented the work-box I gave you?"

"I've done your bidding, sir," answered Becky.

"Was she pleased with it?"

"How could she fail? Ah! Master Cunningham, you know the way to win o'er woman's will!"

Cunningham did not appear to inherit a mind above the relish for this vulgar compliment: he laughed.

"But will she meet me in the morning on Whiteley cliffs as usual?" was his next question.

Becky nodded confirmation.

"Sweet girl!" murmured the young man, in tones betokening that in fervency, at least, his love was not defective.

"Ay, she's a dainty creature, that's the truth," rejoined Becky; "and soft-hearted to old friends. Let me tell you, master, you'll not do amiss to ply her close just now."

This hint on the part of Becky produced inquiry on that of Cunningham; which she met by informing him of the return of one Lance Blacklock, who had formerly made pretensions to her hearer's inamorata—that inamorata being Bella Maving.

To a headstrong temperament was added in Cunningham an excessive proneness to jealousy and suspicious doubts. The old woman's report took, therefore, a powerful effect upon him; and the more, in that Blacklock's foregone intimacy with Bella was not altogether unknown to him.

"I have heard her speak of that fellow, and with kindness too," he muttered to himself. "Damn him! what brings him here just now?"

"That's more than I can tell," said Becky, catching his words; "unless he wants to get himself pressed, and sent on board a man o' war."

"Would he were fast held there!" aspirated Cunningham. "Pressed!—um! his business *might* be done that way." Here he took a turn or two across the floor.

"Harkee, Becky," he proceeded; "don't you know that when folks find their way to the rendezvous house with a useful hint, there's a nice reward for them."

"So I've heard said."

"Why then might not you as well earn the money as another?"

"Me go to the randyvoo house!" cried the crone, lifting her hands; "it would be as much as my life's worth to be seen there. No, no; a poor out-going body like me must not get herself an ill name."

"Especially when she has got such a good one to lose," cried Cunningham, sarcastically. "Poh! come, old one, we'll not mince matters. Lay the gang on the scent and you shall have your money doubled out of my purse. Nay, there's gold in hand."

Becky looked hard at the coin displayed in Cunningham's hand, and after a few "hems," said:—

"Why, master Cunningham, money's money to me, though I cannot make it in that way. But to-morrow morning, as it happens, I'm bound for Coldcotes, and the first house I've to call at will be old Blacklock's; now it is possible the gang might be astir, and dog my heels; would I be to blame if they trapped poor Lancie?"

"Not at all," answered Cunningham, quietly putting the money into her hand. "Go home, and be punctual to your morning's business. I think I can manage the rest," he inwardly soliloquized; "the king wants seamen, and 'tis only one's duty to the country to point out skulkers."

Thus these *well-meaning* persons separated.

The first blink of dawn called the sturdy sire and active brother of Lance Blacklock to their cobbles. With the poor the indulgence of affectionate pleasures must ever be postponed where the stern obligations of toil intervene. These were thence compelled to defer the complete happiness of relaxation with the stranger until their return from labour. Lance, therefore, found himself early left to the society of a fond mother and two kind-hearted sisters, who lavished upon him those little attentions, which, however simple, are so grateful to every man. Sailors, from the rude manner of their life on ship-board, relish peculiarly the various comforts prepared by female management. When, therefore, dame Blacklock bestirred herself to roll out the griddle cakes, and young Sally ran to procure fresh cream from the farmer's, they were aware that they did not waste care on objects likely to be slighted. Nor did Lance fail to appreciate their kindness, though his thoughts roamed involuntarily into another quarter. As the breakfast meal proceeded, he found it impossible to prevent his tongue from following the same promptings, and accordingly turned the conversation on his Bella. Much he then heard that darkened o'er his soul, though it did not pronounce his final sentence. That Bella's favour was sued for by a dangerous rival, became a point confirmed. Boating excursions, and the like affairs, had, at a former period, brought him acquainted with Cunningham, now named to him, and he could, consequently, of his own knowledge estimate the force he had to contend with in one so advantaged. He disguised as much as possible his wincings from the tender friends around him, and their humble morning's repast was drawing to a close under the same kindly auspices under which it began, when Sally Blacklock, the younger of Lance's sisters, looking casually from the window of the cabin, which commanded a view of the road up from the beach, called her mother's attention to a group of men advancing in that direction. This consisted of seven or eight thickset, sturdy fellows, in sailors' jackets; some

with glazed, some with straw hats, and one or two ornamented with long pigtails. Their handkerchiefs were knotted loosely about their necks, and all carried stout bludgeons, after a swaggering sort of fashion, which bespoke an aptness at the use of them. No sooner did the dame take a glance at this crew, than with a face of pallor she turned an anxious eye upon Lance, and sat down in a tremor which denied her speech. Her son, quick to conceive the cause, started to the window, and perceived at once that her fears were just. Still he thought, that, as the visit of these worthies—the press-gang unequivocally—must either be accidental, or at least unconnected with himself, it would be premature to take alarm whilst sheltered under his parents' roof. A quickly succeeding observation shook this dependence. The change of impression arose in his breast intuitively at the sight of Becky Parry hobbling into the village with her basket, some little way in advance of "the gang." True, there was nothing unusual in her appearing at that hour, but rather the contrary; yet he experienced an instant persuasion of what was the truth, that is, that he was the person threatened, and that Becky played a part in the business. The persuasion became conviction, when he noticed that, without stopping at other cabins, as was her wont, she first halted opposite that of his family, and exhibited an intention to call. He immediately desired his sister to close the door, which stood open according to a general custom in Coldcotes, and prevailing in most small hamlets when the weather admits. It was done at his request.

"Mother," said he, "I feel certain that the gang come to take me, and no one but me; and that they know I am here. Now I must not be boxed up where they are sure they have me; therefore kiss me all of you, and I'll cut, and run for uncle Kitt's at Whiteley." "Oh! my poor bairn," exclaimed the mother, grappling round her boy's neck; "only an hour or two at home, and forced to flee from it like a thief! Surely the black villains would never dare to hale thee from thine own old mother's fireside, and her looking on!" "No trusting to that," said Lance, extricating himself gently from her hold, "so God bless you all! and here goes."

With the words, he squeezed himself through a small window, the only opening the cabin possessed rearward, and that done, pushed his way behind the neighbouring cottages towards the extremity of the village opposite to that by which the gang were entering.

Unfortunately, however, poor Lance had to deal with enemies versed in strategy. For no sooner did he emerge from behind the walls and sheds that had so far befriended him, and begin to run with all speed along a footpath conveying into the Whiteley road, than his ears tingled with the sound of a loudly-voiced challenge, whereof he was at no loss to guess the import.

"Hallo! there, matie!" cried the speaker, "you're scudding at a blasted rate. Won't you stop and ask what cheer of us?"

He looked in the direction of the voice, and saw that it proceeded from a squab grog-nosed fellow, the foremost of a band of half a dozen others occupying the road to which he was obliquely tending; the fact, as he now readily surmised, being, that the director of the gang, aware of the remark their approach would occasion, and foreseeing the probability of such a retreat as their game actually attempted, had divided his party so as to block both outlets from the village at once. Lance, though stunned by this discovery, did not give up. He decided immediately on breaking away towards the sea bank, and taking the chance of what concealment the sinuosities of the rocky shore could afford him. A spot was near where memory told him the cliff relaxed its precipitous character.

Thither he rushed, and plunged downwards with a rapidity that placed his neck in imminent peril. Arrived at the bottom, he bounded over the broken rocks in a northerly direction. The detachment of the gang who witnessed this movement needed no sage to tell them, that if the man they saw thus avoiding them was not him they expressly sought, he was one equally adapted to their purpose, and threw themselves upon his steps with seaman-like impetuosity. They too effected the descent, and having been in time to mark the course Lance took, followed hot upon it, with many an oath at the stumbles and damaged shins received in consequence.

The flight and pursuit continued some time, to the increasing fatigue of all parties. Now the pursuers were encouraged by a sight of their prey, and again he became lost behind fallen pieces of crag, or the view altogether closed by some one of its projections. With the reader only in company we will overtake the hunted tar, just at the moment when he encountered a barrier to his progress. Jutting beyond the line of the coast, a sharp promontory opposed itself, prematurely as it were, to the rising tide, which roared and dashed in foamy indignation at its foot. To double the point was clearly impossible now, whatever might have been the case half an hour earlier. Keenly he examined the obstacles; but his examination only convinced him they were fatal. The cliffs which impended in this quarter, though not exceedingly high, were quite perpendicular. To scale them was out of the question. Thus hemmed in, he saw nothing better for it than to dive into a cavernous recess which presented itself near at hand; the covert offered being gained by him just as the sound of voices told him that his pursuers were rounding a point, which, passed, would have left him in their view. Yet it was rather under that impulse which leads a man always to defer surrender to the last moment, than with any hope of finding a real asylum that he sought there a refuge. He could not expect the place would escape observation, and consequent search: indeed there was reason enough to believe that the spring tide, now flowing in so fast, would in all likelihood drive some of the gang to his retreat for safety from the waves, if not for the purpose of discovering him. Being, however, within the cavern, he instinctively looked about for a nook wherein he might hide; but in vain. It happened that the innermost part of the rocky vault, where darkness should have stood his friend, was lighted by a curious sort of shaft, or tunnel, which perforated upwards to the surface of the ground. Whether this opening was of natural or artificial formation had long been, and still remains, matter of dispute to those familiar with the spot; but we are not here called upon to settle the question. Under it Lance mechanically placed himself, casting many a wistful look at the aperture which disclosed the blue sky above. As he stood in this painful state of cogitation, he was suddenly roused by the apparition of a pretty female face, surrounded by a neat straw bonnet, peering down over the edge of the opening. That it was a woman he beheld, was sufficient to assure him of an ally—could ally be of service.

"Lord bless your sweet eyes!" he cried immediately, "if you've any compassion for a poor sailor in a strait, see if there's any honest soul about that can lend a hand with a rope to get me out here."

The young woman did seem startled by the address; having, as it afterwards appeared, been moved to the action which invited it by observations made from the summit of the cliff. She was nevertheless much agitated, and allowed a few moments to elapse ere she asked, in accents of concern, the name of the speaker.

Her query was met, not by a direct answer, but by a fervid exclamation of—"Good God! is it Bell Maving I hear speak?"

"It is—it is, and I know you are Lancelot Blacklock," was the return.

"What can I do to help you? The men you flee from I can see below; they are drawing near."

"Are they?—then I fear, dear girl, you can do nothing."

"Yes—yes—I can—a chance crosses me—expect me back in an instant."

Thus hurriedly saying, Bella—for Bella it was who had strolled out that morning to keep an appointment of which our readers may remember a foregone breathing—ran with tottering speed towards a detached cabin at no great distance. But near as it was, she could not hope to bring from thence with necessary promptitude the required succour, nor was that her dependence. With the readiness peculiar to female wits, she had recollected seeing divers nets and lines belonging to the owner of the dwelling, extended to dry on a patch of sward much nearer; and upon these, and on herself, had fixed her trust. She did not reckon falsely. Seizing a portion of the cordage, she dragged it after her to the brink of the tunnel, and threw a doubled line of it down; then, staying Lance's warm effusions of gratitude, with a caution not to attempt ascent until warning given, proceeded to fasten the rest to the roots of an old thorn growing close by.

But Lance—how shall we paint his feelings during the while? They were halcyon to a degree that made him insensible to the danger of his predicament. The sympathy Bella had shown—her agitation—the strenuous exertions she was making for his sake—all seemed to assure him that he had been neither forgotten nor disdained. So rapt was he in those delusive thoughts, that he was blind to the fact that some of the gang were actually entering the cave, when he became recalled to himself by the gentle voice of his idol, informing him that all was ready. Then, with professional activity, he sprang to the kindly rope, and quickly clambered to a footing on the firm soil. A volley of abortive curses from the cavity he had quitted, followed, and proclaimed the narrowness of the escape. These he disregarded, and, barely taking the precaution to withdraw the lines from the reach of the murderers, began to pour out to Bella acknowledgments as warm, though simple, as ever love or gratitude, much less both united, drew from honest lips.

It would be difficult to put in a coherent shape the language of either party during the first moments of this strangely procured interview. Suffice it, that he was self-abandoned, pressing, and wildly inquisitive; she, restrained and evasive. In vain she endeavoured to remind him of the necessity of continuing his flight; he was oblivious to every thing but what centred in her. The approach of a third person at length brought matters to a crisis. Betwixt this individual and Bella, though yet several paces asunder, a look of intelligence passed. Lance caught it, and read a commentary in the burning blushes that mantled over Bella's cheek. Now, indeed, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He halted—for he had been unconsciously walking by her side in the direction of Coldcotes, which was opposite to that prudence recommended as his course—and took her hand, evidently to her great embarrassment.

"Bell," said he, "you have repeatedly prayed me to fly, and leave you. I now see it was not for my own sake you did so."

"This is ungenerous, Lancelot," replied the maid—"For your own sake I urged it—for your own sake I still urge it."

At this moment the gentleman, whose advance we have just alluded to, joined the pair, and, greeting Bella, showed a disposition to interpose himself betwixt them.

"Mr. Cunningham," said Lance, who had no difficulty in recognizing his rival, "give me room awhile.

I have but a few more words to say here, but them I must say, and without a listener in you. Do you hear me, Sir?"

Cunningham walked aside. The request was a fair one; and had it not, there was a flash in the proposer's eye that backed it too powerfully to be neglected.

"Bella," then resumed Lance, "you cannot but know how I feel—how I have always felt towards you. From childhood I have doated on you;—doated so much, that the beating of my heart has often palsied my tongue when you were by. Since I came to manhood, long absence, and a hard fortune, though they have never altered, but rather fixed my love, have prevented me from taking a gage for yours—from asking plainly if you could regard me as a husband. I ask you now? The demand is sudden, but the next minute I must fly to preserve my liberty. Be frank!—a word—a sign will be enough."

He paused, and fixed upon her face a look of mingled inquiry and entreaty. Bella trembled—coloured—turned pale—and coloured again yet more deeply, as, glancing towards Cunningham, she essayed to convey an answer for which she could find no language.

"You are pledged to *him!*" said Lance, too painfully comprehending; and his husky speech betrayed with what intense emotion. "I trust he is worthy—"

"He hath not shown himself otherwise," faltered Bella.

The blow was effectually struck. "I have done," said the unhappy sailor; "I have done. Farewell! God bless you!" He strode hastily away. Cunningham immediately joined Bella, and led her onward.

Lance, quarrelling with himself for the weakness, turned to look after them, and caught the tearful eye of Bella cast back upon him. But then her hand rested on the arm of another.

Retracing his steps, in bitter anguish of spirit, he passed close to the rocky perforation through which he had so recently escaped. As he did so, shouts from below struck upon his ear.

"Oho! 'bove board there!"—"Is there nobody upon deck?" were demands distinguishable in different hoarse voices. Lance was in a mood of desperation, and answered the cry. A counter response came instantly—

"For God's sake, bo, whoever you are, shove us down the end of them 'ere lines what's hanging over; for the sea's coming in upon us like blazes. Make hand! that's a hearty!"

Lance complied; and presently one after another of the impounded gang mounted to the surface.

"You've done us a good turn, matie, I must say," cried the first who issued; he being the same grognosed personage whose ominous hail had at first driven Lance to his heels. "Many thanks 't ye."

"It's more than you would have done for me a while ago," muttered Lance, gloomily.

"More! eh! what!" exclaimed the fellow, scrutinizing his liberator:—"Why, I'm blowed, lads, if this aint the very chap we've been chasing!"

"You're right, friend," said Lance, coolly. "I'm a seaman; a north country seaman too, and I mean to go with you as a volunteer."

"Say you so, my buck!—you're a Briton then?" rejoined grog-nose, who was the chief of his company. "But lookee, bo, the tender you must board of sails by next morning's tide, and you must ship before night. That mayhap won't suit: if it don't, say the word, and we'll give you quarter of glass's law to scud. Damn me, if I likes to take advantage of a chap as has done us a good turn!"

Lance, however, persisted in his intention, and, in the midst of his party, commenced a return to Coldcotes. We forbear to expatiate on the distraction which led to this surrender.

On entering the village, they were joined by the

other division of the gang, and well it was for the body that they stood in such force; for the women of the place alone (the men being all at sea) would have torn a lesser number to pieces, in their indignation at seeing Lance an apparent captive. As it was, the screechings and railings wherewith they were assailed, were deafening. But the men of the gang, being well accustomed to be so saluted, regarded the clamour with perfect *sang froid*. In consideration of his free yielding, Lance was allowed a brief time to take leave of his agonized mother and weeping sisters: that done, amidst a general wail from the sympathising population, he stepped from the door of his birth-place, and committed himself to his rough and dangerous fortune. Again he had occasion to pass the white cottage, at the sight of which he had been affected the preceding night. A light female figure appeared at its little window. Lance waved his hand mournfully; but the girl tottered away, and seemed to sink under a sudden faintness.—Next morning the tender, having our poor hero on board, sailed from the port of S—.

Six years after the incidents we have narrated, "the star of peace" returned to the hemisphere of Europe, and the "mariners of England" were dismissed in numbers to their homes. Amongst those thus absolved from duty was Lancelot Blacklock, a warrant officer, with a comfortable stock of prize-money. The capricious dame of the wheel, unkind to Lance in love, had been favourable in war. Long cruizes, and incessant change of station, though they had not prevented his writing to his family, had debarred him any communication in return. Once he had thought he never could return to Coldcotes; but now, raised in situation, and endowed with the means of benefiting an affectionate kindred, he felt impelled to repair thither. Again, therefore, we have to describe him raising the latch of his father's cabin, and again to shun describing the hysterical joy which succeeded his entrance. But there sat by the fire, on this occasion, one who took no active share in the scene of gladsome welcome. It was Bella—lovely in the woman as she had been bewitching in the girl. Lance gazed on her, and staggered under the recurrence of feelings he had vainly thought subdued. His sister Sally, apt to perceive his condition and its cause, came to his relief. She drew him aside, and engaged his attention to a whispered communication. Meantime, Bella, evidently overcome by her sensations, rose, and offered to withdraw. She was intercepted by Lance himself.

"Bell," said he, "I have been told enough to make me pray you not to leave us, until you have heard me say. I hold the same mind I did when last I spoke with you on Whiteley Crag. I put now the same question—how do you answer it?" How she *did* answer may be inferred from the fact that Lance folded her in his arms and hailed a futurity of happiness.

A brief explanation will prove that the maid was not unworthy of his enduring affection. Shortly after the affair of the gang, Becky Purdy fell under suspicion of being implicated in it. The old hag was, in consequence, set upon by the women of Coldcotes, and so roughly handled, that in her turn she not only confessed her own treachery, but also exposed the baseness of Cunningham. This latter circumstance, brought to Bella's knowledge whilst her gentle breast was wrung by the self-immolating proof Lance (whom, but for a temporary delusion, she could well have chosen) had given of his passion, caused her to dismiss Cunningham indignantly from her presence, and to refuse all further intercourse with him, notwithstanding his power, and repeated offers, to elevate her in society. Nor was his the only offers she sacrificed to her remembrance of Lanoe. Thus she lived to bless the day which consummated his felicity and her own.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Is the wild Aboukir Bay
The Gallic fleet lay moored;
Their firm and fierce array
A gallant fight secured:
Like a meteor o'er the sea
Waved their famed tri-colour free,
And to Victory allured;
While a thousand guns below
Dush'd their lightning on the foe,
And their bolts in thunder poured!

A gulf of liquid flame
Blazed the ocean on their sight,
Whilst the British squadron came,
Calm, and voiceless in its might:
As the midnight's awful sleep,
Ere commencing tempest sweep
The forest from its height;
As that calm—preluding doom—
Ere an earthquake rends its womb—
And cities sink in night!

Still soundless o'er the wave
The ships of England veer;
Each deck is like a grave—
Not a whisper meets the ear;
Now, the fatal signals soar!—
Hark! their conquering cannons roar,
Till each foeman quails with fear;
Along the whirling tide
Flame the fleets—contending wide—
Like an Etna bursting near!

For Nelson! is the cry—
Our king—and native isle!
Let their masts in ruins lie!
Like Havock's funeral pile!
Down, down to death they go—
Full fifty fathom low,
'Neath the foe they dared revile;
Or, girt in British fire,
Shriek—shudder—and expire—
At the Battle of the Nile!

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

FLOWER of a day! how proudly bright
Thy beauties met the morning light!
Thy purple disk so richly glowing,
Thy tendrils green so lightly flowing;
Ah! who could view a fairer flower,
In woodland shade, or cultured bower!

Where is that early splendour flown?
Where are those tints of radiance gone?
Did the soft zephyr, as it sprung
Sweet beds of balmy flowers among,
Brush with light wing thy bosom gay,
And bear the pencilled hues away?
Did the bee steal those colours bright,
To deck some other favourite?
Or is thy gorgeous mantle fled
With the clear dews that bent thy head?
Once lovely bloom, so faded now,
How like to human pride art thou!
Children of beauty, wealth, and power,
Like thee, may shine one little hour;
The next, they fall—and who can save!—
Their power, a name—their wealth, a grave.

Yet, hallowed flower! though thine a reign
Shorter than all thy sister train,
With loftier honours wert thou bless'd,
With holier marks wert thou impress'd:
On thee had Nature's pencil true
Her Saviour's sufferings brought to view;
The cross on which for us He bled,
The thorns that crown'd His sacred head,
The nails that pierced for us alone,
The glorious rays that round Him shone;
And last, the Twelve, a faithful band,
Who round their heavenly Master stand.
So let the Christian's fervent breast
With the same image be impress'd;
In days of grief, in hours of pride,
Remember how his Saviour died;
Nor fear to think how short, how vain,
The joys of Life's uncertain reign!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are moments in our life when we feel inclined to press to our bosom every flower, and every distant star, every worm, and every darkly imaged loftier spirit—an embracing of all nature like our beloved.

Forgiveness is the finding again of something lost; misanthropy, a prolonged suicide.

Diogenes Laertius, in his lives of the ancient philosophers, says that Thales maintained inanimate objects possessed souls, instancing the magnet as furnishing a proof of this theory.

The coin that is most current among mankind, is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense, and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.

The affection of woman is the most wonderful thing in the world: it tires not—faints not—dreads not—cools not. It is like the Naptha that nothing can extinguish but the trampling foot of death.

Time may retrieve every thing—but nothing can retrieve time.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark, their odour is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is stronger in sunny climates.

Do not imagine you are praised when others flatter, or that you merit esteem because you are offered respect; weakness is as much to be avoided as contempt; and a mind susceptible of easy imposition is sure to be engaged by fraudulent service.

A man's enemies are those he should endeavour first to make his friends.

In whatever manner you conduct with wise men, be discreet with fools; on wisdom there is much dependence—weakness is incapable of trust.

It is as dangerous to inform a man of his faults without giving offence, as it is to tell him of his good qualities without flattering him.

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest: not that the highest are always the best; but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

- We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

The awkwardness and embarrassment which all feel on beginning to write, when they themselves are the theme, ought to serve as a hint to authors, that self is a subject they ought very rarely to descant upon. It is extremely easy to be as egotistical as Montaigne, and as conceited as Rousseau; but it is extremely difficult to be as entertaining as the one, or as eloquent as the other.

A man was indicted for felony in stealing a book, but obtained his acquittal by pleading that it was nothing but *plagiarism*.

The happiness of mind can be nothing but knowledge.

A rogue being indicted for stealing a man's hat off his head, confessed the fact; but insisted that the hat was not the property of the person who wore it, according to the maxim *Que supra nos nihil ad nos*—"the things above us are nothing to us."

All nature is to conversation what oil is to the lamp—the only thing that keeps it alive.

From damned deeds abstain,

From lawless riots and from pleasures vain;

If not regarding of thy own degree,

Yet in behalf of thy posterity,

For we are docible to imitate

Depraved pleasures, though degenerate.

Be careful therefore lest thy son admit

By ear or eye things filthy or unfit.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth is, at least, as common as wealth without independence.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

As we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of *perpetual congelation* commences with the higher circles, and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary, the court, the more frigidly and apathy shall we experience.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation that he will go on in this course only this time—or only so

long—but that, at such a time, he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time, to alter our course of action. He who is certain of his own conduct, feels perfectly confident that he cannot change it, nor the principles upon which it is founded; that on this point his freedom is gone—that he is fixed forever in these resolves.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soul, is, tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

RECIPES.

FRICASSEE OF FOWLS.

Skin and cut up your fowls, and soak them two hours in cold water, to make them white. Drain them. Put into a stew-pan a large piece of butter, and a table-spoonful of flour. Stir them together till the butter has melted. Add salt, pepper, a grated nutmeg, and a bunch of sweet-herbs. Pour in half a pint of cream. Put in the fowls, and let them stew three quarters of an hour. Before you send them to table, stir in the yolks of three beaten eggs, and the juice of half a lemon.

The fricassee will be greatly improved by some mushrooms stewed with the fowl.

To keep the fricassee white, cover it (while stewing) with a sheet of buttered paper laid over the fowls.

FOWLS WITH TARRAGON.

Pick two handfuls of tarragon (the leaves from the stalks) and chop half of it fine with the livers of the fowls. Mix it with butter, salt, and whole pepper. Stuff your fowls with it. Lard them and wrap them in papers buttered or oiled.

Melt some butter rolled in flour, and stir into it the rest of the tarragon. Moisten it with a little water or milk. Stir in the yolks of two beaten eggs and the juice of half a lemon. Serve it up as gravy. Strew over the fowls some sprigs of fresh tarragon.

A STEWED FOWL.

Take a large fowl, and put it into a stew-pan with two ounces or more of butter, some thin slices of cold ham, a little parsley and onion chopped fine, and some nutmeg, salt, and pepper. Then pour in half a tumbler of white wine. You may add, if you choose, six table-spoonfuls of boiled rice, which you must afterwards serve up under the fowl and ham. Let it stew slowly for two hours, with just sufficient water to keep it from burning.

Before you send it to table, go all over the fowl with a feather or brush dipped in yolk of egg. You may add to the stew a dozen small onions, to be laid round the fowl with the slices of ham.

TO RESTORE A CASK OF SOUR BEER.

When your beer becomes too hard or sour, it may be sweetened without injury to health, by hanging a linen bag in the cask, containing equal quantities of lime, pounded chalk, and burnt oyster shells. Or it may be done immediately by dropping in, by very slow degrees, a small portion of carbonate of soda, or of salt of wormwood, or pounded marble.

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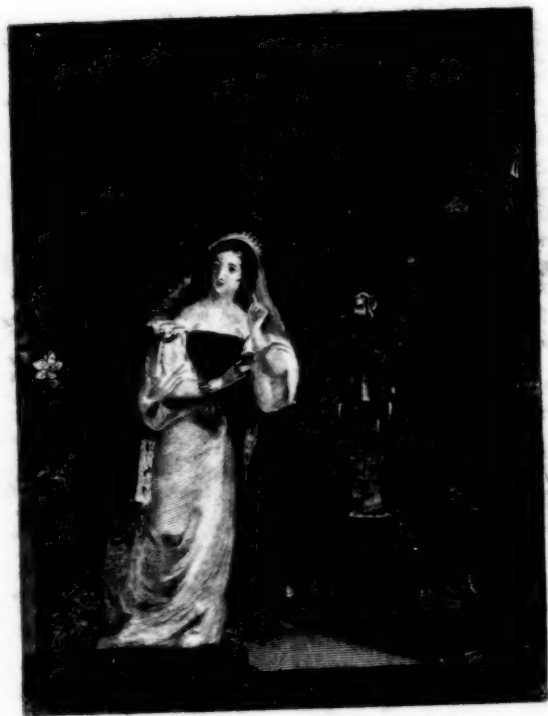
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Published for the Ladies Book by L.A. Godey & Co. Philad^a

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1834.

MARIAN GODFREY;

A SKETCH OF 1651.

"But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisini leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves;
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet."

"Why, how now, son? Is there any news stirring, that thou hast thus hurried hither?—or have any of our ships foundered in the late gale?" were the questions asked by Matthew Godfrey, of his son, as the latter entered the usual sitting room of the family, seemingly fraught with some momentous intelligence.

"No, no, father! the ships are safe, as yet, for aught I know to the contrary," he replied; "but I hastened from the city to tell you the glorious news; praised be God! the Lord General Cromwell has gained a great and a decisive victory over the Royalists at Worcester; a victory which will strike terror into the hearts of the disaffected, and completely overthrow the hopes entertained by Charles Stuart of wearing the crown of these kingdoms."

"Truly this is important news," said the elder Godfrey; "and much does it behoove the nation to lift up the voice of thanksgiving on the occasion. But, how fares it with the Lord General, who has been made the blessed instrument of effecting this deliverance?"

"He has been protected from the arrows of the ungodly, and is in good health. He is marching with his victorious army towards London; and it is the intention of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, with the Council of State, to meet the Lord General to-morrow, at Acton, and enter London with him in becoming order."

"I am right glad to hear it," said his father: "it is fitting that the citizens should show General Cromwell the respect which they entertain for his character, and the gratitude they feel for the services which he has rendered the state."

"Are there many wounded, in the battle you speak of, Philip?" inquired his sister, in a tremulous voice, who was sitting at an embroidery frame at the farther end of the apartment, an unnoticed, but not an inattentive hearer of his discourse. Her brother turned towards her at the sound of her voice—"Good Marian," he said, "trouble not thyself concerning this matter: suffice, that the loss which the Lord General has sustained is very small; but the enemy suffered dreadfully; and the number of prisoners taken is considerable. Why, how now, what ails the foolish girl?" he said, as he observed that tears were in his sister's eyes; "art thou ready to weep for tidings, which should

make England raise a joyful cry unto God for her final deliverance from the yoke of the oppressor?—I had well nigh forgotten to tell you," continued Philip, turning to his father, "that young Herbert Lisle, the son of Sir Thomas Lisle, whom we have formerly seen at our kinswoman's, Mistress Moreton's, is among the number of the prisoners."

A convulsive sob here arrested his attention; and, turning round, he beheld his sister, pale as death, attempting to leave the room; but her strength failed her, and she would have fallen had not Philip hastened towards her, and supported her with his arm.

"What has thus moved you, Marian?" he said.

"A sudden giddiness," she replied; "I shall be better anon—'tis nothing—it has already passed!" and she attempted to smile, but there was anguish in her smile; and her brother led her to her apartment, and, tenderly kissing her, bade her try to gain a little repose.

Matthew Godfrey was a merchant of great respectability in the city of London. He was a stern republican, but a conscientious one; and, in the wars between the unfortunate Charles and his Parliaments, he had constantly taken part with the latter, because he believed their cause to be just and right, and their taking up arms for the sole purpose of delivering the nation from tyranny and injustice. He was a Puritan; but he did not carry his religious zeal to the extent practised by many of that sect: his piety was without hypocrisy.—Matthew Godfrey had been many years a widower, with two children; and his son had, for the last two or three years, principally managed his mercantile concerns; and for some little time previously to the commencement of this narrative, he had been left by his father in the house in Aldersgate street, as he had a perfect reliance upon his skill and prudence to manage his affairs, while he himself occupied a house in Holborn, which had been lent him by a friend, and which, being more cheerful and airy, would, he hoped, restore Marian's health, that had seemed sadly drooping of late, while its vicinity to the city enabled him to see his son daily, and to render his assistance in any affair of moment should it be requisite.

Marian Godfrey was in her nineteenth year. She

had passed much of her time with Mistress Moreton, who was a half sister of her still fondly remembered mother. That lady's husband had espoused the cause of King Charles, and had fallen fighting for that cause in the civil wars. At her house Marian was thrown much into the society of the gallant and devoted chevaliers of the Royalist party; and, while she listened to their polite conversation, and witnessed their generous devotion, and the privations which they underwent rather than forsake the interest which they had espoused, her republican principles were gradually undermined, and she deplored in secret the tragical death of her sovereign, and the extinction of royalty in England. The change which had taken place in her sentiments she carefully abstained from speaking of, as she knew her father's inflexibility too well to believe that he could be brought to approve of it; and she loved him too tenderly to grieve him by open opposition. With respect to her brother, it was still worse: he was a relentless persecutor of the Royalists, and was wholly destitute of his father's moderation in party matters. Matthew Godfrey had tenderly loved his wife, and for her sake he respected Mistress Moreton, and saw no impropriety in permitting his daughter to visit her frequently. As to the unfortunate adherents of the Stuart party, whom she might there meet with, he believed her early education had fortified her against imbibing their principles; and, while he condemned their conduct and opinions, he himself pitied their misfortunes. Marian had thus an opportunity, at her aunt's, of frequently meeting the young and accomplished Herbert Lisle. Insensibly they became attached to each other. Marian wept over his ruined fortunes, and the perils to which he was exposed; and he loved to look on her beautiful countenance, and listen to her gentle voice; yet even more than that did he love her purity of heart, her simplicity of soul, and her noble and confiding disposition. In the first dawn of their attachment, they remembered not the perils by which they were surrounded, nor how eventually hopeless their love might prove. Soon, however, they were awakened from their dream of bliss, and the young soldier was obliged to follow the fortunes of his royal master. Yet he went secure in the possession of Marian's faithful and unchanging love. When he left her, though Marian had fears for him, she had none for herself: she had bestowed her affection on Herbert Lisle, and she was resolved that no earthly power should compel her to abandon him.—When the young king marched into England, after the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, Herbert Lisle obtained a short leave of absence; and disguised, he reached London, where he again beheld his beloved Marian. But a thousand fears for his safety tormented her, and she urged his immediate departure. Herbert, however, refused to leave her: he might never see her more, or her friends would oblige her to forsake him. He tormented her and himself with a thousand groundless suspicions and harassing thoughts (for man knows not the unchanging nature of woman's true affection) and he eloquently urged that nothing short of her consenting to a private marriage would satisfy him, or calm his melancholy forebodings.

It were vain to dwell on his affectionate entreaties. Marian, overpowered by his distress, and by her desire of hastening his departure from the metropolis, ultimately consented; and, in the presence of Mistress Moreton and the old nurse of her childhood, who had also been a faithful attendant upon her mother, did Marian become the wife of Herbert Lisle. On the bridal day they separated, and, as Herbert pressed her with rapture to his heart, and imprinted a farewell kiss on her lips, Marian seemed oppressed with a fearful presentiment that her happiness had vanished, and she trembled to think of the dangers to which her beloved Herbert was about to be exposed.

From the day of their parting, Marian's health declined, and her depression of spirits became evident to every one. Indeed, for some time, she scarcely dared to raise her eyes to her father's face, lest he should discover her secret; and her brother evidently seemed to suspect that she had some cause for her unhappiness. Marian, however, soon had ostensible reason for her melancholy, in the death of Mistress Moreton, which took place, suddenly, about a week after Herbert's departure; and her father readily accepted, on her account, the offer which was made to him of taking up his abode for a short time in Holborn. The house which he inhabited had, at the back of it, an uninterrupted view of fields, meadows, and pasture lands, with pleasant shady lanes and humble cottages; a space of ground now occupied by Red Lion Square, and the streets adjacent and beyond. Marian loved her new abode, as her dear old nurse lived only about two or three fields off, and she could therefore visit her frequently, and talk to her of her gallant husband.

After the battle of Worcester, when Marian was made acquainted with the dreadful tidings that her husband was a prisoner, and that in all probability his life would be sacrificed, from the known stern devotion and unbending loyalty, both of himself and his father, her distress was nearly insupportable. She resolved, however, that, if she could not save him, she would die with him; and, comforting herself with this assurance, she calmly prepared to make the only effort in her power on his behalf, *viz.*, that of a personal appeal to General Cromwell. This was a bold step for one so young, but Marian stopped not to weigh either the peril or the possible consequences of the undertaking. She imparted her determination to no one but her nurse. "God will be my guide," she said to the old woman, who would fain have dissuaded her from the attempt; "but give thou to me that trinket of my mother's, the watch she gave thee—I may need it."

"Well, but you know not, perhaps, the tale that belongs to it," said the old woman.

"Yes, yes!" said Marian; "I know it all; I have heard it many times."

Thus admonished, the nurse unlocked a small drawer, and drew forth a small watch hanging to a steel chain, which was partly rusted. The case of the watch was of gold: it had small steel beads around it, and a raised border of flowers of the same metal on the back. Exactly in the centre was a small painting of a female head, exquisite in expression and beauty. The dark raven hair parted on the forehead, the eyes full of tenderness, and the faint blush just tinging the fair cheek, made Marian weep as she gazed on it; and, pressing the trinket to her lips, she exchanged an affectionate farewell with her nurse, and hastened homewards.

In honour of the victory which General Cromwell had obtained at Worcester, the citizens of London resolved on giving a grand entertainment. Great preparations were made on the occasion, and he was to be feasted in Guildhall. Matthew Godfrey intended to be present at the civic festival; and the day before it was to take place he went to his house in Aldergate street, from which he did not intend to return until the day after the dinner given to General Cromwell and his officers. This was the time which Marian judged as most favourable for her purpose; and, soon after her father had left Holborn, she, with a beating heart, and in her most simple apparel, with her lovely countenance shrouded in a black silk hood, set off for the palace at Whitehall, where she had been informed the General then was.

On making known her desire to the attendants, she was told that the Lord General had been occupied nearly all the day with business of importance, and that it was not likely she would be able to see him; but that she could wait if she pleased. Marian ac-

cortingly sat down on a bench in a corridor leading to the principal apartments. Here she waited in agonizing suspense; persons passed to and fro, but none seemed to notice her, and she thought with bitterness of the precious moments thus passing away, which might probably be fraught with danger to her beloved Herbert. An elderly man, in the garb of a puritan minister, entered the gallery: his look seemed benevolent, and Marian resolved to address him, and request his assistance. At first he looked at her suspiciously; but a second glance at her noble brow and modest countenance reassured him. He saw that her distress was real, and, certain that her object could be one of no common interest, he promised, if possible, to obtain her an interview with the Lord General.

This person, who was the celebrator? Hugh Peters, was as good as his word. In a few moments he again approached her, and, taking her hand, he led her to the door of an apartment, and whispering—"The Lord prosper thy petition," the door was thrown open, and Mariana found herself in the presence of General Cromwell.

The room into which Marian was ushered was a high and noble apartment, commanding a spacious view of the Thames, with all the varied and bustling scenery constantly observable thereon. Three sides of the room were occupied by book-shelves, filled with large and seemingly ponderous volumes; at the upper end stood a table, covered with a Turkey carpet, on which lay numerous papers; and, in a plain high-backed chair, covered with black leather, sat the man who was soon to be raised to the supreme power in these kingdoms—Oliver Cromwell. He was plainly dressed, in a suit of mulberry colour, with a short cloak of the same. His hat lay beside him on the table. His hair was partially gray, and his whole countenance spoke the decision and quick penetration that belonged to his character; though, at times, there was a softening expression in the eyes which moderated the effect his stern features would otherwise have produced. At first, he looked harshly at Marian; but when he saw that her whole frame trembled with agitation, he said, mildly—"Maiden, what is thine errand?"

"I would implore your aid," replied Marian—"Your powerful assistance in the case of Herbert Lisle, an unhappy prisoner in the late battle."

"Herbert Lisle! sayest thou?" replied Cromwell; "thou speakest vain words, and knowest not what thou askest. Is he not an avowed enemy to the good cause? And has not the Lord delivered him into our hands, that we should deal with him even as it shall seem good in our eyes?"

"O, Sir, speak not thus, I beseech you," said Marian; "have mercy on his youth; it may be that the persuasions of others have led him to oppose the government; give him then time for repentance!"

"It were more fitting, maiden, for thee," said Cromwell, "to meddle not with this matter: it is not seemly for a young maiden to plead thus earnestly for a stranger youth: betake thee to thine home."

The blood rushed into Marian's cheeks and forehead, and she replied hastily—"Is it, then, a crime for woman to plead for mercy? Be it so! Yet the laws both of God and man, are on my side, when I would ask your aid for my unhappy husband."

"Ha!" he said, "I looked not for this; but thine appeal is vain;" and he glanced pityingly on her—"In these stirring times domestic ties must be rent asunder, when the glory of the Lord and the welfare of the State require it."

"Alas! alas!" cried Marian, "and will you consign my husband to perish? What is his crime? He did but follow a kind master, and fight in support of his cause, as he was bound by his oath of loyalty. Thou thyself hast done as much; but, alas! thou hast chosen a more fortunate path."

Cromwell's brow darkened: "Say rather," he added, "that the Lord hath guided me to choose light rather than darkness. But, touching this matter of thine, Herbert Lisle will be dealt with as the State shall think fit; and, if his life be forfeited, pray thou unto the Lord, and he will comfort thee in thine affliction."

"Not so," said Marian, eagerly; "I know thou art all powerful, and that a word from thee could save him. Mercy, then, mercy! Bethink thee how this gracious act would gladden thy dying hour, and rob death of its bitterness."

Cromwell shook his head, and Marian, in the energy of her supplication, dropped on her knees, and held up with both her hands, the watch she had received from her nurse, and which she had kept till now concealed in her bosom.

The moment Cromwell's eyes rested upon it, he started from his seat, and advanced towards Marian. "Where got ye this?" he said; while his strong frame trembled with emotion; and he snatched the trinket from her hands, and as he gazed on the sweet face painted thereon, he turned aside, and Marian saw the big drops of sorrow fall on his weather-bent cheek.

"Know ye whose watch this once was?" he said, as he turned to Marian.

"It was my mother's, who has been dead many years," she replied; "and my father is Matthew Godfrey, citizen of London."

Cromwell started. He approached Marian, who was still on her knees, and, pushing aside her brown hair, which had fallen over her white forehead, he paused a minute, then added—"Thine is a face fair to look upon; and ye have your mother's noble brow, but not her raven hair and eye. In days long past, when I was a student at the Inns of Court, I loved your mother fondly and truly; but her parents suffered her not to listen to my words. Perchance they acted wisely, for mine has been a stormy course;" and he sighed. "The Lord's will be done!"

Marian saw that Cromwell's spirit was softened; and she resumed her pleadings for her husband; and she called on him, in remembrance of her mother, to be merciful.

"Thou hast touched a tender string," he said; "and for thy mother's sake, if I have any influence, thy husband shall depart harmless."

Marian sprang on her feet, and began pouring out her thanks. "Nay!" said the General, "if the life and liberty of Herbert Lisle be granted, it will be on the sole condition that he leave England immediately, and make no further attempt to subvert the present government of these kingdoms."

"May God reward you for this!" said Marian; and she folded her cloak around her, and prepared to depart.

"Rest in peace," said Cromwell; "and when thine husband is set at liberty, ye shall hear from him.—Take this with thee;" and he held out to her her mother's watch. "It has stirred sad thoughts within me; and the memory of thy mother, as I last saw her, comes over me as a pleasant dream." He looked on the picture, and sighed as he put it into her hands. "Farewell!" he said; "all I can do for thee I will, and God's blessing be ever with thee!" He pressed her hand kindly. Marian's heart was full, and she could but weep her thanks, as the General touched a small silver bell, when the door was opened, and she passed forth from the presence of General Cromwell with renewed hopes and a thankful spirit.

Not many days after this interview, Marian's nurse came to her, and informed her that Herbert Lisle, her beloved husband, was at liberty; that he had been with her, and desired her to tell Marian he was impatient to behold her once more, and to bid her farewell, as he had given his promise to the State to de-

part forthwith, and his steps were therefore watched by their emissaries. She added, that he would expect Marian at her cottage, at the close of that same evening.

It were needless to speak of Marian's gratitude, when she heard that Herbert was really at liberty—the many affectionate messages to him with which she charged her nurse—the trembling impatience with which she awaited the appointed hour to behold him.

Evening came, at length, and the darkening clouds, and the moaning of the wind, seemed to portend a storm; but Marian heeded not these gloomy appearances. She had kept aloof in her chamber from the family all that day, under the plea of indisposition; and it was quite dusk, and all was still in the house, ere she ventured forth. With noiseless steps she passed down the garden at the back of the house, and unfastened the door at the extremity of it, which led into the fields, and hastened onwards, as she believed, unheard and unobserved.—Once or twice, as Marian proceeded through the lane which led to the cottage of her nurse, she thought she heard a footstep behind her. She stopped, and listened intently, but all was perfectly still, and she felt certain that she had been deceived—that the sound had been merely the rustling of the wind through the hedge.

In a few minutes she gained the cottage, and, hastily unfastening the latch, she entered. There was a light in the room, but Marian saw no one but her nurse. "Where is he?" she exclaimed. The old woman pointed to an inner apartment; but Herbert had heard the sound of her voice, and he rushed forth, and caught Marian in his arms. "Beloved of my soul!" said the young cavalier, as he tenderly bent over his weeping wife, "what a debt of gratitude do I owe thee! Alas! must the joy with which I now unfold thee, so soon pass away? And must I be banished from thy dear presence? Cruel, cruel fate!"

"Nay, dear Herbert!" replied Marian, "let us not embitter the few moments which remain to us, by useless repinings; let us feel grateful that thy life is spared!"

"Banishment from thee is worse than death!" said Herbert.

"When thou art abroad, and in safety, I may find means to join thee," replied Marian. "Happy hours may yet be in store for us."

"Bless thee, dearest!" said her husband, as he passed his arm around her waist, and her head reclined on his shoulder.

They had stood thus for a few seconds, beside the window, when Herbert quitted his position, and advanced towards the inner apartment, whither a sudden call from the nurse invited him. Marian had taken but a single step to follow him, when the report of a pistol was heard, and Marian, with a deep groan, sank on the cottage floor.

Herbert flew towards her: he raised her in his arms; but the ball had entered her side, and the blood flowed freely. Herbert bent over her in indescribable agony. Her face was deathly pale; but her eyes turned with fondness on her husband, as, with difficulty she articulated—"This stroke was doubtless meant for thee. Oh, the bliss that thou art safe, and that I may die for thee! My poor father!" she murmured faintly, as her head dropped exhausted on his shoulder.

"Help! instant aid, in the name of God!" wildly cried Herbert; and the nurse, scarcely less distracted, hastened to obtain assistance.

"Help is vain," said Marian; "I feel it here;" and she pressed her chilly hand on her side. The dews of death were on her forehead; but her arms were clasped firmly around her husband's neck.

"It is a bitter pang to leave thee!" sighed Marian; "but a few more years, and thou wilt be with me, free from sorrow, from suffering."

The last word was scarcely distinguishable. She sighed heavily: Herbert felt the arms which were

around him relax in their grasp—her gentle soul had fled—it was only the lifeless corpse of his beloved Marian which he pressed distractedly to his bosom, and gazed on in mute but unutterable despair. * * *

It was Philip Godfrey who had followed Marian on that fatal night. He had watched her into the cottage—he saw her in the arms of a young cavalier, though he distinguished not that it was Herbert Lisle—he witnessed their endearments; and, fraught with madness at the disgrace which he imagined had been thus brought upon his family, he drew forth his pistol and aimed it at Herbert. But Marian, his sister, was fated to be the unhappy sufferer from his deadly pursuit. He stayed not to know the event; as, fearful of pursuit, he hastened immediately from the spot. Bitter was his repentance, when he found that he had sacrificed his beloved sister; and when the true circumstances of the case were made known to him, he was unable to bear his reflections, and sailed soon after for America, where he died at the close of a few years.

From the moment of Marian's death, Herbert Lisle was a melancholy man; and though Matthew Godfrey, softened and almost broken-hearted by the misfortune which had befallen his family, blessed and forgave him ere he left England, he moved no more in scenes of gaiety, for the light of his existence had passed away for ever; and, soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, he died at his paternal mansion, in Kent, young in years, but willingly resigning the load of life which had pressed heavily upon him since the death of his ever fondly-remembered Marian.

ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.

The more that animals enjoy the qualities of youth, strength and activity, the greater is the increase and development of their parts, and the greater the necessity for an abundant supply of food. Of many individuals exposed to an absolute abstinence of many days, the young are always the first to perish. Of this, the history of war and shipwreck offers in all ages too many frightful examples. There are several instances on record of an almost total abstinence from food for an extraordinary length of time. Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty*, sailed nearly four thousand miles in an open boat, with occasionally a single small bird, not many ounces in weight, for the daily sustenance of seventeen people; and it is even alleged, that fourteen men and women of the *Juno*, having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arracan, lived twenty-three days without any food. Two people first died of want on the fifth day. In the opinion of Rhedi, animals support want much longer than is generally believed. A civet cat lived ten days without food, an antelope twenty, and a very large wild cat also twenty; an eagle survived twenty-eight days, a badger one month, and several dogs thirty-six days. In the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account of a bitch, which having been accidentally shut up alone in a country-house, existed for forty days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of a mattress which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, a viper ten. Vaillant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence, that it immediately killed another large spider, equally vigorous, but not so hungry, which was put in along with it.—John Hunter enclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it as lively as ever after fourteen months. Land-tortoises have lived without food for eighteen months; and Baker is known to have kept a beetle in a state of total abstinence for three years. It afterwards made its escape. Dr. Shaw gives an account of two serpents which lived in a bottle without any food for five years.

SCENES FROM MANZONI'S TRAGEDY,

"IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA."

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

The following scenes, distinguished by a simple pathos, which can be considered no usual characteristic of the brilliant and stately Italian muse, form the conclusion of Manzoni's celebrated tragedy. His hero, Carmagnola, the victorious general of the Venetian republic, becomes an object of suspicion to its jealous rulers, and is summoned before the Doge and Council, on pretence of recompensing his services with higher honours than have been yet awarded. His doom having been previously sealed, he is arraigned and conveyed to prison, whilst his wife and daughter, in all the eagerness of exulting affection, are awaiting his return to their arms. He there proudly repels the charges brought against him, when insulted by the Doge with the name of Traitor.

Scene in the Venetian Senate House.

CARMAGNOLA—DOGE.

CARMAGNOLA. A traitor! *I!*—that name of infamy
Reaches not *me*. Let him the title bear,
Who best deserves such meed—it is not mine.
Call me a dupe, and I may well submit,
For such my part is here; yet would I not
Exchange that name, for 'tis the worthier still.
A traitor!—I retrace in thought the time,
When for your cause I fought: 'tis all one path
Strewed o'er with flowers. Point out the day on which
A traitor's deeds were mine; the day which passed
Unmark'd by thanks, and praise, and promises
Of high reward! What more? Behold me here!
And when I came, to seeming honour called—
When in my heart most deeply spoke the voice
Of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting faith—
—Of trusting faith! Oh! no—Doth he who comes
Th' invited guest of friendship, dream of *faith*?
I came to be ensnared! Well! it is done,
And be it so! but since deceitful hate
Hath thrown at length her smiling mask aside,
Praise be to Heaven! an open field at least
Is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to speak,
Mine to defend my cause: declare ye then
My treasons!

DOGE. By the Secret College soon
All shall be told thee.

CARMAGNOLA. I appeal not *there*.
What I have done for you, hath all been done
In the bright noon-day, and its tale shall not
Be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds
Warriors alone should judge; and such I choose
To be mine arbiters; my proud defence
Shall not be made in secret. All shall hear.

DOGE. The time for choice is past.

CARMAGNOLA. What! is there force
Employed against me?—Guards! (*raising his voice.*)

DOGE. They are not nigh.
Soldiers! (*Enter armed men.*)
Thy guards are these.

CARMAGNOLA. I am betrayed!

DOGE. 'Twas then a thought of wisdom to disperse
Thy followers. Well and justly was it deemed
That the bold traitor, in his plots surprised,
Might prove a rebel too.

CARMAGNOLA. E'en as ye list;
Now be it yours to charge me.

DOGE. Bear him hence,
Before the Secret College.

CARMAGNOLA. Hear me yet
One moment first. That ye have doomed my death
I well perceive; but with that death ye doom
Your own eternal shame. Far o'er those towers,
Beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats
The banner of the Lion, in its pride
Of conquering power; and well doth Europe know
I bore it thus to empire. *Here*, 'tis true,
No voice will speak men's thoughts; but far beyond
The limits of your sway, in other scenes
Where that still, speechless terror hath not reached,

Which is your sceptre's attribute; my deeds,
And your reward, will live in chronicles
For ever to endure. Yet, yet respect
Your annals and the future! Ye will need
A warrior soon, and who will then be yours?
Forget not, though your captive now I stand,
I was not born your subject. No! my birth
Was 'midst a warlike people; one in soul,
And watchful o'er its rights, and used to deem
The honour of each citizen its own.
Think ye this outrage will be *there* unheard?
—There is some treachery here. Our common foes
Have urged you on to this. Full well ye know
I have been faithful still. There yet is time—
DOGE. The time is past. When thou didst meditate
Thy guilt, and, in thy pride of heart, defy
Those destined to chastise it, then the hour
Of foresight should have been.

CARMAGNOLA. O mean in soul!

And dost thou dare to think a warrior's breast
For worthless *life* can tremble? Thou shalt soon
Learn how to die. Go! when the hour of fate
On thy vile couch o'takes thee, thou wilt meet
Its summons with far other mien than such
As I shall bear to ignominious death. (*He is led out.*)

SCENE II.—*The House of Carmagnola.*

ANTONIETTA—MATILDA.

MATILDA. The hours fly fast, the morn is ris'n,
and yet

My father comes not!

ANTONIETTA. Ah! thou hast not learn'd
By sad experience, with how slow a pace
Joys ever come; expected long, and oft
Deceiving expectation! while the steps
Of grief o'take us, ere we dream them nigh.
But night is past, the long and lingering hours
Of hope deferred are o'er, and those of bliss
Must soon succeed. A few short moments more
And he is with us. E'en from this delay
I augur well. A council held so long
Must be to give us peace. He will be ours,
Perhaps for years, our own.

MATILDA. O mother! thus,
My hopes, too, whisper. Nights enough in tears,
And days in all the sickness of suspense,
Our anxious love hath passed. It is full time
That each sad moment, at each rumour'd tale,
Each idle murmur of the people's voice,
We should no longer tremble; that no more
This thought should haunt our souls—e'en now, per-
chance,

He, for whom thus your hearts are yearning—*dies!*

ANTONIETTA. Oh! fearful thought!—but vain and
distant now!

Each joy, my daughter, must be bought with grief
Hast thou forgot the day, when, proudly led
In triumph, 'midst the noble and the brave,
Thy glorious father to the temple bore
The banners won in battle from his foes!

MATILDA. A day to be remembered!

ANTONIETTA. By his side
Each seemed inferior. Every breath of air
Swelled with his echoing name; and we, the while,
Stationed on high, and severed from the throng,
Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of all;
While, with the tide of rapture half o'erwhelmed,
Our hearts beat high, and whispered—"We are his!"

MATILDA. Moments of joy!

ANTONIETTA. What have we done, my child,
To merit such? Heaven, for so high a fate,
Chose us from thousands, and upon thy brow
Inscrib'd a lofty name; a name so bright,
That he to whom thou bear'st the gift, whate'er
His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark
For envy is the glory of our lot!
And we should weigh its joys against these hours
Of fear and sorrow.

MATILDA. They are pass'd e'en now.
Hark! 'twas the sound of oars!—it swells—'tis hushed!
The gates unclose—O mother! I behold
A warrior clad in mail—he comes—'tis he!

ANTONIETTA. Whom should it be, if not himself?
—My husband! (*She comes forward.*)

Enter GONZAGO, and others.

ANTONIETTA. Gonzago!—where is he we looked
for? Where?
Thou answerest not!—O heaven! thy looks are fraught
With prophecies of woe!

GONZAGO. Alas! too true
The omens they reveal!

MATILDA. Of woe to whom?

GONZAGO. Oh! why hath such a task of bitterness
Fall'n to my lot?

ANTONIETTA. Thou would'st be pitiful,
And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense;
Speak! I adjure thee, in the name of God!
Where is my husband?

GONZAGO. Heaven sustain your souls
With fortitude to bear the tale!—my chief—

MATILDA. Is he returned unto the field?

GONZAGO. Alas!

Thither the warrior shall return no more.
The senate's wrath is on him. He is now
A prisoner!

ANTONIETTA. He a prisoner!—and for what?

GONZAGO. He is accused of treason.

MATILDA. Treason? He

A traitor!—Oh! my father!

ANTONIETTA. Haste! proceed,
And pause no more. Our hearts are nerved for all.
Say, what shall be his sentence?

GONZAGO. From my lips
It shall not be revealed.

ANTONIETTA. Oh! he is slain!

GONZAGO. He lives, but yet his doom is fixed.

ANTONIETTA. He lives!

Weep not, my daughter! 'tis the time to act.
For pity's sake, Gonzago, be thou not
Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to thee
Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones;
He was thy friend.—Ah! haste, then, be our guide,
Conduct us to his judges. Come, my child,
Poor innocent, come with me. There yet is left
Mercy upon the earth. Yes! they themselves
Are husbands, they are fathers! When they signed
The fearful sentence, they remembered not
He was a father, and a husband too.
But when their eyes beheld the agony
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts will melt;
They will, they *must* revoke it. Oh! the sight
Of mortal woe is terrible to man!
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdain'd
To vindicate his deeds, or to recall
His triumphs, won for thee. It is for us
To wake each high remembrance. Ah! we know
That he implored not; but our knees shall bend,

And we will pray.

GONZAGO. Oh Heaven! that I could leave
Your hearts one ray of hope! There is no ear,
No place for prayers. The judges here are deaf,
Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis launched
Is veiled in clouds. There is one comfort still,
The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,
I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.
The moments fly. Arouse your strength of heart.
Oh! fearful is the trial, but the God
Of mourners will be with you.

MATILDA. Is there not
One hope?

ANTONIETTA. Alas! my child!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Prison.

CARMAGNOLA.

CARMAGNOLA. They must have heard it now.—

Oh! that at least

I might have died far from them! Though their hearts
Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the hour,
The solemn hour of nature's parting pang,
Had then been past. It meets us darkly now,
And we must drain its draught of bitterness
Together, drop by drop. O ye wide fields!
Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of arms!
O proud delights of danger! Battle-cries!
And thou, my war-steed! and ye, trumpet-notes
Kindling the soul! Midst your tumultuous joys
Death seemed all beautiful—and must I then,
With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate
Be as a felon dragg'd; on the deaf winds
Pouring vain prayers and impotent complaints?
And Marco! hath he not betrayed me too?
Vile doubt! that I could cast it from my soul
Before I die!—But no! What boots it now
Thus to look back on life with eye that turns
To linger where my footsteps may not tread?
Now, Philip! thou wilt triumph! Be it so!
I too have proved such vain and impious joys,
And know their value now. But oh! again
To see those loved ones, and to hear the last,
Last accents of their voices! By those arms
Once more to be encircled, and from thence
To tear myself for ever!—Hark! they come!
O God of mercy, from thy throne look down
In pity on their woes.

SCENE IV.

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGO, AND CARMAGNOLA.

ANTONIETTA. My husband!

MATILDA. Oh! my father!

ANTONIETTA. Is it thus

That thou returnest? and is this the hour
Desired so long!

CARMAGNOLA. O ye afflicted ones!
Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you alone.
Long have my thoughts been used to look on Death,
And calmly wait his time. For you alone
My soul hath need of firmness; will ye, then,
Deprive me of its aid?—When the Most High
On virtue pours afflictions, he bestows
The courage to sustain them. Oh! let yours
Equal your sorrows! Let us yet find joy
In this embrace, 'tis still a gift of Heaven.
Thou weep'st, my child! and thou, beloved wife!
Ah! when I made thee mine, thy days flow'd on
In peace and gladness; I united thee
To my disastrous fate, and now the thought
Embitters death. Oh! that I had not seen
The woes I cause thee!

ANTONIETTA. Husband of my youth!
Of my bright days, thou who didst make them bright
Read thou my heart! the pangs of death are there
And yet, e'en now—! I would not but be thine.

CARMAGNOLA. Full well I know how much I lose
in thee:

Oh! make me not too deeply feel it now.

MATILDA. The homicides!

CARMAGNOLA. No, sweet Matilda, no!

Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance rise
To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb
These moments—they are sacred. Yes! my wrongs
Are deep, but thou forgive them, and confess,
That, e'en 'midst all the fulness of our wo,
High, holy joy remains.—Death! Death!—our foes,
Our most relentless foes, can only speed
Th' inevitable hour. Oh! man hath not
Invented death for man; it would be *then*
Maddening and insupportable:—from Heaven
'Tis sent, and Heaven doth temper all its pangs
With such blest comfort, as no mortal power
Can give or take away. My wife! my child!
Hear my last words—they bring your bosoms now
With agony, but yet, some future day,
'Twill soothe you to recall them. Live, my wife!
Sustain thy grief, and live! this ill-starred girl
Must not be left of all. Fly swiftly hence,
Conduct her to thy kindred, she is theirs,
Of their own blood—and they so loved thee once!
Then, to their foe united, thou becom'st
Less dear; for feuds and wrongs made warring sounds
Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.

But to their bosoms thou wilt now return
A mourner, and the object of their hate
Will be no more.—Oh! there is joy in death!
And thou, my flower! that 'midst the din of arms,
Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely head
Droops to the earth! Alas! the tempest's rage
Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy heart
Can scarce contain the heavings of its wo.
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast;
I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou claim
Pity from me, Matilda? Oh! thy sire
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou know'st
That the forsaken have a Father still
On high. Confide in him, and live to days
Of peace, if not of joy; for such to thee
He surely destines. Wherefore hath he poured
The torrent of affliction on thy youth,
If to thy future years be not reserved
All his benign compassion? Live! and soothe
Thy suffering mother. May she to the arms
Of no ignoble consort lead thee still!—
Gonzago! take the hand which thou hast pressed
Off in the morn of battle, when our hearts
Had cause to doubt if we should meet at eve.
Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy faith
To guide and guard these mourners, till they join
Their friends and kindred?

GONZAGO. Rest assured, I will.

CARMAGNOLA. I am content. And if, when this is
done,

Thou to the field returnest, there for me
Salute my brethren; tell them that I died
Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my deeds,
Hast read my inmost thoughts—and know'st it well.
Tell them I never, with a traitor's shame,
Stained my bright sword. Oh! never—I myself
Have been ensnared by treachery. Think of me
When trumpet notes are stirring every heart,
And banners proudly waving in the air,
Think of thine ancient comrade! And the day
Following the combat, when upon the field
Amidst the deep and solemn harmony
Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral rites,
With lifted hands, is offering for the dead
His sacrifice to Heaven—forget me not!
For I, too, hoped upon the battle plain
E'en so to die.

ANTONIETTA. Have mercy on us, Heaven!

CARMAGNOLA. My wife! Matilda! Now the hour
is nigh,

And we must part.—Farewell!

MATILDA. No, Father, no!

CARMAGNOLA. Come to this breast yet, yet once
more, and then
For pity's sake, depart!

ANTONIETTA. No! force alone
Shall tear us thence. [*A sound of arms is heard.*]

MATILDA. Hark, what dread sound?

ANTONIETTA. Great God!

[*The door is half opened, and armed men enter, the
chief of whom advances to the Count. His wife and
daughter fall senseless.*]

CARMAGNOLA. O God, I thank thee! O most mer-
ciful!

Thus to withdraw their senses from the pangs
Of this dread moment's conflict.

Thou, my friend,
Assist them, bear them from this scene of wo,
And tell them, when their eyes again unclose
To meet the day—that naught is left to fear.

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

The gay *Daffodil* once, an amorous blade,
Stole out of his *bed* in the dark,
And waking his man *Ragged Robin*, he strayed,
To breathe forth his vows to a *Violet* maid
That dwelt in a neighbouring park.

A spiteful old *Nettle* aunt frown'd on their love,
But *Daffy*, who laughed at her power,
A *Shepherd's Purse* slipped in the nurse's *Fox-glove*,
Then up *Jacob's Ladder*, he flew to his dove,
And into the young *Virgin's bower*.

The *Maiden's Blush Rose*, and she seem'd all dismay'd,
Attired in her new-white *Lady's Smock*;
She called *Mignonette*, but the sly little jade
That instant was hearing a sweet serenade
From the lips of a tall *Hollyhock*.

The *Pheasant's Eye*, always a mischievous wight,
For prying out something not good,
Avow'd that he peep'd through the key-hole that
night,

Where clearly he saw, by a glow-worm's light,
Their *Two faces under a Hood*.

Old dowager *Pecny*, deaf as a door,
Who wish'd to know more of the facts,
Invited Dame *Mustard* and Miss *Hellebore*,
With Miss *Periwinkle*, and many friends more
One ev'ning to tea and to tracts.

The *Buttercups* rang'd; defamation ran high
While every tongue joined the debate:
Miss *Sensitive* said, 'twixt a groan and a sigh,
"Tho' she felt much concern'd, yet she thought her
dear Vi
Had grown rather love-sick of late."

Thus the tale spread about through the busy *parterre*;
Miss *Columbine* turned up her nose;
And the prude *Lady Lavender* said with a stare,
That her friend, *Mary Gold*, had been heard to declare,
"The creature had toy'd with the *Rose*."

Each *Sage* look'd severe, and each *Cock's comb* look'd
gay,

When *Daffy*, to make their minds easy,
Miss *Violet* married, one morning in May.
And as sure as you live, before next *Lady-day*,
She brought him a *Michaelmas Daisy*.

PERE LE CHAISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY."

FRANÇOIS DE LA CHAISE was born in the year 1624, in Forez, and following the bent of a naturally serious disposition, became a Jesuit as soon as his studies were completed. He was the nephew of Father Cotton, a celebrated member of the society of Jesus, and was for some years a successful professor of theology and philosophy at Lyons; but it is not known by what chance, or by whose interest he was so suddenly elevated from this humble station to that of confessor to King Louis the Fourteenth; there is, moreover, a mystery connected with his sudden rise and rapid fortune, which has never to this day been satisfactorily explained. Upon his arrival at court in 1675, Madame de Maintenon, although known to be inimical to his order, was one of the first to show him every demonstration of respect, which caused many, perhaps unjustly, to suspect that their acquaintance was of older date than might have appeared seemingly for the lady of point lace and piety, had it been made public. The scandal-mongers of the court were convinced of this, from the moment that he emerged from the comparative obscurity of his professorship at Lyons, to assume the dignity of a royal confessor.

As his personal beauty was extraordinary, and his manners soft and polished, they who prided themselves upon a deeper knowledge of the world than is afforded by a mere glance at the surface of society, were satisfied that he owed his elevation to her influence; not, however, from the circumstance alone of his possessing these qualifications, but likewise from the absolute indifference with which he treated her so soon as he had obtained a mastery over the mind of his royal penitent. This he was not long in accomplishing: the waning powers and growing bigotry of Louis the Fourteenth rendered it an easy task, and a few months saw him in full possession of the royal confidence. Historians reproach him with using the interest thus acquired, solely in enriching himself and other members of his order. This charge seems to be fully justified, for it is certain that his sumptuous style of living, the gorgeous equipages which he displayed on public occasions, and the superb banquets given by him to the nobility, were more consistent with the creed of a man of pleasure than with that of the self-denying Jesuit; especially of a father confessor, who was called upon to teach lessons of humility to one, whom success and the world's applause had already filled with pride, arrogance, and vain glory.

For many years the Pere la Chaise subjected the world of taste and fashion to the same arbitrary sway with which he governed the royal conscience. The ladies employed all their tact in those little methods of innocent intrigue, in which they of the court of Louis the Fourteenth were so pre-eminently skilled, to gain admission to this holy father's *soirees*; and to be invited to the parties of pleasure which he was in the habit of giving at his different country houses in the environs of Paris, was considered the very climax of human happiness—the one grand object of existence. The most admired of the numerous *maisons de plaisir* belonging to the royal confessor, stood on the heights of Mont Louis, on the very site of the grand cemetery so well known by the name of Pere la Chaise.

Louis XIV. fixed upon this spot as the site upon which to build a mansion suitable to the dignity of his holy confessor; and it argues well for the judgment of the monarch that he chose this situation; for, perhaps in his whose kingdom another could not be found to rival it in beauty. From what little remained of the

dwelling in our own times, it cannot be supposed to have possessed great claims to admiration; but the view from the windows on all sides must have been most magnificent. Paris, with its glittering domes and countless steeples; Belleville, Montmartre, and Menilmontant, lay to the west; the boundless plains of Bicetre and Mendon to the south, and towards the east the eye wandered with delight over the flowery pastures of Saint-Mande and Montreuil, with the forest of Vincennes, and the fertile and sunny borders of the Marne. The hill upon which the building stood, from whence the proud priest, in all the consciousness and pride of power, looked down upon the court and city, is almost level with the dome of the pantheon. It is no longer the rendezvous of the gay and frivolous, but stands in silent and solitary grandeur, threatening to rival the metropolis in its thickly crowding population, and presenting to the eye of the traveller who enters Paris by the east, west, or south, a mournful memento, as it rests at one glance upon the busy capital and the quiet resting-place of the departed. It has become the city of the dead, which in its lofty majesty seems to exult and hold dominion over the city of the living, and truly this place of graves has been lately an awfully "populous city." The height, which is now entirely occupied by tombs, was originally called Mont Louis, to commemorate the generosity of Louis le Grand. Until a late date it still retained the name, and by a strange inconsistency, exchanged it for that of Pere la Chaise, at the period of the revolution, when the decree of persecution had gone forth against the priesthood, and the sanction of the state encouraged every citizen to bury in oblivion both religion and its ministers.

The celebrated cemetery possesses a peculiarity which cannot fail at once to strike the intelligent visiter. It is the constant recurrence of objects, which even amidst this vast wilderness of graves, prevents his spirit from being thoroughly imbued with the solemnity peculiar to all similar places, and carries it back for ever to the world and its enjoyments. The vestiges of its ancient glory, as the Jesuit's summer palace, are still to be traced. The fruit trees of the reverend father's orchard, still mingle their blossoms in the spring time with the gloomy cypress or the weeping willow, planted by some fond hand around the graves of a dear departed friend, or dearer relative. The canal, which was dug to supply the cascades and fountains of the pleasure ground, is now dry, and a few willows have sprung up in its bed; but the grand basin near the entrance, from which played a magnificent *jet d'eau*, still continues to yield water sufficient to supply the gardener of the cemetery, who for a small stipend, undertakes to water the flowers which grow in abundance over the graves of all who yet live in the hearts of those whom they have left behind, to follow them at no distant period.

Tradition tells us, that Madame de Maintenon was always one of the most constant and assiduous visitors at the chateau of Mont Louis, and within its walls many of those dark schemes against the Protestants were doubtless concocted, which at once disgrace the age and memory of Louis le Grand. It appears, however, that their intercourse was marked from the commencement by caution and distrust. The confessor feared the devout lady's influence in restraining the liberality of the king, while the *dame a bonnes œuvres* dreaded lest the confessor's authority over the royal conscience should be used to mar her sway, and there

fore with womanly pettishness she attributed every slight or coolness on the part of Louis, to the evil counsels of the venerable father. Forgetting that she was herself an able and experienced dissembler, she expressed something of contempt for the crafty manner in which the Jesuit conducted every affair in which he was engaged. She attributed the power he had gained over the mind of the monarch entirely to falsehood, not choosing to remember that the weakness of the king had often rendered him the dupe of others far less worthy than that holy man, whom he constituted the spiritual depository of his conscience.

In a letter to the Cardinal de Noailles, Madame de Maintenon complains of his airs of superiority over herself, and his too great familiarity with the king: "He has far more talent for evil than for good;" she writes, "but how can it be otherwise, when his intentions are never honest? Perhaps (for it is wrong to judge too harshly) it is ignorance and blindness which render him thus unjust. He is so great an adept in administering consolation to the king. He can surprise his majesty into the most boundless liberality by the mere force of his eloquence." In another letter to the same prelate, she says, "Le Pere de la Chaise paid me a visit to-day, his manners were lively and easy as usual, but yet his visit seemed an insult rather than a compliment."

The Jansenists were greatly exasperated against La Chaise for his unremitting persecutions of their party, though, with the most wary policy, the Jesuit had sought to conceal that he was the instigator of them. He must not, however, be made answerable for all that is laid to his charge; and, compared with his successor, Father Tellier, he will appear mild and moderate. Ducloux declares that he was far more subtle than even this Norman Jesuit, and that he could alarm or soothe the conscience of the king, as best suited his own interests. These he never for a moment lost sight of, always working either for his own benefit or to enrich his order, but with admirable tact, leaving the glory of all pious concessions to the king. Violent against every one whose opinions differed from his own, he yet spoke of all with moderation; and when it became necessary to forward his own views, he could even bestow praise upon distinguished individuals of a party opposed to his own. Father Quesnel's "*Reflexions Morales*" always lay open at his elbow, and to those who expressed astonishment at his thus studying an author who was opposed to the Jesuits, he replied, "I have no longer time to learn—I turn to Father Quesnel for truth and philosophy, these I have ever found in his *Reflexions Morales*, and I forget his errors while reading his work." Ducloux considers this apparent toleration another proof of duplicity, and mentions, with bitterness, his persecutions of Le Pelletier des Touches and the bishop of Pamiers.

The duc de Saint Simon, in his great work on the Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth, speaks with rather more lenity of Pere La Chaise:—

"He had but little wit," says the historian, "but an excellent understanding, was just, upright, wise, mild, and moderate; an enemy to all calumny and secret accusation. He was honourable and humane, and in his intercourse with strangers, was ever considered affable, polite, gracious, and condescending. He was generous and disinterested, although certainly much attached to his family, never losing sight of the welfare of those with whom he was connected. He prided himself upon his origin, though it was never clearly proved from whom he was descended; and always favoured the nobility with, perhaps, a pardonable vanity, seeming to treat them with a kind of kindred feeling. He was careful in his distribution of livings in the church, and so long as his power was unlimited,

they were certainly well filled. Even the enemies of the Jesuits were forced to confess that he was a worthy man, and performed the difficult duties of his situation with honour."

He died on the 20th of January, in the year 1709, at the advanced age of 85. The king was inconsolable for the loss of his confessor. His Majesty himself pronounced a public *eloge*, in which he declared with more modesty than could have been expected, that "except in his persecutions of the Calvinists, le Pere la Chaise had always been of a mild, forgiving temper;" at the same time recalling many instances in which he had secretly taken the part of the accused, and, adding, with great tenderness, "I said to him sometimes, 'Father, you are much too gentle,' when he would answer, 'Pardon me, Sire, is it not that you are acting with too great severity?'"

This was publicly pronounced by the monarch over the grave of the Jesuit, and it cannot therefore be disputed. It is said that his death was universally regretted by all classes and conditions of men, nor is it even added, "except by the Protestants," by whom his memory is to this day held in universal execration. They rejoice to see his dwelling become the haunt of the owl and of the bat; they delight in beholding those gardens, which were the Jesuit's pride, fast peopling with the dead; they exult as they point to the grave of Mestrezat, of Geneva, to behold him sleeping peacefully where that minister of the Cross once dwelt, who planned the *dragonades* and the bloody massacre of the Cevennes!

DEATH.

THE London Quarterly Review, in noticing a book of Sir Henry Hallford on Death and Insanity, has the following striking passage:—

"Whatever be the causes of dissolution, whether sudden violence or lingering malady, the immediate modes by which death is brought about appear to be but two. In one, the nervous system is primarily attacked; and there is a sinking, sometimes an instantaneous extinction of life; in the course of the other, dissolution is effected by the circulation of black venous blood in the arteries of the body, instead of the red arterial blood. The former is termed death by syncope, or fainting; the latter, death by asphyxia. In the last mentioned manner of death, when it is the result of disease, the struggle is long protracted, and accompanied with all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scene of life—the pinched and pallid features, the cold, clammy skin, the upturned eye, and the heaving, laborious, rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time: some may be said to survive others; and the lungs are among the last to give up the performance of their functions and die. As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed, the air cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid which naturally lubricates the surface; the atmosphere can now no longer come in contact with the air-cells, without first permeating this viscid fluid—hence the rattle. Nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the venous into arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep, generally tranquil sleep, filled with dreams, which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends, and the occupations and recollections of past life: the peasant 'babbles o' green fields,' and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath, "tete d'armee."

MY OLD VISITING BOOK.

"So many of these people are dead, or ruined, or gone abroad, that I really must make out a new visiting list." Such was my ejaculation, as I laid down the clasped morocco volume which contained the long list of friends and acquaintances, made out in the year 18—, and arranged, not according to degrees of intimacy, or contiguity of dwelling-place, but according as chance had willed their names to begin with a particular letter. "Yes, I must certainly make out a new list." But to do this, it was necessary to look through the old one, to select some names—to reject others; so I walked to the open window, and leaning against the side, began my task of selection; marking with a pencil such as were still to be retained in my new visiting book. I looked through the first, second, and third pages—every name brought a history with it—till at length the breeze seemed that of one of the early springs of my life—visions rose around me which had well nigh faded into forgetfulness; and as one name, one long-remembered name, caught my eye, tears, the bitter tears we shed over the irrevocable past, stole from my eyes and dropped on the written leaves. I started; a visitor was announced—and as it is not my style (every woman has her style) to be found weeping, (independent of the ridicule of being found weeping over one's old visiting book,) I dried my tears, and assuming the gay good-humoured smile and light tone of *persiflage* with which I receive my acquaintances, and with which (to do them justice) my acquaintances receive me, I forgot for an hour the past in the present.

But when my visitor had departed, and I had leisure to recommence my task, I turned again to the familiar pages and gleaned, from an apparently barren field, chronicles of other days.

The first on my list, Mrs. Airlie, is no more. I can draw my pen through the name without a sigh, for I knew her very slightly, and none of the circumstances which make even a stranger's death melancholy gave an interest to hers—she was not young; she left neither husband nor child to regret her loss, and I think I shall seldom even recollect that she is missing from the gay scenes where alone I have been accustomed to meet her. Lady Aspendale, Mrs. Beverley, Duchess of B—, &c. &c. &c.—there is little or no change in their situations. Mrs. Crugh. Ah! how fond I used to be of her! that was in the days when we were girls together—before she changed her name of Rose Allanby for the extraordinary cognomen of Crugh. For three years I have not seen her; she belongs to the class of birds of passage, and makes it next to impossible to keep up a steady visiting acquaintance, by having a house in a different street every time she comes to town. How merry we have been together, and how pretty she was—heigh-ho!

The next and the next and the next are dead. Who follows? Ah! the very name which caused those foolish tears. Lucy! poor, gentle, lovely Lucy Chizingworth! Her image rises before me—happy, supremely happy—her soft eyes beaming with love and laughter—wandering through the grounds at C—, where a picnic party celebrated her birth-day, and her betrothal to Mr. Fenton. How I envied her the apparent certainty of happiness she then enjoyed—the entire devotion of one to whom she was so tenderly attached—the unopposed union so quietly and comfortably settled by the friends of both parties. Alas! there is nothing now to envy in her fate. They have quarrelled and parted—perhaps at this moment she sits alone, pining for the presence of the child still dear to both those divided hearts—or perhaps, even while caressing it, she half wishes it were with him, the love of her

youth, to remind him of the old days when harsh words from him to her seemed impossible! those old days which, as they vanished, bore with them visions, the memory of which has still the power to make me weep. The next name that bids my pen pause, is that of the Countess—, a giver of brilliant *soirees*, and an encourager of those harmless flirtations which do such incalculable mischief. From the first year of my introduction to "the world," I remember her and her house exactly the same. Both sparkling and bright of an evening, both rather sad and dull of a morning—I tear her *soirees* are at an end, but she must be transferred to the new list; she was kind to me in her own way, and is ill and alone now, without even the false excitement given by the triumphs of conscious talent, to raise her spirits or give an excuse for flattery. How clever—how droll she was! How fond of society—how formed to shine in it! and how formed, too, for nobler ends than those she has followed! I recall with a melancholy smile the very different opinions of two of our mutual friends.—The first was a lady of a certain age, moving in the same circle; and she spoke in a tone of warning:—"Beware of the Countess!—she is a cold, calculating, heartless woman, without principle or sincerity—her society can only do you harm." The second was a much older friend, but one little experienced in the world's ways, and she spoke with enthusiasm!—"You know her then!—you know the Countess—how you must love her! She was the most beautiful, the most joyous, the warmest-hearted of human beings! I have never seen—I shall never see any one so made to be worshipped!" I ponder still upon this last opinion. I have seen the Countess a thousand times in society—brilliant, false, and flattered. I have heard her *once* weep over a child's words, and speak of the hopes and intentions of her youth; and still, when ray heart is about to condemn, the memory of those startling tears returns, and pleads for the better part of that wayward and perverted nature.

The name which follows, is one which haunted me long before I ever saw its owner: one who was loved in her girlhood by that warm and joyous heart, which, in after-life,

"With all its faults—was mine;"

and dearer, far dearer even its errors (if such they were) than the proudest perfection of others!

I have listened for hours to accounts of her gentleness, her beauty, her fascination, and listened too without jealousy, for I felt that I was loved, and she was already a wife; and it was his voice which spoke, though it spoke of her—his hand which clasped my own, while he told the romance of earlier days. I saw her at length, after years had rolled by—after God had made the vain hopes and intentions of those years of no effect:—when the heart that had beat so warmly was but a clod of the valley, and in place of jealousy or curiosity, a sad and heavy remembrance was all with which I could gaze upon her. I looked into her gentle eyes—I listened to her low musical voice, as though they had power to raise visions and echoes from the tomb, and I could have wept—but that we stood amongst strangers!

Here is a name with a hurried angry stroke of the pen blotting it out. How foolish! Why should I have been angry with one whose caprices were so contemptible? Why should I have resented a person turning her back, because she was unable to turn a repartee? (more especially as her necklace and head-jewels were quite as handsome on one side as on the other.) Why should I, even in the solitude of my

own room, and the privacy of my old visiting-book have been guilty of the egregious folly of scratching out a name, because it stood representative of a person who had displeased me? I really could find it in my heart to write it out fairly in my new list; but that I think it would be, on many accounts, unnecessary.

Another name; equally—no, that were impossible—but nearly as capricious; belonging to a higher, a far higher order of beings, one, who with beauty, talents, wealth, rank, and a romantic history, with every capability of overcoming the strongest prejudices, and winning the coldest hearts—with all the requisites for being warmly, steadily, and enthusiastically loved, has been content all her life ONLY to govern! One who has divided the world around her into enemies and slaves, and sees the latter, when freed, range themselves under the banners of the former. One who sits in an enforced loneliness, and yet wonders she is alone—who might have made devotees, and is satisfied to rule subjects. The name, nevertheless, must ever be

"One of the hallowed and haunting sounds
Heard long ago in the home of my youth;"

and as such, let it pass, and turn we to the next.

That next is only a vague dream; for I never saw Mrs. Joyce Alden in my life. I knew her husband when I was a girl, and liked him much: all the better, perhaps, that I used to feel a little afraid of him. He had a gentle, grave manner, and exceeding stubborn notions of right and wrong: was very particular on the score of feminine propriety, and lectured a little. He belonged to that rare class of men you can neither dazzle nor persuade—who admire qualities instead of being smitten by charms, and whose favourable opinion you involuntarily try to obtain, simply (as I believe) because you suspect it to be withheld. Mrs. Joyce Alden! I do not know her—I do not know any one who has seen her; but I am sure she is lovely and loveable, because she is his wife; and I shall transfer her name and direction, though she has never been in town since I left my card on the *bride*, and we may possibly never become known to each other.

Ah! here is a family of whom I have entirely lost sight. Dear pains-taking Lady Hawk, with her two fat good-humoured girls, whose cheeks are always flushed, and whose hair was never in curl, where can they be? Brighton?—no, I should have heard of them. Rome?—Florence?—the Highlands of Scotland, or the Lowlands of Spain? Can they be going up the Rhine, with whom I have so often and so merrily gone down the Thames! I cannot imagine what has become of them!

The name which stands next—long-loved and long familiar—has a power which none will have again!—the power to sober amid the intoxications of vanity—to sadden in the gayest hours—to waken tenderness, regret, and affection in my coldest or most angry mood. A name,

"At which the past is all revolved
Within the working brain;
And broken vows are re-resolved,
And virtue loved again!"

Lost, but still revered friend!—the day may come when your heart shall steal back to its first kindly thoughts of me, and that gentle eye, whose calm and melancholy disapprobation, is so much more wounding than the bitterest words, smile on me, as it once used to do!

Here is a whole page which now might well be blank. Two of those names have perished from the earth—one (and a noble one) has become the victim of political disturbances in a foreign land—and one, loaded with unexpected disgrace, borne for no fault of hers, but for the imprudent speculations of the husband of her youth, is no longer mistress of the home, the

honours of which were done with such unobtrusive and quiet hospitality, in the days when her name was first entered on my list.

Lady Rotheaton;—she is gone too—that princely house is without a mistress, her children without a mother. Lady Skiverton; again a death, though not hers; the death of that young bright girl, for whose sake, chiefly, it was pleasant to keep up our acquaintance. Here is her name; and here, between the leaves of the book, one of her cards, with a few pencilled words of regret at not seeing me when she called. Her name! no one will answer to it now, with that bird-like voice which fell so pleasantly on the ear; no bright face will welcome me with that young and guileless expression of cordiality which made one feel so welcome, when I went to C— street; but I must again write down the name—there are others still to visit, but none like her!

Here is a name just entered; her very card, like herself, fair, elegant, and delicate. Her fate is all in the future; she is just married—married for love. I hope I never shall look at that name in my visiting-book with any feeling of sadness, for I never saw any one more winning or more beautiful.

Again a death! Can it indeed be true? Can that handsome haughty face have disappeared from amongst us for ever? Have the sudden shadow and oblivion of the tomb closed over so much of bounding life and energy of feeling? There are beings in the world whose very appearance is incompatible with our notions of death—whom we can hardly believe to have departed, even after we know such to be the fact! She was one of these; and even now, as I draw my pen through the name which henceforward can only be a memory, she rises before me—

"Life in her veins, and joy upon her brow;"

and mocks with a visionary brightness the ideas of languor, sickness, and the grave. Hers was a death to startle all—to grieve many; the sudden death of lonely pain—the wrench from all life's dearest links, without warning—without decay—and many an hour that haunting face will for a moment brighten with its strange beauty the scenes in which she never more may mingle; and sober with a sudden remembrance hearts whose gaiety she shared while living.

Beautiful foreigner! your name brings only feelings of pleasure and admiration; in which perhaps something of curiosity and interest mingles, as I reflect on the expression of those wild and brilliant eyes, and the restless smile which has so little of mirth in it. Yours is the face that tempts one while gazing on it, amid crowded assemblies, to imagine its solitude. Yours is the smile which seems as if it should shine through tears—yours the voice, whose careless and complimentary words are spoken in tones which tell a history! Passion, and mournfulness, and deep affection are in those tones, and when I hear them, it is with an effort that I recollect we are strangers.

The next is one which seems to have been written there as a contrast to the preceding. Haughty lady, whose manner and address are as stately (and far less cordial) than those of our own royal princesses, I bow over your name; and envy the mixture of talent, tact, perseverance, ambition, and assurance, which has given you the lofty place you hold amongst us, a place which neither rank, right, nor reason, appears to justify your possessing.

The next—the next—the next—are dead. The next ruined—and the last dying in a distant land—can it be that all these changes have taken place in six years?

Can it be that we are not more sobered by the events of this changeful world? Can it be that I have really found so much to grieve—to warn—to remember—in the pages of my "Old Visiting Book?"

Original.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.—NO. II.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Paul before Agrippa.—Acts xxvii.

BEFORE the judgment seat, circled with spears
Of grim-faced warriors, see the man of God!
Although the scrutinizing eye of Kings,
Searches each lineament, as if to scan
The workings of his soul, he calmly stands,
Like some colossal column, which the clouds
Darkened with thunder, lower upon in vain.

Upon his festered wrists the galling chains
Of persecution sound: yet from his eye,
And from his radiant features breathes a soul
Undaunted—unsubdued and free—
A spirit strong in conscious innocence
And truth divine, girded with holy hope.
While high upraised his scornful judges sat,
Anxious to hear "the founder of strange gods."
With reverent obeisance, and with grace
Of utterance and diction, the accused
"Stretched forth the hand and answered for himself."

In simple phrase he sketched his pious youth;
How zealous of the duties of the law,
Its rites and ceremonies, he had lived
"A Pharisee after the strictest sect;"
And how, in after years, when growing thought
Had ripened into judgment, he had stood
At the renowned Gamaliel's feet, and conned
The Talmud scroll, and the mysterious lore
Of ancient doctors, with unwearied mind,
Spinning a lengthened line of years of thought,
The depth to fathom of the mighty pool
Of moral science.

Then, as the tears stole o'er his flushing cheek,
He spoke of his enthusiasm wild,
How of traditions zealous, he opposed
The name of Jesus, him of Nazareth,
And his meek followers pursued with death,
And persecution, unto cities strange—
How he had seen the purple life-blood spout
Up from the thousand fountains made by stones,
Cast by the murderous multitude, his voice
Giving against them, sealing their dark doom;
And how, when journeying to Damascus, sent
With full commission from the bloody priests,
To bind, and scourge, and torture, that a light
From the clear heaven, above the noonday sun,
Gleamed round him and his iron-mailed band,
Like lightning, suddenly, and strewed the earth
With horse and rider, while a solemn voice
From high empyrean broke upon his ear.
"Why dost thou persecute me, Saul? why dare
The heavy bosses of Jehovah's shield
With puny shaft? Rise, stand upon thy feet!
I, Jesus, whom thou persecutest, send
Thee to the Gentiles, to unseal their eyes,
Turn them to light from darkness, and to God
From serving Satan, that they may receive
Forgiveness of their sins through faith in me."

And, as he spoke of Jesus, his warm heart
Swelled with delight, unutterably full.
His kindling eye shone with unearthly light,
And eloquence, strong as a torrent stream,
His glowing features lit with living flame.
His son'rous voice rung through the vaulted hall,
Like music, as he dwelt upon the hope
Of promise, to the ancient patriarchs made;
And drew forth link by link of that gold chain
Prophetic, which unbroken, down from man

Primeval, stretched to Jesus, in the heap
Of types and shadows hid, and with the dust
Of ages long gone by obscured and dim;
And by resistless demonstration proved
Jesus, the Christ, in very deed; the hope
Of Israel, and the Saviour of the world,
"Counsellor Wonderful"—"the Prince of Peace"—
"Th' Eternal Father"—"the Almighty God."
And, as he traced him from his bed of straw,
Curtained by angel wings, up to his cross,
O'er which, shrouded in black, the heavens hung,
Glorious in all his acts—godlike and grand—
Healing the sick, making the maimed, the lame,
Leap with returning action, pouring light
Upon the sightless eye-balls of the blind,
And bidding life reanimate the dead.
The Gentile king caught from his hallowed lips
The glow of admiration of the might
And majesty of Jesus; and his heart,
On which the light of heaven began to dawn,
Forgot his heathen idols, in the God
Omnipotent, proclaimed in mighty truth;
And while the resurrection and ascension came
Sanctioned by reason, opening up the gates
Of life eternal, and the joys of Heaven,
In the o'erflowings of a wounded heart,
Subdued in every thing, except its pride,
He cried, "Thou hast almost persuaded me
To be a Christian."

The voice of the accused now died away,
And silence reigned amid the judgment hall.
They who had come to listen to the sounds
Of babbling nonsense, or the maniac rant
Of mad enthusiasm, stood confused
And gazed upon each other vacantly,
As men bewildered, while they, one and all
Read in his features, in his words and tone,
His innocence; and deep conviction felt,
As with meek step and uncomplaining eye
He followed to his dungeon, he had done
Nothing that merited or death or bonds.

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

BY T. ROSCOE

DREAM of my childhood's heaven,
That once life's fair dawn blest,
Far, far from this sad memory driven—
Breathe o'er my morning rest!

When the worn heart hath sighed
Its thousand griefs to sleep,
Open your founts of thought long dried—
There my rapt spirit steep;

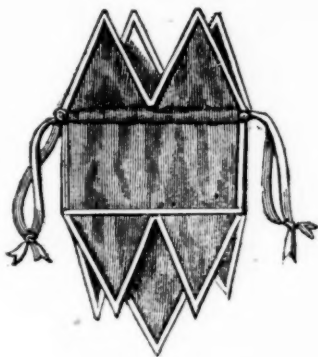
Whisper sweet hopes to come—
Of love so pure and bright,
And call her from her early tomb,
My young bride—robed in light!

As when—with God in heaven,
And beauty on the earth;
We sat 'mid the roseate even,
Or watched the young morn's birth.

No sorrow, no cold doubt
Held our young hearts in thrall!
Bid her pledge me her truth, without
One thought of her long-wept fall.

Oh! give me her visioned kiss,
Let me look in those same sweet eyes,
Fold me once more in her arms of bliss,
And bear to her own dear skies.

THE TOILET.



A POINTED RETICULE.

Get a quarter and a half-quarter of silk; cut it into two pieces, after having taken off a slip for the four outside points. The two pieces are to form the sides of the bag. They must each be cut out with two points at the top, and one large point at the bottom. Then cut out the four additional points. Cord the whole with silk of a different colour, and line them all with the same as the cording.

Then sew the two sides together, inserting a cord between. Next sew on the four outside points, two on each side, so as to hang downwards; finishing their straight edge with a cord sewed also to the reticule. Make a case just below the top-points, and run in a narrow riband.



A RIDDLE FLOWER.

Procure some fine pink, blue, or yellow paper, and cut out thirty-six leaves, all exactly alike. The form must be a narrow oval diminishing to a point at each end; the size about six inches long, and two inches wide at the broadest part.

Write, in very small neat letters, a conundrum on each leaf, and put the solution on the back or under side. Cut out of green paper, four large leaves, resembling those of the oak, and write an enigma on each with the answer on the back. Make a fold or crease down the middle of each flower-leaf and unite them all in the centre with a needle and thread; so that they spread out all round, resembling a dahlia.

For the stalk, prepare some wire, covered with narrow green riband wrapped closely round it. With a needle, fasten the green leaves to this stalk, and then put on the flower. In the centre of the flower, put a small circular piece of pasteboard or card, painted yellow so as to imitate the stamens, and sew it on neatly to conceal the place where all the leaves come together. Fasten a similar little piece to the back of the flower where the stem is joined to it.

Three or four of these flowers in a tumbler or flower-glass, make a handsome ornament for a centre table; and the riddles, if well selected, will afford amusement to visitors.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

THIS celebrated and most extraordinary woman, left an orphan in the bright bloom of youth, followed a course of life but too well known. Perfectly independent as to fortune, and but too independent in morals, she made pleasure the grand object of life. Educated by her father, an officer in the army of Louis XIII. and a professed philosopher of the Epicurean school; she became at an early age a disciple of those principles which he had made the rule of his life. His last advice to her was, to be more scrupulous in the choice than the number of her pleasures.

It is strange that so intellectual a woman, one so abounding in the most refined acquisitions, should have made all the gifts of nature and art, subservient to frailty; but much of her erroneous course must be placed to the extreme laxity of morals which at that period pervaded the highest circles of society. Certain it is, she was loved, admired, courted by all. And Madame de Sevigne appears to have been the only person who expressed sentiments of indignation and almost hatred towards her; and this feeling seems rather to have emanated in the fears of the mother than from any other source. Ninon was a fine linguist, a charming musician, and dancer. As a friend faultless. Ever ready to serve the oppressed, to defend the calumniated. Truly disinterested; even the offers of royalty could not induce her to give up the independence she so much prized.

Christina of Sweden visited her, on the description given her by the Marechal de Albret, and other Parisian wits, of the charm of her conversation; which the queen admitted far surpassed even the glowing accounts given of it. Christina offered to carry her to Rome, and to give her a residence in her palace; but Ninon preferred her own insignificant home in the Rue des Tournelles, and rejected the offer. In this house she lived for sixty years with an economy so rigid, as to keep her ever unfettered by pecuniary obligation, and to afford her the means of entertaining at her table the first characters in France; and the higher gratification of assisting less prudent friends, and relieving indigent merit.

The Marquis de la Fane speaks of her with enthusiasm: "She had lovers," he says, "who adored her at the age of twenty."—When the Grand Conde met her in the streets, he descended from his carriage to do her homage, a mark of respect rarely paid in those days to aught but royalty. Ninon was fifty-six when the Marquis de Sevigne became enamoured of her; at seventy, the Marquis de Benier of the royal family of Sweden, acknowledged her power.

Madame de Maintenon, after her elevation, offered Ninon liberal provision, but it is supposed, that certain stipulations were annexed to these offers, little in accordance with the habits of her quondam friend. In her last days, she charmed the youthful Fontenelle, who listened to her with reverence and admiration. Even Voltaire, at ten years of age, looked upon the wonders of her day; little dreaming that in future years he himself was destined to be equally an object of surprise and admiration.

KATE HENNESSY.

A TALE OF GARRIC O'GUNNIEL.

Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
Oh, mercy! must I lose thee too?—*Moore.*

THERE are few more picturesque ruins in the south of Ireland, than those of Carrig O'Gunnial Castle, situated not far from the banks of the Shannon, and at about five miles distance from the city of Limerick.—The name signifies the "rock of the candle," and it is so called from a legend—what old castle in Ireland is without one?—of a supernatural light, which in times of yore was wont to blaze after sunset on the highest point of the building. This unearthly torch was kindled by a malignant hag, whose care it was to feed the flame, and wo to the luckless wight who dared to raise his eye to "the rock" after she had taken her nightly station there!—death or deformity was sure to be his portion.

The shortest exposure to the withering glare of the witch's candle was fatal, and many wild tales are current among the peasantry of its baleful effects.* The light is now quenched; and naught remains of the once mighty fortress but dilapidated walls and mouldering towers, whose massive fragments show how strong, and yet how vain, was the resistance they opposed to the assaults of William the III. before whose cannon they fell. The ivy covers, as with a pall, these relics of former greatness, and where banners were wont to wave, the fox-glove unfolds its crimson blossoms to the breeze. The sod, once red with the blood of the foe, and which so often resounded to the tread of "mail-clad men," is now burrowed by innumerable flocks of timorous rabbits, which, at the slightest noise, are seen scudding away in hundreds to their underground retreats, or the shelter of the spreading "lady fern," with which the soil is covered. The owl and the bat flit at nightfall round the gloomy towers, and startle with their strange noises the belated peasant, who hurries by with the feeling of awe which superstition always flings around such ruins in Ireland, and while he wraps his hoodie closely about him, and pulls his hat over his eyes, crosses himself with a muttered prayer, or the usual exclamation of "God come between us and harm this blessed night."

In the day-time, however, when the cheerful sun has put to flight the phantoms and shapes,

"Of Erebus and blackest midnight born,"

Carrig O'Gunnial Castle is the frequent resort, not only of the country people, but of various groups of "felicity hunters" from more distant parts. The eminence on which it is built commands an extensive and not unpicturesque prospect. Immediately at the foot, on the landward side, its sloping fields brightening in the sunshine, lies the snug glebe, embowered in trees, so close that you can distinguish the neatly trimmed hedge-rows, and trace the gravelled avenue that leads to the parish church of Killeedy at its gate. Further on, are the woods of Elm Park and Lord C——'s improvements, with the village of Clarina to the left—

* A tale, founded on this legend of Carrig O'Gunnial, the Rock of the Candle, appeared in one of the *Annals* some seasons ago, from the pen of Mr. Griffin, the talented author of "The Collegians."

† A large loose coat, worn by the lower orders in Ireland.

On the river side, the rock slopes suddenly down, rendering the ascent to the castle by that way, steep and precipitous. Very lovely is the view on a calm summer's evening, when the sun is setting behind the distant hills of Clare, and gilding with its red and glowing light the majestic Shannon and the winding Maig, a little tributary river, which glides like a silver serpent through the plain, forming various fairy islets in its meandering course; and pleasant it is to watch the graceful brig, or the humbler turf boat, with its red sails glowing in the sunset, as it proceeds slowly by the luxuriant woods of Cooper Hill and Tervoe, towards the city of Limerick, which is seen in the distance, far as the eye can reach, its cathedral tower piercing the cloud of smoke and vapour that hangs over the town.

On such an evening as we have been describing, in the autumn of the year 1822—a year memorable in that part of the country to all classes of persons, two figures were seen slowly descending the hill from the castle. They were apparently little alive to the scenery which we have been attempting to portray, for the eyes of both were bent on the ground. The one, a young peasant in the first bloom of manhood, was tall and athletic in figure, and in his open and generous countenance the reckless gaiety of youth was blended with an expression of hardihood and manly daring beyond his years. He was dressed in the ordinary garb of a peasant—a light-coloured frieze coat and straw hat, with his shirt collar open in front so as to display the throat, according to the usual custom among the men of his class. He carried in his hand a stout crab-thorn stick, or shillelagh, calculated to prove a powerful weapon when wielded by so muscular an arm, but which was now harmlessly employed in decapitating the dock-woods and thistle-down that grew in the path that he was treading.

The young man's companion was a girl of unusual freshness and beauty. Her dress differed in nothing but the care, almost approaching to coquetry, with which it was adjusted, from that universally worn by the country maidens of the south of Ireland:—a brown stuff gown, the skirt of which was turned up and fastened behind, so as to allow an under-petticoat of a blue colour to be visible from the knees downward, a check apron, neck-kerchief of a bright orange—(strange that this *protestant* colour should be so popular in the south)—and a pair of small brogues, completed her costume.

Her hair, which was of a jet black, luxuriant and glossy, was parted a *la Madonna* in front, and gathered up at the back into that circular knot, which gives to the head a contour at once so graceful and classical—a mode of coiffure accurately preserved in M'Clise's exquisite, though we fear, alas! too flattering, specimens of the "daughters of Erin," in his admirable painting of "All Hallow E'en.—The smiles that came and went, calling into life a thousand dimples that played about her rosy mouth and rounded cheek, had now vanished, and the usual laughing slyness and coquetry of her dark blue eye was changed to an expression of deep tenderness, as with an anxious gaze she followed the downcast looks of her companion.

"Don't take on that way, Maurice dear," she said, after a long pause, "things may turn out better than you expect;—any how, there's no use in fretting;—we must hope for the best."

"An' where's the use o' hoping," exclaimed the young man bitterly,—"where's the use in it!—but sure 'tis only myself is to blame;—fool and omedhaun that I was to be thinking o' you, or looking at you, or speaking to you, at all at all!—what business had the likes o' me to dare to lift my eyes to you, an' your father the shroong farmer he is. Och then, Kate avourneen, many an' many's the time since I first saw you, that I wished you were as poor, an' as humble, as e'er a girl in the place this blessed day—an' that your father's gould an' his substance was at the bottom of the Shannon byrant, for as much as he thinks of it."

"Whist,—whist, Maurice," said Kate, "don't say a word agin my father;—'tis not fitting for me to be listening to such language from you. But indeed, afther all, 'tis myself that's the worst off in it;—you're a man, Maurice, an' you can take your spade on your shoulder, an' go off to the fair or the market, or may be over across to England all the way, in harvest,—an' you'll see fine places an' fine countries, an' soon forget ould times, an' the girl you left behind;—but poor Kate must stay at home with a sore heart, an' mind the house, an' the spinning; an' many a time in the long evenings, when the place is quiet, an' the flax betune her fingers, she'll be thinking, an' thinking—" And here the poor girl's voice faltered, and she was obliged to stop;—her bosom heaved, and her eyes filled with tears at the picture her fancy had conjured up.

Her lover stood still, and leaning on his stick, gazed ardently on her as she struggled with her emotion.

"Cautheen," he said, "darling o' the world!—if mortal man dared to say, that Maurice Carmody would do the likes o' that to the girl of his heart,—that he'd lave her to pine at home, an' he away taking his diversion out o' foreign parts,—he'd get that from this arn world make him repent his words as long as the breath was in his body. 'Tis belying me you are, Kate, talking that way o' my going from you;—your own boy, that would throw himself from the top of that castle over this very minute, if it was your bidding, or if it would do you the smallest service in life!"

"But you can do me a service, Maurice," replied the young woman, brushing away her tears with the corner of her apron; "you can do me, ay, an' yourself too, a service. Listen to me:—My father is n't aginst you at all at all, as much as you think, nor wouldn't be, only you're your own enemy entirely. 'Tis n't silver or gould that Michael Hennessy wants for his daughter, an' there's nothing would hinder him from giving her to a quiet, decent, well-behaved boy that keeps at home, an' minds his business; but Maurice, a night-walker, an' one that follows bad company, an' bad courses, 'ill never get a girl of his for a wife; an' as long as —"

The dark eye of the young man kindled while his companion was speaking,—he drew himself up proudly, and was about to interrupt her with a violent exclamation, when she laid her hand gently on his arm, and looking into his face, said,—“Maurice, I know what you are going to say;—what you're going to tell me, what you often did before, about righting the country, an' the people, an' all that; but be said by me—do now, avich;—lave the country an' the people to them that knows more about such things than yourself;—where's the good o' bringing yourself into trouble for what you'll never be the better by; an' you'll find how my father 'ill turn to you, when he sees you quiet and industrious, take my word for it."

"If I thought that," replied Maurice, after a brief struggle with himself, "I would, Cautheen—I would for your sake, give up all dealings with the boys that's putting me up to the courses you're talking about."

"The heavens bless you, Maurice, for that word," said the girl, joyfully, "the heavens bless an' reward you! An' will you promise me now, that you will henceforward an' for ever, have nothing in the wide world to do with them—good nor bad!"

"I can't promise you that," said the young man, his brow darkening, "for I'm bound to them—bound to do a turn for them this very night."

"Then," said the girl, clasping her hands and walking away a few paces—"you may take your last look at Kate Hennessy, for her father will never hear of her marrying one that's inclined as you are."

"Stop Cautheen, stop," said her lover, following her with eager steps, and exclaiming, as he again stood before her, "would you be ather making a traitor of me!" She did not answer, and he went on—

"I'm bound, as I tould you,—bound hand an' foot for this night; and as I'm in for it, I must be as good as my word;—but Cautheen, I swear to you now by Him that's over us,—and there's more hearkening to me this moment than we can see," he added, taking off his hat, and looking round at the haunted spots on which the evening shadows were fast descending.—“I swear to you by all that is holy, from this night out, Maurice Carmody will have no more to do, or to say with them that's displeasing to you or yours, than the child unborn."

In joyful accents did the delighted Kate pour out her thanks and blessings upon her lover for his unexpected promise. "An' now," she said, "'tis late, an' I must be bidding you good night;—remember, Maurice dear, what your ather telling me, and be sure, in the end all will go right. But, in the mean time, don't let on a word to any one, an' mind—we must not be seen together."

"No,—but I'll meet you at the dance-house, won't I, avourneen, on Monday?—You'll be there with your father, Cautheen?"

"That will I," she answered, "an' now, good evening, Maurice."

"Good evening kindly, ashore,—an' safe home, an' a kind welcome to you wherever you go."

"'Tis hard, he added, musingly, as he stood watching her retreating figure by a little well, whose crystal stream, shaded from the noon-day sun by the overhanging branches of a timber sally, furnished the village maidens with an inexhaustible supply of water for their household purposes.—“'Tis hard to give up the cause ather all, an' perhaps be called a deserter into the bargain;—but she's a jewel of a girl, an' well worth it. I must thy an' keep this night's work a secret from her father;—'tis only a few strokes of a pen ather all, an' I can bind the boys to hould silence, an' not let on to any one, who done the job for them." So saying, Maurice Carmody walked quickly away towards his cabin.

The country, at the time of which we are speaking, was in a state of unusual insubordination:—nightly expeditions in search of arms, and secret meetings of the discontented were common among the peasantry. To meet these disturbances the district had been put under the "Insurrection Act," and any one found out of his own house after eight o'clock at night, without the requisite pass, or certificate from a magistrate, was apprehended, and if unable to account for his absence from home, was forthwith sentenced to transportation. These measures, though severe, were called on by the exigence of the times, and were in full force at the period when our story occurred.

The taste for dancing, however, that favorite amusement of the lower orders, was not to be checked by the restraints under which they laboured, and accordingly the dance-house, on the Sunday evening before alluded to, was crowded with a motley group of all ages, and both sexes, dressed in their best attire and brightest smiles, for the occasion. The scene of the

revels was an old waste barn, which had been hired at a moderate yearly rent, by Johnny Brian, the little hump-backed piper, for the purposes of amusement, and at the entrance, in the three-fold capacity of proprietor, door-keeper, and musician, sat Johnny himself—an old hat by his side, destined to receive the pence, half-pence, and sometimes even silver, deposited in it by each comer on arriving, according to his or her respective means. These offerings frequently amounted to no inconsiderable sum before the end of the evening, and Johnny used to reckon it an indifferent night's work that did not enable him to pocket seven or eight shillings at the least.

The dancing had not begun when Michael Hennessy and his daughter entered the barn; and the latter, taking advantage of the confusion and general greetings that were going forward, glided into a dark corner, where she was able to remain unnoticed.

"Arrah! what's come over ye at all at to-night, boys and girls, that ye're not dancing!" cried a merry voice from the crowd,— "there's no surrection act upon your legs any way, that ye must get a pass from a magistrate afore ye dare move out one foot forein't the other, in a jig or a reel. Come, step out, girls,— what are ye about?"

"Och! 'tis waitin' for Martin we are," cried a rosy faced-damsel, winking slyly at the speaker, "there's never a boy here can get a partner till he's had his pick and choice o' the girls."

"Hurroo! Martin avich, hurroo!" shouted the other, "Where are ye hiding yourself, an' all the girls pulling caps for ye, an' trilling one another on the 'count o' you." And spying out the object invoked at a little distance, he dragged him by the collar into the midst of the assembly.

Martin Green was the delight of the whole parish. Under an appearance of simplicity, almost amounting to idioey, he possessed as much cunning and shrewdness as the rest of the world, and could make as good a bargain at a fair or market as any man in the village of Ballybrown or Cork-a-more to boot. He had come into the parish some years before as the guide of an old blind mother, and his filial attention had procured for him protection and employment from a gentleman, who continued it to him after the widow's death, on the condition of his remaining in a state of single blessedness, towards which Martin manifested a strong disinclination. Next to his master, his blind mother had been, and her memory was still the object of his profound respect; a feeling which the tongue of scandal averred the old woman had continued to enforce by frequent corporeal castigations long after Martin had attained to man's estate. His ordinary appearance was most grotesque, as he persisted in wearing his old clothes until they were a mass of shreds and patches hanging about him; and when taunted with his coat of many colours, he would strip it off, together with the nether integuments, and shine forth in all the splendour of unsullied frieze and bran new corderoys—these "veiled beauties" never being exhibited until a due regard to *les bienséances* (comfort scarcely ever enters into the calculation of an Irish peasant) made the measure necessary; and on working days they were kept carefully concealed by their venerable predecessors in office.

In addition to Martin Green's popularity as an inexhaustible subject for their jokes, he possessed other claims to the good-will of his neighbours,—he could sing "Reynard the fox," and "Dhrimindhu," and divers other ditties; and then his dancing,—that was his forte,—there was not an itinerant dancing master in the country to whom he had not served an apprenticeship, and he would rather have deprived himself of a meal than have been unable to pay the penny per lesson for which he was initiated into the mysteries of "heel and toe,"—"shuffle the brogue,"—

"cover the buckle," &c. &c.—in which he was so great an adept. He stood now in the midst of the circle, his wide mouth distended into a grin of mingled simplicity and drollery, and displaying a set of teeth as white and even as a young beagle's. The girls, who delighted in playing off their *agaceries* upon Martin, crowded round him.

"A' thin, why don't you choose one, you great bosthene!" said the man who had brought him forward.

Martin simpered up to the girl next him, and was going to reach out his hand to her, when the roguish damsel before mentioned put herself between them, crying out.

"A' thin, Martin dear, what did I do to you, that you don't make choice o' me?"

"Never mind her," exclaimed another, "sure 'twas with myself you promised to dance the first jig to-night."

"The cruel desayver!" said a third, putting her hands to her eyes, and pretending to sob, "he tould me I was his sweetheart last Sunday evening."

Poor Martin let his hands drop by his sides, and looked round in a state of bewilderment.

There was a general laugh.

"Fair, 'tis you're the lucky boy, Martin," said one of the men.

"He'll be aiten up, betune them all!" cried a second.

"'Tis a wondher but he'll be poisoned some day with the love-philtres* they makes up for him," added another.

"Ay, or stuck all over with charmed pins," said the first speaker.

"Arrah thin, Martin avich, why don't you marry one o' them?" said a young man who knew his weak point, winking at his neighbor,— "why don't you marry, and thin you'll be left in pace for the rest of your life?"

"Sure an' sure," answered Martin, "wouldn't I marry at wonst, and welkim, only the masher, long life to his honour, long may he live? won't hear to it at all at all. Yisterday morning I was up at the house, and he aiting his breakfast, to see would he be any way more agreeable in regard o' the girl at Mungret wid de tree fat pigs. Says I, 'I come to your honour,'—and here Martin involuntarily took off his hat as though he were actually in "the presence," scraped back one leg, and pulled down the forelock of straight hair in token of submission,— "I come to see would you gi' me lave to change my condition, 'cause you were ever an' always a good gentleman, long life to your honour, and long may you live!—An' what's the match you're wanting to make?' says the masher. — 'Oh! an illigant one, your honour,' says I; 'tree fat pigs; one fit to kill at Christmas, and de two oders de finest slips you ever laid eyes on, God bless 'em!—' But what business has de likes o' you wid a wife?' says I, 'long may you live; isn't it a poor thing for a boy not to have a comrade of his own, like de rest of his neighbours.' — 'You're a fool,' says his honour; 'an' 'tis a houseful o' childhern, instead o' de tree fat pigs, you'd soon have on your floor; go home,' says he, 'an' let me hear no more about it.'"

"Why, the masher, Martin," said one of the girls, "is a'most as hard upon you, as your ould mother used to be in past times."

Martin's face became suddenly very grave.

"Och, Misthress Green" (he always used this respectful denomination towards her) "was a fine wo—"

* Love-philtres, charmed pins, &c., are in constant use among the peasantry; and from the deleterious ingredients of which the former are composed, frequently produce delirium, madness, and other most injurious effects.

man—a mighty fine woman intirely; and a mortal athrong arm she had on her, long life—rest her sowl, I mane; a mighty good woman, she was, Mistrhess Green, and 'twas she larned me all I know."

"Faix then, if she larned you to talk," cried the little hump-backed piper, "'twasn't by halves she done the job. Arrah, step out man, and let us see whether you can stir your legs as brisk as your tongue, this evening."

Martin obeyed; and soon "a change came o'er" his outward man, great as the occasion demanded. With chin *en l'air*, half closed eyes, mouth drawn down at the corners, his who'e countenance of an imperturbable gravity, and his arms scrupulously stiffened against his sides,—did he begin his elaborate performance; not on "the light fantastic toe," but the stout substantial heel of his well-benailed brogues. Leaving him to what, in his case, was both a business and a pleasure, we return to the dark corner where we left Kate Hennessy, and find her, not alone, as before, for her bright eyes are lifted to the face of her handsome suitor, and her ears are drinking in the words that fall from his lips.

"'Tis true for me, Kate;—the music, an' the dancing, an' all the laughing an' joking, makes the very heart sink down within me, thinking that I'm the only boy of 'em all, that can't give his hand to the girl he loves, an' lade her out when the jig strikes up. An' ever an' always the thought does be coming before me, an' I do be picturin' to myself the little cabin, with the floore sweep' up clane in the evening, an' the table out, and the pot of potatoes down for supper on the bright turf fire, and your own smilin' face, Cauthleen, at the door to welcome me home, and give your husband the cead mille faltheagh (hundred thousand welcomes) after his hard day's work."

"Well, Maurice," replied Kate, smiling and blushing at the little domestic picture he had drawn, "and what's to hinder that from happenin' one of these days, more especially after the promise you gave me last Tuesday. I declare my heart is as light as a thistle-down, ever since that evening at the well, an' whenever I pass by the place, an' that the words you said come across me, I feel as if I had wings upon me like the young birds, and could fly up in the air for gladness."

The joyous tone of her voice, and the bright and sparkling countenance on which his eyes were riveted, could not fail to chase away the gloom that hung on the brow of Maurice; but Kate was soon led off to the dance, and their enlivening influence removed. He continued to gaze on her, his mind forcibly occupied with the weighty obstacles that lay in his road to her father's favour, when a few words of a conversation that was going on in another corner of the barn arrested his attention.

The group towards whom he now eagerly turned, consisted of "Misther" Hennessy, (a titulary distinction which the acquisition of a few acres of land and some stock had procured for him) and two or three village "magnates," who were discussing the affairs of the country with a sagacity and vehemence that would have done credit to more exalted politicians.

"But the notice," said one, "that was the mather shroke of all;—the boldest thing that has been done by 'em from the beginning out."

"Ay," said another elderly sage,—"I read it myself, every word from first to last;—it was posted up on the church-door Wednesday morning, an' was the finest written thing ever you seen; I brought up Mistrhess Hennessy here to look at it."

"You did, sure enough," answered Hennessy, "an' such writin', an' spellin', an' figurin', never came across my two eyes afore or since. 'Twas a wonder of a notice,—barring the sense of it, which I don't say I rightly approve; but for writin', why there isn't

a schoolmaster from this to Limerick, could match the likes of it."

Maurice's cheek burned, and his breath came quickly, as these words fell from the lips of the father of his beloved;—he approached nearer, and listened with intense interest.

"I wonder who it was they got to do it for them, at all at all," said the first speaker—"the boy must be an illigant scholar, sure enough."

"Scholar!" exclaimed Hennessy, who owed his rise in the world more to his skill in the merits of a pig than to his literary attainments, and who was therefore an ardent admirer of letters,—"scholar!" he cried, striking his stick vehemently on the ground,—"I'll tell you what, man, the boy that wrote that notice is fit to go to the college in Dublin,—so he is;—an' a burning shame an' pity it is that such a one should be said or led by bad advisers, for there's the makings of a great man in him, whosoever he is, I'll be bail, as sure as my name's Mick Hennessy."

Maurice could contain himself no longer. With a bounding heart and sparkling eye, he sprang forward into the midst of the group, and avowed himself the writer of the admired piece of penmanship. Hennessy eyed him complacently for a moment; then extending his hand, and cordially grasping that of the young man, he made him sit down beside him on the wooden bench. Their conversation was inaudible to the others; it was brief but animated, and, at its close, Carmody started up, and cast an eager and inquiring glance all round the barn. The object of his search was not there, and he pushed through the crowd into the open space outside the door, where many of the dancers had gone to breathe the fresh air out of the heated atmosphere within. Kate Hennessy was standing at a little distance, alone, and with her back to the revellers. With one elastic bound did her exulting lover clear the space that lay between them, and uttering a cry of joy, which, hitherto repressed, now burst from him in the exuberance of his feelings, he flung his arms around her. The startled girl extricated herself from him, an indignant flush crimsoned her temples as she pushed him angrily away, exclaiming, "Maurice Carmody, are you drunk, or are you mad, or what's come over you?"

"I ax your pardon, Kate," answered the rebuked Maurice, "for forgettin' myself,—I couldn't help it,—I meant no offence. I'm neither drunk or mad, excepting wi' the joy that's in me this blessed night;—for oh, Cauthleen ashore! your own words are comin' true! I told all to your father, an' about my promise that evening forinist the ould castle over, an' he's forgave me every thing; an' one whole year I'm to be on thrial, an' then ——" Maurice finished the sentence by flourishing his hat over his head, and cutting a caper in the air.

That evening he walked with Cauthleen to her home, for the first time, as her authorised suitor; for, though her father knew of the long attachment between them, and admired young Carmody as a "fine likely boy;" still he never would sanction it as long as he suspected him of having any thing to do with the disturbers of the public peace. Maurice lingered with his beloved at the threshold of her abode, till roused by Hennessy with the exclamation of "come, boy, ye'll have time enough to say all ye have got to tell one another in the next twelve months, an' don't stand whispering there, as if there was no 'act' to make people be inside their doors before eight o'clock—in wid ye, Kate, avourneen, an' let Maurice go away home; the peelers will be out going their rounds in less than no time."

"I feel," said Carmody to himself, as he bounded over the Carrig-road to his own cabin, "I feel as if the wide world was too little to hould me this night; an' the heart within me keeps leppin' an' jumping as if

it would force itself out through the skin for bare joy."

The excitement of the young man's feelings at the unexpected change in his prospects, was too great to allow him to sleep. He lay thinking of Kate Hennessy, and forming plans of the industry and good conduct which were to win the favour of her father during his year of probation. He was aroused from a waking dream of future happiness by a confused murmur of voices and footsteps outside the cabin.—This was nothing unusual in the times of which we write, when parties of police, accompanied by a magistrate (the former had not then been invested with the powers they now enjoy, and were unable to act without the presence and authority of a magistrate,) used to patrol the country to see that all were in their houses in obedience to the provisions of the Insurrection Act. The names of the inmates, written on a paper, were affixed to the door of every house, and it was frequently the custom to stop at any suspected cabin, and examine whether it contained its due number of occupants.

The loud knocking that assailed his ears when the whispering ceased, might have alarmed Maurice Carmody at any other time, but he was now in too happy a frame of mind to think of fear. He sprang lightly up, and opened the door. There was a party of police, headed by a magistrate, outside.

"Is your name Maurice Carmody?" said the latter.

The young man made a sign in the affirmative.

"Then," said the gentleman sternly, drawing a paper from his pocket, "it is my duty to arrest you as the writer of a rebellious and seditious notice;—here is my warrant."

The glow which his feverish dream of love and hope had called upon his cheek, died away into a ghastly paleness, as these words smote on the ear of the unfortunate young man. He staggered back a few paces, and leant against the wall for support.

"We cannot wait," said one of the policemen, "you must dress yourself and follow us."

Carmody mechanically obeyed; he put on his clothes without uttering a word of remonstrance, and accompanied the party in silence to the police-barrack.

So sudden, so stunning, had been the shock, that it was some minutes before he was almost aware of the overwhelming change that had taken place in his prospects. Too soon the truth, the whole bitter truth, burst upon his bewildered senses, as wringing his heavily-ironed hands in the agony of his despair, he looked round at the gloomy walls of the "black hole," in which he was confined, whose darkness was made visible by the glimmer of a rushlight, which the woman who had admitted the party, touched by the disconsolate appearance of the youthful and handsome prisoner, had placed there. None could tell what were the bitter lamentations, the agonised groans, that his blighted hopes and wretched fate wrung from the soul of Carmody as he paced his prison floor that night;—for in the morning all traces of the struggle had vanished, and he stood, stern and composed, before his accusers.

A special court was then sitting in Limerick for the trial and summary punishment of all offenders against the public peace, and those taken under the Insurrection Act; and thither, early next morning, Carmody was conveyed. The evidence against him was full and unquestionable, for alas! his own lips had condemned him; that *very avowal* to Hennessy, which he had fondly hoped would prove the foundation of long years of happiness, was the cause of his ruin. A large reward had been offered for the discovery of the author of the notice, and the treacherous informer, lurking among the crowd in the dance-house, was in the act of reporting to a magistrate the words of the unfortunate Maurice, at the moment when he was exult-

ing in having happily reached the goal of all his wishes. His trial was soon over;—transportation for life was the sentence.

And Kate Hennessy! how did *she* bear the astounding intelligence of her lover's fate?

When the first shock was over, she threw herself at the feet of her father, and besought him earnestly to allow her to go to the prison and take a last farewell of Carmody, before he was hurried away for ever from her sight. Hennessy was for a long time inexorable; but at last, yielding to her entreaties, he consented to accompany her to Limerick. They arrived at the gaol, the door of the cell was thrown open, and the distracted girl flung herself into the arms of her betrothed.

Kate Hennessy had been remarkable, in her happier days, for a degree of womanly pride and delicacy not often found in her station; and this maiden coyness and reserve, or "way of keeping herself up," as her companions called it, was owing less to her father's rise in the world, than to the peculiar sensitiveness, and shrinking modesty of her own disposition. But now—all was forgotten—lost, in the overwhelming sense of her misery: but yesterday she would have blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, how dear he was to her—and, now, in wild despair, she clung to her lover, and clasped him, as though the frail arms that were wound so convulsively round his sinewy frame, could shield him from those that would tear him from her.

Scarcely less bitter was the emotion that heaved the breast against which her small head was pressed, while her long black hair hung over it in neglected masses. Carmody strove, "in all the silent marliness of grief," to subdue his own anguish, that he might minister consolation to her. He saw her tearless agony, and words of comfort rose to his lips, but they died away in the vain effort to give them utterance. He could only return.

"that ling'ring press
Of hands that for the last time sever,
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks—is dead for ever!"

The painful interview did not last long; for Hennessy, anxious to put an end to the scene, the effects of which he dreaded for his daughter, separated, with cruel kindness, the unhappy lovers, and half led and half carried her out of the prison.

The sun rose brightly on the harbour of Dublin, gilding with its beams the waters of the bay, that danced and sparkled in the cheerful morning light.—The hill of Howth, its outlines veiled in mist, and the rocky and barren sides alone visible, lay stretched like a huge monster of the deep sleeping on the surface of the waves. The inhabitants of Kingstown (or Dunleary, as it was then more generally called) were going forth to their daily avocations; and, firmly anchored close by the shore, a sentinel pacing its deck, lay the hull, or prison for convicts under sentence of transportation, its black and ungainly mass a blot on the fair face of the shining waters.

But the principal object in the scene, and that to which all eyes were now directed, was a stately ship that had come into the harbour the evening before, and was moored in the deep water, opposite the Howth light-house, Alas! how few of those that admired her gallant bearing and gilded prow, as she lay like a queen, in the offing, thought of the vice and wretchedness that were soon to be put within her, or reflected that the breeze which was to fill her sails, now flapping idly against the mast, would be loaded with the groans and sighs of hundreds, made widows and childless by her departure: she was the transport ship, arrived to convey the inmates of the bulk to their final destination.

The supply of water and provisions for the voyage had been put on board at Plymouth, and nothing now remained but to remove the prisoners into it. For this purpose numerous small boats assembled under the stern of the marine prison, and were soon filled with the convicts, who were guarded by soldiers and heavily ironed; a precaution it was found necessary to take, from some instances having occurred of men in a fit of desperation leaping into the sea, and attempting to swim on shore, and thus effect their escape. All day the boats continued plying between the hulk and the transport ship, and the shore was crowded with persons looking on at the removal of the convicts, some of whom, hardened offenders, showed their contempt of punishment by shouting, singing, and blaspheming, on their short passage across the bay; while others remained sunk in a gloomy and sullen abstraction.

Close to the water's edge, and aloof from the groups of idle gazers on the quay, there stood a female figure, wrapped in a blue mantle, the hood of which was drawn closely over her face. Her shoes were soiled and travel-stained, traces of fatigue and anxiety were on her pale worn countenance, and her sunken blue eyes were riveted on the transport ship. Who could have recognized in that solitary and forlorn figure, the pride of her native village, the darling of her old father's heart, the beautiful, the envied Kate Hennessy?

It was, indeed, she.—Listening to the dictates of her affection and her despair, this young and timid girl, who had never in her life been farther from her home than the city of Limerick, had braved the dangers and fatigue of a journey of upwards of a hundred miles, and travelled alone and on foot to take a last farewell of him she had loved "so long, so well." She had not communicated her project to any one, for she well knew her father would have opposed it; but packing up a few clothes and a little money she had, in a bundle, she had stolen out of her cottage in the dead of night, and commenced her pilgrimage.

Had she not been absorbed in her own sorrow—*grief* is, of all feelings, the most selfish—she would have seen, as she stood on the shore, that many were there scarcely less wretched than herself. It was, indeed, a pitiable sight, and one that would have moved to sympathy a breast the least alive to the sufferings of its fellow men, to see the groups of disconsolate women and children, and old men, their "gray hairs bowed down with sorrow to the grave," that were assembled on the beach. Many of these wretched creatures had come from very distant parts of Ireland, having shut up their houses, and, accompanied by their whole families, begged their way to Dublin, to see their friends before their departure. They were allowed to go along side the ship after the convicts had been removed into it; and these latter, each in charge of a sentinel, were permitted to come upon deck for a few minutes, as their names were called out by their friends from below. The bay was now covered with boats freighted with these melancholy cargoes of sorrowing relatives, and many and affecting were the scenes that called forth the sympathy of the beholder.

Here a young woman with a child in her arms, whose innocent and smiling face presented a touching contrast to the grief-worn countenance of its mother, was standing by a half-filled boat, and offering the fare, the treasured twopence, which she had kept sacred through all the assaults of cold and hunger for this purpose, to the hard-featured Charon, its proprietor.

"Ay, this will do for yourself," sulkily replied the boatman, "but where's the twopence for the child?—you don't think I am going to take him for nothing."

"Oh," sobbed the woman, "tis all—all I have, it is indeed; and hard enough it was for me to keep that same, an' we starving. I'll hold the baby in my arms, sir, I will; an' he won't take up any room at all; but

let him over, for the love of God; his poor father's heart is bound up in him."

"Fool!" growled the man, "as if the lump of a boy wouldn't be as heavy in your arms as any where else in the boat. Pay down the money for him, I say; or, if you don't, lave him there behind you on the quay, and don't be keeping me waiting when there's good money to be earned elsewhere."

"I haven't it, indeed, I haven't it!" exclaimed the poor creature, "this is the very last penny I'm worth in the wide world; but, oh! sailor dear," she added, throwing herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, "if you have any pity in you, think o' the wife that's on your own floor this day, an' o' your child at her breast, and do take the both of us to the ship, an' let the father that's going away over the salt say, get one look at the boy he'll never see again. Do, now, sailor dear, an' may the blessing o' the miserable be with you wherever you go!"

"Take your hands off o' me, woman!" muttered the hardened wretch, "I gave you your answer already." And he jumped into his boat and pushed it from the shore.

Farther on, an old gray-headed man sat on the ground, rocking his body to and fro, while the big tears trickled slowly down his furrowed cheeks. A bundle lay beside him, and the knot of the old colored handkerchief of which it was composed having come untied, the contents, a few oranges, some gingerbread cakes, and a little packet of tea and tobacco, were exposed to view. A gentleman passing by, stopped to inquire the cause of his grief. "Ah, sir," he said, "my only son is over in that ship! I don't complain—he deserved it. God's will be done! By dint of pinching an' denying myself, I had scraped together as much as would buy these little things in the bundle for him against the long voyage. I kept barely the twopence to carry me over, an' when I got to the ship, they told me he had been called up already on the deck this morning in a mistake for another man, and that the same person was only allowed to come on it once, by reason of their being so many aboard. His turn was over—they couldn't let him up again."

The gentleman was much moved at the distress of the poor old man. He took out a crown-piece and laid it down before him; but money, that powerful alchemy which turns into joy so many of the woes of life, was of no avail in this case. The old man, probably, had never seen so much at one time before, yet he looked on it with indifference. He took off his hat, and returning the silver to the gentleman, said, respectfully, "I humbly thank you, sir, for your kindness; I hope your honor won't be offended at my giving back the money; but," he added, in a faltering tone, "I'm thinking I'll not live long enough to spend it." So saying, he rose, and walked away, leaving the bundle, on which he had lavished all his hoardings, on the ground behind him.*

The day was far advanced when the desolate figure of poor Kate attracted the attention of a weather-beaten seaman on the beach. He went up to her, and said, in a rough but good-natured tone—"An' is there nobody in the ship yonder you'll be wishing to see, my young woman?" Kate tried to answer, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and her lips only moved.

"I've got a snug little skiff o' my own, moored out there, continued the man, "an' I'll take you over quiet an' asy by yourself, if you wish it; for you seem a decent, modest young woman, an' maybe wouldn't like to be mixing with them unfortunate poor craythurs in

* The writer, who once witnessed these and many similar incidents at an embarkation of convicts at Kings-town, cannot help feeling how inadequate is *description* to convey an idea of the heart-rending scenes it gave rise to.

the boat beyant; only spake the word, an' I'll take you across to your father or your sweetheart, or whoever he is, in less than no time."

"Oh, thank you, thank you kindly!" exclaimed Kate, in faltering accents, "but—but—he doesn't expect me."

"Och, that makes no differ in life, not the laste," said the good-natured sailor. "I'll give him a hail for you when we get along side, an' he'll be up on the deck when his turn comes, never fear. Come along, then, an' cheer up my good girl; never spoil your purty face with fretting; seven years will be soon going over, an' what are they to a young cratur like you that's little more than a child, God bless you!"

The poor girl's lips quivered, and her cheeks grew paler as she felt how fruitless was to her this well meant consolation. Her kind friend succeeded in procuring for her a few precious moments' interview with Carmody. It was an unlooked-for blessing to the unfortunate young man, and his wonder at seeing her there, so far from home, alone and unprotected, was great, as might be imagined.

When the last sad parting was over, and the good-hearted old sailor had returned with his charge to the shore, he proposed taking her to his cabin, where he said his wife would give her a hearty welcome; but she declined his friendly offer, and resumed her station at the water's edge, unwilling to lose sight, for an instant, of the vessel that contained all that was dear to her upon earth. That whole night and the next day she continued her unwearied watch, heedless of the cold blast that blew from the sea, or of the spray that washed over her delicate form, unused to such hardships. She gazed with breathless anxiety on all the preparations for sailing that were going on in the ship, and every successive heave at the anchor made by the seamen, as their deep and prolonged cry resounded along the shore, seemed to rend her very heart-strings, for she knew they were loosening the only tie that still bound her kyver to the land of his birth. At length the arrangements were completed, the sails were set, the anchor was weighed, and amid the shouts and waving of hats of those on the quay, the gallant ship quitted her moorings.

"And calm and smooth it seemed to win

Its moonlight way before the wind,

As if it bore all peace within,

Nor left one breaking heart behind.

A "breaking heart," indeed, was hers who followed with straining eyes the lessening sails, till they seemed but a speck on the horizon, and at last disappeared. Then, truly, she felt that her lover was gone—gone!—and for ever: and with the bitter conviction there came a few blinding tears, the first she had shed since Maurice's apprehension, which forced themselves painfully to her eyes, and fell, so big and so burning, that they seemed to scorch the cheek down which they slowly rolled. Her nerves, which had been wound up to an unnatural pitch, for the effort she had made, now that the object was attained, became suddenly unstrung, and worn out with fatigue, and faint from want of food, she sunk down on the beach in a state of exhaustion. The tears, which hitherto had seemed congealed into a frozen mass that weighed upon her heart, now flowed more freely, and she wept long in silence and bitterness,—for real grief is seldom vehement in its expressions. The thought, too, of her old father, and of what he must have suffered at her sudden disappearance, came into her mind, and in her remorse for her unkindness towards him, and keen self-upbraidings, even Maurice Carmody was for awhile forgotten. She rose determined to employ the remnant of her failing strength in seeking the abode of the old boatman, who she hoped would put her in a way of getting

back to Limerick; for to return on foot in her present weakened state was impossible.

Michael Hennessy was sitting at his door in the evening, listening to the condolences of a kind-hearted neighbour, who was sympathising with him in his affliction, and devising new means of recovering his lost child.

"Where's the use in talkin'," replied Hennessy, bitterly; "where's the good in it? Sure an' sartin I am that my old eyes 'll never light on her again in this world. Ah! Purcell, man, if you had seen her that evening when they told her about Carmody; she wasn't like herself at all at all; she that was so tender-hearted, and used to cry like min' if any cross lit upon a neighbour; the never a tear, good nor bad, came over her cheek that night, only she walked up an' down the floore, looking for all the world like the image o' marble that's in the chapel in Limerick beyant. I'll tell you what it is, Dan, she wasn't in her right mind that same evening; and listen here," he said, grasping his friend's hand, and lowering his voice, while his frame shook with a sudden agitation, "'tis the waves of the Shannon over that can tell the tale we're wanting to know; an' 'twas the ould castle that was looking down upon her death-struggle—'twas an awful high tide that night!"

Before Purcell could make any reply to this dark insinuation of the father's, they were startled by a shriek from the old woman who had kept Hennessy's house since the death of his wife. She had been weeding potatoes in a field behind the house, which commanded a view of the road, and now came tottering towards them, her eyes dilated, and terror in every feature. She was crossing herself vehemently, and muttering over the usual prayers and expressions used when any thing supernatural had been witnessed.

Hennessy and Purcell exchanged looks of mutual intelligence.

A winding of the road brought the object of her affright before their eyes in a few moments. A pale emaciated figure was seen moving slowly towards the cottage, and at the sight—the apparition of his departed daughter, as Hennessy firmly believed it to be—the old man uncovered his head, and knelt down before the door of the cabin. The movement roused a little terrier dog, poor Kate's favourite, which had been sleeping at his feet; the faithful animal instantly recognized the advancing figure to be his lost mistress, and uttering a short bark, or rather cry, of joy, sprang up, and flew to meet her.

"Ha! did you mind that?" exclaimed Purcell;—"look out man—look at the dog. The never a dog, or any kind o' baste, would run that away to meet what wasn't a living mortal! Rouse yourself, Michael avich! do now," he added, shaking Hennessy by the shoulder, as with clasped hands and fixed eyes he gazed on the apparition—his lips apart, and his whole countenance of an ashy paleness—"sure 'tis your daughter herself, an' not her fetch that's afore you. If it was one from the grave, I tell you that dog would know it the first, an' there is n't a corner in the cabin would be dark enough for him to creep into."

It was no wonder that the corpse-like and way-worn appearance of the once blooming Kate should have been mistaken by her father for a visitant from the "land of shadows." She was scarcely able to entreat his forgiveness, in faltering accents, before she sunk at his feet in a state of insensibility. They laid her on her bed, and from that bed she never again rose. Fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, the bitter blast that had pierced through her thin covering the long night she had watched on the pier at Kingstown, and the

*The effects of apparitions and supernatural objects on animals, are well known to those versed in superstitious lore.

still bitter pang that wounded the truest heart over which mantle was ever folded, had done their cruel work on her delicate frame.

The evening before she died, she called her father to her bedside, and said in a broken tone, as he laid her thin white hand on his shoulder, "Father, dear, I feel I am going, and that I haven't many hours before me; and I wanted afore I'd be gone entirely, to thank you for all the kindness you've shown me from the cradle up until now, and more especially for forgiving me what I done that night;—indeed, indeed, I did not know what I was doing at the time. And father, dear, there is one thing now that I have greatly on my mind—it is very foolish and weak; but I don't think I could die easy if—if—"

"Spake out, my child," said the father, as she paused and hesitated, "and if there is any thing in the wide world Muck Hennessy can do to please you, why he'll do it, ashore, with all the veins of his heart."

"Why I was thinking father—but indeed 'tis only foolishness in me,"—and a crimson flush, like the last streak that colors the horizon before all is lost in the darkness of night, passed faintly across the cheek of the dying girl,—"I was thinking I could die easier if you'd promise me, father, that when they're taking me home, they'd carry me round by the little well under Carrigover, an' lay me down for just one minute on the spot where poor Maurice stood that night we had the conversation together; I know 'tis great folly," she added with a faint smile, "and you'll blame me for being so weak, but I've set my heart upon it ever since I took ill, an' I know, father, you'll not refuse me."

Poor Hennessy could only motion his consent by signs, his heart was too full to speak; and Kate, exhausted with the effort of speaking so long, sank back on her pillow.

The rites of a country funeral in the south of Ireland are simple and affecting.—There is something singularly wild and plaintive in the national funeral cry, particularly when heard from a distance, and its melancholy cadence swells on the ear as it is borne onward by the breeze. Then the shrill wailing of the female mourners, and the deep solemn bass tones of the men, as they take up in turn the mournful chaunt, (that most heart-thrilling of all sounds, when a man in his sorrow "lifts up his voice and weeps,") are blended together in one sad chorus. There are few that can view unmoved the pause that takes place when the procession arrives at the gate of the churchyard, and the immediate relatives of the deceased kneel round it. The funeral cry is suddenly hushed, and a profound silence succeeds to the voice of lamentation, broken only by a stifled sob or groan from those who are bent over the coffin. It is an impressive and affecting thing to come unawares on a funeral at a moment like this: to see that vast concourse of people all silent and on their knees, as though some magician had waved his wand over them and turned all to stone; the men with their heads uncovered, the thin gray locks of age streaming in the breeze, and tears running down many a hardy and sun-burnt cheek, while every lip moves in prayer. It is an imposing and touching sight, and he who feels it not as such, may, to quote the words of an old writer "go home, and say his prayers, and thank God for giving him a heart that is not to be moved by the griefs of others." When the short prayer is ended, the coffin is taken up again by its bearers, the whole assembly rises, the men put on their hats, and the funeral cry is resumed, and continues while the body is being carried three times round the church, and until the grave is filled up, and the head stone placed.*

*The custom among the lower orders of Irish of visiting the graves of departed friends "to weep there,"

The funeral of Kate Hennessy is still remembered by those who live in the neighbourhood of Carrig O'Gunnell. It was an unusually crowded one, for she was universally admired and beloved. A white pall, thrown over the coffin, and strewed with flowers, was held at the corners by four girls of the village, her most intimate companions, all in white dresses, which they had borrowed from the neighbouring farmers' wives for the melancholy occasion. Two more, also in white, walked before the coffin, and carried in their hands a garland of flowers, which was to be laid on the grave.

The shades of evening were gathering round the old castle, as the funeral procession paused, in compliance with poor Kate's dying wish, at the little well at its base; the sun was approaching the horizon, and tinging the clouds with the thousand glowing hues that she had so often watched in her evening walks with her lover; before it sank behind the distant hills, its last red beams had gilded the sod that covered her humble grave!

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

THE Temple of Diana at Ephesus, after having risen with increasing splendour from seven repeated misfortunes, was finally burnt by the Goths in their third naval invasion. The arts of Greece, and the wealth of Asia, had conspired to erect that sacred and magnificent structure. It was supported by an hundred and twenty-seven marble columns of the Ionic order.—They were the gifts of devout monarchs, and each was sixty feet high. The altar was adorned with the masterly sculptures of Praxiteles, who had, perhaps, selected from the favorite legends of the place, the birth of the divine children of Latona, the concealment of Apollo after the slaughter of the Cyclops, and the clemency of Bacchus to the vanquished Amazons. Yet the length of the Temple of Ephesus was only four hundred and twenty-five feet, about two-thirds of the measure of the Church of St. Peter's at Rome. In the other dimensions, it was still more inferior to that sublime production of modern architecture; the spreading arms of a Christian cross require a much greater breadth than the oblong Temples of the Pagans; and the boldest artists of antiquity would have been startled at the proposal of raising in the air a dome of the size and proportions of the Pantheon. The Temple of Diana was, however, admired as one of the wonders of the world. Successive empires, the Persian, the Macedonian, and the Roman, had revered its sanctity and enriched its splendour.

for months, often years, after their decease, is a very touching one. The writer of this sketch remembers once witnessing an affecting instance of this kind at the little church of Killeedy before mentioned. It was on a Sunday before service; and the carriages that brought the congregation to church were arriving. A grave, not a recent one, for it was mossy and grass-grown, lay close to the path up which the people were passing, and on it, by the tall head-stone, was kneeling in an upright position, and quite covered by her long blue mantle, a female figure. She was perfectly motionless, and quite undisturbed by the scene around, usually an attractive one in a quiet country village. The writer stood for some time watching her picturesque and statue-like form, apparently as still and breathless as the object of her sorrow that slept beneath. On coming out of church, she was on the very same spot; not a fold of her cloak had been stirred. How far more affecting was her silent grief, as she knelt over the remains of some loved one; and how much fitter monument for the dead, than "storied urn or animated bust," or all the costly cenotaphs that wealth erects to the memory of the departed!

THOMAS HARTLAND, THE SMUGGLER.*

At the extremity of a lonely valley, overlooking the ever-changing ocean, stood Combe Court, one of those picturesque structures which the antiquary would refer to the period when the castle gave place to the castellated mansion. Combe Court, however, in point of extent, could not properly lay claim to so imposing a title as the latter. Its design had originally been quadrangular, and a considerable portion of the building consisted of a rude tower, which bore the marks of having once been strongly fortified. But the old place seemed to have fallen on evil days, and there was an air of neglect and dilapidation about it, which told of coincident decay in the fortunes of its possessors. Its occupant, who was locally known by the name of "Squire Hartland," was an individual who had moved in the higher ranks of society, and whose family had in the olden time held no unimportant position in the district with which it had for centuries been identified. But their fortunes had been shattered during the troublous times of the civil war; and the patrimony which the subject of this story came into possession of, was reduced almost to a shadow by an event as disastrous as it was unforeseen. Hartland smiled on the pursuits of an extensive smuggler, and permitted him to lodge a valuable cargo in his dwelling; the matter got wind, and he was exchequered in an immense sum. The blow was overwhelming, and Hartland, who had for several years represented the venerable little borough of —, in Parliament, withdrew wholly from society, and confined himself to the solitude of Combe Court, which, with one small farm, was all that he could now call his own. His hatred to the government had become deep and indelible, and he soon renewed his acquaintance with his old friends the smugglers. Hartland had been united in early youth to a woman whose gentle and feminine spirit was ill adapted for the stormy life which awaited her; and he had an only son, named Walter, who, almost from his infancy, displayed so decided a partiality for salt water, that his father—little foreseeing the events which were to take place—consented to his entering the naval service when scarcely twelve years old.

The wild life and hazardous pursuits of the followers of the "free trade," had many charms for a man of the bold and restless temperament of Hartland; and it was not long before it began to be rumoured that his fishing smack bore richer freights than herring or mackerel;—still, owing probably to the extreme seclusion of the situation, and the great caution observed by his confederates, he had hitherto escaped the visits of the revenue officers. Shortly before the time when this story commences, Walter Hartland, to whom his father was passionately attached, paid his birth-place a visit, after many years' absence. The youthful Lieutenant could not long remain at the "Court," without discovering that his father was deeply engaged in smuggling transactions. As an officer of his majesty's navy, he was thus placed in a delicate and difficult position; and he took an early opportunity of seriously remonstrating with his father on the great hazard and disgrace attendant on such a calling; but

* Lord Byron's remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction," is becoming a truism. The leading passages in this little narrative form part of the romantic history of a celebrated smuggler, nearly a century ago, respecting whom many traditions have been current on our western coast. Some portions of the story have necessarily been altered, and a similar liberty has been taken with the name of the principal actor, but the locale is unchanged.

the warning was unheeded. Mrs. Hartland then united in imploring her husband to abandon all connexion with the lawless men with whose fortunes he had become involved—but Hartland's mind was then intently fixed on the successful prosecution of a very extensive transaction in which he had embarked nearly all his gains—visions of wealth again floated before his eyes—and the proffered counsel was spurned with anger. At length words arose between Walter and his father, and the latter in the heat of the moment uttered imprecations "not loud but deep" against his son, which ended in a parting as abrupt as it was melancholy. The die was cast. Thomas Hartland henceforth became a professed smuggler.

The occupation of a smuggler is looked upon with very different impressions by the inhabitants of the coast, to those which are commonly associated with it by the dwellers in inland districts; and however demoralizing and pernicious it may really be to those who pursue it, the followers of the "free trade" are, even at the present day, received outwardly with the same degree of notice as those who are engaged in the legitimate pursuits of commerce and industry. This fact was exemplified in the present instance; and those who had received the "Squire" after his misfortunes, with cold words and averted looks, now that run-outs of his returning wealth began to prevail, would have sought his society with the same eagerness as ever. But they overshot their mark with Hartland.

Shortly after Walter's departure, the expected cargo arrived, and was housed, for the first time since the fatal discovery which had formerly led to his ruin, in the cellars of Combe Court, prior to its transmission into the interior of the country. Extensive preparations had been made for this purpose the following evening, when Hartland and several of his leading partners in the undertaking, who were anxiously awaiting the hour fixed for the approach of their confederates, were suddenly alarmed by the receipt of a communication to the effect that the *run* had reached the ears of the revenue officers, and that a force was to be despatched that evening to effect the seizure of the goods. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the little party assembled at Combe Court. The most daring and experienced lost for a moment their presence of mind; and now it was that the singular boldness and decision of the character of their leader first shone clearly out. Although almost every shilling he possessed in the world was at stake, he appeared unusually cool and collected, and was "up and doing," whilst others thought. There was only one chance of saving the property, and that was by opposing force to force. Ruin stared him in the face in the event of a seizure; and should the attempt at resistance prove successful, the machinery already in operation would secure the safety of the goods, and provide for his support in another land.

At that hour it was certainly a bold step. Before the plan of defence had been fixed upon, the assailants might perhaps be within the vicinity of the house. It yet wanted two hours for the time fixed for the arrival of the associates of the smugglers, and there was no time to send for aid, which under other circumstances might easily have been procured from a village devoted to their interests, further on the coast. The party at the Court consisted of only eight persons, excluding Mrs. Hartland and a female servant, whose alarm may well be imagined.

It is as extraordinary as it is lamentable, how soon association with those with whom crime is familiar hardens the heart. Men shrink at first, but their better

feelings rapidly become denuded, and advancing step by step, at last they plunge into the abyss, and enter without fear or hesitation upon undertakings from which they would once have recoiled with horror. Such is but too often the case with those who, like the smuggler, make no scruple in evading the law; and Hartland, who had belonged to the high-born and the far-descended, now had become so far desperate in the pursuit of gain as deliberately to plan a scheme which must certainly be attended with the loss of human life.

The familiarity of the smugglers with scenes of peril and adventure, in some measure made up for the smallness of their number; but it was the capabilities of the building for the purposes of defence, that they mainly relied on. The windows of the tower, which we have already spoken of, were placed at a considerable height from the ground, and intersected by massive stone mullions placed close together; and had the defenders been sufficiently numerous, the place might certainly have been held against a very superior force unsupported by artillery. But there was a short range of building connected with the tower, which was only partly covered by the loop-holes in the latter; the great object, therefore, now, was to secure this part of the dwelling in such a way as to prevent a surprise at some particular point. The preparations for defence were soon completed; the furniture was piled in masses in defence of the doors and windows; and all the fire-arms and other defensible weapons were prepared and arranged for action, and placed for security within the walls of the tower.

The twilight was deepening into darkness when a small party of men marched cautiously, yet rapidly, along a narrow winding road, which led down the valley towards the abode of Hartland. They paused on reaching a point in the road at a short distance in the rear of the building, but which was concealed from the observation of its inmates by the massive proportions of an intervening rock that threw its broad shadow far across the narrow valley. The night was profoundly calm, and the measured, yet scarce-heard tramp of their footsteps, with the hoarse gurgling of a stream which forced its way along the bed of the glen, alone broke the deep stillness. The aged structure seemed wrapped in gloom; and not a single ray of light gave token of human habitation.

"Who goes there?" said Hartland, from one of the loop-holes of the tower, as the strangers marched onward, and neared the principal entrance.

"In the King's name," replied a firm voice, "we demand an entrance, or we will force it."

There was a moment's pause—a death-like stillness—and then the sharp report of a musket, followed by a stifled groan, told the result. The suddenness and unexpected violence of the defence stunned the assailants; and they disappeared in the darkness just as a second flash of light from all the smugglers simultaneously conveyed another lesson of the uselessness, indeed madness, of attempting to force an entrance against odds so immensely in favour of the assailed. The next quarter of an hour was passed by the outlaw and his little band in agonizing anxiety; but all remaining quiet, they concluded that the king's officers had retreated for a reinforcement. A shrill whistle was soon after recognized as a signal of the approach of the people who had been engaged to assist in the removal of the goods; and before many minutes elapsed they began to arrive in considerable numbers.

About two-thirds of the cargo had been removed out of harm's way, when the scouts came in and gave the alarm. The smugglers immediately gathered around their leader—the lights were extinguished—the drivers of the pack-horses scampered away, and all again was still. After a brief but anxious consultation, it was decided that a show of defence should at first

be kept up, and then that the party should escape by the postern of the tower under cover of the darkness. This plan was however hastily abandoned on learning from an almost breathless scout, who had been sent up the glen, that the king's officers were at hand in great force, and therefore that it was probable that they would surround the building. The smugglers instantly fled; but one of the party, more devilish than the rest, without Hartland's knowledge, set several of the bales which yet remained in the cellars, on fire, before he quitted the tower.

The revenue officers advanced with extreme caution and gradually closed round the building. Preparations were made for forcing the principal entrance, when the appearance of a deep glow of light within the tower made them suddenly pause. Presently their suspicions were confirmed, and a dense column of smoke began to issue from the windows and crevices, accompanied by the crackling of timber and other combustibles. The foresight of the officer in command was probably the means of saving several lives. He anticipated, from the great strength and solidity of the walls, that the fire would be confined to the tower; and he apprehended, not without reason, that a quantity of gunpowder might have been left within it. He therefore judged it prudent to await the issue at a safe distance. The men had scarcely withdrawn, when a fearful crash burst on the night air; the massive walls cracked and shivered to their foundation—a mass of blazing materials was driven far upward and scattered around over field and flood. The report of the explosion rattled along the rocks of the shore and valley like successive salvos of artillery; and the sea-mews and other tenants of the crag shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiteration of noises so unusual.

After that disastrous night, Thomas Hartland was heard of no more on the coast of Devon. Years passed away. Walter Hartland returned to his once happy home, and found it deserted and desolate. His parents were supposed to be numbered with the dead—and he now recalled with a bitter pang the quarrel with his father which had led to his departure. He knelt and offered up a prayer to his Creator for forgiveness, and then departed with a heavy heart.

The years 1746-7 were distinguished on the northern coast of Devon, for the extraordinary daring and remarkable dexterity of the smugglers. The efforts of the servants of government, although skilful and persevering, became almost unavailing. Seizures were rarely effected, and then seldom without the effusion of blood. The revenue officers at last declared their belief that the smugglers must be under the protection of his satanic majesty in person; and strange stories began to be circulated concerning a dark figure who was frequently seen taking an active part in directing or assisting their operations. This individual seemed indeed to bear a charmed life; always the last to retreat in time of danger—now in the thick of the affray, dealing blows with fearful effect on his adversaries, and then, like a will-o'-th'-wisp eluding their grasp, he baffled all the efforts to take him, with singular success and daring. Suddenly, however, he disappeared from the coast, and was believed to have perished in a desperate encounter in the month of January, 1747. Such was not the case: the stranger was Thomas Hartland whose romantic history we shall now resume.

Few spots in the British seas then presented greater advantages for the residence of a smuggler than Lundy Island. From its situation, it might be said to form the key of the Bristol Channel; and its capabilities for the purposes either of defence or concealment, were certainly unrivalled. The appearance of Lundy Island, when viewed from seaward, is singularly picturesque and dreary. Surrounded on every side by inaccessible rocks, which often rise almost perpendicularly to a

great height above the level of the ocean, in some parts it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine it one vast fortification, with loop-holes at occasional intervals; whilst in others, the black and overhanging summits of the cliffs, worn into vast caverns and yawning excavations by the assaults of the waves, create fearful apprehensions of their instability in the mind of the spectator from beneath. Here the sea—even during the gentle breezes of summer—is seldom altogether tranquil: and, on the calmest day, the deep intonations, and ceaseless war of the waters as they dash idly against the rocks, come impressively on the ear, when heard on the summit of the steep. But it is in stormy weather that Lundy Island is seen to most advantage; and the wildness and sublimity of the scene at such periods is certainly not surpassed in any part of our western coast—then indeed

“————— when all that sea,
The terrible Atlantic, breaks its rocks
In thund’ring conflict, the unearthly howl
“Might almost wake the dead.”

The only entrance to this remarkable island is a steep winding path through the rocks on the eastern beach, scarcely sufficient to admit the passage of two persons abreast. On every other side it is securely fortified by nature against the assaults of man. A retreat affording such extraordinary facilities for the successful prosecution of his wild and hazardous profession, did not escape the far-sighted glance of Hartland. He, however, deemed it prudent to wait until time should have so changed his appearance and obliterated the remembrance of his history as to render his residence in this natural stronghold a matter of security. He therefore fixed his residence on the coast of Holland, when he first quitted his native country. After many years had elapsed, during which he had commanded a smuggling lugger, which traded to the southern coast of England, he began occasionally to revisit his native shores, his former knowledge of which now conducted most materially to his success. In course of time he confined himself exclusively to this trade, how successfully we have already glanced at. Lundy Island, which had in his early youth been populous, was now desolate and deserted in consequence of the atrocities perpetrated by a French privateer; the proprietor was therefore anxious to obtain an occupant, and closed with Hartland on easy terms.

Our hero soon formed a little colony around him, and before many months elapsed, a group of cottages nestled amongst the rocks near the entrance of the singular pass from the beach. It was a wild little place, and bore all the indications that its inhabitants ploughed the deep and not the land. In outward appearance, indeed, it might have been taken for a fishing village—for nets hanging to dry, strings of fish, the tackling of a boat, or a broken oar, met the eye on either side: but the pursuits of its people were of a less peaceful character, and oftentimes the place was the haunt of men whose lives were as desperate as their fortunes. Hartland, however, although chiefly engrossed with the more lucrative profession of smuggling, did not lose sight of the occupations of his youth; for he introduced live-stock, and even deer into the island, and sometimes himself took in hand the plough and the sickle. His own dwelling was situated within hail of the village, at the summit of the rocks, commanding an extensive view over the waters of the Channel. Here he lived—at once uniting the opposite pursuits of smuggler, farmer, and fisherman; commanding the implicit obedience of the little band of men he had progressively attached to his fortunes, and ensuring their fidelity by the kindness as well as by the firmness of his character. That such an individual, or perhaps we may say, such a community, should have dwelt in security on an island within a few

leagues of the coast of Devon, in the middle of the last century, may well be deemed an anomaly at the present day—but such was nevertheless the fact. Suspicion certainly was excited, and the island had more than once been subjected to the visits of the officers of government; but such were the precautions taken, and such the skill of Hartland, that the search was unattended with any unpleasant result. He met all the inquiries of the officers with apparent openness and unconcern; drew their attention to the flourishing state of his farm and his live stock, and seldom failed to send them away completely blinded by his hospitality and his adroitness. He was not so fortunate, however, with his landlord, who soon discovered that he had let his property at too low a rent: many disputes arose, and several attempts were actually made to dispossess him by main force; but he continued to keep possession; blocked up the pass, and openly set his opponents at defiance.

“Ellen,” said Hartland to his wife, one afternoon in September, “walk with me to St. Helen’s Chapel, the Adventure is expected up the Channel, and I hear that sharks are abroad.”

They walked abroad in silence to the loftiest elevation of the island, and Hartland seated himself on a fragment of the ancient chapel, and anxiously scanned with his glass the surrounding ocean. There was something in the mouldering ruin of that solitary little Christian temple looking out in that wild spot over the waste of waters, that appeared impressively to the feelings even of such a man as Hartland, whose heart, though deeply hardened, was still alive at times to better impulses.

“Hartland,” said Ellen—as he laid down his glass after a long pause—“I have been thinking of the happy day that we passed together at this spot when Walter was four years old: the recollection is mournful even at this lapse of years, when that dear boy is either no more, or knows not whether his unhappy parents are numbered with the living or the dead. Hartland, I am weary of our present miserable life: we are growing old now, and ought to be at peace. You never go out with the lugger, but I expect to see you brought back to me a lifeless corse.”

“Away with this womanish folly, Ellen,” replied Hartland—but there was something about his manner which contradicted his words, for Ellen had opened the flood-gates of his memory.

“You spoke of Walter—and what of Walter?”

“He is living, Ellen. I have heard this morning that the Wasp revenue cruiser is expected in the Channel, and that her commander’s name is Hartland. It must be he.”

The mother clasped her hands.

“And you expect he will pay Lundy a visit?”

“He may be our——ruin, Ellen. I have half a mind to quit the trade before long, now that he is come on the station.”

At this instant his attention became fixed by the appearance of a sail in the distant horizon; at last he laid down his glass, and said: “I must go with the Adventure, to-night, Ellen; my word is pledged with my partners in the venture, but I had rather it had been any other night in the year than this. It may be folly, but I always dread the anniversary of the last fatal night at the Court—nothing ever prospers that is done on that day.”

Ellen Hartland turned pale at this intelligence; but she knew that it was useless to remonstrate with her husband after his word was pledged: for lawless as was his profession, he had never yet been known to break his word.

The evening was drawing on apace when the lugger, loaded with a valuable cargo, neared the eastern beach. It was not without a superstitious thrill of impending misfortune that Hartland pushed off to

his favourite vessel that night;—he seemed to have lost the confident spirit which he usually possessed on similar occasions, and he paced the after-deck apparently unconscious of all around him, until aroused by Captain Penlerrick.

"Donner! master Hartland, you look confoundedly squally to-night!"

"Oh, nothing, Pen. I have not been exactly in trim—but there's a clear sky aloft now. You know the Wasp is expected in the channel. I fancy?"

"Oh ah, but he'll never sting us—donner! he thinks himself d—d deep, that fellow, but he must be a d—d deal deeper before he'll catch Martin Penlerrick."

"Ay, ay, Pen, but the Wasp's in new hands now my boy, they say. Luff George—there," said Hartland, speaking to the helmsman, as the lugger neared the coast, "the old craft's done wonders to-night—we must keep her off for another half hour."

The wind freshened considerably with the turn of the tide, and the appearance of the night was becoming wild, if not stormy. This was not observed without some anxiety by the smugglers; calm weather was of essential importance in landing a cargo; however, the run on the present occasion was to be made at perhaps the most favourable spot on the whole line of coast for such an undertaking; so that unless the night turned out actually stormy, there was little to apprehend in the shape of danger. Hartland forgot all his forebodings in the anxious excitement of the moment as the Adventure stood in for the shore. The tide fanned by the freshness of the breeze, rolled onwards in its advance, with aggravated violence from the main; the lugger which was deeply laden, rolled heavily, and was frequently struck by a heavy sea fore and aft. Right a-head, glimmering through the darkness and the scud, a solitary signal-light on the coast could now be discerned; the Adventure then hoisted a lantern, and bore down upon it. Although, as we have stated, Carn Cove was singularly adapted for the successful prosecution of a smuggling adventure, yet it required no small degree of local skill and knowledge, on a dark and boisterous night, to steer a vessel safely within the entrance of the natural basin or harbour where the landing was to be effected. On one side a lofty ledge of rocks, which contracted into a curve at their extremity, shot out into deep water; and on the opposite side, a large and steep mass of shingles, thickly covered with sand and bent, rose as the coast receded. A considerable rivulet trickled over the hard sandy bottom at ebb tides, along the foot of this narrow opening, which afforded, except in very stormy weather, a tolerably secure shelter to a few coasters or small craft. This place was situated about half a mile from Combe Court, and Hartland's life had probably been originally partly influenced by the facilities which it offered to the trade of the smuggler.

Captain Penlerrick himself took the helm as the vessel rapidly neared the Cove; "Port, there, port steady!" sung out Hartland, as she entered the deeply agitated element; and dashing through the breakers, in another minute her sails were down, and she was brought up in comparatively smooth water within the narrow channel. The contrast was as striking as it was instantaneous. All was now bustle and confusion. The sand-hills became covered in a few minutes, as if by magic, by a numerous party; the hatches were thrown open, and in an incredibly short space of time, the disembarkation of the cargo commenced, and Hartland, accompanied by the mate, came ashore.

It was a wild scene;—the hoarse voice of the waters in the channel mingling with the crash of the breakers as they burst against the rocky coast with fearful violence; the flashing of the lights as they appeared and disappeared in the darkness, with almost supernatural rapidity, sometimes gleaming on the lofty and dim-seen rocks and dancing waters, sometimes

reflecting the wild features and figures of the smugglers engaged on the beach; the rattling and howling of the wind amongst the half-bent sails and tackling of the lugger, against which columns of sparkling spray were frequently bursting, and the swinging of the lantern on her foremast—all combined to give a strange and vivid effect to the scene, which was greatly augmented by its wild and hazardous character. More than half the cargo had been landed and conveyed away to a place of safety, when a suppressed cry of danger arose amongst the smugglers further on the beach, which instantaneously reached the watchful ears of Hartland, who was standing, almost surrounded with the drift, at its edge. He comprehended at a thought that they had been betrayed. But he had not time for reflection, for his stern voice had scarcely given the word to "douse the lights," before the advanced party of the king's officers closed with the foremost of the smugglers. In a moment every light was extinguished either aloft or ashore. The smugglers were completely "taken aback," and the well-known voice of their commander to "stand fast," was for the first time lost or unheeded in the confusion. Hartland, however, did not lose his self-possession; and, aided by the mate, had overpowered three of his assailants, who were on the point of gaining the boat, but such was the darkness of the night that the blows aimed for a foe might prove fatal to a friend. Hartland saw that all depended on the possession of the boat, and he had just stepped on her gunwale with the mate, and was on the point of shoving off, when he was seized from behind by an iron grasp. He lost his balance, and fell with his assailant on the verge of the surf, before his comrade had time to effect any thing in his aid. A deadly struggle now ensued, and Hartland had just freed himself from the gripe of his enemy, who fell into the water with a heavy plunge, when others of the king's officers seized him, and he was dragged upon the shore by their joint efforts. The beach was clear of smugglers, and the Adventure was standing out to sea!

The morning found Hartland a prisoner in the home of his fathers. He had passed the night in a state of mental stupefaction, for he had been recognized when conveyed to the Court by a man who had formerly been his tenant. As he lay alone in darkness and in solitude, the recollection of the murder of the king's officer on that very spot pressed upon his mind with painful intensity. He saw nothing but a felon's death before him; and he called to mind the counsel and the warnings of his excellent wife with the deepest remorse and agony of spirit. Exhausted by the vividness of his sensations, he had late in the morning dropped into a troubled and uneasy slumber, when he was aroused by the entrance of one of the sentinels, who informed him that a female was without, seeking for admission. Almost before he had time to inquire the name of the stranger, his wife, enveloped in a huge cloak softly opened the door, and he could scarcely believe the vision to be real until his own Ellen fell, almost fainting, into his arms. Hartland wept aloud.

"My Hartland," she whispered, after the sentinel had retired, "I am come to save you. Penlerrick has behaved nobly, and will be off Blackwater Cove to-night when the tide flows."

Hartland stared in mute astonishment.

"What is the meaning of this, Ellen? how am I to escape from this place? If you reckon upon bribing the guards you will find yourself disappointed, and any attempt at rescue would now be madness."

"I have thought of neither, love. Change a part of your dress with me—wrap this cloak about you, and trust to me for the rest."

Hartland at first remonstrated, but his wife's reso-

lution was formed; the transformation was quickly effected, and he was about to clasp the being, who had given so beautiful a proof of the depth of woman's affection and constancy, to his bosom for the last time, when she said, "Hartland, I have two solemn requests to make, before we part. Promise me—nay, swear it by Him who is almighty and all-merciful, that from this day, you quit the accursed trade for ever!"

Hartland pressed his wife's hand in mute acquiescence.

"I have one more request. Our dear Walter is, I understand, on the look out for the Adventure—little thinking that she is the last hope of his unhappy father—and it is possible—which God in his mercy avert!—that you may meet as enemies. Swear, then, my husband, that you lift not your hand against your son in the hour of danger; do this, and forget not your creator, Hartland," she added in a low and deeply agitated tone, "and then I can die in peace."

Hartland again assented, and they hastily parted.

The smuggler passed the sentinels in the outer room, and was beginning to breathe with renewed hope, when, as he was emerging from the building, he caught the voices of two of the officers who had taken him the preceding night. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He stooped considerably, and buried his face in his wife's handkerchief, as if distracted with grief.

"What strapping wench have we here, Tom?" said the foremost of the officers, when Hartland advanced from the threshold—"Avast there, old girl; been administering some comfort within, eh?"

"Keep back, Jones," said his companion, as the former was about to advance and have a nearer view of the supposed female; "let her alone—she is the prisoner's wife, poor thing!"

Hartland passed on as if unconscious of the presence of any one.

"She may well be in the downs," said the second officer, as the subject of their conversation was almost beyond hearing—"that her husband 'll swing for the old business, I'd lay a guinea to a groat."

With this comfortable assurance, Hartland disappeared round an angle of the building.

It was with deep anxiety that this bold though altered man waited the turn of the tide that night. Blackwater Cove, which had been fixed upon for his embarkation, was situated in a very wild and precipitous part of the coast but seldom trodden by the foot of man. He had reached the appointed place of refuge early in the afternoon; it was an aged structure, which had been erected—at what period and for what purpose was unknown—in a narrow descent amongst the rocks leading to the beach, which it almost overhung. The hours passed away with painful tardiness;—time appeared to the restless mind of the outlaw to stand still; and in the occasional gusts of wind which wailed wildly through the rain, he more than once fancied he heard the sounds of his pursuers. As he listened to the sullen moaning and dashing of the waves on the rocky shore below, he thought of his wife, alone and deserted on the wide world, and of his son whom he was perhaps never destined to behold more, till he wept—stern as had been his soul—in very bitterness. And now it was that the pure and the upright man would have clung to that hope which never forsakes the righteous—but there had too long been no place in his heart for holy thoughts; he looked not for consolation where alone it was to be found, and therefore he was desolate.

Hartland wandered forth from his retreat at night-fall, and climbed to the summit of the cliffs, which commanded an extensive view over the channel beneath. It was not long before the moon rose, but she sailed amongst extensive masses of dark clouds, which

imparted an endless variety of tints to the scenery. The night was altogether as favourable as could be wished;—the wind was on the best quarter for the approach of the lugger, and was fresh, without being boisterous. About half-flood, after Hartland had looked till he was weary on the gleaming sea, his anxiety was painfully excited by the appearance of a human figure on the summit of the lofty cliff on the opposite side of the cove. He gazed at the object for some time to convince himself that it was not a point of the rock, but it was not long before its movements, which were clearly thrown out on the sky-line assured him of its reality. A thousand agitating thoughts now floated across his mind. Had his steps been traced, or did the stranger belong to some party on the watch for the lugger? The former supposition was possible, but the latter seemed altogether improbable; but there the figure remained, and it was quite certain that no person would station himself in such a position at such an hour, unless for the purposes of observation. Whilst he was thus engaged in anxious thought, the Adventure at last came in sight under a press of canvas; Hartland rushed to the beach with all the eagerness of despair, and when he looked up to the dark summit of the distant rock, the figure had disappeared.

The lugger hove-to when she approached near the vast shadow cast by the cliffs, and a boat immediately put off from her to the shore, opposite the ruined building. It was not until Hartland had embarked, and the boat had shot off from the beach, perhaps two cables' length, that he became aware that another boat had come into the cove. The circumstance was observed at the same moment by the crew both of the lugger and her boat; Captain Penlerick instantly signalled Hartland, and putting the helm up, bore down upon him. The stranger now came distinctly in sight: she was a large galley, apparently well manned, under a press of canvas, and evidently aware of the sailing qualities of her larger chase. The struggle now became intensely interesting. The smugglers strained every nerve, and did all that art could accomplish, but the experienced eye of their commander told him that it would be next to a miracle if they could get alongside the lugger before her opponents; for the galley, impelled by a favouring breeze, gained upon her chase with fearful rapidity. Penlerick also, by edging in further towards the shore, now saw that he had placed himself in the most imminent hazard of being taken; but he was determined to run all risks to save Hartland. The lugger now fired at the king's boat; and the contest had nearly at once been decided, for the party in the galley heard the shot whiz close a-head of her bow. The echo of the discharge had scarcely died away amongst the rocks, when Hartland's boat was close alongside, the galley having dropped slightly astern by hugging the wind too closely under the lee of the land. The heart of the outlaw, which had been alternately rent with hope and anxiety during this brief but animating chase, revived when he heard his favourite vessel; and he forgot, in the deep excitement of the moment, all his promises and his perils, when he saw that there was now no alternative but to struggle hand to hand with the officer of his king. The crew of the lugger, who had watched the exertions of their shipmates with breathless interest, cheered loudly when the little boat ran alongside; the lugger instantly paid off, in order to get the wind again abaft the beam, but before she had got way, the galley was up with her. Hartland had only just stepped on the deck of the lugger, when the officer in command of the king's boat, followed by several others, cutlass in hand, boarded on her lee-quarter. It was no time to hesitate;—at the very instant Hartland raised his pistol at the young officer, the moon, which had for several minutes been obscured by a cloud, shone brightly out: he started, and a conviction—

fearful yet indefinite—of familiarity with that face, came across him; but his hand was on the trigger, and in the agitation of the moment, he fired! The gallant young man reeled backwards, and fell dead on the deck, with a deep and piercing cry. By this time, the captain and crew had taken part in the defence. A brief but desperate encounter took place; and the king's men, stunned by the loss of their leader, and taken at disadvantage in point of numbers, were beaten; but not before the deck was crimsoned with the blood of both parties. The wind was freshening, and before many minutes had elapsed, the lugger, with every thread out she could muster, was flying

through the waves with accelerated speed; and by the time that Harland was awake to the full consciousness of his deed, she was rapidly distancing her opponent.

The remainder of our story is soon told. Harland was seen no more on the coast of England; and it was popularly believed that he ended his days and endeavoured to atone for his crimes within the walls of a convent in Portugal. Mrs. Harland, who had been liberated soon after the discovery of the artifice by which she had effected her husband's escape, is said to have died suddenly, on hearing of the lamentable death of her son; and Lundy Island once more became deserted and desolate.

THE TWO HARPS.

BY MRS. NORTON.

AND dost thou say my heart is cold,
Because thine eye cannot discover,
(As round its jealous glance is rolled
On glittering crowds,) one welcome lover?
And dost thou think I cannot love
Because *thy* suit my lips reprove?

Oh! valueless the wind-harp's tone
Which swept by summer's careless breezes,
Gives forth a wild uncertain moan,
As often as the zephyr pleases.
Who marks its faint and ceaseless sigh?
Once heard, it hath no melody.

But when the stricken lyre, which long
Hath hung upon the wall decaying,
Breathes out its soul of love and song,
Obedient to the minstrel's playing;
And to its master's touch alone
Responds with fond and plaintive tone:

Then, *then* the power of music breaks
The spell that bound our calmer feeling,
And every slumbering passion wakes
In answer to its wild appealing:
Till our swollen hearts, too full for words,
Die trembling on those quivering chords.

Years bring no change.—Even tho' we stand
Where cold the minstrel's form is lying,
Fancy shall see that skilful hand
Once more among the sweet strings flying;
And music's floating notes shall come,
To mock the silence of his tomb!

And many an hour, and many a day,
Shall memory please herself by bringing
Small scattered fragments of the lay
That hung upon that wild harp's ringing;
Tho' summer breeze caress in vain,
And soulless hands awake no strain.

Even so the heart, that sad and cold
Warms not beneath thy careless wooing,
Hath known love's power in days of old,
And worshipped—to its own undoing;
And many a passion, quiet now,
Hath glowed upon my faded brow.

And still perchance the day may come,
When, from its halls of silence taken,
That heart, in its deserted home,
To life and love and joy shall waken:
It hath the music at command—
But *thine* is not the master's hand!

A VOICE FROM THE WINE PRESS.

'Twas for this they reared the vine,
Fostered every leaf and shoot,
Loved to see its tendrils twine,
And cherished it from branch to root!
'Twas for this, that from the blast
It was screened and taught to run,
That its fruit might ripen fast,
O'er the trellis, to the sun.

And for this they rudely tore
Every cluster from the stem;
'Twas to crush us till we pour
Out our very blood for them!
Well, though we are tortured thus,
Still our essence shall endure,
Vengeance they shall find, with us,
May be slow, but will be sure.

And the longer we are pent
From the air and cheering light,
Greater, when they give us vent,
For our rest shall be our might.
And our spirits, they shall see,
Can assume a thousand shapes:
These are words of verity,
Uttered by the dying grapes.

Many a stately form shall reel,
When our power is felt within;
Many a foolish tongue reveal
What the recent draught has been;
Many a thoughtless, yielding youth,
With his promise all in bloom,
Go from paths of peace and truth
To an early, shameful tomb.

We the purse will oft unclasp,
All its golden treasure take,
And, the husband in our grasp,
Leave the wife with heart to break.
While his babes are pinched with cold,
We will bind him to the bowl,
Till his features we behold
Glowing like a living coal.

We will bid the gown-man put
To his lip a glass or two,
Then, we'll stab him in the foot,
Till it oversteps the shoe.
And we'll swell the doctor's bill,
While he parries us in vain;
He may cure, but we will kill
Till our thousands we have slain.

When we've drowned their peace and health,
Strength and hopes within the bowl,
More we'll ask than life or wealth,
We'll require the very soul!
Ye, who from our blood are free,
Take the charge we give you now;
Taste not, till ye wait and see
If the grapes forget their vow.

THE COUNTERPART COUSINS.

ALMOST every house, in a little village situate in the lower part of Somersetshire, near the borders of Devon, was tenanted, two or three generations back, either by a Blake or a Delavan. Individuals of one or the other of these names, occupied all the best farms, and all the minor lucrative posts, in the parish. The shoemaker, the carpenter, the thatcher, and the landlord of the public house, were Blakes; and the parish clerk, the glazier, the tailor, and the keeper of "the shop," where almost every thing was sold, Delavans. Numerous matrimonial alliances were formed among the young people of the two families. As the Blakes were manly, and the Delavans handsome, it happened, rather luckily, that the children of the former were, for the most part, boys, and those of the latter, girls.—If a male child were born among the Delavans, he grew up puny in frame and womanly in features; and there was not an individual, among the few females of the Blake family, who did not bear the strongly marked features and robust frame, characteristic of the race from which she sprang. The young men of the house of Delavan were too much like their sisters, to be good-looking fellows; and the damsels of the other name resembled their brothers too closely, to be beautiful women; they were, apparently stout enough in form, and sufficiently bold in heart, had not the days of chivalry been past, to have been esquires to "mettlesome knights of hie renown;" while the striplings of the other family were more adapted, from their lady-like limbs and gentle looks, to be bower-pages to those high-born dames, for whose honour and amusement, their chivalric lords occasionally broke each other's pates in the tourney.

Notwithstanding these disparities, some strong attraction seemed to exist between the blood of the two families; not only did the "manly Blakes" take unto themselves wives from among the "handsome Delavans,"—this was natural enough,—but the young yeomen of the tribe of Delavan, intermarried with the spinsterhood of the Blakes. Perhaps it was Hobson's choice with the youths,—these or none;—there being scarcely another name in the village except those of the "two great houses"—Delavan and Blake; and in those days, but few of its young folks travelled far beyond the landmarks of their native place.

The Blakes and Delavans, at length, grew so numerous, that the village did not offer sufficient resources for their support, and several of them emigrated; some to the neighboring towns, but the greater part to the metropolis, where they were soon lost in its mighty tide of population, which is constantly recruited by "supplies from the country," as the river, whose banks it ennobles, is supported by the tributary streams which eternally flow into its huge bed. A great number of the descendants of those females of the Blake family, who had intermarried with Delavans, still remained; but it was in vain to seek for the fine Herculean forms, which tradition had assigned to the Blakes, or the surpassing beauty, which, according to old tales, was once possessed by the female Delavans. It is true, that the features of each family were to be seen, scattered among various individuals; but no perfect specimen, in the prime of life, of either race, could be found. Two or three gaunt fellows, the oldest men in the parish, who were issue of the first unions between the two houses, still stalked about, with melancholy countenances, thinking but little of the present, and more often of the past than the future; but as their fathers had been Delavans, and their mothers Blakes, it was said that they did not possess those excellencies of form or feature, with which their cousins, who were

Blakes by the father's side, and Delavans by the mother's, were reported to have been endowed.

A single individual of the Blake family, in whose veins none of the Delavan blood flowed, remained alive; that individual was a woman, fettered by age and infirmities, to a chair on the kitchen hearth of one of her descendants. Dame Deborah was venerated as a relic of old times, rather than beloved. The beings about her had come into the world when she was aged; and those, to whom she had given life, had passed away before her; leaving their mother to the care of a third generation. To her, those little acts of kindness, which are so endearing in the first stage of human decay, through "length of days," were rarely performed, because she was too withered in mind and feeling to appreciate them. She lived among relations, but had no friends. All her wants were scrupulously provided for; but the attentions, which her grandchildren and great-grandchildren paid her, were acts of duty rather than affection. The days of her glory, even as an old woman, were over: she had ceased to become a domestic adviser; the last child she had nursed, for one of her daughters, was now "a stout and stalwart" young fellow, nearly six feet high; and those to whom she had told tales of other times, when her memory and breath were both equal to the task, were getting old themselves, and beginning to relate the same chronicles, round the kitchen fire, on winter nights; generally without acknowledging, and often forgetting, to whom they were indebted for that legendary lore, the possession of which so exalted them in the opinions of the young.

From the dark cloud, which usually obscured Dame Deborah's mental faculties, a gleam of youthful memory occasionally shot up, which much amazed many of her descendants. One evening, a warm discussion took place in the kitchen where she sat, as to the precise ages of Ralph Delavan and his cousin Harry. After a world of talk, without an atom of conclusion, Dame Deborah placed her hand upon the arm of one of the disputants, and said, in a tremulous but distinct tone: Susanna Delavan, who was big Anthony Blake's seventh child, and only daughter, and married one of the young Delavans of Delavan Hatch, had a boy on the second day of our Whitsun revel, the same hour that her cousin Polly had twins—both boys—but only one of them lived to be christened. I stood godmother to the two babes. Susey's boy was called Ralph, after my first husband, and Polly's after my second godman, Harry. That was the year when lightning struck the steeple, and Matty Drew, the witch, was drowned. She told the children's fortunes, and said of them—

'Merry meeting—sorry parting;
Second greeting—bitter smiting;
Third struggle——'

Dame Deborah could not finish Matty Drew's prediction; and this was the seventh time, within as many years, that she had attempted to do so, but in vain; a fit of coughing or abstraction invariably seizing her on these occasions, before she could articulate the remainder of the line. The debaters stared with wonder on each other at the old dame's unusual fluency; for she had not spoken, except in monosyllables, during many preceding months; and they looked upon it as an omen of Deborah's death, or some great calamity to one of her living descendants. On examining the church books, they found her account to be correct, so far as regarded the baptism of the two boys, and the interment of one of Polly's twins; and some of her

neighbors recollected that the church was struck, as Deborah had related, in the same year that Matty Drew was drowned, by a farmer and his two sons, who supposed she had bewitched them and their cattle; and ducked her, under the idea that, if she were a witch, she could not be drowned; little thinking of the consequences to themselves, if she did not survive the ordeal. Two of them, afterwards, fled the country; the third was taken and tried. He stated, in his defence, that he had reason to believe Matty was a witch, for her predictions were always verified by events; and that once, when his mother could not succeed in her churning, he and his father twisted a hazel switch, as tight as their strength would permit, about the churn, and behold, at last, in came Matty, shrieking and writhing, as if in agony, and beseeching them to unloose the gad; which, she admitted, was sympathetically torturing her own waist. He called no witnesses to this fact; and, notwithstanding the ingenious argument which his counsel had written out for him, wherein it was stated that "an unlettered clown" might well be forgiven for entertaining the same opinions as some of the kings of England, and one of her most eminent judges, in old days, the young man was convicted and executed, for acting under an impression that those powers existed, for the possession of which, a century before, helpless old women were found guilty by twelve of their fellow countrymen, and doomed, by a strong-minded judge, to be burned;—more than one of the old creatures having crawled, it is said, when led from the cold dungeon, to warm their chilled limbs by the fire that was kindling to consume them.

Ralph Delavan and Harry Delavan, the objects of Matty Drew's doggerel prophecy, are the heroes of our tale—the Counterpart Cousins;—rather alike in disposition, but bearing no resemblance to each other in outward appearance. Ralph inherited all the strength and height of the Blakes, without their fine form, or the handsome features of the Delavans. His shoulders were broad, but round, and his neck did not seem to rise exactly in their centre: his arms were long, muscular, and well shaped; but his legs were crooked, and too brief in proportion to his body. His maternal ancestor's features were rather of the Roman order, and the wags of the village said, that Ralph had a Blake's nose run to seed:—it was thin, sharp, and disagreeable. Every body confessed that he had the Delavans' merry black eyes;—but his mouth gaped, and looked like a caricature of their pouting and slightly parted lips. The Delavans' teeth were brilliant and pearly; the Blakes' quite the contrary:—the lips of the former delicately exhibited their dental treasures; while those of the latter were so close and clenched, that it was difficult to obtain a glance at the awkward squad which they concealed. Ralph, unfortunately, inherited the bad teeth of the Blakes, and the open lips of the Delavans; as well as the fair hair of the former, and the dark eyes and long black lashes of the latter: so that Ralph was rather a singular looking being:—precisely, or nearly such a person as the reader must have occasionally met with;—exhibiting an union of some of the beauties, and many of the deformities, of two or three of the tribes of man.

Harry was very different in person, but not a jot more beautiful than Ralph. His body was broader and more robust than that of a Blake, when the family was in a flourishing state; but it was remarkable short, and shapeless as a log. His head seemed to be squeezed into his shoulders by some giant hand, and his light but well-proportioned Delavan legs exhibited a striking contrast to the clumsy bulk of his huge trunk. The butcher said, that Harry would resemble his big block, with a calf's head on its surface, only that it stood on three legs, and Harry possessed but two. His arms were thick, bony, and stunted; and

his hands of such an immense size, that he was often called "Molepaw" by his competitors in the wrestling ring. Harry had the large blue eyes of the Blake family, and a thick, short, snub nose; which, the good gossips said, could be traced to nobody. There was a striking resemblance in his other features to the by-gone Delavans: his mouth and chin were really handsome; but an unmeaning smile usually played about his lips; and he had a vacant sort of look, that betokened good humour allied to silliness. But when Harry's blood was warmed by an angry word or two and an extra cup of drink, though he did not "look daggers," he frowned furiously, and looked, as well as talked, broomsticks, cudgels, kicks on the shin-bone, and various other "chimeras dire." In such a mood, Harry was dangerous to deal with, and avoided by all those who were peaceably disposed.

In this particular, Ralph was his counterpart. There was not a more kind or sociable being in three counties than Ralph Delavan, when he was sober; but liquor made him quarrelsome and rash; it whetted his appetite to give and receive kicks and bruises; and if he could not rouse any one, by insults and taunting, to wrestle, fight, or play a bout at back-sword, or cudgels with him,—he lashed himself up into a fury, attacked, and either scattered those who were about him like chaff, or got felled by a sturdy thwack of fist or cudgel, and fastened down until reason returned hand-in-hand with shame and remorse. To both of the cousins liquor was pure Lethe: they never remembered any thing that occurred, from the time of their passing the rubicon of intoxication, until the moment of their waking the next day.

Ralph and Harry considered themselves as relations to each other, on the credit of certain of the gossiping oral genealogists of the village, who proved, in a very roundabout way, to their auditors, but entirely to their own conviction, that Ralph and Harry were, what are called, in the West Country,—second and third cousins. Each of them was the offspring of a match between a male Delavan and a female Blake; and both were bad specimens of the two fine families, whose more gifted descendants, in regard to personal appearance, the issue of those unions which had been formed between "the manly Blakes" and "the handsome Delavans," were the individuals who had quitted the village, impelled by a spirit of adventure, when they felt themselves too crowded in their native place, on account of the increase of its population.

Delavan was now the paramount name in the parish; there was not a single Blake in its little community, except old Dame Deborah, whose boast it had been, when she could babble apace, that she was the last of either of the pure stocks left. She had often stated, in the autumn of her life,—that season when the mind yields its richest fruits of memory,—that the good old Blakes began to lose the ascendant, from the time of the battle of Culloden. It will appear strange that the downfall of the Pretender's forces in the north, should be associated, in Deborah's mind, with that of her family, whose abiding place was in the west. We will explain this nearly in the old Dame's own words:—"On the 16th of April, in the forty-six, my brother Gilbert,"—thus her story ran,—"who was then an officer in the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons, which rank he had attained, partly by money, partly by merit, did such service under the great Hawley, against the lads in tartans, that he was promised promotion by the famous Duke, who gave him his pistols, in the field, as an earnest of more favours to come. A few days after, while the dragoons were scouring the country, in quest of prisoners of consequence, it was whispered, by some who envied him, that Gilbert had been won by the honeyed words and rich jewels of a noble northern lady, to let her husband, whom he had taken, escape. This report reached Gilbert's ears; and the

next day, while he was mounting his horse, an orderly came with commands for him to attend the Duke with all speed. Gilbert directly drew out his men, gave some orders of importance, which were afterwards executed, and proved very beneficial to the service, and directed his junior officer to lead the soldiers off to perform it: he then stepped aside, and, with one of the pistols the Duke had given him on the sixteenth, blew out his brains! On the very evening the news arrived of my brother's death by his own hands, a sad disaster happened to the Blakes:—my father was, that afternoon, beating an apprentice, rather too severely, perhaps, in a field where some of his labourers were hacking-in wheat; when one who was among them—a little fellow who was not much more than five feet high, but remarkable for his good features and fine form—left his work, and advancing to my tall and powerful father, reproached him, in so insolent a manner, for beating the boy, who was a favourite with the labourer, that the bad blood of the Blakes became immediately roused, and he inflicted a blow or two on the man's shoulder's with his stick; the fellow stepped back a few paces, and then running against my father at full speed, drove his head into the pit of the old man's stomach with such violence, that it laid him dead upon the spot. I don't know why, or wherefore, but true it is, that the labourer was acquitted of blame on his trial; and he was the first of the Delavans known in these parts. The same evening, my aunt Elinor, the widow of Frank Cooper, who had sailed round the world with Anson, died away in her chair, without any previous illness. Had my father been killed an hour later, he would have heard of the suicide of his son; and had not my aunt Elinor died before sunset, she would have known, that both her brother and her nephew had gone before her to the grave: but both of them were saved from the bitterness of such news on their dying day. From that time, the Blakes dwindled, and the Delavans rose. They have matched and mated much since; but it is said, perhaps truly, that the Delavans are doomed to root out the Blakes, and then destroy themselves;—they met in the valley of death, and blood will be mixed in their stirrup-cup. My grandson Ralph has now more of the Blakes in him than any other man; and thick Harry, although he has a double dash of us in his veins, is more of a Delavan than any other I know. They are both Delavans in name, but not truly so in nature—Ralph looks upon himself, and is looked up to, as the head of the poor remnant of my father's race; and Harry is in the same situation, as a descendant of the labourer, who took his master's life, on that master's own land. They have both a great many of the bad qualities, and but few of the virtues, of the two families;—and I, for one, say—God keep them from drinking deep out of the same cup!—for liquor is likely to be their bane."

This sort of language was too frequently repeated, and the witch Matty Drew's prophecy too often alluded to, by old Deborah, in those days when her tongue still talked triumphantly, although her limbs were incapable of motion, not to produce a deep and lasting impression upon her hearers. One half of the village was in a constant state of alarm, after Ralph had returned, a man, from the "up-long" counties, to which he had departed, a boy, in order to learn some improved mode of cultivating land, lest the two cousins should meet and quarrel in their cups. If they were seen in the village, passing a few moments in friendly chat, a scout immediately acquainted the parties most interested with the circumstances; and, in a short time, one of them was drawn off, by a feitious story, of lambs tumbling into ditches, cows getting their legs entangled in hurdles, or children fallen into firs.

Ralph and Harry both loved the pastimes of their native place; they could wrestle, and play at back-

sword in very laudable style; but Ralph was the better wrestler, and Harry surpassed in the use of the single-stick. Devon being noted for its wrestlers, and Somerset for its single-stick players, the cousins were attracted in different directions, to enjoy that pastime in which each excelled; so that, up to the fortieth year of their lives,—and they were, as it will be remembered, precisely of the same age,—they had never, much to the satisfaction of their friends, met in the ring as rivals. Especial care had always been taken that they did not join the same convivial parties; they often attempted to make merry together, for Ralph and Harry really felt an affection for each other's society, but the women invariably out-manceuvred them, and the two cousins were greater strangers to each other, than either of them was to any man else in the village of his own age and station.

Their forty-first birth-day arrived: Harry attended a review of the yeomanry-cavalry, in which he was a corporal, and Harry went to market for the purpose of selling some steers. On returning home, they were obliged to cross each other's track. They dwelt at opposite ends of the long, straggling village; which were approached by two different lanes: of these, the letter X will serve as a tolerably good substitute for a ground plan;—the market town being situate at the top of the left, and the common, on which the review was held, on that of the right, limb of the latter; at the lower end of which the village meandered along through meadows and corn-fields; Harry's abode being at the right, and Ralph's at the left end of it. The two lanes were crossed, at the point of intersection, by a third, which, on account of its being two or three yards wider, and a little more frequented than either of them, was dignified with the title of "the high road;" and in this "undeniable situation," as George Robins would say, stood a snug public house, called Sawney's Cross; the front of which commanded a view, across the high road, for some distance up the lanes which led to the market town and common.

Harry was proceeding down one lane, at a speedy, shuffling pace, betwixt a gallop and a trot, on a powerful blind galloway: while Ralph approached the line of intersection, from the common, by the other, on a gaunt, half-bred horse, nearly sixteen hands high, a strong galloper, and quite ungovernable when put upon his mettle. The galloway and the tall horse were both "homeward bound;" and "snuffing the manger from afar," each of them was going along, impatient of check, and at, what jockies would call, "a tip-top pace."

Ned Creese, the landlord of Sawney's Cross, stood at his door, and beheld the ominous approach of the two travellers: he was mathematician enough to discover, that equi-distant as they were, from the point where their lines of direction intersected each other in the middle of the main road, and approaching toward such point with equal speed, something unpleasant must needs occur to one of the parties, at the transit. He beckoned, and called out to each of them as loudly as he could: but Harry was shortsighted, and could not see his motions; and Ralph was rather hard of hearing, and could not make out what he meant; so that neither of them pulled up; and, as they were concealed from each other by the high hedges of the lanes, neither Harry nor Ralph was aware of the danger that menaced them, until they emerged from the bottom of the lanes. Ralph foresaw the event first, and, with might and main, attempted to pull his horse out of the way: he partly succeeded, but by checking his steed, and making him swerve from the direct line in which he was going, he gave Harry a decided advantage in the ensuing shock. The cousins had just time to ejaculate "Hoy, Ralph!" and "Hilloa, Harry!" when the blind galloway bore his off-shoulder against the tall troop-horse's hind qua-

ters, and just such a catastrophe took place as Creese had anticipated—Harry was thrown over his galloway's head; and Ralph, with his horse, and the galloway at his heels, were carried to the brink of a horse-pond by the road side. Ralph fell in the mud, and the horses went over him into the water; where they lay struggling together for a few moments; they then got up without assistance, and each limped homeward, leaving their owners to come after them as well as they could.

"Hoy, Ralph!" and "Hilloa, Harry!" were the first words the cousins uttered.

"Art hurt, lad?" asked Ralph—"No," was the reply;—"Art thee?"

"Sound as oak; only a bloody nose, and a bump on the forehead."

"That's right, then; I don't feel much the matter myself; but dowl take thy blind galloway, for all that!"

"He's worth his weight in gold;—didn't 'ee see how he capsized you and your troop horse?"

"You charged me in flank when I was filing off; if I had met 'ee full butt, Harry, I should ha' sent thee and thy galloway clean into the muck, and gone on without abating pace, or feeling a jerk in my balance."

"What, and not ha' turned round to say 'Hilloa, Harry!'"

"Odd! yes, to be sure—I'd say 'Hilloa Harry!'—and what will 'ee drink, besides."

"Well—and what shall we?"

"I don't mind;—but let's ha' something, and make merry together for once."

"Wi' all my heart!—Here we be, safe from busy meddlers; and dash me if I don't feel inclined to make a day of it."

"Give me your hand;—this capsized was a bit of luck, weren't it?"

"Ay, to be sure—brought two good fellows together. What shall we have?—It's cold.—What d'ye say to Hopping John, made Tom Nottle's fashion?—Landlord, mix a pint of brandy wi' half a gallon of your best cider, sugared to your own taste; and—d'ye mind?—pop in about a dozen good roasted apples, hissing hot, to take the chill off."

In a short time, the two cousins were seated by the fire, in a little room behind the bar of the Sawney's Cross, with a smoking bowl of liquor on the table before them, and Ned Creese assisting them to empty it. By degrees, the cousins became elevated, and their chat was enlivened by budding jokes and choice flowers of rustic song. Harry's forehead frequently reminded him, in the midst of his glee, of the adventure in the road; and he recurred to it, for the fifth time, since the sitting, as Ned brought in a second brewage of hot Hopping John.—"I'd lay a wager I know where my blind galloway is, just about now," quoth he;—"it's odd to me if he isn't stopping at the Dragon's Head, where he always pulls up, and tempts me to call for a cup of cider, and a mouthful of hay."

"Gentlemen," said Creese, "I'll give you a toast—a Devonshire one—and it's this:—A back fall, or a side fall, or any fall but a fall out."

"For my part," continued Ned, after his toast was duly honored,—"I expected no less than a fight, if you were able to stand, after what I saw would happen;—but I hardly hoped to see both get on your legs, with nothing but one bloody nose between the pair of you."

"I must say, landlord, I feel very comfortably, indeed, considering," said Harry.

"And I came down very much to my own satisfaction," quoth Ralph, "only that I soiled my uniform."

"It struck me," observed Ned Creese, "that you must have gone over head and ears into the pond, which is deeper than it should be in the middle; but I consoled myself;—for, thinks I, if so be that he

should, the frogs on his dragoon jacket will save him, if swimming can do it. If you'd both broke your necks I couldn't but giggle to see you. It's my belief 'twould have made a horse laugh; as my sign says, it was truly 'good entertainment for man and beast.'—Don't be hipped because I'm jocular: joking's a malady with many a man, and here stands one of 'em; we can no more help it than an ague fit. But come, folks; here's 'The West Country Orchards!'—and then let's rouse the trickets with the old apple-tree hymn.—I'll begin." So saying, Creese commenced, and, assisted by Ralph and Harry, chaunted forth the following rhymes, in a manner that would have amazed Mozart, although it gladdened the hearts of the rustic guests in the Sawney's Cross kitchen.

I.

The white rose was, aye, a dainty flower,
And the hawthorn a bonny tree;
A grove of oaks is a rich dame's dower;
But the barley-straw for me!

II.

From his acorn-cup let the Elfin sip,
And the oak-fruit be munched by swine;
The thrush may have both the haw and hip,
Give me but the jolly vine!

III.

Ale you may brew, from the barley-straw;
Neither ale, nor grape-juice for me;
I care not for acorn, hip, nor haw;—
Give me but the apple-tree!

After they had all three repeated the last verse together, and applauded their performance by sundry exclamations of approval, and thwacks on the table, Ralph observed, "Oldsheart! cousin, we are getting as we should be; a fig for a fall after this."

"Da capo, say I to it," exclaimed Creese; "da capo, I say to it, heartily: da capo, as it is written in the score-book we sing the psalms by, in the gallery, at church."

"Wasn't frightened a trifle, landlord, when thee saw'st us coming?"

"Is the approach of a good bone likely to alarm a hungry dog? I knew well enough you'd fall; and if you fell, the fall must bring me grist, in meal or malt:—a 'quest jury, if death had been done; board and lodging, in case of broken limbs; and a brace of guests for an hour, if you were only bruised. I shall be much obliged, when you knock one another down again, if you'll do it before my door. Success to cross-roads, blind galloways, helter-skelter dragooning, and blink-eyed farmers!—Ha! ha!—You'll excuse me, gentlemen; we're all friends; I hope no offence—What are your commands?"

"There's one thing I'd wish thee to do, landlord," said Ralph: "if any body should inquire for us—don't say we be here."

"No, truly," added Harry; "an' thou dost, thou'll lose a couple of good customers, and get thy head broke to boot, perhaps."

"Never fear—never fear!" replied Ned; "a secret's safe with me, as though 'twas whispered in the ear of an ass. Thank heaven, I haven't had a woman in the house these seven years; so all's snug.—"

"A forester slept beneath the beech,
Heigh! norum snorum!
His full flask luy within his arm's reach;
Heigh! horum jorum!
A maiden came by with a blooming face,
Heigh! rosey posey!
She ask'd him the way to Berrywell chase—
With its wine so old,
And its pasties cold;—
Forester, what has froze ye?"

"A long song is out of place over good liquor; so I'll not sing the other eighteen verses of that one; its moral is, that a woman can't keep a secret, even when the possession of what she desires depends on it; but that her babbling often proves her salvation. A friar comes in sight, while the forester is wooing, and he packs the maid off, for appearance' sake;—telling her, if she'll meet him there the next day, provided she don't reveal his promise to mortal, that he'll give her 'a gown of the richest green,' besprinkled with dewy pearls, or pearly dew, I forget which: but the maiden was so delighted, that when she got to the Chase, she told the warden's niece, and the warden's niece told the maiden's aunt, and the maiden's aunt locked her up for a week: so she saved her reputation, but lost her present, by babbling.—Gentlemen, you don't drink!"

We must here leave the cousins to the care of Creese—they could not have fallen into better hands for the mood in which they met—and remind our readers, that the horses, after extricating themselves from the pond, proceeded homeward as well as the injuries they had received would permit. Their arrival at the village, spread consternation among its inhabitants: parties went forth, in different directions, to seek Ralph and Harry;—the women predicting that they had met and killed each other, and the men endeavouring to stifle their own apprehensions on the subject. Creese, being asked if he knew any thing of the matter, replied, that "he had seen the horses, without riders, gallop by his door, down the lanes:" and as no one had witnessed the meeting of the cousins but himself, and they were kept close in the back parlour, no information could be obtained from any one else. Lights were burnt, in almost every house in the village, nearly all night; and toward day-break the last party returned without any tidings of the lost sheep. Old Dame Deborah, confiding in the predictions of Matty Drew, said, as well as she could, "Bad is this—there's worse to come;—it will prove to be but a

'Merry meeting—sorry parting.'

We must now return to the cousins. On the morning after their concussion in front of Savney's Cross, Ralph, with whom we shall begin, awoke at day-break, and on taking a hasty survey of his apartment, found, to his surprise, that he was not at home. He recollected very well that he had usually worn, for many years past, corduroy small-clothes; and, when he joined the volunteer yeomanry, white doe-skin pantaloons. "Whose black nether garments can those be, then," thought he, "which I see dangling from yonder peg?" He leaped out of bed, threw open the lattice, and the first object that attracted his notice was the horse-pond; on the miry edge of which, he remembered having been thrown the day before. This accounted for the colour of his doe-skins. "But, how the dicking," thought he, "got I this tremendous black eye? Where's my front tooth? And who the deuce has been bruising my ear? I recollect, well enough, seeing Creese, the landlord, bring in a third brewing of Hopping John, and my singing 'Creeping Jenny,' or part of it afterwards:—but what's come of Harry?"

While these and similar reflections were passing in Ralph's mind, he proceeded to dress himself, which he found a task of considerable difficulty, for he was stiff and sore in every limb. Impatient to resolve the mystery in which he found himself involved, Ralph, before he was completely attired in his soiled uniform, hobbled down stairs, and found Harry, staring at the landlord, as though Creese had just been telling him some very marvellous story.

"Why, Ralph—cousin Ralph," said Harry, as Ralph entered the kitchen, "what be this the landlord says? He vows and protests 'twere you that ha' been tearing

my clothes to tatters and rags, and beating my face to a jelly! I ha'n't a sound inch in my skin!"

"Before I do answer any questions, it be my wish to know of you, landlord," said Ralph, in an angry tone, and taking Creese by the collar; "and what's more, I insist you do tell me, who took the advantage of me last night—who it were that knocked my tooth out, when I were overcome!"

"I've lost a tooth myself—be dashed if I ha'n't!" exclaimed Harry, whose attention was so distracted by his other injuries, that he had not discovered the important fact before this moment; "I'll swear I had it in my mouth last night," pursued he, grasping Creese, with his huge paw, by the collar; "and I'll be told, why and wherefore you've let me be used like a dog, when I were drunk:—answer!"

"Ay, answer, or I'll shake thy life out!" cried Ralph, looking as if he really meant to "suit the action to the word."

"Gentlemen—guests," said Creese, apparently not in the least alarmed, but putting himself in a strong attitude, and calmly collaring the cousins: "be mild, and you shall hear all; or one at a time, and I'm for the first fair fall, who shall pay last night's smart, with the best, or both of you—one down t'other come on: but if you'll put your hands in your pockets and be peaceable, I'll employ mine to produce your teeth;—that is, if I can."

The cousins now relinquished their holds, and Ned drew out a drawer of the dresser, and requested they would look into it. "Here," said he, "you will find the fragments of your feast of faty-cuffs: perhaps, among the bits of lace, linen, broad-cloth, frogs and buttons, which I carefully swept up last night, after I had put you both to bed, you may find your teeth; if not, I know nothing about them;—send for a constable, and search me, if you like."

At this offer, the cousins turned to each other and were going to smile; but immediately they were face to face, they stared in so rueful a manner, that Creese was amazingly amused. It was the first time, since Ralph had come down stairs, that the cousins had closely inspected each other's countenances, which night, with propriety enough, as the landlord said, be called "maps of mischance." "But it's all your own doings," quoth he, "the credit and honour belong to nobody but yourselves;—I must say you're both downright dappers at disfiguration."

"But how were it, d'ye say, landlord?" asked Ralph.

"Ay, truly, how happened it all, according to your story?" said Harry.

"Why, gentlemen," replied Creese, "after I found you were going to drink more than I could well bear,—when it was high-time almost in my head, and my frail wits began to rock to and fro, pitching me about, when I moved, like a barge in a hurricane—I very wisely anchored in the bar, and attended, as well as I could, to my business: a nap or two between whiles, as I tended my customers, and one cool pipe, brought me round, and it was calm sailing with me again. All this time you were getting louder and louder; at last, the short gentleman, my worthy friend, Mr. Harry, persuaded you, Mr. Ralph, to try a friendly back-fall with him. There wasn't much harm in that;—though I promise you, I tried to prevent it, but couldn't. So I cleared away the crockery, and stood by, as 'twas my duty, to see fair. Harry was, clearly, in my mind, the best wrestler; but, somehow, Ralph got the in-lock, and laid him upon the planchin, flat as a pancake."

"Did I, by jingo?" eagerly exclaimed Ralph.

"No,—it's all his lies;—it couldn't be!" quoth Harry; looking very incredulous and displeased.

"I have said it, and I'll stand to it," continued Ned; "and when you got up, as you did, with my help, you went over to Ralph, patted him on the back, and, said you, 'Well done, cousin, I didn't think it was in thee!'

You added, with an oath, it was the best and fairest fall you had seen for years past; that it nearly drove the breath out of your body; and then you patted him on the back again. After this, you both sat down, talked, sung, and, by-and-bye, began to broach something about back-sword."

"Likely enough, an't it, Harry?" said Ralph.

"I don't believe a word o' the story," replied Harry; "but I'll hear it out."

"I did not ask you to believe it," said Creese, "but there's special evidence on your head, as well as on your cousin's, that you played at it, long and lustily."

"And which won?" inquired Ralph.

"Both of you lost blood, as well as temper at last," replied Creese; "but, I remember, Harry gave you the first broken head."

"Never!" replied Ralph; "it never lay in his shoes: he may be as good a wrestler, or better; but scores of men, that my cousin Harry have often and often given his head to, never could touch me."

"Well! be that as it may," said the landlord, "he certainly had you last night, Ralph, or I'm out of my senses. Why, I remember it as well as if it was but a minute ago:—you broke open the glass buffet, in which the two sticks my uncle and father won the grand match with—Wils against Somerset—was stuck up, among the china, with silver mountings, and decorated with green ribbons, cut out like laurel-leaves;—and you said they were the best sticks you ever broke a head with: and when Harry cut your ear, and I cried out 'A bout, a bout!' and put the poker between you, you shook Harry's hand, and said you admired him, for he had done what no man had ever attempted, namely, hit you under your best guard."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Harry. "Odds buttons! Ralph, but there seems to be some truth in this though, for your ear is cut up, sure enough then, clean as a whistle; it must ha' been done as Creese says."

Ralph put his hand up to his ear, and, like Lord Burleigh, in *The Critic*, shook his head and said nothing.

"All this," continued the landlord, "was friendly and civil: you then ordered a double quantity of brandy in the brewage—if you don't believe me, look in the bill,—and, in about half an hour, I found you fighting in downright earnest, and in all manner of ways;—kicking, cudgelling, wrestling, pulling, punching, tearing one another to pieces very ungentlemanly, and so forth, and clearly bent on destruction. You had cracked the looking-glass, broke the table, 'shod the liquor, and tore the porringer,' as the man said; or, in other words, shed the cider and brandy, and broke the bowl; all which you'll find I've made correct memorandums of in the bill. Then I called in the blacksmiths, from next door, our ostler, and three wagoners who were drinking outside;—we all pitched into you, and, at last, got you asunder; but not before the mischief you see and feel, was done; and to show what minds you were in, when we pulled you, by main force, apart, each of you carried away his hold, like a couple of bull-dogs; Harry brought off a piece of Ralph's sleeve and his shoulder-belt, and Ralph the fore part of Harry's coat, full two-thirds of his waistcoat, and a pattern of his linen. We then contrived to get you to bed—as you'll see in the bill; and—
and—"

"Ay, and here we be," added Ralph; "nice objects for a wife and family to look at!"

"Thou'rt quite a scarecrow, cousin Ralph," said Harry.

"Do get him a glass, and let him look at himself, landlord," said Ralph. "I'm sorry for thee, Harry;—it's my belief 't'ant exactly as the landlord says; but we can't belie the story he has told us, so where's the use of disputing? The question is—what shall we do?"

"Be dashed if I bea'n't ashamed to go home," replied Harry; "I sha'n't be able to look my wife in the face."

"Ah! that's touching a sore place, Harry. Tisn't my bruises, nor thine, that I care much about, after all; but frightening the women, poor dear souls!—thy Jane and my Grace, Harry—by staying out all night, eh?"

"Don't talk about it—but let's get some drink."

"Small ale, or leek broth, let it be, then, and we'll start while we be sober and solid. We'll get a couple of carts—you shall go to my wife, and smooth her over, and I'll go to thine; and then, at night, let 'em come and fetch each of us home."

"Well! so be it, Ralph; but sha'n't we have a stirrup-cup?"

"No, not this time.—Your hand, Harry—I like thee, cousin; but it strikes me there's some truth in old women and witches. I wouldn't pass another evening with thee, for half the land from here to Axminster."

A week after the rencounter at Sawney's Cross, each of the cousins was lying at his own home—a bed, bandaged, and still suffering from the bruises which they had conferred on each other. They soon, however, recovered: the watchful care of their friends was doubled; neither of them evinced much inclination for the other's company, and a whole year passed away without any thing remarkable occurring between them.

The birth-day of the cousins was, however, again unlucky Harry, perhaps on account of his success in the bout he had with Ralph, at Sawney's Cross, or, it might be, from mere whim, practised back-sword playing, and became a frequent attendant at the various single-stick matches in the neighbourhood. Some capital pastime having been expected, at a revel, about ten miles up the country, Harry and Ralph, on their forty-second birth-day, totally unaware of each other's intentions, set off to see and join in the sport. The malice or curiosity of some of the parties present, or, perhaps, mere accident, brought the cousins on the stage as opponents. Ralph was going to descend; but Harry whispered in his ear, "If we don't have a bout or two, Ralph, they'll jeer us, and say we be old women." Ralph still evinced an inclination to retire; when his cousin said aloud, "Now, Ralph, here's a chance for getting the head you lost to me at Sawney's Cross." "Ay, true, true," replied Ralph, taking a stick, and preparing for the play. They shook hands—both, as usual, said, "God save our eyes!"—they threw themselves into attitude; and one minute had scarcely elapsed, before Harry received a blow from Ralph's stick, which totally deprived him of sight, in one eye, for the remainder of his existence.

An inflammation of so violent a nature ensued, that Harry's life was, for some time, considered in danger. One day, when his wife came to Ralph's house, weeping and exclaiming that little hope was left of her husband's recovery, Dame Deborah, in a low broken tone, said to her, "The day's not come; it is but—"

'Second greeting—bitter smarting.'

"Bide a while—there's no fear yet."

Deborah was right: Harry recovered his health and strength, and none ever heard him regret the loss of his eye; about which, he said, poor Ralph "took on" unnecessarily, for it was purely an accident. The forty-third and forty-fourth birth-days had passed; the minds of the relations of Ralph and Harry grew more composed; although they still continued on the alert, to prevent them getting together over "a cup of drink." It happened that Harry had a heavy crop of oats, in a large field, which were dead-ripe; and bad weather being expected, it was an object of importance with him to get the crop "cut and carried" as quickly as possible. According to the custom of the village, every farmer, who was not in a similar pre-

dicament, came, with such servants as he could spare, to assist his neighbour in distress. Ralph was one of the first in the field, and set so fine an example to his companions, that the oats were all down, long before sun-set. The work was severe, the weather sultry, and the hospitable Harry did not grudge his cider during the day. Deep draughts had been quaffed; and Harry could not suffer his guests to depart, without a cup round of his best. As they were about to quit the field, a grey-headed man unfortunately remarked, that they were standing on the spot where, on that day and hour, a great many years before, little Dick Delevan had killed old Reuben Blake. This produced a string of observations from various individuals of the party: the merits and demerits of the action were freely canvassed; the debate grew hot, and more cider was brought from the house. Ralph and Harry, naturally enough joined in, and, at length, led the discussion. Ralph

blamed Dick Delevan, and Harry applied several harsh epithets, in the warmth of the moment, to Reuben Blake. The cheeks of the spectators grew pale, as the cousins abruptly broke from the original argument, to abuse each other: a well-meant interference increased, rather than allayed, their rage; they cast the alarmed mediators aside, flew toward each other, and grappled: as Ralph was rushing in, Harry crouched, lifted his cousin off the ground, and threw him completely over his head—never to rise again!

When his sorrowful companions brought home the body of poor Ralph, they found old Deborah repeating, in a low, shrill, and, as they afterwards said, unearthly tone, the rhymes of Maty Drew: but the last words of the third line died away on her lips; and when some of the family ceased, for a moment, to gaze on the livid face of Ralph, and turned toward the kitchen hearth, they saw dame Deborah was dead in her chair.

THE MAGIC PHIAL;

OR, AN EVENING AT DELFT.

"Now," said the portly Peter Van Voorst, as he buttoned up his money in the pockets of his capacious breeches,—“Now I'll home to my farm, and to-morrow I'll buy neighbour Jan Hagen's two cows, which are the best in Holland.”

He crossed the market-place of Delft, as he spoke, with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets which led out of the city, when a goodly tavern met his eye. Thinking a dram would be beneficial in counteracting the effects of a fog which was just rising, he entered, and called for a glass of Schedam. This was brought, and drank by Peter, who liked the flavour so much, that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of a capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasing spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and, for the first time, perceived that the only person in the room, besides himself, was a young man of melancholy aspect, who sat near the fire-place, apparently half asleep. Now Peter was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He, therefore, took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

“A dull evening, Mynheer,” said the farmer.

“Yaw,” replied the stranger, stretching himself, and yawning loudly, “very foggy, I take it,—and he rose and looked into the street.

Peter perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of brass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly, indeed, were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high-heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of maskers, represented in a picture which hung in Peter's parlour at Voorbooch. The stranger was of a spare figure, and his countenance was, as before stated, pale; but there was a wild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Peter, and sat down.

“Are you a burgher of Delft?” he inquired.

“No,” was the reply; “I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voorbooch.”

“Umph!” said the stranger, “you have a dull road to travel—See, your glass is out. How like ye mine host's Schedam?”

“'Tis right excellent.”

“You say truly,” rejoined the stranger, with a smile, which the farmer thought greatly improved his countenance; “but here is a liquor which no Burgomaster in Holland can procure. 'Tis fit for a prince.”

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and mixing a small quantity of the red liquid it contained with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Peter's empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drank. Its effect was soon visible: he pressed the hand of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

“You are perfectly right,” said his companion, “these fogs are usually heavy: they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them. How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just left!”

“You have travelled, then?” said Peter, inquiringly.

“Travelled! ay, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews, and Tartars.”

“Eh, but does it please ye to travel always in the garb, Mynheer?”

“Even so,” replied the stranger, “it has descended from father to son through more than three generations. See you this hole on the left breast of my doublet?”

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger's doublet, who continued—

“Ah, the bullet through it lodged in the heart of my great grandsire at the sack of Zutphen.”

“I have heard of the bloody doings at that place from my grandfather, heaven rest his soul!”

Peter was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played o'er the countenance of the stranger, on his hearing this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word “*Duyvel!*” but was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried—“Come, come, Mynheer, you look sad; does not my liquor sit well on your stomach?”

“'Tis excellent!” replied Peter, ashamed to think that the stranger had observed his confusion: “will you sell me your phial?”

“I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead,” replied the stranger, “he strictly enjoined me never to sell it, for d'ye see, no sooner is it emptied, than at the wish of the possessor it is immediately re-filled—but, harkee, as you seem a man of spirit, it

shall be left to chance to decide who shall possess it." He took from his bosom a bale of dice,—“I will stake it against a guildler.”

“Good,” said Peter, “but I fear there is some devilry in the phial.”

“Pshaw!” cried his companion, with a bitter smile, “those who have travelled understand these things better.—Devilry, frooth!”

“I crave your pardon,” said Peter, “I will throw for it,”—and he placed a guildler on the table.

The farmer met with ill luck, and lost. He took a draught of his companion's liquor, and determined to stake another guildler; but he lost that also! Much enraged at his want of success, he drew forth the canvas bag which contained the produce of the sale of his corn, and resolved either to win the phial, (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses,) or lose all. He threw again with better luck; but elated at this, he played with less caution, and, in a few minutes, was left penniless. The stranger gathered up the money, and placed it in his pocket.

“You are unlucky to-night, Mynheer,” said he, with provoking indifference, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; “but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger, will you not venture that against my phial?”

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend—yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner; what would Jan Brower, the host of the *Van Tromp*, and little Rip Winkelaar, the schoolmaster, say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser in any game, for he was reckoned the best hand at nine pins in his village; he, therefore, took the ring from his finger,—threw again,—and lost it!

He sank back in his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled. The loss of his money, together with this ring, had nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance, indicative of any thing but good will, while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

“You grieve,” said he, “for the loss of a few paltry guilders; but know, that I have the power to make you amends for your ill-luck—to make you rich—aye, richer than the Stadtholder!”

“Ha, the fiend!” thought Peter, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting, of course, to see them as usual terminate with a cloven foot; but he beheld no such unsightly spectacle; the feet of the stranger were as perfect as his own, or even more so.

“Here,” said his companion, “read over this, and if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at foot.” The farmer took the parchment, which he perceived was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye glanced hastily over the few first lines, but they sufficed.

“Ha! now I know thee, fiend!” screamed the affrighted Peter, as he dashed the scroll in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned quickly, thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him, whom he now supposed to be no other than the foul fiend himself; when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red-hot coals. A deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer as he staggered back several paces.

“Avaunt! avaunt!” he cried, “Sathan, I defy thee! I have not signed thy cursed parchment!—He turned and fled in an opposite direction; but, though he exerted his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal, and leaped into a boat which was moored alongside. Still his pursuer fol-

lowed, and Peter felt the iron grasp of his hand on the nape of his neck. He turned round and struggled hard to free himself from the gripe of his companion, roaring out in agony, “Oh, Mynheer Duyvel! Have pity for the sake of my wife and my boy Karel!” But, when was the devil ever known to pity? The stranger held him tightly, and, spite of his struggles, dragged him ashore. He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, while his hot breath almost scorched him; but, disengaging himself, with a sudden bound, he sprang from his enemy, and—pitched headlong from his elbow-chair on to the floor of his own room at Voorbooch.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hollander aroused his affrighted helpmate from the sound slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours, during which time her husband had been indulging in potations deep and strong, until overpowered with the potency of his beloved liquor, he had sunk to sleep in his elbow-chair, and dreamed the hellish dream we have endeavored to relate. The noise of his fall aroused his *Vrouw* from her slumbers. Trembling in every limb on hearing the unruly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming loudly for help, into the room where she had left her spouse when she retired to rest, and beheld Peter, her dear husband, prostrate on the stone floor, the table overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream, from the stone bottle which lay upset on the ground.

FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOORS.

A PORTUGUESE surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and, as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprized at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well,) replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's, “Then you don't live comfortable with your father, I suppose?” “Oh, nothing can be better,” returned the Moor; “he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die.” The doctor, of course, appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well, and departed. About eight days after he came again, to say that his father was not dead. “Not dead!” exclaimed the apothecary, in well-feigned surprise; “he will die.” He composed, accordingly, another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. “Don't be discouraged,” said the doctor, who, doubtless, found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable, “give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation.” The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. “It was of no avail,” he replied mournfully; “my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt that he is a marabout”—(a saint.)

I KNOW no friends more faithful, more inseparable, than hard-heartedness and pride, humility and love, lies and impudence.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

THE following description of the passage of the Alps by Napoleon is selected from Scott's Life of that daring and fearless man, as decidedly one of the most graphic accounts of that feat which has been written.

"Is the route practicable?" said Buonaparte.—"It is barely possible to pass," replied the engineer.—"Let us set forward, then," said Napoleon, and the extraordinary march was commenced.

Buonaparte himself, on the 15th, at the head of the main body of his army, consisting of 30,000 men and upwards, marched from Lausanne to the little village called St. Pierre, at which point there ended every thing resembling a practicable road. An immense and apparently inaccessible mountain, reared its head among general desolation and eternal frost; while precipices, glaciers, ravines, and a boundless extent of faithless snows, which the slightest concussion of the air converts into avalanches capable of burying armies in their descent, appeared to forbid access to all living things but the chamois, and his scarce less wild pursuer. Yet, foot by foot, and man by man, did the French soldiers proceed to ascend this formidable barrier, which Nature had erected in vain to limit human ambition. The view of the valley, emphatically called "Desolation," where nothing is to be seen but snow and sky, had no terrors for the First Consul and his army. They advanced up paths hitherto only practised by hunters, or here and there a hardy pedestrian, the infantry loaded with their arms, and in full military equipment, the cavalry leading their horses. The musical bands played from time to time at the head of the regiments, and, in places of unusual difficulty, the drums beat a charge, as if to encourage the soldiers to encounter the opposition of Nature herself. The artillery, without which they could not have done service, were deposited in trunks of trees hollowed out for the purpose. Each was dragged by a hundred men, and the troops, making it a point of honour to bring forward their guns, accomplished this severe duty, not with cheerfulness only, but with enthusiasm. The carriages were taken to pieces, and harnessed on the backs of mules, or committed to the soldiers, who relieved each other in the task of bearing them with levers; and the ammunition was transported in the same manner. While one half of the soldiers were thus engaged, the others were obliged to carry the muskets, cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, and provisions of their comrades, as well as their own. Each man, so loaded, was calculated to carry from sixty to seventy pounds weight, up icy precipices, where a man totally without encumbrance could ascend but slowly. Probably no troops save the French could have endured the fatigue of such a march; and no other general than Buonaparte would have ventured to require it at their hands.

He set out a considerable time after the march had begun, alone, excepting his guide. He is described by the Swiss peasant who attended him in that capacity, as wearing his usual simple dress, a gray surcoat, and three-cornered hat. He travelled in silence, save a few short and hasty questions about the country, addressed to his guide from time to time. When these were answered, he relapsed into silence. There was a gloom on his brow, corresponding with the weather, which was wet and dismal. His countenance had acquired, during his Eastern campaigns, a swart complexion, which added to his natural severe gravity, and the Swiss peasant who guided him felt fear as he looked on him. Occasionally his route was stopped by some temporary obstacle occasioned by a halt in the artillery or baggage; his commands on such occasions were peremptory given, and instantly obeyed, his very look seeming enough to silence all objection, and remove every difficulty.

The army now arrived at that singular convent, where with courage equal to their own, but flowing from a much higher source, the monks of St. Bernard have fixed their dwellings among the everlasting snows, that they may afford succour and hospitality to the forlorn travellers in those dreadful wastes. Hitherto the soldiers had had no refreshment, save when they dipt a morsel of biscuit amongst the snow. The good fathers of the convent, who possess considerable magazines of provisions, distributed bread and cheese, and a cup of wine, to each soldier as he passed, which was more acceptable in their situation, than, according to one who shared their fatigues, would have been the gold of Mexico.

The descent on the other side of Mont St. Bernard was as difficult to the infantry as the ascent had been, and still more so to the cavalry. It was, however, accomplished without any material loss, and the army took up their quarters for the night, after having marched fourteen French leagues. The next morning, 16th May, the vanguard took possession of Aosta, a village of Piedmont, from which extends the valley of the same name, watered by the river Dorea, a country pleasant in itself, but rendered delightful by its contrast with the horrors which had been left behind.

Thus was achieved the celebrated passage of Mont St. Bernard, on the particulars of which we have dwelt the more willingly, because, although a military operation of importance, they do not involve the unwaried details of human slaughter, with which the narrative is replete.

WHITE-HEADED SEA EAGLE.

ELEVATED on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winning the air; the busy trigas, coursing along the sand; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent on wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight; and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for fight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in these rencontres, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

BE always more ready to forgive than to return an injury: he that watcheth for an opportunity of revenge lies in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

FASHIONS.

BY MATHEW CAREY.

There are few enterprises so hopeless as combat with fashion, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers and strong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonist, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean conversation, and narrow fortune; who envies the elevation which he cannot reach; who would gladly embitter the happiness which his insouciance or indigence denies him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice than to revenge his own mortification, by hindering those whom their birth and taste have set above him, from the enjoyment of their superiority, and bringing them down to a level with himself.—Rambler, Vol. I. p. 89.

FASHION is a most arbitrary, inexorable, and capricious tyrant. She rarely consults comfort, convenience, or common sense in her high behests, particularly respecting costume; and her dictates are as implicitly obeyed when she violates all three, as when she (which sometimes, though rarely, occurs) consults one or all of them.

She ordered our dandies, two or three years since, to discard the tops of their gigs—and “quick, presto, and be gone”—they disappeared. You might see from fifty to a hundred of these exquisites driving along, on summer afternoons, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour; and, not having the fear of a *coup de soleil* before their eyes, exposed without shelter to the scorching rays of a broiling sun; and, when the wind suddenly veered round to the eastward, and a shower of rain poured down, they were often drenched to the skin. It was all of little importance. The stern commands of fashion were irresistible. At length, a year or two since, common sense, on this point, deserted fashion—and the gigs of dandies, like those of more rational people, assumed their former protective covering, to secure their owners from sun and rain.

It is not long since it was fashionable for exquisites to wear chemises of coarse fabric, which might well become porters, draymen, or sailors, in preference to fine Irish linen. A dandy would have been ashamed, at that period, to appear in one of those garments made of the finest cambric. This miserable fashion has passed away.

For years, time out of mind, the ladies, in the coldest days of winter, when the thermometer was only 50, or 40, or 30 degrees above zero, went abroad in clothes as light as gentlemen wear in the dog days.—Hence, catarrhs and consumptions were prevalent—doctors' bills increased in families where there were young ladies—and lovely women, of from eighteen to twenty-four, who were admirably adapted to make good wives and mothers, were hurried to a premature grave. In vain humanity and prudence united their voices against this suicidal practice. At length, within two or three years, fashion has taken a totally opposite direction; and ladies are now encumbered with a mass of covering which must oppress those who are of a truly feminine conformation. This fashion, though certainly, as far as my judgment goes, rather uncomfortable, yet has a decided advantage over the former, as it tends to preserve the health, and guard against the mass of diseases which the former fashion entailed on the sex; and I deceive myself greatly, if it has not produced a material change in the looks of our belles. They certainly appear more blooming, flesh-coloured, and exhibit more of *embonpoint* than they did a few years ago. This may appear a fantastical idea; but it is undoubtedly correct. Exposed as ladies formerly were, to the inclemency of the weather, particularly at night coming out of close ball rooms in such light dress, they were extremely subject to catarrhs and chills; and every person knows how great an inroad indisposition makes on the countenances of delicate females. Indeed, examples are to be found among the more robust sex, of very perceptible changes in the appearance of man, by two or three days indis-

position, and that indisposition often not of the most severe character. The position I have assumed is thus rendered *a priori* probable—and clear I am, that it is fully confirmed by the fact. On inquiry among a number of intelligent friends, they agree as to the fact of the beneficial change, and regard the cause assigned as adequate to produce the effect. We have, at present, scarcely any of those spectral-looking young ladies, who formerly were so numerous, and whose countenances excited pity. For one rosy cheek girl that used to grace our public walks five years since, there are at least three at present.

Fashion orders that when you give a party, you collect such crowds as to be pressed so close together that they are almost deprived of locomotion. The more dense the crowd, the more fashionable. Such collections in the Kraals of the Hottentots, would excite the wonder and the pity of a Diogenes or an Heraclitus.

I might go on in the enumeration to a great length, of the caprices of fashion, but I shall leave others to glean after me, and shall conclude with some animadversions on a custom, which, though innocuous as regards the wealthy, operates perniciously on a class of society ill calculated to bear the burdens it imposes—I mean the custom of assuming full mourning costume in the event of the decease of near relations. Few have an idea how oppressively this fashion operates occasionally.

Let us suppose the case of the death of the head of a large family, of moderate means, on whose industry that family depended, and who had a pretty difficult task to perform this imperative duty. At this inauspicious moment, when their means of living are suddenly cut off, they are called upon by tyrant custom to make a sacrifice of forty, fifty, sixty, or eighty dollars, in proportion to the number in the family, for mourning dresses, and this in addition to doctors' bills, medicines, coffin, &c. &c. This takes place, too, at a time when the grief, caused by the loss of a protector, enfeebles their minds and energies, and in some measure disqualifies them from attending to the ordinary occupations of the family. Surely, this is a sore grievance, a nuisance which ought to be abated by common consent. The folly of the custom is enhanced by the fact, that no distinction is made between the most estimable husband or father, and the most worthless—between the husband who has performed all the duties of his sphere of life, with the most scrupulous regard to propriety, and the wretch who, for ten or a dozen years, has been a curse and a scourge to his wife and children, and a disgrace to human nature. How many cases occur, in which, if the real feelings of the heart were known, emblems of rejoicing on the part of the wife, for happy deliverance from a worthless tyrant, would be far more just and appropriate.

After so much speculation, let me, before I close, state one or two facts which shed strong light on this subject—facts, of which hundreds of parallel cases are from time to time to be found in our cities. B. C. was a clerk in a counting-house, and had a salary of \$600 per annum. He had a wife and five children, to the latter of whom he gave a good education, which

averaged about twenty dollars for each. His rent was about two hundred dollars a year. The remaining three hundred were enough, with rigid economy, to enable him to clothe his family decently and furnish his table. He was unable to make any adequate provision for unfavourable contingencies. He had been enabled, nevertheless, to lay by, in a saving fund, one hundred dollars. Last spring, soon after he had provided himself, his wife, and children, with suitable dresses for the season, which absorbed very nearly every dollar he was worth, he was suddenly taken ill—lingered for nearly three months—contracted a debt for medical attendance, &c. &c., and finally died.—The funeral expenses, as may be supposed, were considerable, and were all contracted for on credit. A heavy debt arose in this way, and in addition, a cruel, grinding custom demanded that the clothes recently provided, should be laid aside, and additional debts be contracted to provide mourning. At length some of the creditors, more necessitous or more cruel than the rest, sued the widow, got judgment, seized all her slender property, and threw her and her children on the world. The mother set up a second rate boarding house—the usual refuge of poor widows, and can barely make the scanty means of living.

Can a word be said in defence of a custom which frequently produces such oppressive effects?

What is to be done in such a case? Ought not so pernicious a custom to be done away? How is this very desirable object to be effected? There is one mode, and that a very simple one. Let the higher orders who introduce so many expensive and injurious customs, and whose influence is all powerful, lend their aid in rescuing us from this tyranny.

Another real and striking case remains to be told. R. C., who had commenced his career, a sober man, was unfortunately, at length, seduced into base company—became intemperate—squandered his property—neglected his business and his family—became very poor and miserable—and, after leading this life for ten or a dozen years—finally died, and left his family without a dollar. Custom required that his widow, who had four children, should provide herself, and them, with mourning to express their grief, forsooth! for their deliverance from a man, whose death was one of the greatest blessings that heaven could bestow on them—as the event has fully proved. The widow, who is now living, possessed, and still possesses great energy of character, and undertook the management of the concern—provided a suitable foreman—paid great attention to her business—gained the regard and support of numerous and valuable customers—and is at present in a highly prosperous situation. Was it not truly absurd for her to simulate grief for the departure of a man, the preservation of whose life would have been the perpetuation of her misery, and wretchedness, and that of her children?

P. S.—Many of our most intelligent citizens are of opinion, that the attendance of females at the funerals of their near connexions ought to be dispensed with. It harrows up their feelings unnecessarily—and where their sensibilities are very acute, and their idiosyncrasy is nervous, often injures their health, and in some cases the shock they receive on the descent of the coffin may tend to abridge their lives. This custom is, I have been informed, generally disused in London.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

BALL DRESS.—The dress is of a new material, called Gaze de Constantinople, embroidered in gold. It is made à l'Antique. The corsage perfectly tight to the bust, is a point, and cut on the bias in front; it is ornamented across the bosom with full draperies à la Sevigne, the sleeves are a double sabot, with blonde ruffles à la Louis XV. The open skirt does not quite

meet at the waist, as it is intended that the point of the corsage should be distinctly seen. The dress is ornamented with small rosettes of gauze ribbon, from which depend three or four long coques of the same; in the centre of each rosette is a gold ornament or jewel, and the coques are formed of a much wider ribbon than the rosettes. This dress is worn over a satin petticoat, ornamented with a deep volant or flounce of blonde, headed with a puffing of ribbon, the colour of the dress; each puff is separate, and not carried on from one to the other. On the sleeves are deep and very full jockies of blonde, and the dress is finished at the neck with a deep ruff à la Catharine de Medicis, which diminishes gradually towards the front. The back hair is in two high coques or bows, encircled at the base with a rich bracelet, which also retains a long ostrich feather; three light puffings of gauze finish this becoming and elegant head dress. The front hair is very much parted on the forehead, the curls falling low at the sides. Gold necklace and earrings, white kid gloves, fan à la Valois, white satin shoes and silk stockings.

EVENING AND OPERA COSTUME.—A robe of celestial blue satin, opening *en tablier*, over a white satin skirt, and trimmed down the fronts with white blond; five moss roses are placed along this edging, and from the three lower ones, little garlands of roses cross over the white satin. *Corsage à la pucelle*, blond lace *Sevigne* with a rose on each shoulder, and in the centre of the bosom smaller ones, reaching thence to the point of the waist; double sabot sleeves, a rose confining the fullness. *Coffre en cheveux*, adorned with *agraffes* of gold, and a beautiful spiral garland. Pearl necklace, gold ear-rings, with pearl drops.

MAKE AND MATERIAL OF MORNING DRESSES.—This is the first time since Christmas that any change has been perceptible in the *redingote*; cloaks have almost disappeared; the lingering symptoms only of winter is a large shawl thrown over the morning dress, and on bleak days a muff. There is quite a new fancy for the front of the dress; a bias trimming, like a V reversed, finished at the corners with a blue bow of ribbon or an acorn. Walking dresses should be made of the simplest form: the materials now worn are in themselves sufficiently rich for *demi-neglige*—there is a style of dress beyond expression elegant.—The *corsage* quite flat, and buttoned with gold buttons down the front; the skirt of a moderate width, (hail to that word!) the sleeves large and unadorned; the chief difference at the present moment between morning dresses and such as are worn at operas, or our theatres, consists in the shade of colour rather than the material or make. *Redingotes* of muslin, lined with coloured sarsenet, are now frequently adopted as *habits de reception*; they are tied down the fronts with bows of the lace satin ribbon.

PREVAILING COLOURS FOR MAY.—Citron, jonquil, lihe, vert de Paradis, pale blue, and rose colour.

RATS IN JAMAICA.

In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rats of Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canes throughout the island, amounting to little short of half a million of dollars currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favourite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of these destructive animals that infest this island, from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year.

NEW FACES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
I've seen those around me a fortnight or more;
Some people grow weary of things or of places,
But persons to me are a much greater bore:
I care not for features—I'm sure to discover
Some exquisite *trait* in the first that you send;
My fondness falls off when the novelty's over—
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

My heart is as genial as Italy's summers,
Attachments take root, and grow green in a day;
Like bloom on the plum, there's on all the new-
comers

A charm—that must sooner or later decay;
The latest arrival seem'd really perfection,
But now—for some reason I can't comprehend—
She wearies me so, I must cut the connexion—
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

To-day I may utter a tender expression
To one I to-morrow may probably drop.
But Friendships should come "hot and hot," in suc-
cession,

Just like mutton-pies at a pastrycook's shop.
The gardener, too, with *new* crops is provided,
When *one* crop of marrowfat comes to an end;
And why should *my* new crop of Friends be derided?
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Mamma would persuade me my Friends do not vary,
But that I have fickle vagaries forsooth!
Discernment ought not to be called a *vagary*,
I deem it a virtue precocious in youth.
"Be civil," she says, "to a common acquaintance,
Rash Friendships are sure prematurely to end;"
Oh, cold hearts may credit so frigid a sentence!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

I am not to blame if I seize the most striking
And very *best* points about people at first;
I am not to blame if they outlive my liking,
And leave me at leisure to point out the *worst*:
I am not to blame if I'm somewhat less gracious
To some I so fluently used to commend;
To *feel* that they bore me is really vexatious!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. A. came here my joy was uncommon,
I never was happy when not by her side;
"Oh! what an agreeable, sweet little woman!
She will be a great acquisition," I cried.
I called there so often, so fondly I sought her,
My calling so seldom I fear must offend;
But, dear me, she's not *half* so nice as I thought her!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. B. came I forgot her completely,
For we became just like two leaves on one stalk;
She looked and she spoke so uncommonly sweetly,
Unless we met daily, how dull was my walk!
I thought that her manners were simply enchanting,
But now—what false colours can novelty lend!—
A slight indescribable *something* is wanting!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Miss D. was delightful, till Mrs. E. proved her
By force of comparison flaunting and free;
Then came Lady F.—oh, how fondly I loved her,
Until I was dazzled by dear Mrs. G!
Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
Let novelty sweeten each sample you send;
A fortnight would rub off all grace from the Graces!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

NIGHT AND LOVE.

THE air is blowing wild and sweet
From paths bestrewn with violet;
And sweet from skies as softly blue
On bud and blossom falls the dew;
Enthroned on Ocean's golden breast
The mighty sun is in the West;
But still his parting glories shine
In flame upon the mountain's spine,
Flooding its forest-sheeted side,
As if a molten topaz tide
Were loosened from its fiery brow,
To whelm in light the world below.

I love to see the day's decline,
Tinting the clusters of the vine
Through their rich shade of emerald,
Like eastern kiosks jewel-walled,
That through their deep-veiled luxury
Show glimpses of a cheek or eye—
A cheek to which the rose is pale,
An eye that speechless tells its tale,
A coral lip that sends its dart
Straight to the gazer's conscious heart.

So Twilight comes, and Twilight goes!
Her emblem, her own weeping rose,
Delicious, deep, but transient too,
As fairy footsteps in her dew,
A lover's oath, a beauty's sigh,
A zephyr's floating minstrelsy,
A morning vision, noonday dream,
A glimpse of joy on life's dark stream—
The softest, sweetest, of all things
That poets ever plumed with wings.

But come, thou, of the soul the queen;
Come Night, grand, solemn, and serene,
Disdaining all Earth's gaudy dyes:
Sultana of the holier skies,
Not thine the purple-tinctured zone
That girds the West's descending throne;
Not thine the solitary star
That studs the Evening's pale tiar;
Dark queen, upon thy turbaned brow
No solitary splendours glow;
But thine's the mighty galaxy,
The whole vast treasure of the sky.
I see thee in thy palace dome,
Too vast for eye or thought to roam;
With lamps ten thousand thousand hung;
Blazing since Earth and Time were young;
Ten thousand thousand founts of fire,
Blazing till Earth and Time expire.
I see the sweeping of thy robe,
That in its folds enwraps a globe;
I see the lifting of thy hand,
That sheds the spell, deep, silent, bland,
On all wild things beneath the skies,
On lover's ears and woman's eyes,
And with divine oblivion flings
Peace even upon the couch of kings.

But, stooping from the central sky,
What new-born star enchants the eye?
A veil of light, a silvery cloud,
Is round two lovely forms embowed;
Far o'er the hills the meteor streams,
Pavilion of the moon's pale beams:
There lip to glowing lip is prest,
For Night is made for Love's sweet rest;
And there, in murmurs of the dove,
Night tells her gentle tale to Love.

OH! NO, I NEVER SHALL FORGET.

A BALLAD,

Written by Thomas W. Bayly, Esq.

THE MUSIC ARRANGED FROM THE POPULAR AIR, MA FANCHETTE EST CHARMANTE,

BY HENRY HERZ.

Andante—Maestoso.

8va.

8va.

pia ff pia ff mp

Oh! no, I ne - ver

cres for pia

shall for - get, When in ear - ly years, She smil'd, and should I

heave a sigh, She'd calm my rising fears; Her name I ne'er can mention it, It

mp

glows within my breast; Her words I never shall for - get, Till

in the grave I rest.

cres *rf*

pia Her,

II.

Her beauty unsurpass'd by none,
 None with her form could vie;
 Her virtue, ah! the poor can tell,
 And spirits in the sky!
 She lov'd me, why was I bereav'd,
 Of her, none can replace;
 Oh! when shall I again behold,
 That form, that smile, that face.

III.

Like one unheeding all around,
 I fancy she is nigh,
 Oh! could I take her to my arms,
 She'd drive away the sigh!
 And yet that sigh a pleasure gives,
 Tho' short, within my breast,
 Her words I never shall forget,
 Till in the grave I rest.

JESSY OF KIBE'S FARM.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ABOUT the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm-house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard, have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied; the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts and heifers that run in the orchard and an adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances, and her young family.

The house is beautifully situated; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazels, now thickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's Farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge, closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror a rich leafy frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens, and makes an abrupt winding as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows; then turns in a narrow channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amidst the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A footbridge is flung over the stream, where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture.

Kibe's Farm is as picturesque as its situation: very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy-mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other, the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary, and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen-garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom indeed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, served in some sort as domestics.

Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her husband had been an officer, and died fighting bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy, and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred; her children too, had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude, and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance, and pining for them also; and finding that her old servant Dinah Miles was settled with her husband in this deserted farm-house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

We lived in different parishes, and she declined company; so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mo-

ther, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate friend at Aberleigh rectory, caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm-house, and throw this interesting family again under my observation.

The first time that I saw them was on a bright summer evening, while the nightingale was yet in the coppice, the briar-rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean-fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and care-worn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose-leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled about her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams, from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognize as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling patience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice, and brilliant smile accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

She sat in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair, brown with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, increased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot—a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile—such a smile!—spoke a few words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet that hung near her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold—for I then knew that Jessy was blind—a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth, and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted, and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mis-

trass of the rectory; and every interview served to increase the interest, excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

Never was any human being more gentle, generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her character arose, as I soon perceived, from a different source.—Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskillfully treated, and was pronounced incurable; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. "She could work," she said, "as well as ever; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well without making any mistake or confusion. Reading, to be sure, she had given up, and drawing; and some day or other she would show me, only that it seemed vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a groupe of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune."

"Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such a verse, and the object of such affection? Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma; but William—oh, she wished that I knew William! no one could be so kind as he! It was impossible! He read to her; he talked to her; he walked with her; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe's meadow; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that soon she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet; he had constructed the frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly; could write letters to him, and say with a deep sigh, 'was her chief comfort now; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never, alive—that she was sure of—she knew it.'" "But why, Jessy?" "Oh, because William was so much too good for this world; there was nobody like William, and he was gone for a soldier.—Old General Lucas, her father's uncle, had sent for him abroad; had given him a commission in his regiment; and he would never come home—at least they should never meet again—of that she was sure—she knew it."

This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessy's life—the cause that far more than her blindness faded her cheek, and saddened her spirit.—How it had arisen no one knew: partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly, but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to brood over her own gloomy foreboding; partly from her trembling sensibility, and partly from the delicacy of frame and of habit which had always characterized the object of her love—a slender youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt to overtask his body.

However, it found admittance, that the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over Jessy's young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all, the fear that is born of love; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William's letters, and, above all, to William's return, to eradicate the evil.

The letters came punctually and gaily; letters that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessy Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recall. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and

weathy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe's Farm, to be introduced to his nephew's widow and daughters, especially Jessy, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit: it adduced the son's admirable character and exemplary conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relations, and of making William his heir.

For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters, Jessy was happy—till the period of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous despatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's Farm. The voyage was passed; safely passed, and the weight seemed now really taken away from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled: yet still it was a fearful and trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents.

The brook which crossed Kibe's lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still forming and dashing a cataract. Now that was the nearest way, and if William should insist on coming that way. To be sure, the carriage-road was round by Grazeley-green, and to cross the brook would save half a mile; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts; the fear seemed impossible, for no postillion would think of breasting that furious stream; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new caught bird, and she feared she new not what.

All the day she paced the little lane, and stopped, and listened, and stopped. About sun-set, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, or thought she heard, the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the other side of the stream. 'It is only the noise of rushing waters,' cried Emma. 'I hear a carriage, the horses, the wheels!' replied Jessy; and darted off at once with the double purpose of meeting William, and warning the postillion against the stream. Emma and her mother followed fast! fast! but what speed could vie with Jessy's, when the object was William? They called, but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had run to the bend in the lane, she had reached the brook, and long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipped from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured—men and ropes and boats—for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all—and many a poor man risked his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there; for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her. William was there, struggling, with all the strength of love and agony, to rescue that dear and hopeless creature. But every effort—although he persevered until he, too, was taken out senseless—every effort was vain. The fair corpse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter, for the brother and his favourite sister never met again.

WITH the sweets of patience we season the bitterness of adversity.

THE SLAYER AND THE SLAIN.

He is dead! we are alone in the chamber, the slayer and the slain. Ay! there you lie, Richard Mostyn, there you lie stiff in death. There you lie, my school-fellow, my chum, my companion, my confidant, my friend—and your blood is upon my sword.

How strangely this array of luxury, this magnificently furnished table, these relics of a costly feast, contrast with the condition of him who gave it. The guests are gone—the songs have been sung—the jests are evaporated—the jesters asleep. And he, he who called them together—he, the wit, the grace of the company, the glory of the scene, is weltering in his blood. There stands before his chair his unfinished glass, and there too lies that unfinished letter to—so to—no matter to whom, for her name shall never cross my lips again.

I am athirst. I must remain here a few minutes longer. The household are slumbering; little do they think what is before them in the morning. I pour out this goblet of the wine of the man whom I have killed. Fiercely have I drunk it. Shall I try another? I may with impunity. The demon working in my brain is too potent to be quelled by so feeble a power—Wine—wine; what is wine when compared with hate?

Oh! Richard! Richard! those were gay days when we were in Oriet together, and shared every thought, every amusement, every study, every dissipation.—Twenty years have past and gone, but the recollection of those golden hours is brighter in my mental eye than that of the events of yesterday. Who of those who then saw us together could have thought that Richard Mostyn was to perish by the hand of Tom Churchill? Who would have thought that Richard Mostyn would have committed that surpassing wrong which justifies his slaughter to my soul?

Justified! out, cold word! When I think of what he has done, his death makes me rejoice. I exult that I have slain him. Let me examine his features as he lies beneath my foot. Yes, there is still that clear and ample brow shaded with clustering locks; that beautiful countenance; that magnificent form. Pale are the once blooming cheeks. Silent are the lips on whose accents I so often hung; closed the eyes once beaming with intelligence, or glowing with friendship. Why were those lips taught to deceive and betray? Why were the glances of those eyes permitted to work ruin and disgrace? Why did those lips dare to press—out, cursed thought—shall I stay here to parley with myself in words approaching to compassion when I think of that? Here lies the man who injured me beyond hope; his carcass is stretched at my foot, and I trample on it in the fury of despair. Once—twice—thrice, I bury my rapier in his body. There—there—there.

I am a fool. I dishonour not the poor remains; I dishonour myself. But I know not what I do. I am glad, however, that he fought me. I could not have slain him as an assassin slays. Did he fight with his wonted bravery? Perhaps not. The sense of what he had done must have weighed heavy on his soul, and unnerved his arm. A few passes and he was dead. I am not sure that he defended himself as he could have done. I am sure that this wound in my side was accidental. I am happy that I have received it. It shows that the fight was fair.

God! how I longed for that fight; with what impatience I waited for the breaking up of this protracted banquet; with what disgust I viewed the tardy departure of the wine-laden guests, and heard their praises of their entertainer. They were gone at last.

Too well did I know how to enter, unobserved, this house, long the scene of many a happy, many a frolic hour. I stood before him alone. He was writing; my heart told me to whom. How he started! what a flush of conscious shame and guilt overspread his features when his uplifted eyes met mine. "I know," said he, "why you come." "You know, then," I replied, "that I come not to talk. Draw, scoundrel, draw. You are a villain, but you were not a coward. One or both of us must fall in this room before the hour is over!"

Fain would he parley; fain refuse to draw on his "friend." Gracious God! On his friend. The word made me mad. I forced him to defend himself, and he has fallen. "The crime was great; the fight was fair; and my revenge is accomplished. I have slain him full of bread—I have killed him, body and soul.

My wound bleeds apace; I must stanch it as I can. My senses begin to reel. What was he writing when the avenger came? Ay, as I thought—as I knew.—Dare I read it? the words gleam out of the paper like fire. But what is this? Contrition—sorrow—penitence—remorse. He was a villain, then bold-faced to the world, but not gay at heart. I am glad that the iron had entered into his soul—that some of the miseries which he has inflicted on me came back upon himself. But it is all hypocrisy. Satiety had—No more of that! Oh! Richard! let me hope that the remorse was real, and that I have not sent you to your last account without some true shade of penitence upon your spirit.

Why do the boatmen tarry? How strange it is that, in the confusion of my thoughts, I should have put this miniature into my pocket. Faithful painter! it is she—she, innocent, good, true, and kind. Isabella! I thought that I was never more to breathe the word, but it flies to my lips. Isabella! you have wrung my heart, have marred my hopes, have stained my name. You must be as an outcast, nay, as an enemy to me for ever; but I love you still. Your partner in sin is gone—may God return to you the peace of mind that to me is lost. I declare before Heaven that I knew not when I married you that your consent was extorted by the prayers and advice of your parents, and that your heart belonged to the long-absent Mostyn. What a world of sorrow a candid tale of your feelings would have saved! How he betrayed his friend, and how you yielded your honor I know not—I seek not to know. It is passed. He is dead. You go to a life of obscurity or shame. I fly an exile from my native land. The moon rises over the hill, and I can see the boat rocking by the shore. The shrill whistle of Tom Bowling summons me away, and I leave England never to return. I leave behind me a scene of blood and sorrow, but I bear with me a hand which shed that blood, and a heart in which sorrow has set its throne. Many a man will grieve over Richard Mostyn, but what can their grief be when compared with that of him who has killed him? In another goblet of his Burgundy I bid farewell to England, and wander over the waters a broken-hearted man!

W. M.

* * The above was found by me among the papers of my grand uncle, who died last year at the age of eighty-five. He was a man of remarkably quiet and placid manners, and nobody would have suspected him of nourishing such feverish thoughts as those which he has here left behind him in this paper. His sister, my grand-mother, has been dead for some years, and she only was acquainted with his history. I

am not sure that even she knew every thing about him, for she was younger by twenty years, and so must have been a mere girl at the time when the events referred to had occurred. We, the junior branches of the family, never thought that Mr. Churchill had been married. On reading this paper, I went to the part of the country where his estates lay. I never, in fact, knew their situation or extent until after his death; and then I learned that nearly fifty years ago, Sir Richard Mostyn had been found dead in his dining-room, in the morning after he had given, what was in those days fashionable, a splendid supper to the principal gentry of the neighbourhood. He was wounded in several places. Suspicion attached to his servants, and two of them were tried, but acquitted. When he was killed, Mr. Churchill was believed to be in London, and his name was never implicated with the deed. I could not learn any thing of Mrs. Churchill, except what I found in the parish books, which told me that Thomas Churchill, Esq. married Isabella Robinson, on the 2nd of May, 1782. In 1783, Sir Richard Mostyn was killed; and among the burials of the same year is that of Isabella Churchill. I found her tomb in the church-yard, but it only contained her name, and an old verger told me that, for almost fifty years, a guinea was sent regularly by some unknown hand, to keep it clean. The guinea, added the old man, has not come this year. The story is thus buried in obscurity for ever. On recollecting my grand-uncle's conversation, I do not remember any thing which would lead to the suspicion that he was haunted by any feeling or sentiment of remorse. I only remember that two or three years ago, some one was regretting that gentlemen did not now wear swords as formerly; and old Mr. Churchill, with a peculiar emphasis, said—"It is better as it is; they were the too-ready instruments of hasty wrath."

A DAY BETWEEN THE TROPICS.

On the fifteenth of June, in latitude fourteen, longitude six, we beheld, for the first time, that glorious constellation of the southern heavens, the cross, which is to navigators a token of peace, and according to its position, indicates the hours of the night. We had long wished for this constellation, as a guide to the other hemisphere; we, therefore, felt inexpressible pleasure when we perceived it in the resplendent firmament. We all contemplated it with feelings of profound devotion as a type of salvation; but the mind was especially elevated at the sight of it, by the reflection, that even into this region, which this beautiful constellation illumines, under the significant name of the cross, the European has carried the noblest attributes of humanity, science, and christianity; and still endeavors to spread them more extensively in the remotest regions.

In proportion as the southern firmament rose above our horizon, that of the northern hemisphere sank below it. Those who considered Europe exclusively as their country, looked with painful sensations on the polar star as it sank lower and lower, till at length it vanished in the thick mists of the horizon.

In these seas the sun rises from the ocean with great splendour, and gilds the clouds accumulated in the horizon, which, in grand and various groups, seem to present to the eye of the spectator continents with high mountains and valleys, with volcanoes and seas, mythological and other strange creations of fancy. The lamp of day gradually mounts in the transparent blue sky; the damp gray frogs subside; the sea is calm, or gently rises and falls, with a surface smooth as a mirror, in a regular motion. At noon, a pale, faintly-shining cloud arises, the herald of a sudden tempest, which at once disturbs the tranquillity of the sea.—

Thunder and lightning seem as if they would split our planet; but a heavy rain, of a saltish taste, pouring down in the midst of roaring whirlwinds, puts an end to the raging of the elements; and several semi-circular rainbows, extended over the ocean like gay triumphal arches, and multiplied in the wrinkled surface of the water, announces the termination of the great natural phenomenon. As soon as the air and sea have recovered their repose and equilibrium, the sky again shows its transparent azure; swarms of flying-fish leap sporting over the surface of the water, and the many-coloured natives of the ocean, among which the shark, with his two inseparable companions, *Gasterosteus ductor* and *Echeneis remora*, come up from the bottom of the element, which is translucent to the depth of a hundred fathoms. Singularly formed Meduse, the bladder-shaped Physalis, with its blue pungent filaments, serpent-like streaks of *Salpæ*, joined together, float carelessly along, and many other little marine animals, of the most various kinds, pass slowly, the sport of the waves, by the motionless vessel. As the sun gradually sinks in the clouded horizon, sea and sky assume a new dress, which is, beyond description, sublime and magnificent; the most brilliant red, yellow, and violet, in infinite shades and contrast, are poured out in profusion over the azure of the firmament, and are reflected in still gayer variety from the surface of the water. The day departs amidst continual lightnings in the dusky horizon; while the moon, in silent majesty, rises from the unbounded ocean, into the cloudless upper regions. Variable winds cool the atmosphere; numerous falling stars, coming particularly from the south, shed a magic light; the dark blue firmament, reflected with the constellations on the untroubled bosom of the water, represents the image of the whole starry hemisphere; and the ocean, agitated even by the faintest breeze of the night, is changed into a sea of waving fire.

THE PATRIOTIC MILKMAID.

DURING the war in the Low Countries, the Spaniards intended to besiege the city of Dort, in Holland, and accordingly planted some thousand soldiers in ambush, to be ready for the attack when opportunity might offer. On the confines of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept a number of cows on his grounds, to furnish the city with butter and milk. His milkmaids, at this time, coming to milk their cows, saw, under the hedges, the soldiers lying in ambush; they, however, appeared to take no notice, and, having milked their cows, went away singing merrily. On coming to their master's house, they told him what they had seen; who, astonished at the relation, took one of the maids with him to a burgomaster at Dort, who immediately sent a spy to ascertain the truth of the story. Finding the report correct, he began to prepare for safety, and instantly sent to the states, who ordered soldiers into the city, and commanded the river to be let in by a certain sluice, which would instantly put that part of the country under water where the besiegers lay in ambush. This was forthwith done, and a great number of the Spaniards were drowned: the rest, being disappointed in their design, escaped, and the town was thus providentially saved. The states, to commemorate the merry milkmaids' service to their country, bestowed on the farmer a large annual revenue, to compensate the loss of his house, land, and cattle; and caused the effigies of a milkmaid, milking a cow, to be engraven on all the coin of the city. This impress is still to be seen upon the Dort coinage; similar figures were also set up on the water-gate of the Dort; and, to complete their munificence, the maiden was allowed for her own life, and her heirs for ever, a very handsome annuity.

TERMAGANCY.

A man of fashion can make up his mind to be called a libertine, a spendthrift, a gambler—any thing but a coward. A woman of fashion can put up with the aspersions of being a flirt, a coquette, extravagant, or dissipated; but wo to the discerning wretch who presumes to discover, and to whisper—that her ladyship is a *scold*! A scold is, in fact, a vulgar, ridiculous creature, characterized by a red nose and an untunable voice; meagre, graceless, and unlovable,—or, to crown the anathema of fashion in one word—a woman *de tres mauvais ton*. It is, therefore, most essential to every fair one labouring under the consciousness of termagancy, to clothe the cloven foot in a slipper of the choicest satin, and to attune the shrill accent by a system of polite solfeggio. The scold of modern times is consequently no Zantippe; but rather to be detected by the artificial softness of her demeanour, and the feline velvetude of paw under which the sharpness of her talons lies concealed. On entering the mansion of the scold, you read her character in the noiseless step and constrained attitude of her domestics; in the sneaking air of her husband; the unnatural tranquility of her children. But the fair authoress of all these mischiefs welcomes you with her choicest smiles—a mirror of universal love and gentleness.

Easy is it in this world of seeming and surface, to create to oneself a reputation. There is Lady Capstan, for instance; the sweetest creature—a widow at eight-and-twenty,—so young, so pretty, so graceful, so gracious; who would not cut his club and forswear his bachelorhood, to become the consoler of Lady Capstan? The Admiral, her late husband, was such a shocking monster; nearly broke her heart, and drank himself to death at last. Yes, actually died of brandy and water! What a catastrophe for the lord and master of the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, satin-spoken Amelia!

But have a care! Beware how the glossy skin and shining spots of the leopardess beguile you into her den. The eyes of the creature are mild, and its attitudes have an air of most Grimalkin domesticity; but the fangs are as the fangs of the tiger, and the claws as the claws of the hyena. Poor Capstan was in fact driven from his fireside, by taunts and insults. His birth, parentage, and education, his professional predilections, gestures, dialect, afforded an incessant theme to the pretty termagant, who had deluded him into raising her to the condition of his wife. His fine, frank heart was stung to the quick by her sarcasms—his home was embittered by constant reviling. Scorning to retaliate, he fled from the society of personages to whom he knew himself shown up as a brute and a blackguard; and took refuge with all or any who were ready to join in his vituperations against Fashion and her heartless votaries. Fortunately, however, his mortifications soon made an end of him. Lady Capstan's physician announced to the world a liver complaint, and Lady Capstan's apothecary whispered from house to house that the Admiral, having lived too hard, would soon find it an easy matter to die,—and die he did. The young widow has now only to enjoy the dear-bought fruit of his professional labours; and the dandies who luxuriate in the old boy's Madeira, and prance in the park beside the handsome chariot, emblazoned with a vidual lozenge bearing his escutcheon, protest that nothing could have been more horrible than to have sacrificed so mild and lovely a victim as Amelia to a great sea-monster like Capstan.

Then there is Emily Fitzharding;—the sylph of Almack's,—the sprite of Devonshire House;—sweet as one of Gunter's *pralines* or Malibrán's cadences;—

feminine as some Heathfied heroine of the Book of Beauty! Emily is all sensibility;—weeps over "Falkland."—subscribes to the Humane Calf-cart Institution—is eloquent in behalf of the factory children,—and shudders when the newspapers announce an insurrection in New Zealand. Emily cannot bear that people should be either sick or sorry;—she shakes her head in graceful sympathy on hearing that the children of some Almack's patroness have got the measles;—turns up her soft hazel eyes in despair, because the Duchess's sweet little spaniel has been bitten in the ear by a great vulgar butcher's dog;—nor could she get through her wing of a partridge at dinner, on the day the *Court Journal* announced the *bouleversement* of her dear Lady Salisbury, by the toe, rather fantastic than light, of Lady Katherine Grimston. Who, *who* would suspect pretty Emily of being a scold! Who would suspect that the humour in which she comes down to breakfast, regulates the happiness of her doting father and mother for the remainder of the day;—that her young sister trembles in the school-room, when Emily's step is heard on the stairs;—that the old house-keeper dares not approach her mistress's dressing-room till satisfied that Miss Emily is engaged elsewhere;—or that the lady's maids spend half their wages in sal-volatile, to enable them to stand the brunt of her tantarums!—Who would suspect it? Assuredly not those who behold her seated in her *boudoir* with a bouquet of violets in her hand, tears in her eyes, and "Ellen Wareham" open on the table before her;—assuredly not those who hear her pleading so prettily to the old General at the Duchesse de Dino's ball, to be allowed to stay only *one* half hour longer;—assuredly not those who see her walking through her father's village on young Lord Watermouth's arm, talking so edifyingly of her poor, her school, her pensioners, her aviary, her domestic occupations. Sweet Emily! What a pity that a clime so fair should be liable to the Sirocco!

Does any one remember Harry Wroughton of the Coldstreams? What a fine dashing fellow he was!—all sunshine, all good-humour. A little wild or so, but without a vice or a bad quality in the world. What *can* have become of him? "Become of him?—You may meet poor Harry any day, slouching on a broken-down hack, along the by-roads between Hampstead and the Regent's Park."—"But he is never at the Club?"—"Club?—I should think not! He is married!"—"Married?"—"To a very sensible woman, of a most domestic turn of mind, who has compelled him to commit the social suicide of taking his name out of all his Clubs."—"Quite right. What has a man who is married to a charming woman to do at Clubs?"—"Mrs. Wroughton's notion exactly!"—"I should like to see Harry again. I will call on him to-morrow."—"You won't find him. He is so devilishly happy at home, that, rain or shine, he is always out. Meet him, and you will not know him. Quite an altered man. In short, he wants nothing but an umbrella under his arm and a pair of kerseymere gaiters, to be the very model of Jerry Sneakhood."—"But what can have wrought so great a change?"—"Ask him—but no! he dare not tell you. The rod is over him; and he will swear that he is married to the most charming of women, and that he is the happiest of husbands.—There lives not the man bold enough to admit that he is the slave of a TERMAGANT.

SEEST thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? whilst thou art in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

THE BIRD AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

BIRD of the greenwood ?
 Oh! why art thou here?
 Leaves dance not e'er thee,
 Flowers bloom not near:
 All the sweet waters
 Far hence are at play—
 Bird of the greenwood,
 Away, away!

Midst the wild billows,
 Thy place will not be,
 As midst the wavings
 Of wild rose and tree:
 How shouldst thou battle
 With storm and with spray?
 Bird of the greenwood,
 Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
 Some brighter land,
 Where by the south wind
 Vine-leaves are fann'd?
 Midst the wild billows
 Why then delay?—
 Bird of the greenwood,
 Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
 Where waves are dark!
 A hand that hath nursed me
 Is in the bark—
 A heart that hath cherish'd
 Through winter's long day—
 So I turn from the greenwood
 Away, away!"

From Friendship's Offering.

A HYMN.

WHEN morn awakes our hearts,
 To pour the matin prayer;
 When toil-worn day departs,
 And gives a pause to care;
 When those our souls love best
 Kneel with us, in thy fear
 To ask thy peace and rest—
 Oh God our Father, hear!

When worldly snares without,
 And evil thoughts within,
 Stir up some impious doubt,
 Or lure us back to sin;
 When human strength proves frail,
 And will but half sincere;
 When faith begins to fail—
 Oh God our Father, hear!

When in our cup of mirth
 The drop of trembling falls,
 And the frail props of earth
 Are crumbling round our walls;
 When back we gaze with grief,
 And forward glance with fear;
 When faith man's relief—
 Oh God our Father, hear!

When on the verge we stand
 Of the eternal clime,
 And Death, with solemn hand,
 Draws back the veil of Time;
 When flesh and spirit quake
 Before Thee to appear—
 For the Redeemer's sake,
 Oh God our Father, hear!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

LEAVE nothing that is necessary in any matter undone—we rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

If you desire to be cunning, endeavour also to be secret: cunning men are oftener detected by their own misbehaviour, than by the circumspection of others.

If you accustom yourself to low company, you unfit yourself for better acquaintance. And if you apply yourself to mean pursuits, you acquire neither capacity nor relish for honourable employment; custom gives rule, habit furnishes examples; and we are often pleased with what we know through ignorance of melioration.

Delicacy requires that even the truth should sometimes be disguised. A really modest man is embarrassed by hearing praise of himself.

Modesty has the power of intimidating and even of checking the vicious; its power is equally efficacious with the famed Medusa's head, converting its beholders.

Beauty is a flower, when spoken of externally, but the beauties of the mind render a deformed person agreeable.

Petitioned praise is odious; merit is its own reward.

One virtue overbalances numerous vices, as it qualifies and atones for, in some measure, vice itself.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do every thing; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

Good manners is the art to make those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

Life is a flower-garden, in which new blossoms are ever opening as fast as others fade. Nature is the mirror of the Invisible One.

The first fault man commits is to take theories for experience; the second to consider his own experience as that of all.

A newly married gentleman and lady, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A person coming to their assistance, observed it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new-married couple fall out so soon."

The debt which we every moment incur to our Creator, is to be paid, on His account, to our fellow creatures; and the acquittance we are to receive is the witness of a good conscience, and the seal of a free and independent spirit.

Where children are, is a golden age.

Between congenial minds, dissensions are most painful, as discords are the harsher the nearer they approach to concord.

Shame follows sin, disgrace is daily given,
Impiety will out, never so closely done,
No walls can hide us from the eye of heaven,
For shame must end what wickedness begun,
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as forty to ten, or as four to one.

Framlofer, in his optical experiments, made a machine in which he could draw 32,000 lines in an inch breadth.

The sea presents in its waves a very remarkable paradox; for when it is in a state of the greatest agitation its appearance is the most *tide-y*.

We cannot be too jealous, we cannot suspect ourselves too much to labour under the disease of pride, which cleaves the closer to us by our belief or confidence that we are quite without it.

A habit of procrastinating is to the mind what palsy is to the body.

To treat trifles as matters of importance, is to show our own unimportance.

He only can discern his *real* friends, who makes himself independent of them, by securing the friendship of God, and his own conscience.

Disinterestedness and experience are indispensable qualifications in an adviser.

Sir Robert Walpole, during his long administration, was always averse to motions (though many were made) against the publishers of parliamentary debates; "because," said he, good naturedly, "they make better speeches for us than we do for ourselves."

Socrates is said to have been the only inhabitant of Athens who, during the prevalence of the plague in that city, escaped infection: this circumstance the historians unanimously attributed to the strict temperance which he constantly observed—in conjunction, it may be added, with his well known equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

Though we cannot vouch for the truth of the above, yet it deserves the attention of all. "Strict temperance" does not mean alone abstinence from wine, or stronger draughts, but temperance in the manner of living, in exercise and appetite.

How incomprehensible is woman's love! it is not kindness that wins it, nor return that ensures it; we daily see the most devoted attachment lavished on those who seem to us singularly unworthy.

Next unto virtue, let children be trained up to industry; for both poverty and fraud are the effect of sloth.

Activity and sobriety in youth, will enable a man to requite his parents, and render him a credit and comfort to them, as well as establish his credit for prudence.

Vice is most dangerous when it puts on a semblance of virtue.

The creditor, whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms.

The young should reflect that they may become old, and the aged that they were once young, in order that each extreme of life may exact of the other only what is natural and commodious.

Of all the causes that move us to displeasure or irascibility, there seems one singularly mysterious; that is, to be angry at those who take offence at the injury we offer them!

A woman, whose ruling passion is not vanity, is superior to any man of equal faculties.

The gazer in the streets wants a plan for his head, and an object for his heart.

Flattery always supposes a weakness and imbecility of intellect in the person influenced by it.

Adulation is made to gain the affections, but it will excite only the contempt of the wise.

True merit consists in our not being conscious of it ourselves. Vanity eclipses the lustre of our virtues.

It is the distinguishing characteristic of real merit to be as desirous of shunning applause, as assiduous to deserve it.

Some men are so covetous, as if they were to live for ever, and others so profuse, as if they were to die the next moment.

Base is their nature who will not have their branches lopped, till their bodies be felled; and *will let go none of their goods, as if it presaged their speedy death*; whereas it does not follow, that he that puts off his cloak must presently go to bed.

I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn together on the stage, where the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply 20 men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards of compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

RECIPES.

ON COLOURS.

The five chief colours are blue, red, yellow, black, and brown; each of these, separately, will afford an infinite number of colours, or rather shades, and by the combination of two or more of them, all the colours in dyeing are formed.

ON THE MIXTURE OF THE FIVE CHIEF COLOURS, TAKEN BY THREE AND THREE, TO PRODUCE THE VARIOUS COMPOUND COLOURS.

From blue, red, and yellow, the red olives, and greenish grays are made. From blue, red, and brown, olives are made from the lightest to the darkest shades; and by giving a greater shade of red, the slated and lavender grays are made. From blue, red, and black, grays of all shades are made such as sage, pigeon, slate, and lead grays. The king's or prince's colour is duller than usual; this mixture produces a variety of hues, or colours almost to infinity. From yellow, blue, and brown, are made the goose dung, and olives of all kinds. From brown, blue, and black, are produced the brown olives, and their shades. From the red, yellow, and brown, are derived the orange, the gold colour, feuille-mort, or faded leaf, dead carnations, cinnamon, fawn, and tobacco, by using three or two of the colours, as required. From yellow, red, and black, browns of every shade are made. From blue and yellow, greens of all shades. From red and blue, purples of all kinds are formed.

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Painted by Westall.

Engd. on Steel by F. Knapp.

THE UNTAUGHT.

Published for the Ladies Bazaar by Louis A. Godby, Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1834.

THE COTTAGE.

SCENE of content! the human heart,

A stranger here to worldly strife,
Free from the turmoil, pain and smart,
The thorns of loftier paths of life,

Finds in thy precincts such repose
As the great world has never given,
The bliss from virtuous thoughts that flows,
Which hold their high commune with heaven!

Nor here ambition's fiery wing
Fans the fierce embers of the soul,
Nor here does conscience point her sting,
Nor passion rage without control:

For Nature in her majesty
Here holds her undisputed reign,
From art and her deceptions free,
And folly's unreflecting train.

How happy they whose quiet lot
In scenes so undisturb'd is cast,
Content within this peaceful cot
To breathe life's first breath and its last;

Nor e'er for gayer scenes to sigh,
For luxuries ill understood,
Which cheat the sense and lure the eye
From virtue and from solitude.

Fair cottager! whose tranquil brow
The meditative gaze delights,
May innocence and peace, as now,
For ever crown thy days and nights!

Thou bright in childhood's opening bloom,
Rich in a heart that knows but joy,
Ne'er be thy hopes o'ercast with gloom,
Nor pleasure marr'd with grief's alloy.

Should evils against thee be plann'd,
Should dangers throng on every side,
O! still may the maternal hand
Serve as thy safeguard and thy guide!

And when to womanhood thou'rt grown,
And thy fond lover bends the knee,
Think of thy dog, the faithful one,
And hope a like fidelity!

ORIGINAL VERSES OF LORD BYRON,

TO THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

RIVER* that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me:

*The Po.

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art,
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may somewhat have tamed them, not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye;
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside; and mine have sunk away,

But left long wrecks behind us, and again
Borne on our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
And I to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes shall look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharmed from summer's heat.

She will look on thee; I have looked on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
Thy waters could I name, nor name and see,
Without th' inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream;
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now;
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in a flow.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?
Both thread thy banks, both wander on thy shore;
I near the source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fanned
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime—I shall not be,
In spite of fortunes ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I've lived, and love as I have loved:
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

LA MADONNA DELLA GROTTA;

OR, THE MIRACLE.

In a remote and thinly inhabited quarter of the city of Catania, at a small distance from the walls, in a dark cavern, into which the votary descends by a flight of steps, is the celebrated image of the Madonna della Grotta, said to have been some years since accidentally found in that situation. It is famous throughout Sicily, but especially in Catania, for the number and importance of its miracles. It fronts the entrance, and is usually visited after dark, owing to its being seen but indistinctly by day, the light of the sun being just sufficient to neutralize that of the lamp kept perpetually burning before it, which is regularly supplied with oil by its numerous devotees. At irregular and uncertain periods, either from the descent of rain, the melting from the snows of *Ætna*, or a communication with the intermittent river, called the Guidicello, the Amenanus of the ancients, the grot becomes filled with water. On these occasions the trimming and feeding the lamp is a task of some difficulty, performed, no doubt, by a person destined for that especial purpose; but this human intervention is pertinaciously rejected by the pious populace of Catania, who undoubtingly believe and maintain that the painting, as well as the lamp, are often submerged in the water; the former, by the interposition of the Madonna, remaining uninjured, and the latter unextinguished by the moisture. Underneath the figure is an inscription affixed by the head of the noble house of Lappala, commemorating what the devout Catanese assert to be an incontestable miracle; but in which the less enthusiastic reader will only perceive one of those extraordinary concatenations of circumstances, which, in the great course of events, must at times occur, without its being requisite to have recourse to supernatural interference for their explanation. I relate the tale as nearly as possible in the terms in which it was narrated to me.

Some forty years since, an old gentleman, whose wife was dangerously indisposed, was returning one evening with his daughter, a girl of about fifteen, from the above-mentioned grotto, where they had been paying their devotions, and praying for the intercession of the Madonna in favour of their afflicted relative. They were met, not many paces distant from the entrance of the cave, by a party of young men, who, perhaps heated by wine, taking advantage of the defenceless condition of a girl accompanied only by an old man, surrounded them, and insisted on seeing the face of the former, who wore on her head only a long veil, as is the custom of the Sicilians. In vain the irritated father resisted and remonstrated as well as he could; the young libertines, removing the veil by force, gratified their offensive curiosity, and went away laughing at their exploit. It would have been well had their insolence ended there; but it happened that one of them, struck by the surprising beauty of the girl, seen by the light of the moon, nearly full at the time, conceived the design of carrying his outrage to a still greater extremity. After proceeding a few yards, he suddenly left his companions, and retracing his steps, soon overtook the gentleman and his daughter: violently throwing the old man, who fruitlessly endeavoured to oppose him, into the middle of the street, he took the terrified girl in his arms, and, stopping her mouth with his handkerchief, carried her off, to the horror and consternation of the unhappy parent, who, weak from age, and injured by the fall, was incapable of following the rapid steps of the youthful aggressor, who was soon out of sight. Affrighted and confounded, dubious what course to take, and still hoping

it was nothing more than an ill-timed frolic, and that the stranger would return with his child, he long waited near the spot in that fruitless expectation. It was with a heavy heart that he at length took his way home, trusting to find his daughter arrived before him, but was again disappointed. Fearful of aggravating the illness of his wife by prematurely disclosing this alarming circumstance to her, or applying to the police for assistance, which might after all be unnecessary: apprehensive, lest by publishing so unpleasant an adventure, he might entail a reproach on his daughter's honour, which it would in the sequel be difficult to remove.

Whilst the agitated father was thus debating on the steps to be taken in this embarrassing situation, his daughter, on recovering from a swoon into which she had been thrown by terror, found herself alone in a chamber, which, by the light of the moon, she could perceive to be magnificently furnished. Her first thought was to devise some expedient for discovering and identifying, on a future occasion, the unprincipled author of the outrage she had sustained. On searching for a memorial, she found one, in a gold repeater lying on a bureau; conjecturing it to belong to the person, who had so grossly insulted her, she placed it in her breast. She then opened a window, in the hope of its affording her the means of escape; but it was far too great a height from the ground to hazard a descent; it next occurred that her cries might bring assistance, and she had already begun to call for help, when she found herself seized from behind by the same person, as it appeared to her, who had carried her off. Her veil was thrown over her face. She was then taken down stairs, and conducted out of the house. After leading her in this manner through a variety of streets, her guide stopped in the square of the Teotero, and inquired if she could find her way from thence: on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he finally dismissed and left her. The fact was, that, mutable and unstable as youth generally is, despairing of being able to keep the affair a secret on the return of his parents, who were at the time at the theatre, and apprehensive of the consequences of his offence, the young man already began to repent his violence, and to feel alarm at the serious dilemma in which the ungoverned passion or caprice of a moment had entangled him. He had left the house in search of his juvenile companions, in the hope of finding some one who could accommodate him with a suitable place for concealing and detaining his unfortunate victim. Happily not succeeding in this object, he at length, as we have said, resolved on restoring her to her paternal residence.

When the affrighted girl returned, her father, though somewhat consoled by her presence, was alarmed at the agitation and the paleness which overspread her countenance. On the daughter's recounting what had befallen her, and producing the watch which she had secreted, as affording a probable clue to the discovery of the offender, the father was of opinion that all overt steps were unadvisable. A complaint to the police, or a public attempt to discover the owner of the watch, was sure to compromise the reputation of his child in the eyes of the misjudging and censorious world. Trusting, therefore, to time and Providence for that justice which circumstances rendered it imprudent to look for publicly, he recommended his daughter, for the present, to keep the extraordinary accidents of the evening a secret in her own bosom.

In the meantime, both father and daughter took

every means in their power, without rendering the circumstance public, to discover, what the approach of a certain event rendered every day more desirable, the perpetrator of so daring an outrage; but in vain: she had seen his features only indistinctly, and at a moment when terror had confounded or weakened her senses. In the promenades and places of resort, she met with no one whom she recognized as the same. In fine, the unhappy girl became a mother; and the father of her child, the author of her dishonour, was as yet unknown to her.

Months and years rolled on. The child was brought up in the family as that of a deceased relation entrusted to their care. Still the youthful mother continued to frequent the Madonna della Grotta, imploring her interposition, and calling on her to redress the cruel injury she had sustained in consequence of devotion to her holy image. For seven years she visited the cave almost nightly, and for seven years returned home wretched, comfortless, and despairing. In the meantime, the boy grew up, greatly surpassing his companions of the same age, in size, beauty, and vivacity. At length, on occasion of some festival, it happened that a race took place, as customary, in the streets of Catania. In most parts of Italy the horses are not mounted, but run without riders through the crowded streets, goaded on by sharp points like the rowels of a spur, which, pending from their hangings, and flapping to and fro, urge them forward with indescribable fury. Often, mad with the pain, they break through the wall of spectators, who, without any defence, line the public ways, and cause deplorable accidents, killing and maiming all in their course. It happened thus in the present instance. One of the racers bolted into the midst of the crowd, who fled here and there in confusion, climbing up the windows, or seeking refuge in the porticos of the houses. Among those overthrown or trampled down by the infuriated animal, was the unfortunate child of the subject of our story, who, in company with a female servant, was returning from school. A crowd soon collected round the poor boy, deploring his misfortune, and affording him the assistance in their power. One of them, a gentleman, alighting from his horse, seemed much struck with the features of the child, and directed him to be carefully removed to his own residence, which was fortunately near at hand. This was the Marquess Zappala, who, arriving at home, communicated the accident to his lady, observing that he felt interested for the child, as he was the exact image of his own son when of that age. The marchesa equally surprised at the resemblance, was, in like manner, affected for the little sufferer. Learning from the servant the name and abode of his relatives, the marquess despatched one of his domestics to apprise them of the misfortune. The grandfather, who himself belonged to the medical faculty, lost no time in accompanying the messenger to the nobleman's residence; charging his daughter, who was present when the alarming intelligence was communicated, to remain quiet at home, as he hoped the injury would not prove to be of a serious nature, and would lose no time in letting her know the state of the child. But what is so strong as maternal affection! The distracted mother, paying no attention to the injunctions of her father, followed his footsteps, and entering close behind him into the palace and the chamber where the boy lay, had him in her arms before the bystanders were aware of her presence. His danger, overpowering all other considerations, to the utter dismay of her confused parent, she broke into exclamations of "My child! my child!" Not that there was need of words to divulge her secret; her overwhelming agitation and convulsive emotion would alone have betrayed the mother. Her father was now obliged to reply to the questions of his noble hosts, by informing them that she was his

daughter, adding, with an excusable falsehood, that her husband was an officer in the army, then absent on service in Naples.

When the first gush of maternal affliction had subsided itself, and the mother had received the consoling intelligence that, though not safe to remove the child at present, there was no ground for apprehending a fatal result, she recovered her self-possession sufficiently to look around her. What was her surprise to recognize the very chamber, in which, seven years before, she had been so cruelly and ignominiously treated! The window at which she had presented herself, the furniture, the bureau from which she had taken the watch, all were the same. It was manifest that she was under the roof of the despoiler of her honour. The attempt would be vain to depict the various and contrasting emotions which now swayed her bosom; sorrow, indignation, resentment, fear, hope, alike affected her by turns. When at length alone with her father, who had testified his intention of sitting up, as well as his daughter, in order to attend to the little invalid, she imparted to him her unexpected discovery. The clue was found, and the mystery was beginning to unravel itself; the locality, if not the actor of the crime, was ascertained. Nothing was more likely to injure her than a precipitate revelation of so strange and even improbable a story; it would therefore be prudent to suffer herself to be entirely guided by circumstances. The father also apprized his daughter of the fictitious account he had given of her marriage to the marchesa, in which, for the present, it would be advisable to persevere.

The health of the child continued to improve, and in a few days he was transferred to the house of his grandfather, who, with his daughter, were often visitors at the palace of the marquess. It was not long before they ascertained that their noble friends had an only son, then residing in Naples; whither, as it was said, having been rather wild and dissipated, some youthful frolics had obliged him to retire about seven years before, and whence he had not, during that period, returned; but he was now daily expected home. He had fallen in love, the marchioness informed them, with a daughter of the Duke of R——, a Neapolitan nobleman of wealth and consideration, but whose family did not in general enjoy that reputation which could render an alliance with them a very desirable event; they had, therefore, prevented a certificate of his single state (*stato libero*) being sent from the church in which he was baptized, as is the custom throughout Italy, and without which no marriage can be duly celebrated. He had lately written to say that he should come himself to extract this document from the parish register, and hoped to explain his conduct and intentions to the satisfaction of his parents. Anastasia, such was the young woman's name, felt her spirits revive at this intelligence. Her vows, she felt assured, had been heard: the young man once present, she relied on the interposition of Providence for opening her a way to redress for the cruel wrongs of which she had such just cause to complain.

In a few weeks the young marquess, after so prolonged an absence, returned to his native city and paternal roof. When they first met, after the encounter, on the evening on which our story commences, neither the injured party nor the injurer at once recognized each other; though the former felt assured that the person before her was the individual of whose guilty and capricious violence she had become the innocent victim. He was a young man of about twenty-six, remarkably handsome, so that on seeing him, far from entertaining any implacable resentment, she felt her heart, ill treated as she had been, engaged in his favour, and that he had only to ask for pardon in order to obtain it. On his part, the young man, apparently as great a libertine as ever, was profuse in his atten-

tions to the handsome wife, as he imagined her, of the absent officer: and paid her, in the language of gallantry, many compliments on her beauty, which she in her simplicity mistook for the expression of the heart; so easily do our inclinations impose on our credulity. On his inquiring the regiment and name of her husband, and receiving the reply before given to the marchesa, she was not a little surprised to hear him roundly assert that he was one of his most intimate friends, though a fictitious character invented by her father for the occasion. This indeed might have served as a measure for his veracity, and of the reliance to be placed on his sincerity. The marchioness, in the course of conversation, mentioned to the son the accident that had befallen the child, and his extraordinary resemblance to himself, when a boy, an information which he heard with apparent carelessness and indifference; the mother with some confusion, indeed, but not without secret satisfaction. Receiving an invitation to dine, some days afterwards, at the palace, she brought the child with her; and in the hope of attracting observation, and bringing about an éclaircissement, suspended round his neck the repeater she had taken as a memorial on the night of the outrage, supposing it would be recognized by him; and that he would be surprised into a confession before his parents, on whose good will, manifested so often towards both herself and the child, she relied for obtaining the justice due to her. But her hopes were impressed on the shifting sands. Either now aware of the person with whom he had to deal, or in reality, not recollecting his property, he did not, or affected not to notice the testimonials of his misdeeds. Not so his mother, who recollected the loss, and now recognized the watch, which had been a present of her own; she eagerly asked how it came into her possession. Anastasia replied, that the watch belonged to the boy's father, and appealed to the younger Zappala for the truth of her assertion; saying, that he no doubt well remembered what had taken place on the evening on which he had missed that watch. Let the reader figure to himself, if he can, the oppression of the heart, the sense of desolation, the feeling of helpless, irremediable misery which penetrated her, when, with perfect self-possession and composure, the dissembler denied all knowledge of any event to which the words of the lady would apply. If the watch had in reality ever been his, he might have lost it, or it might have been stolen from him. In fact, after so considerable a lapse of time, he could scarcely be expected to have any distinct recollection of so trifling an object. Insensibility for a few minutes came to the relief of the unhappy young woman. On recovering, she detailed the events of the fatal evening: but her tale, supported by the sole corroborating circumstance of the watch, and the partial testimony of her parent, was scarcely sufficient to produce conviction even in her hitherto kind hosts, who, perhaps, interested as they had felt for her, were by no means inclined to second her pretensions to an alliance with the heir of their house. The young man, too, coolly observed, that he could not be held responsible if any of his companions had taken the liberty of making his residence the scene of an imprudent frolic. Disappointed in their scheme for obtaining reparation for the injustice of which they were the victims, the aged parent and his wretched daughter returned home with the child thus cruelly disowned by his unnatural father; for that he was so, notwithstanding his unparelled effrontery, Anastasia still felt assured, from the well remembered tone of his voice, the contour of his person, and other circumstances, which had impressed his figure on her memory. What was still more cruel, the marchesa and his lady conceiving it necessary to put a stop at once to such pretensions as those of Anastasia, or, perhaps, giving credence to the unblushing asser-

tions of their son, declined all further intercourse with either father or daughter. A violent fit of illness long confined the latter to her bed. Her life was despaired of, but youth and a good constitution triumphing at length over disease, health began slowly and partially to return.

In the meantime the younger Zappala, having overcome his father's objection to his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of R—, returned to Naples. On his arrival, it appeared to him that the lady was considerably estranged, and that she received him with restraint and indifference. This change, it afterwards proved, had been effected in his absence by the Cavaliere T—, a relation of her family, who himself aspired to her hand; but being a person of little or no fortune, he had been rejected by the Duke, much, it was hinted in the circles of Naples, to the disappointment of the daughter. On the return, therefore, of Zappala, notwithstanding the alienation which he might perceive or suspect in the lady's sentiments, the marriage was hurried on with unusual rapidity. Soon after their union, the marquis determined on carrying his young bride to the place of his nativity. The duke, the duchess, and a large suite, among whom was the Cavaliere T—, accompanied the newly married couple. They were received with all the pomp and magnificence due to their rank, and the kindness and hospitality befitting their near connexion. After spending a few weeks with much satisfaction, the party, with the exception of the bride and bridegroom, returned to Naples. It was observed that matrimony had not increased the lady's affection for her husband, and occasional quarrels began to augur that the union was not likely to turn out a happy one. Months passed in this manner; the lady was on the point of giving an heir to her husband, when a series of extraordinary circumstances took place; and the wrongs done to the unfortunate Anastasia were, tardily, but fearfully, avenged.

Deserted, despised, bereft of her last hope by the marriage of the guilty Zappala, denied all redress from the justice or mercy of man, the wretched young woman had recourse to that of heaven. Night after night saw her prostrate before the Madonna della Grotta. In a frame of mind bordering on frenzy, she was at one time heard to call for vengeance on the unfeeling author of her misery; at another, to supplicate for peace to her wounded heart; now, she cried to the blessed virgin for compassion, now reproached her with the dreadful disaster befallen her in consequence of her devotion to herself. If it was too late to repair, she implored her to revenge the wrongs she had sustained. When the flood rendered the entrance of the grotto impracticable, she was seen to kneel at the opening, and heard in frantic ecstasy, to blend together prayers, tears, vows, and imprecations; happy, if, at least, the last had been unheard or unregarded.

One evening, having thus vented her emotion before the image of the Madonna, as she returned with her father, at a few yards distant from the grotto, they were suddenly alarmed by the clash of arms, and beheld five persons attacking a gentleman, who was vainly endeavouring to defend himself from their murderous fury. What succour could be afforded by a feeble old man and a helpless woman? They retreated as fast as they could into the cave, which they did not leave a second time, until all was again silent. When they reached the spot where the rencontre had just occurred—there, on that spot, the very spot, where, more than seven years before, the fatal outrage, fertile source of all her subsequent misery, had been committed, the body of a man lay weltering in his blood. Terrified as they were, they could not leave this unfortunate person, if life were not already extinguished, to perish for want of assistance. As they had no light, they borrowed the lamp which burnt before the Madonna, to

examine the body of the unhappy man who lay before them; as soon as the beams of the flickering light fell on his face, Anastasia, with a shriek of horror, recognized the features of her guilty lover. Woman, soft and weak on little occasions, often surpasses, on greater ones, the boasted constancy of man. She knelt by his side, she tore her garments, and dressed his wounds with oil taken from the lamp of the Madonna. He muttered some indistinct words; there were hopes he yet might live. Just then a carriage drove along; it was that of the marquess in search of its master, from which, it was afterwards proved, he had been fatally allured to alight only a few minutes before. The coachman drew up, and found the unfortunate pair busied in tending the wounded man. In a few words they related what they knew of the melancholy occurrence. It was necessary to remove the sufferer, but the old man, who, as we have said, was of the medical profession, declaring that the motion would probably be fatal, a mattress and planks were borrowed from a neighbouring house, on which the marquess was conveyed to his own residence.

When the husband was brought home desperately wounded, it was natural that the wife should be agitated; but the emotions she manifested on the occasion, seemed rather those of terror and apprehension than of genuine sorrow. The afflicted parents in vain bewildered themselves in conjecturing the quarter from which the blow was struck. In the short time that their son had been in Catania, they could scarcely believe that he had already provoked an enmity so deadly as that of which he had become the victim. It seemed as if Zappala was destined to be ever the evil genius of Anastasia. In despite of the humane attentions bestowed on him by herself and father, suspicions fell upon them as accomplices, if not perpetrators, of the assassination. The coachman deposed that a person had stopped the carriage, and whispered something in a low tone of voice to his master, which perhaps might have been a challenge, for he immediately alighted, and taking his sword with him, accompanied the stranger, desiring the carriage to drive on, and return for him in the course of a quarter of an hour. When he came back, he found the marquess lying wounded, and Anastasia and her father the only persons near him.

The injury inflicted by the marquess on Anastasia was now, owing to her imprudence, either generally known or suspected; she had been heard to imprecate vengeance on him; her innocence was therefore allowed on all hands to be highly questionable. The laws of Sicily answer admirably to the definition of Anacharsis; they are cobwebs, through which wasps and larger flies easily break through, but in which the smaller and weaker are fatally entangled and caught. The unhappy father and daughter were arrested on the following morning, and thrown into prison to abide a charge of murder.

Whilst this wretched pair languished in a dungeon, the wounded man lay in a dangerous condition: the surgeons, whilst they did not absolutely forbid hope, gave no ground for indulging in any sanguine expectations of recovery. His parents, indeed, were unwillingly brought to believe the unhappy Anastasia concerned in the atrocious attempt; but the wife unhesitatingly declared her conviction of her guilt, and loudly called for justice on the miserable prisoners, who were confined in separate cells, forbid all communication with each other, and treated with unusual rigour. Evidence was scraped up on all sides against them. Her complaints and menaces, the mere ebullition of rage and disappointment, her very wrongs were all registered in frightful array against her; and an early day was appointed for their trial. To complete the sum of their misery, grief at their imprisonment shortened the days of the infirm mother of Anastasia,

who never, after their unjust arrest, beheld again either her husband or her daughter, but died destitute and forlorn in the hands of strangers.

The wife of the younger Zappala was, as we have said, near the period of her confinement; alarm and agitation accelerated that event. She suffered much, and was reduced to such extremity, that the faculty pronounced her to be dying, and directed the customary administration of the sacrament. It was then, to the horror and surprise of the afflicted family, that the wretched woman, torn at once by fear, remorse, and despair, confessed that her husband had been assassinated by her paramour, the Cavaliere T—, then lurking in Catania in disguise; and, dreadful to relate, she was herself conscious of, and privy to, the horrible attempt. The cavaliere had planned the assassination before they left Naples, but she had at that time dissuaded him from the horrid design. After the death of her husband, it had been her intention, having as a widow become her own mistress, to have married the cavaliere. Such, to the consternation of the marquess and marchioness, was the appalling confession of their daughter-in-law, who imagined herself on the point of death. But having disburdened her conscience, though the child to which she gave birth perished, she began, unexpectedly by all, to recover her strength, and in a few days was declared out of danger.

The husband, who was kept in ignorance of the participation of his wife in the murderous attempt on his life, lay in a very uncertain condition, wavering between life and death. The elder Zappala in the meantime, though, as is the custom in Sicily when events of this dreadful nature occur in families of distinction, he kept the frightful tale as secret as possible, had not been slow to do an act of justice, as far as related to the acquitting the unfortunate Anastasia and her father of all concern in the assassination. They were accordingly released from prison, and returned home, not so much consoled at their liberation, as desolate and afflicted at the loss of a wife and mother.

As the health of the younger marchioness ameliorated, she evidently repented of the disclosures she had made with the fear of death before her eyes; and gladly would she, had it not been too late, have retraced them. She became sullen and reserved, obstinately refusing to throw any further light on the affair; and would answer no questions respecting the disguise or concealment of the Cavaliere T—, who was not to be found in Catania, although a diligent search was instituted by the police.

Whilst these inquiries were going on, the lady still remained confined to her bed. One night, her attendant, who had orders to administer medicine to her at certain intervals, having done so, was directed by her mistress to retire to rest. When she again rose for the same purpose, she was surprised at not receiving an answer, though she called her several times. Apprehensive that she had swooned, she brought the light to the bed, and was there struck motionless with horror at the sight which awaited her. Half out of bed, her limbs distorted by ineffectual struggles, her features frightfully convulsed by the death spasm, the wretched woman lay bathed from head to foot in a lake of yet warm blood, which still continued to ooze forth from her numerous wounds. She had been poniered during the short sleep of the maid in thirteen different parts of the body.

The terrified family were instantly called up to hear the appalling intelligence, and witness the horrid spectacle, which, though none could regret the fate of so abandoned a creature, filled the house with horror and alarm; the more so, as suspicion might very naturally fall on the husband, and would scarcely be prevented by the fact that he was himself in a desperate condition, and unable to move without assistance.

In the interim the murderer had escaped, nor was he ever discovered. The opinion most accredited was, that it was the act of her paramour, the Cavaliere T——, enraged at her having named him as the assassin of her husband. It appeared that he must have been in possession of private keys to the lady's apartment, of which he probably availed himself for the purpose of committing the murder, as all the doors leading to her chamber, though carefully locked on the preceding evening, were found open in the morning. The canseriera said that, on rising the first time, it had appeared to her, though, overcome with sleep, she had not paid much attention to the circumstance, that something moved behind the curtains; but she had not observed that the door of the alcove, in which the bed was situated, was open. The strictest search was made for the cavaliere throughout the kingdom, but he was never afterwards heard of.

This succession of sad events at length opened the eyes of the marquess and his consort, and excited a tardy repentance in the bosom of their son. All concurred in admitting these terrible visitations to be a merited chastisement for his conduct to the ill-treated Anastasia, and the effect of the indignation of the Madonna. He, in consequence, came to the resolution of doing her justice by marriage, which, owing to the

very precarious state of his health, which rendered all delay hazardous, was celebrated immediately.

It was fondly hoped that, after so much crime and suffering, all would finally be well; but it was not the will of Heaven to withhold its hand; the measure of retribution was not yet full; and the imprecations of Anastasia on the guilty lover were destined, to her cost, to be fully and fatally accomplished on the repentant husband.

The younger Zappala, after many weeks' confinement, at length, to the inexpressible joy of his wife and parents, rose once more from his bed; but at the moment when all were congratulating themselves on the prospect of his returning health, whether the appearance of returning strength was merely fallacious, or the exertion was too great for his debilitated frame, in the act of removing to the sofa he broke one of the larger bloodvessels of the breast, fell, and expired before any effectual assistance could be administered.

The unhappy widow, though she survived her husband, died young, leaving their child heir, by the laws of Sicily, to the house of Zappala, and to his grandfather, on whose demise he succeeded to the title and estates.*

* This event was related to the author by the present Marquess of Zappala.

STANZAS.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing brain."—Thomson.

POETS, they say, are privileged—
Perhaps 'tis very right,
But some small probability
'Twere well to keep in sight—
Now this was surely not the case
In Jamie Thomson's flight.

"Delightful task!"—A task indeed!
At least I found it so;
I kept a famed academy
Not many years ago,
But though I toil'd for it, I ne'er
That same delight could know.

The "tender thought," alas, is in
The rearing prone to die,
The "young idea" is apt to "shoot"
Provokingly awry,
And will not bear the proper fruit—
There is no knowing why.

The "fresh instruction," poured so oft,
Becomes at last quite stale;
The "enlivening spirit" oft o'ersteps
Of liveliness the pale,
And "breathes" so much of "spirit" that
Order and quiet fail.

"To fix the purpose in the breast,"
Pshaw! fix a weather-vane—
Who does not know the fickle moods
Of childhood's restless brain?
Aught in a breast so volatile
To fix we strive in vain.

Oh! bard inspired and eloquent!
Thy favored country's boast,
'Tis well for us, a teacher's lot
Thou knew'st not to thy cost,
Or this fine burst of eloquence
The world had surely lost.

WILLOW LEAVES.

THE hour was fair, but Autumn's dying
Was upon leaf, and flower, and tree;
The sunshine with the season flying,
As I could feel my life from me.

Beside an aged trunk reclining,
All other darker days forgot,
The leaves fell, and the waves went pining,—
Lost in my dreams, I marked them not.

From the old willow o'er me bending,
My hand, unconscious, stripp'd a bough,
Then watch'd I the light leaves descending,
Borne on by the blue current's flow.

Idlesse it hath the vaguest dreaming,—
From their course sought I to divine;
And mid those o'er the waters streaming
Chose I one for my fortune's sign.

Skiff-like it flow'd with peace before it,
Till choice of mine upon it fell,—
Then rudely prest the wild waves o'er it—
It sunk: I chose mine emblem well!

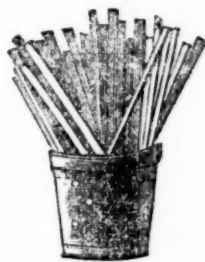
Another leaf! to some hope clinging,
A miracle might guard its way;
'Twas my lute's fate—the wind past flinging
My oracle, my hope away.

To the wave where my fortunes leave me
My genius passes with the gale:
Shall I trust to it, to bereave me
Of dearer vow?—my spirits fail.

E'en while at its own weakness blushing,
My sick heart sinks beneath its fear;
That heart is weak, and dark clouds rushing,
Are all its omens bid appear.

Down from my hand the green bough falling,
I leave the willow and the stream;
Yet still their omens drear recalling,
Those prophet-leaves haunt midnight's dream.

THE TOILET.



A MATCH-BOX.

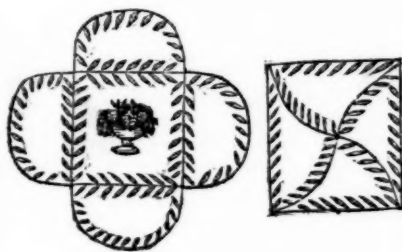
Get a very small tumbler, such a one as is generally sold for sixpence. Cover the outside with fine coloured paper, blue, pink, lilac, or light green, pasted on very smoothly and evenly. When it is dry, paste a border or binding of gold paper round the top or upper edge of the tumbler, and ornament it all over with small sprigs, stars, or spots, cut also out of gilt paper.

You must next have recourse to a colour-box for some burnt-umber, and a fine camel's-hair pencil. The umber is a handsome brown colour; rub a little of it on a plate or saucer, and with the camel's-hair pencil trace a dark narrow line close under the lower edge of the gold border, and also along the right-hand edge of every one of the spots or sprigs; but on no account continue the dark line round both sides of the gold ornaments, as that will destroy the effect. If properly done, the dark brown shade on one side of the gold, will make all the ornaments look as if they were relieved or raised from the surface.

Then fill the box with paper-matches, and keep it on the mantel-piece.

In pasting the coloured-paper on the tumbler, you can leave a vacant space, which may be occupied by a handsome little engraved picture, bordered with gold.

In making matches, cut the paper into long, straight, narrow slips, an inch or two wide. Fold them two or three times, and stroke them down between your forefinger and thumb, pressing them very hard with your thumb-nail, so as to make them firm and even.



A COURT-PLASTER.

Cut out of thick paper a model of the case, which is a square of about four inches, with a semicircular leaf projecting from each side; these four leaves when they are folded down shut in the court-plaster.

Lay the model on a piece of fine white drawing-paper, and trace the size and shape with a pencil. Then cut it out. With water-colours paint a narrow border all round, and both on the inside and outside,

and also a pretty little device on the back. Write on the inside with red ink these lines:

"If knife or pin should hand or face offend,
This little case its healing help will lend."

MADRID AND ITS MONUMENTS.

BUEN RETIRO—THE PASEO—THE PRADO DE SAN HIERONIMO—THE CALLE DE LEON, AND THE HOUSE OF CERVANTES.

It would appear that no remains of the ancient city of Madrid have escaped the destroying hand of time. The present capital of Spain cannot be said to be the same city which was known to the Greeks by the name of Mantana. If it be alleged that Madrid is the Majorilum or the Ursaria of the ancient Romans, it may be asked what has become of the monuments with which it was once adorned—the temples, circuses, aqueducts, &c.? The Goths succeeded the Romans in the domination of Spain; and they remained masters of it until they were in their turn succeeded by the Saracens. But Madrid presents no vestiges of the Romans. The city contains but very few monuments anterior to the period when Charles V. or rather Philip II. made it the seat of the Spanish Court. At that time the treasures of the New World and the revenues of the numerous states subject to the dominion of Spain, accumulated in Madrid the wealth of the two hemispheres. Architecture, which always follows the fortunes of states, then embellished the new capital with many of the edifices which still adorn it. The palace of Philip IV. no longer exists, but on its site there has been constructed one of the finest Royal residences of which Europe can boast. The new decorations of *Buen Retiro* have almost entirely changed the old edifice. Even the public promenades, which in Spain are the scene of so many romantic adventures, have undergone alterations. If Chaldeon could rise from the dead, he would view with ecstasy the superb *Paseo*, which has taken place of the old *Prado de San Hieronimo*. But among these recent monuments of the splendour of Spain, we find no trace of the glory which that country possessed at a time when the rest of Europe was in a state of Semi-barbarism. Madrid is unlike Rome, where the ruins of antique monuments continually call to mind the power of that ancient mistress of the world, and where modern edifices bear evidence of the taste for the fine arts, and the encouragement they received at the period when modern Italy became the rival of ancient Italy.

Absorbed in these reflections, a traveller who was sauntering through the Calle de Leon in Madrid, stopped to look at some workmen who were pulling down a house at the corner of the Calle de San Francisco. A friend who was passing by roused him from his reverie, by saying, "In that house, which is now being destroyed without any expression of regret on the part of the inhabitants of this capital, there lived and died a man whose genius has survived the ancient glory of Spanish literature; I allude to poor Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. The immortal author of *Don Quixote* lived there in poverty and in want, and ended his days in that house, on the 23d of April, 1616, the very day on which Shakspeare died. But the English poet has a tomb among the royal sepulchres of Westminster, whilst the spot in which the mortal remains of Cervantes repose, is unknown."

To the memory of Cervantes some reparation is now about to be made for the past neglect of his countrymen. The celebrated Spanish sculptor Sola is preparing a statue of the great poet and novelist. It is to be erected in one of the principal squares of Madrid, and will be a worthy tribute of respect to the memory of the immortal writer, whose genius is admired in every part of the civilized world.

THE DEAD BOXER.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

[The reader in perusing the following legend must have the kindness to surrender his imagination to a detail of circumstances that have but very few facts to support them. The story of the dead boxer I remember to have heard more than once, and I am certain that the custom of demanding a sum of money from the corporation of the town in which he happened to appear, is one of its component parts. With respect to the mode of contest, I can only say, that a habit so barbarous as pugilism is, even at this day was then incomparably more brutal; and the reader need not be surprised at the fact of the legitimate rules of that, which was not then known as a "science" having been departed from. At all events, neither Lamh Laudher's secret, nor the nature of the contest are mine. I give them precisely as they were detailed to me in the Legend. By the way, I may observe, that accounts of such contests are not confined to Ireland alone, but are also to be met with in Scotland.]

One evening in the beginning of the eighteenth century—as nearly as we can conjecture the year might be that of 1720—some time about the end of April, a young man named *Lamh Laudher* O'Rorke, or strong-handed O'Rorke, was proceeding from his father's house, with a stout oaken cudgel in his hand, towards an orchard that stood at the skirts of a County town, in a part of the kingdom which, for the present, shall be nameless. Though known by the epithet of *Lamh Laudher*, his Christian name was John; but in these times Irish families of the same name were distinguished from each other by some term indicative of their natural disposition, physical power, complexion, or figure. One, for instance, was called *Parra Ghastha*, or swift Paddy, from his fleetness of foot; another *Shaun buic*, or yellow Jack, from his bilious look; a third, *Micah More*, or big Michael, from his uncommon size; and a fourth, *Sheemus Ruah*, or red James, from the colour of his hair. These epithets, to be sure, still occur in Ireland, but far less frequently now than in the times of which we write, when Irish was the vernacular language of the country. It was for a reason similar to those just alleged, that John O'Rorke was known as *Lamh Laudher* O'Rorke; he, as well as his forefathers for two or three generations, having been remarkable for prodigious bodily strength and courage. The evening was far advanced as O'Rorke bent his steps to the orchard. The pale, but cloudless sun hung over the western hills, and shed upon the quiet gray fields that kind of tranquil radiance which, in the opening of Summer, causes many a silent impulse of delight to steal into the heart. *Lamh Laudher* felt this; his step was slow, like that of a man who, without being capable of tracing those sources of enjoyment which the spirit absorbs from the beauties of external nature, has yet enough of uneducated taste and feeling within him, to partake of the varied feast which she presents. As he sauntered thus leisurely along, he was met by a woman rather advanced in years, but still unusually stout and muscular, considering her age. She was habited in a red woollen petticoat that reached but a short distance below the knee, leaving visible two stout legs, from which dangled a pair of red garters that bound up her coarse blue hose. Her gown of blue worsted was pinned up, for it did not meet around her person, though it sat closely about her neck. Her grizzly red hair, turned

up in front, was bound by a dowl cap without any border, a circumstance which, in addition to a red kerchief, tied over it, and streaming about nine inches down the back, gave to her *tout ensemble* a wild and striking expression. A short oaken staff, hooked under the hand, completed the description of her costume. Even on a first glance there appeared to be something repulsive in her features, which had evidently been much exposed to sun and storm. By a closer inspection one might detect upon their hard angular outline, a character of cruelty and intrepidity. Though her large cheek-bones stood widely asunder, yet her gray piercing eyes were very near each other; her nose was short and sadly disfigured by a scar that ran transversely across it, and her chin, though pointed, was also deficient in length. Altogether, her whole person had something peculiar and marked about it—so much so, indeed, that it were impossible to meet her without feeling she was a female of no ordinary character and habits.

Lamh Laudher had been, as we have said, advancing slowly along the craggy road which led towards the town, when she issued from an adjoining cabin and approached him. The moment he noticed her he stood still, as if to let her pass, and uttered one single exclamation of chagrin and anger,

"*Ma shaughth milia mollach ort, a calliagh!* My seven thousand curses on you for an old hag," said he, and having thus given vent to his indignation at her appearance, he began to retrace his steps as if unwilling to meet her.

"The son of your father needn't lay the curse upon us so bitterly all out, *Lamh Laudher!*" she exclaimed, pacing at the same time with vigorous steps until she overtook him.

The young man looked at her maimed features, and, as if struck by some sudden recollection, appeared to feel regret for the hasty malediction he had uttered against her. "*Nell McCollum,*" said he, "the word was rash; and the curse did not come from my heart. But, *Nell*, who is there that doesn't curse you when they meet you? Isn't it well known that to meet you is only another name for falling in wid bad luck. For my part I'd go fifty miles about rather than cross you, if I was bent on any business that my heart 'ud be in, or that I cared any thing about."

"And who brought the bad luck upon me first?" asked the woman. "Wasn't it the husband of the mother that bore you? Wasn't it *his* hand that disfigured me as you see, when I was within a week of being decently married? Your father, *Lamh Laudher*, was the man that blasted my name, and made it bitter upon the tongue of them that mitions it."

"And that was because he wouldn't see one wid the blood of *Lamh Laudher* in his veins married to a woman that he had reason to think—I don't like to say it, *Nelly*—but you know it is said that there was darkness, and guilt too, about the disappearin' of your child. You never clear'd that up, but swore revenge night and day against my father, for only preventin' you from bein' the ruination of his cousin. Many a time, too, since that, has he asked you in my own hearin' what became of the boy."

The old woman stopped like one who had unexpectedly trod with bare foot upon something sharp enough to pierce the flesh to the bone, and even to grate against it. There was a strong, nay a fearful

force of anguish visible in what she felt. Her brows were wildly depressed from their natural position, her face became pale, her eyes glared upon O'Rorke as if he had planted a poisoned arrow in her breast, she seized him by the arm with a hard pinching grip, and looked up for two or three minutes in his face, with an appearance of distraction. O'Rorke, who had never feared man, shrunk from her touch, and shuddered under the influence of what had been, scarcely without an exception, called the "bad look." The crone held him tight, however, and there they stood, with their eyes fixed upon each other. From the gaze of intense anguish, the countenance of Nell M'Collum began to change gradually to one of unmingled exultation; her brows were raised to their proper curves, her colour returned, the eye corruscated with a rapid and quivering sense of delight, the muscles of the mouth played for a little, as if she strove to suppress a laugh;—at length O'Rorke heard a low gurgling sound proceed from her chest; it increased; she pressed his arm more tightly, and in a loud burst of ferocious mirth, which she immediately subdued into a condensed shriek that breathed the very luxury of revenge, she said,

"*Lamh Laudher Oge*, listen:—ax the father of you, when you see him, what has become of *his own child*——of the first that ever God sent him; an' listen agin—when *he* tells *me* what has become of *mine*, I'll tell *him* what has become of *his*. Now go to Ellen—but before you go, let *me cuggher* in your ear that I'll blast you both. I'll make the *Lamh Laudhers Lamh Lhugs*. I'll make the strong arm the weak arm afore I've done wid 'em."

She struck the point of her stick against the pavement, until the iron ferrule with which it was bound dashed the fire from the stones, after which she passed on, muttering threats and imprecations as she left him.

O'Rorke stood and looked after her with sensations of fear and astonishment. The age was superstitious and encouraged a belief in the influence of powers distinct from human agency. Every part of Ireland was filled at this time with characters, both male and female, precisely similar to old Nell M'Collum. The darkness in which this woman walked, according to the opinions of a people but slightly advanced in knowledge and civilization, has been but feebly described to the reader. To meet her was considered an omen of the most unhappy kind; a circumstance which occasioned the imprecation of Lamh Laudher. She was reported to have maintained an intercourse with the fairies, to be capable of communicating the blight of an evil eye, and to have carried on a traffic which is said to have been rather prevalent in Ireland at the time we speak of—namely, that of kidnapping. The speculations with reference to her object in perpetrating this crime were strongly calculated to exhibit the degraded state of the people at that period. Some said that she disposed of the children to a certain class of persons in the metropolis, who subsequently sent them to the colonies, when grown, at an enormous profit. Others maintained that she never carried them to Dublin at all, but insisted that, having been herself connected with the fairies, she possessed the power of erasing, by some secret charm, the influence of baptismal protection, and that she consequently acted as an agent for the "gentry" to whom she transferred them. Even to this day it is the opinion in Ireland, that the "good people" themselves cannot take away a child, except through the instrumentality of some mortal residing with them, who has been baptized; and it is also believed that no baptism can secure children from them, except that in which the priest has been *desired* to baptize them with an especial view to their protection against fairy power.

Such was the character which this woman bore,

whether unjustly or not, matters little. For the present it is sufficient to say, that after having passed on, leaving Lamh Laudher to proceed in the direction he had originally intended, she bent her steps towards the head inn of the town. Her presence here produced some cautious and timid mirth, of which they took care she should not be cognizant. The servants greeted her with an outward show of cordiality, which the unhappy creature easily distinguished from the warm kindness evinced to vagrants whose history had not been connected with evil suspicion and mystery. She accordingly tempered her manner and deportment towards them with consummate skill. Her replies to their inquiries for news were given with an *appearance* of good humour; but beneath the familiarity of her dialogue there lay an ambiguous meaning and a cutting sarcasm, both of which were tinged with a prophetic spirit, capable, from its equivocal drift, of being applied to each individual whom she addressed. Owing to her unsettled life, and her habit of passing from place to place, she was well acquainted with local history. There lived scarcely a family within a very wide circle about her, of whom she did not know every thing that could possibly be known; a fact of which she judiciously availed herself, by allusions in general conversation that were understood only by those whom they concerned. These mysterious hints, oracularly thrown out, gained her the reputation of knowing more than mere human agency could acquire, and of course she was openly conciliated and secretly hated.

Her conversation with the menials of the inn was very short and decisive.

"Sheemus," said she to the person who acted in the capacity of waiter, "where's Meehaul Neil?"

"Throth, Nell, dacent woman," replied the other, "myself can't exactly say that. I'll be bound he's on the *Esker*, lookin' after the sheep, poor craters, durin' Andy Connor's illness in the small pock. Poor Andy's very ill, Nell, an' if God hasn't sed it, not expected; glory be to his name!"

"Is Andy ill," inquired Nell, "and how long?"

"Bedad, goin' an ten days."

"Well," said the woman, "I knew *nothin'* about that; but I want to see Meehaul Neil, and I know he's in the house."

"Faix he's not, Nelly, an' you know I wouldn't tell you a lie about it."

"Did you get the linen that was stolen from your mather?" inquired Nell significantly, turning at the same time a piercing glance on the waiter; "an' tell me," she added, "how is Sally Lavery, and where is she?"

"It wasn't got," he replied, in a kind of stammer, "an' as to Sally, the nerra one o' me knows any thing about her, since she left this."

"Sheemus," replied Nell, "you know that Meehaul Neil is in the house; but I'll give you two choices, either to bring me to the speech of him, or else I'll give your mather the name of the thief that stole his linen; ay, an' the name of the thief that reaved it. I name nobody at present; an' for that matter, I know nothin'. Can't all the world tell you that Nell M'Collum knows nothin'!"

"*Ghe dhecin*, Nelly," said the waiter, "maybe Meehaul is in the house unknownt to me. I'll try, any how, an' if he's to the fore, it won't be my fau't or he'll see you."

Nell, while the waiter went to inform Meehaul, took two ribands out of her pocket, one white and the other black, both of which she folded into what would appear to a bystander to be a similar kind of knot. When the innkeeper's son and the waiter returned to the hall, the former asked her what the nature of her business with him might be. To this she made no reply, except by uttering the word *hush!* and pulling the ends, first of the white riband, and afterwards of

the black. The knot of the first slipped easily from the complication, but that of the black one, after gliding along from its respective ends, became hard and tight in the middle.

"*Tka sha murrho!* life passes, and death stays," she exclaimed; "Andy Connor's dead, Meehaul Neil; an' you may tell your father that he must get some one else to look after his sheep. Ay! he's dead!—But that's past. Meehaul, folly me; it's you I want, an' there's no time to be lost."

She passed out as she spoke, leaving the waiter in a state of wonder at the extent of her knowledge, and of the awful means by which, in his opinion, she must have acquired it.

Meehaul, without uttering a syllable, immediately walked after her. The pace at which she went was rapid and energetic, betokening a degree of agitation and interest on her part, for which he could not account. As she had no object in bringing him far from the house, she availed herself of the first retired spot that presented itself, in order to disclose the purport of her visit. "Meehaul Neil," said she, "we're now upon the Common, where no ear can hear what passes between us. I ax, have you spirit to keep your sister Ellen from shame and sorrow?" The young man started, and became strongly excited at such a serious prelude to what she was about to utter.

"*Milia diououl!* woman, why do you talk about shame or disgrace comin' upon any sister of mine? What villain dare injure her that regards his life? My sister! Ellen Neil! No, no! the man that 'ud only think of *that*, I'd give his right hand a dip to the wrist in the best blood of his heart."

"Ay! ay! it's fine spakin'; but you don't knew the hand you talk of. It's one that you had better avoid than meet. It's the *strong hand*, an' the dangerous one when vexed. You know *Lamh Laudher Oge!*"

Meehaul started again, and the crone could perceive by his manner, that the nature of the communication she was about to make had been already known to him, though not, she was confident, in so dark and diabolical a shape as that in which she determined to put it.

"Lamh Laudher Oge!" he exclaimed; "surely you don't mane to say that he has any bad design upon Ellen! It's not long since I gave him a caution to drop her, an' to look out for a girl fittin' for his station. Ellen herself knows what he'll get, if we ever catch him spakin' to her again. The day will never come that *his* faction and *ours* can be friends."

"You did do that, Meehaul," replied Nell, "an' I know it; but what 'ud you think if he was so cut to the heart by your turmin' round upon his poverty, that he swore an oath to them that I could name, bindin' himself to bring your sister to a state of shame, in order to punish you for your words? That 'ud be great glory over a faction that they hate."

"Tut, woman, he daren't swear such an oath; or, if he swore it fifty times over on his bare knees, he'd ate the stones off o' the pavement afore he'd dare to act upon it. In the first place I'd prepare him for his coffin, if he did; an', in the next, do you think so manly of Ellen, as to believe that she would bring disgrace an' sorrow upon herself an' her family? No, no, Nell; the ould *diouul's* in you, or you're beside yourself, to think of such a story. *I'ee* warned her against him, and so did we all; an' I'm sartin, this minute, that she'd not go a single fiot to change words with him, unknownst to her friends."

The old woman's face changed from the expression of anxiety and importance that it bore, to one of coarse glee, under which, to those who had penetration sufficient to detect it, lurked a spirit of hardened and reckless ferocity.

"Well, well," she replied, "sure I'm proud to hear what you tell me. How is poor Nanso M'Collum

doin' wid yees? for I hadn't time to see her a while agone. I hope she'll never be ashamed or afraid of her aunt, any how. I may say, I'm all that's left to the good of her name, poor *girshah!*"

"What 'ud ail her?" replied Meehaul; "as long as she's honest, an' believes herself there's no fear of her. Had you nothin' else to say to me Nell?"

The same tumultuous expression of glee and malignity again lit up the features of the old woman, as she looked at him, and replied, with something like contemptuous hesitation; "Why, I don't know that. If you had more sharpness or sinse I might say—Meehaul Neil," she added, elevating her voice, "What do you think I *could* say, this sacred minnit? Your sister!—Why she's a good girl!—true enough that; but how long she *may* be so 's another affair. Afeard! Be the ground we stand on, man dear, if you an' all belongin' to you, had eyes in your heads for every day in the year, you couldn't keep her from young Lamh Laudher. Did you hear any thing?"

"I'd not believe a word of it," said Meehaul, calmly, and he turned to depart.

"I tell you it's as true as the sun to the dial," replied Nell; "and I tell you more, he's wid her this minnit behind your father's orchard!—Ay! an' if you wish, you may see them together wid your own eyes, an' sure if you don't b'lieve me, you'll b'lieve them. But, Meehaul, take care of him; for he has his fire-arms; if you meet him don't go empty-handed, and I'd advise you to have the *first shot!*"

"Behind the orchard," said Meehaul, astonished; "where there?"

"Ay, behind the orchard, where they often war afore. Where there? Why, if you want to know that, sittin' on one of the ledges in the grassy quarry. That's their sate whenever they meet; an' a snug one it is for them that don't like their neighbours' eyes to be upon them. Go now an' satisfy yourself, but watch them at a distance, an', as you expect to save your sister, don't breathe the name of Nell M'Collum to a livin' mortal."

Meehaul Neil's cheek flushed with deep resentment, on hearing this disagreeable intelligence. For upwards of a century before, there had subsisted a deadly feud between the Neils and Lamh Laudhers, without either party being able exactly to discover the original fact from which their enmity proceeded. This, however, in Ireland makes little difference. It is quite sufficient to know that they meet and fight upon all possible opportunities, as hostile factions ought to do, without troubling themselves about the idle nonsense of inquiring why they hate and maltreat each other. For this reason alone, Meehaul Neil was bitterly opposed to the most distant notion of a marriage between his sister and young Lamh Laudher. There were other motives also which weighed, with nearly equal force, in the consideration of this subject. His sister Ellen was by far the most beautiful girl of her station in the whole county, and many offers, highly advantageous, and far above what she otherwise could have expected, had been made to her. On the other hand, Lamh Laudher Oge was poor, and by no means qualified in point of worldly circumstances to propose for her, even were hereditary enmity out of the question. All things considered, the brother and friends of Ellen would rather have seen her laid in her grave, than allied to a comparatively poor young man, and their bitterest enemy.

Meehaul had little doubt as to the truth of what Nell M'Collum told him. There was a saucy and malignant confidence in her manner, which, although it impressed him with a sense of her earnestness, left, nevertheless, an indefinite feeling of dislike against her upon his mind. He knew that her motive for disclosure was not one of kindness or regard for him, or for his family. Nell M'Collum had often declared

that "the wide earth did not carry a bein' she liked or loved, but *one*—not even exceptin' herself, that she hated most of all." This, however, was not necessary to prove that she acted rather from the gratification of some secret malice, than from a principle of benevolence. The venomous leer of her eye, therefore, and an accurate knowledge of her character, induced him to connect some apprehension of approaching evil with the unpleasant information she had just given him.

"Well," said Meehaul, "if what you say is true, I'll make it a black business to Lamh Laudher. I'll go directly and keep my eye on them; an' I'll have my fire-arms, Nell, an' by the life that's in me, he'll taste them if he provokes me; an' Ellen knows that." Having thus spoken he left her.

The old woman stood and looked after him with a fiendish complacency.

"A black business, will you?" she exclaimed, repeating his words in a soliloquy;—"do so—an' may all that's black assist you in it! Dher Chiermah, I'll do it or lose a fall—I'll make the Lamh Lughers the Lamh Lughs afore I've done wid' em. I've put a thorn in their side this many a year, that I'll never come out; I'll now put one in their marrow, an' let them see how they'll bear that. I've left one empty chair at their hearth, an' it'll go hard wid me, but I'll have another."

Having thus expressed her hatred against a family to whom she attributed the calamities that had separated her from society, and marked her as a being to be avoided and detested, she also departed from the Common, striking her stick with peculiar bitterness into the ground as she went along.

In the mean time young Lamh Laudher felt little suspicion that the stolen interview between him and Ellen Neil was known. The incident, however, which occurred to him on his way to keep the assignation, produced in his mind a vague apprehension which he could not shake off. To meet a red-haired woman, when going on any business of importance, was considered at all times a bad omen, as it is in the country parts of Ireland unto this day; but to meet a female familiar with forbidden powers, as Nell McCollum was supposed to be, never failed to produce fear and misgiving in those who met her. Mere physical courage was no bar against the influence of such superstitions; many a man was a slave to them who never knew fear of a human or tangible enemy. They constituted an important part of the popular belief; for the history of ghosts and fairies, and omens was, in general, the only kind of lore in which the people were educated; thanks to the sapient traditions of their forefathers.

When Nell passed away from Lamh Laudher, who would fain have flattered himself that by turning back on the way, until she passed him, he had avoided meeting her, he once more sought the place of appointment, at the same slow pace as before. On arriving behind the orchard, he found, as the progress of the evening told him, that he had anticipated the hour on which it had been agreed to meet. He accordingly descended to the Grassy Quarry, and sat on a mossy ledge of rock, over which the brow of a little precipice jutted in such a manner as to render those who sat beneath visible only from a particular point. Here he had scarcely seated himself when the tread of a foot was heard, and in a few minutes Nansie McCollum stood beside him.

"Why thin, bad cess to you, Lamh Laudher," she exclaimed, "but it's a purty chase I had afther you!"

"Afther me, Nansie? and what's the commission, *cash gashta* (light-foot)?"

"The sorra any thing, at all at all, only to see if you war here. Miss Ellen sent me to tell you that

she's afeard she can't come this evenin', unbeknowst to them."

"An' am I not to wait, Nansie?"

"Why, she says she will come, for all that, if she can; but she bid me take your stick from you, for a reason she has, that she'll tell yourself when she sees you."

"Take my stick! Why, Nansie, *ma colleen bawn*, what can she want with my stick? Is the darlin' girl goin' to bate any body?"

"Bad cess to the know I know, Lamh Laudher, barrin' it be to lay on yourself for stalin' her heart from her. Why thin, the month's mether o' honey to you, soon an' sudden, how did you come round her at all?"

"No matter about that, Nansie; but the family's bither against me! eh?"

"Oh, thin, in trogs, it's ill their common to hate you as they do: but thin, you see, this faction-work will keep yees asunder for ever. Now gi'me your stick, an' wait, any way, till you see whether she comes or not."

"Is it by Ellen's orders you take it, Nansie?"

"To be sure, who else's: but the devil a one o' me knows what she manes by it, any how—only that I daren't go back widout it."

"Take it, Nansie; she knows I wouldn't refuse her my heart's blood, let alone a bit of a kippeen."

"A bit of a kippeen! Faix, this is a quare kippeen! Why it would fell a bullock."

"When you see her, Nansie, tell her to make haste, an' for God's sake not to disappoint me. I can't rest well the day I don't meet her."

"May be other people's as bad, for that matter: so good night, an' the mether o' honey to you, soon an' sudden! Faix, if any body stands in my way now, they'll feel the weight of this, any how."

After uttering the last words, she brandished the cudgel and disappeared.

Lamh Laudher felt considerably puzzled to know what object Ellen could have had in sending the servant maid for his staff. Of one thing, however, he was certain, that her motive must have had regard to his own safety; but how, or in what manner, he could not conjecture. It is certainly true that some misgivings shot lightly across his imagination, on reflecting that he had parted with the very weapon which he usually brought with him to repel the violence of Ellen's friends, should he be detected in an interview with her. He remembered, too, that he had met unlucky Nell McCollum, and that the person who deprived him of his principal means of defence was her niece. He had little time, however, to think upon the subject, for in a few minutes after Nansie's departure, he recognized the light quick step of her whom he expected.

The figure of Ellen Neil was tall, and her motions full of untaught elegance and natural grace. Her countenance was a fine oval; her features, though not strictly symmetrical, were replete with animation, and her eyes sparkled with a brilliancy indicative of a warm heart and a quick apprehension. Flaxen hair, long and luxuriant, decided, even at a distant glance, the loveliness of her skin, than which the unshined snow could not be whiter. If you add to this a delightful temper, buoyant spirits, and extreme candour, her character, in its strongest points, is before you.

On reaching the bottom of the Grassy Quarry, as it was called, she peered under the little beething cliff that overhung the well known ledge on which Lamh Laudher sat.

"I declare, John," said she, on seeing him, "I thought at first you weren't here."

"Did you ever know me to be late?" said John, taking her by the hand, and placing her beside .

"and what would you 'a done, Ellen, if I hadn't been here?"

"Why, run home as if the life was lavin' me, for fear of seein' something."

"You needn't be afraid, Ellen dear; nothing could harm you, at all events. However, puttin' that aside, have you any beither tidin's than you had when we met last?"

"I wish to heaven I had, John! but indeed I have far worse; ay, a thousand times worse. They have all joined against me, an' I'm not to see or speak to you at all."

"That's hard," replied *Lamh Laudher*, drawing his breath tightly; "but I know where it comes from. I think your father might be softened a little, ay, a great deal, if it was not for your brother Meehaul."

"Indeed, *Lamh Laudher*, you're wrong in that; my father's as bitter against you as he is. It was only on Tuesday evenin' last that they told me, one an' all, they would rather see me a corpse than your wife. Indeed an' deed, John, I doubt it never can be."

"Ellen," replied John, "I see plainly enough that they'll gain you over at last. That will be the end of it: but if you choose to break the vows and promises that passed between us, you may do so."

"Oh! *Lamh Laudher*," said Ellen, affected at the imputation contained in his last observation; "don't you treat me with such suspicion. I suffer enough for your sake, as it is. For near two years, a day has hardly passed that my family hasn't wrung the burnin' tears from my eyes on your account. Haven't I refused matches that any young woman in my station of life ought to be proud to accept?"

"You did, Ellen, you did; but still I know how hard it is for you to hould out against the persecution you suffer at home. No, no, Ellen dear, I never doubted you for one minute. All I wonder at is, that such a girl as you ever could think of one so humble as I am, compared to what you'd have a right to expect an' could get."

"Well, but if I'm willin' to prefer you, John?" said Ellen with a smile.

"One thing I know, Ellen," he replied, "an' that is, that I'm far from bein' worthy of you; an' I ought, if I had a high enough spirit, to try to turn you against me, if it was only that you might marry a man that 'ud have it in his power to make you happier than ever I'll be able to do; any way, than ever it's likely I'll be able to do."

"I don't think, John, that ever money or the goods of this world made a man an' wife love one another yet, if they didn't do it before; but it has often put their hearts against one another."

"I agree wid you in that, Ellen; but you don't know how my heart sinks when I think of you an' my own poverty. My poor father, since the strange disappearance of little Alice, never was able to raise his head; and indeed my mother was worse. If the child had died, an' that we knew she slept with ourselves, it would be a comfort. But not to know what became of her—whether she was drowned or kidnapped—that was what crushed their hearts. I must say that since I grew up, we're improvin'; an' I hope, God willin', now that my father laves the management of the farm to myself, we'll still improve more an' more. I hope it for their sakes, but more, if possible, for yours. I don't know what I wouldn't do to make you happy, Ellen. If my life would do it, I think I could lay it down to show the love I bear you. I could take to the highway and rob for your sake, if I thought it would bring me means to make you happy."

Ellen was touched by his sincerity, as well as by the tone of manly sorrow with which he spoke. His last words, however, startled her, when she considered the vehement manner in which he uttered them.

"John," said she, alarmed, "never, while you have life, let me hear a word of that kind out of your lips. No—never, for the sake of Heaven above us, breathe it, or think of it. But, I'll tell you something, an' you must hear it, an' bear it too, with patience."

"What is it, Ellen? If it's fair an' manly, I'll be guided by your advice."

"Meehaul has threatened to—to—I mane to say, that you mustn't have any quarrel with him, if he meets you or provokes you. Will you promise this?"

"Meehaul has threatened to strike me, has he? An' I, a *Lamh Laudher*, am to take a blow from a Neil, an' to thank him, I suppose, for givin' it."

Ellen rose up and stood before him.

"*Lamh Laudher*," said she, "I must now try your love for me in earnest. A lie I cannot tell, no more than I can cover the truth. My brother has threatened to strike you, an' as I said afore, you must bear it for his sister's sake."

"No, *cher Chierna*, never. That, Ellen, is goin' beyant what I'm able to bear. Ask me to cut off my right hand for your sake, an' I'll do it. Ask my life, an' I'll give it: but to ask a *Lamh Laudher* to bear a blow from a Neil—never. What! how could I rise my face afther such a disgrace? How could I keep the country wid a Neil's blow, like the stamp of a thief upon my forehead, an' me the first of my own faction, as your brother is of his. No—never!"

"An' you say you love me, John?"

"Better than ever man loved woman."

"No man—you don't," she replied, "if you did, you'd give up something for me. You'd bear that for my sake, an' not think it much. I'm beginnin' to believe, *Lamh Laudher*, that if I was a poor portionless girl, it wouldn't be hard to put me out o' your thoughts. If it was only for my own sake you loved me, you'd not refuse me the first request I ever made to you; when you know, too, that if I didn't think more of you than I ought, I'd never make it."

"Ellen, would you disgrace me!—Would you wish me to bear the name of a coward? Would you want my father to turn me out of the house? Would you want my own faction to put their feet upon me, an' drive me from among them?"

"John," she replied, bursting into tears, "I do know that it's a sore obligation to lay upon you, when every thing's taken into account; but if you wouldn't do this for me, who would you do it for? Before Heaven, John, I dread a meetin' between you an' my brother, afther what he told me; an' the only way of preventin' danger is for you not to strike him. Oh, little you know what I have suffered these two days for both your sakes! *Lamh Laudher Oge*, I doubt it would be well for me if I had never seen your face."

"Any thing undher Heaven but what you want me to do, Ellen."

"Oh! don't refuse me this, John. I ask it, as I said, for both your sakes, an' for my own sake. Meehaul wouldn't strike an unresistin' man. I won't leave you till you promise; an' if that won't do, I'll go on my knees an' ask you for the sake of Heaven above, to be guided by me in this."

"Ellen, I'll lave the country to avoid him, if that'll please you."

"No—no—no, John; that doesn't please me. Is it to lave your father an' family, an' you the staff of their support? Oh, John, give me your promise—if you do love me as you say, give me your promise. Here on my two knees I ask it from you, for your sake, for your own, and for the sake of God above us! I know Meehaul. If he got a blow from you on my account, he'd never forgive it to either you or me."

She joined her hands in supplication to him as he knelt, and the tears chased each other like rain down her cheeks. The solemnity with which she insisted on gaining her point staggered *Lamh Laudher* not a little.

"There must be something under this," he replied, "that makes you set your heart on it so much. Ellen tell me the truth; what is it?"

"If I loved you less, John, an' my brother too, I wouldn't care so much about it. Remember that I'm a woman, an' on my knees before you. A blow from you would make him take your life or mine, sooner than that I should become your wife. You ought to know his temper."

"You know, Ellen, I can't at heart refuse you any thing. I will not strike your brother."

"You promise, before God, that no provocation will make you strike him?"

"That's hard, Ellen; but—well, I do before God, I won't—an' its for your sake I say it. Now get up, dear, get up. You have got me to do what no mortal livin' could bring me to but yourself. I suppose that's what made you send Nansie M'Collum for my staff?"

"Nansie M'Collum? When?"

"Why, a while ago. She tould me a quare enough story, or rather no story at all, only that you couldn't come, an' you could come, an' I was to give up my staff to her by your orders?"

"She tould you false, John. I know nothing about what you say."

"Well, Ellen," replied *Lamh Laudher*, with a firm seriousness of manner, "you have brought me into danger I doubt, without knowin' it. For my own part, I don't care so much. Her unlukey aunt met me comin' here this evenin', and threatened both our family and yours. I know she would sink us into the earth if she could. Either she or your brother is at the bottom of this business, whatever it is. Your brother I don't fear; but she is to be dreaded, if all's true that's said about her."

"No, John—she surely couldn't have the heart to harm you an' me. Oh, but I'm light now, since you did what I wanted you. No harm can come between you and Meehaul; for I often heard him say, when speakin' about his faction fights, that no one but a coward would strike an unresistin' man. Now come and see me past the Pedlar's Cairn, an' remember that you'll thank me for what I made you do this night. Come quickly—I'll be misled."

They then passed on by a circuitous and retired path that led around the orchard, until he had conducted her in safety beyond the Pedlar's Cairn, which was so called from a heap of stones that had been loosely piled together, to mark the spot as the scene of a murder, whose history, thus perpetuated by the custom of every passenger casting a stone upon the place, constituted one of the local traditions of the neighbourhood.

After a tender good night, given in a truly poetical manner under the breaking light of a May moon, he found it necessary to retrace his steps by a path which wound round the orchard, and terminated in the public entrance to the town. Along this suburban street he had advanced but a short way, when he found himself overtaken and arrested by his bitter and determined foe, Meehaul Neil. The connexion between the promise that Ellen had extorted from him and this encounter with her brother flashed upon him forcibly; he resolved, however, to be guided by her wishes, and with this purpose on his part, the following dialogue took place between the heads of the rival factions. When we say, however, that *Lamh Laudher* was the head of his party, we beg to be understood as alluding only to his personal courage and prowess; for there were in it men of far greater wealth and of higher respectability, so far as mere wealth could confer the latter.

"*Lamh Laudher*," said Meehaul, "whenever a Neil speaks to you, you may know it's not in friendship."

"I know that, Meehaul Neil, without hearin' it from you. Speak; what have you to say?"

"There was a time," observed the other, "when you and I were enemies only because our *cleaveens* were enemies; but now there is, an' you know it, a blacker hatred between us."

"I would rather there was not, Meehaul; for my own part, I have no ill-will against either you or yours, an' you know that; so when you talk of hatred, spake only for yourself."

"Don't be mane, man," said Neil; "don't make them that hates you despise you into the bargain."

Lamh Laudher turned towards him fiercely, and his eye gleamed with passion; but he immediately recollected himself, and simply said—

"What is your business with me this night, Meehaul Neil?"

"You'll know that soon enough—sooner, maybe, than you wish. I now ask you to tell me, if you are an honest man, where you have been?"

"I am as honest, Meehaul, as any man that ever carried the name of Neil upon him, an' yet I won't tell you that, till you show me what right you have to ask me."

"I b'lieve you forget that I'm Ellen Neil's brother: now, *Lamh Laudher*, as her brother, I choose to insist on your answerin' me."

"Is it by her wish?"

"Suppose I say it is?"

"Ay! but I won't suppose that, till you lay your right hand on your heart, and declare as an honest man, that—tut, man—this is nonsense. Meehaul, go home—I would rather there was friendship between us."

"You were with Ellen this night in the Grassy Quarry."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I saw you both—I watched you both; you left her beyond the Pedlar's Cairn, an' you're now on your way home."

"An' the more mane you, Meehaul, to become a spy upon a girl that you know is as pure as the light from heaven. You ought to blush for doubtin' sich a sister, or thinkin' it your duty to watch her as you do."

"*Lamh Laudher*, you say that you'd rather there was no ill-will between us."

"I say that, God knows, from my heart out."

"Then there's one way that it may be so. Give up Ellen; you'll find it for your own interest to do so."

"Show me that, Meehaul."

"Give her up, I say, an' then I may tell you."

"Meehaul, good night. Go home."

They had now entered the principal street of the town, and as they proceeded in what appeared to be an earnest, perhaps a friendly conversation, many of their respective acquaintances, who lounged in the moonlight about their doors, were not a little surprised at seeing them in close conference. When *Lamh Laudher* wished him good night, he had reached an off street which led towards his father's house, a circumstance at which he rejoiced, as it would have been the means, he hoped, of terminating a dialogue that was irksome to both parties. He found himself, however, rather unexpectedly and rudely arrested by his companion.

"We can't part, *Lamh Laudher*," said Meehaul, seizing him by the collar, "till this business is settled—I mane till you promise to give my sister up."

"Then we must stand here, Meehaul, as long as we live—an' I surely won't do that."

"You must give her up, man."

"Must! Is it must from a Neil to a *Lamh Laudher*? You forget yourself, Meehaul: you are rich now, an' I'm poor now; but any old friend can tell you the differ between your grandfather an' mine. Must, indeed."

"Ay; must is the word, I say; an' I tell you that from this spot you won't go till you swear to do it; or

this stick—an' it's a good one—will bring you to submission."

"I have no stick, an' I suppose I may thank you for that."

"What do you mane?" said Neil; "but no matter—I don't want it." There—to the devil with it; and as he spoke he flung it over the roof of the adjoining house.

"Now give up my sister, or take the consequence."

"Meehaul, go home I say. You know I don't fear any single man that ever breathed; but, above all men on this earth, I wish to avoid a quarrel with you. Do you think, in the meantime, that even if I didn't care a straw for your sister, I could be mane enough to let myself be bullied out of her by you, or any of your faction? Never, Meehaul; so spare your breath an' go home."

Several common acquaintances had collected about them, who certainly listened to this angry dialogue between the two faction-leaders with great interest. Both were powerful men, young, strong and muscular. Meehaul, of the two, was taller, his height being above six feet, his strength, courage, and activity, unquestionably very great. Lamh Laudher, however, was as fine a model of physical strength, just proportion, and manly beauty, as ever was created; his arms, in particular, were of terrific strength, a physical advantage so peculiar to his family as to occasion the epithet by which it was known. He had scarcely uttered the reply we have written, when Meehaul with his whole strength aimed a blow at his stomach, which the other so far turned aside, as to bring it higher up on his chest. He staggered back, after receiving it, about seven or eight yards, but did not fall. His eye literally blazed, and for a moment he seemed disposed to set under the strong impulse of self-defence. The solemnity of his promise to Ellen, however, recurred to him in time to restrain his uplifted arm. By a strong and sudden effort he endeavoured to compose himself, and succeeded. He approached Meehaul, and with as much calmness as he could assume, said—

"Meehaul, I stand before you, an' you may strike, but I won't return your blows; I have reasons for it, but I tell you the truth."

"You won't fight?" said Meehaul with mingled rage and scorn.

"No," replied the other, "I won't fight you."

A murmur of "shame" and "coward" was heard from those who had been drawn together by their quarrel.

"*Dher ma chorp*," they exclaimed with astonishment, "but Lamh Laudher's afeard of him!—the *garran bane's* in him, now that he finds he has met his match."

"Why, hard fortune to you, Lamh Laudher, will you take a blow from a Neil? Are you goin' to disgrace your name?"

"I won't fight him," replied he to whom they spoke, and the uncertainty of his manner, was taken for want of courage.

"Then," said Meehaul, "here, before witnesses, I give you the *coward*, that you may carry the name to the last hour of your life."

He inflicted, when uttering the words, a blow with his open hand on Lamh Laudher's cheek, after which he desired the spectators to bear witness to what he had done. The whole crowd was mute with astonishment, not a murmur more was heard; but they looked upon the two rival champions, and then upon each other with amazement. The high-minded young man had but one course to pursue. Let the consequence be what it might, he could not think for a moment of compromising the character of Ellen, nor of violating his promise, so solemnly given; with a flushed cheek, therefore, and a brow redder even with shame than indignation, he left the crowd without speaking a word, for he feared that by indulging in any

further recrimination on the subject, his resolution might give way under the impetuous resentment which he curbed in with such difficulty.

Meehaul Neil paused and looked after him, equally struck with surprise and contempt at his apparent want of spirit.

"Well," he exclaimed to those who stood about him, "by the life within me, if all the parish had sworn that Lamh Laudher Oge was a coward, I'd not 'a' b'lieved them!"

"Faix, Mither Neil, who would, no more than yourself!" they replied; "devil the likes of it ever we seen! The young fellow that no man could stand afore five minutes!"

"That is," replied others, "because he never met a man that *could* fight him. You see when he did, how he has turned out. One thing, any how, is clear enough—afther this he can never rise his head while he lives."

Meehaul now directed his steps homewards, literally stunned by the unexpected cowardice of his enemy. On approaching his father's door, he found Nell M'Collum seated on a stone bench, waiting his arrival. The moment she espied him she sprang to her feet, and with her usual eagerness of manner, caught the breast of his coat, and turning him round towards the moonlight, looked eagerly into his face.

"Well," she inquired, "did he show his fire-arms?—Eh?—What was done?"

"Somebody has been making a fool of you, Nell," replied Meehaul; "he had neither fire-arms nor staff, nor any thing else, an' for my part, I might as well have left mine at home."

"Well, but *dioul*, man, what was done? Did you smash him? Did you break his bones?"

"None of that Neil, but worse; he's disgraced for ever. I struck him, an' he refused to fight me; he hadn't a hand to raise."

"No, *Dher Chiernah* he had not; an' he may thank Nell M'Collum for that. I put the weakness over him. But I've not done wid him yet. I'll make that family curse the day they crossed Nell M'Collum, if I should go down for it. Not that I have any ill-will to the boy himself, but the father's heart's in him, an' that's the way Meehaul, I'll punish the man that was the means of lavin' me as I am."

"Nell, the devil's in your heart," replied Meehaul, "if ever he was in mortal's. Lave me, woman: I can't bear your revengeful spirit, an' what is more, I don't want you to interfere in this business, good, bad, or indifferent. You bring about harm, Nell, but who has ever known you to do good?"

"Ay! ay!" said the hag, "that's the cuckoo song to Nell; she does harm, but never does good! Well, may my blackest curse wither the man that left Nell to hear that, as the kindest word that's spoke either to her or of her! I don't blame you, Meehaul—I blame nobody but *him* for it all. Now, a word of advice before you go in; don't let on to Ellen that you know of her meetin' him this night;—an' rason good—if she thinks you're watchin' her, she'll be on her guard—ay, an' outdo you in spite of your teeth. She's a woman—she's a woman! Good night, an' *mark* him the next time better."

Meehaul himself had come to the same determination and from the same motives.

The consciousness of Lamh Laudher's public disgrace, and of his incapability to repel it, sank deep into his heart. The blood in his veins became hot and feverish, when he reflected upon the scornful and degrading insult he had just borne. Soon after his return home, his father and mother both noticed the singularly deep bursts of indignant feeling with which he appeared to be agitated. For some time they declined making any inquiry as to its cause; but when they saw at length the big scalding tears of shame and

rage start from his flashing eyes, they could no longer restrain their concern and curiosity.

"In the name of heaven, John," said they, "what has happened to put you into such a state as you're in?"

"I can't tell you," he replied; "if you knew it, you'd blush with burnin' shame—you'd curse me in your heart. For my part, I'd rather be dead fifty times over than livin', afther what has happened this night."

"An' why not tell us, Lamh Laudher?"

"I can't, father; I couldn't stand upright afore you and spake it. I'd sink like a guilty man in your presence; an' except you want to drive me distracted, or perjured, don't ask me another question about it. You'll hear it too soon.

"Well, we must wait," said the father, "but I'm sure, John, you'd not do any thing unbecoming a man. For my part, I'm not unasy on your account; for except to take an affront from a Neil, there's nothing you would do could shame me."

This was a fresh stab to the son's wounded pride, for which he was not prepared. With a stifled groan he leaped to his feet, and rushing from the kitchen, bolted himself up in his bed-room.

His parents, after he had withdrawn exchanged glances.

"That went home to him," said the father, "an' sure as death, the Neils are in it, whatever it is. But by the crass that saved us, if he tuck an affront from any of *them*, widout payin' them home double, he is no son of mine, an' this roof won't cover him another night. Howsomesover, we'll see in the mornin' plase God."

The mother, who was proud of his courage and prowess, scouted with great indignation the idea of her son's tamely putting up with an insult from any of the opposite faction.

"Is it he bear an affront from a Neil! arrah, don't make a fool of yourself, ould man! He'd die sooner—I'd stake my life on him."

The night advanced, and the family had retired to bed; but their son attempted in vain to sleep. A sense of shame overpowered him keenly. He tossed, and turned, and groaned at the contemplation of the disgrace which he knew would be heaped on him the following day. What was to be done? How was he to wipe it off? There was but one method, he believed, of getting his hands once more free; that was to seek Ellen, and gain her permission to retract his oath on that very night. With this purpose he instantly dressed himself, and quietly unbolting his own door, and that of the kitchen, got another staff, and passed out to seek her father's inn.

The night had now become dark, but mild and agreeable; the repose of man and nature was deep, and save his own tumultuous thoughts, every thing breathed an air of peace and rest. At a quick but cautious pace he soon reached the inn, and without much difficulty hopped into the garden, from which he was to be able to make himself known to Ellen. In this, to his great mortification, he was disappointed, the room in which she slept, being on the third story, presented a window, it is true, to the garden; but how was he to reach it, or hold a dialogue with her, even should she recognize him, without being overheard by some of the family? All this might have occurred to him at home, had he been sufficiently cool for reflection. As it was, the only method of awakening her that he could think of was to throw up several handfuls of small pebbles against the windows. This he tried without any effect. Pebbles sufficiently large to reach the window would have broken the glass, so that he felt himself compelled to abandon every hope of speaking to her that night. With lingering and reluctant steps he left the garden, and stood for some time before

the front of the house, leaning against an upright stone, called the market cross. Here he had not been more than two minutes, when he heard footsteps approaching, and on looking closely through the darkness, he recognized the figure of Nell M'Collum, as it passed directly to the kitchen window. Here the crone stopped, peered in, and with caution gave one of the panes a gentle tap. This was responded to by one much louder from within, and almost immediately the door was softly opened. From thence issued another female figure, evidently that of Nanse M'Collum, her niece. Both passed down the street in a northern direction, and Lamh Laudher, apprehensive that they were on no good errand, took off his shoes, lest his footsteps might be heard, and dogged them as they went along. They spoke little, and that in whispers, until they had got clear of the town, when, feeling less restraint, the following dialogue occurred between them:—

"Isn't it a quare thing, aunt, that *she* should come back to this place at all?"

"Quare enough, but the husband's comin' too—he's to folly her."

"Ho ought to know that he needn't come here, I think."

"Why, you fool, how do *you* know that? Sure the town must pay him fifty guineas if he doesn't get a customer, and that's worth comin' for. *She* must be near us by this time. Hush! do you hear a car?"

They both paused to listen, but no car was audible. "I do not," replied the niece; "but isn't it odd that he lets *her* carry the money, an' him trates her so badly?"

"Why would it be odd? Sure, she takes better care of it, and puts it farther than he does. His heart's in a farden, the nager."

"Rody an' the other will soon spare her that trouble, any way," replied the niece. "Is there no one wid her but the carman?"

"Not one—hould your tongue—here's the gate where the same pair was to meet us. Who is this stranger that Rody has picked up? I hope he's the thing."

"Some red-headed fellow. Rody says he's honest. I'm wonderin', aunt, what 'ud happen if she'd know the place."

"She can't, *girshah*—an' what if she does? *She* may know the place, but will the place know her? Rody's friend says the best way is to do for her; an' I'm afraid of her, to tell you the truth—but we'll settle that when they come. There now is the gate where we'll sit down. Give a cough till we try if they're—whisht! here they are!"

The voices of two men now joined the conversation, but in so low a tone, that Lamh Laudher could not distinctly hear its purport.

The road along which they travelled, was craggy, and full of ruts, so that a car could be heard in the silence of night at a considerable distance. On each side the ditches were dry and shallow; and a small elder hedge, which extended its branches towards the road, afforded Lamh Laudher the obscurity which he wanted. With stealthy pace he crept over and sat beneath it, determined to witness whatever incident might occur, and to take a part in it, if necessary. He had scarcely seated himself when the car which they expected was heard jolting about half a mile off along the way, and the next moment a consultation took place in tones so low and guarded, that every attempt on his part to catch its purport was unsuccessful. This continued with much earnestness, if not warmth, until the car came within twenty perches of the gate, when Nell exclaimed—

"If you do, you may—but remember I didn't egg you on, or put it into your hearts, at all events. Maybe I have a child myself livin'—far from me—an' when

I think of him, I feel one touch of nature at my heart in favour of her still. I'm black enough there as it is."

"Make your mind easy," said one of them, "you won't have to answer for her."

The reply which was given to this could not be heard.

"Well," rejoined Nell, "I know that. Her comin' here may not be for my good; but—well take this shawl, an' let the work be quick. The carman must be sent back wid sore bones to keep him quiet."

The car immediately reached the spot where they sat, and as it passed, the two men rushed from the gate, stopped the horse, and struck the carman to the earth. One of them seized him while down, and pressed his throat, so as to prevent him from shouting. A single faint shriek escaped the female, who was instantly dragged off the car and gagged by the other fellow and Nansie M'Collum.

Lamh Laudher saw there was not a moment to be lost. With the speed of lightning he sprung forward, and by a single blow, laid him who struggled with the carman prostrate. To pass then to the aid of the female was only the work of an instant. With equal success he struck down the villain with whom she was struggling. Such was the rapidity of his motions, that he had not yet had time even to speak; nor indeed did he wish at all to be recognized in the transaction. The carman, finding himself freed from his opponent, bounced to his legs, and came to the assistance of his charge, whilst Lamh Laudher, who had just flung Nansie M'Collum into the ditch, returned in time to defend both from a second attack. The contest, however, was a short one. The two ruffians, finding that there was no chance of succeeding, fled across the fields; and our humble hero, on looking for Nansie and her aunt, discovered that they also had disappeared. It is unnecessary to detail the strong terms in which the strangers expressed their gratitude to Lamh Laudher.

"God's grace be upon you, whoever you are, young man!" exclaimed the carman, "for wid his help an' your own good arm, it's my downright opinion that you saved us from bein' both robbed an' murdered."

"I'm of that opinion myself," replied Lamh Laudher.

"There is goodness, young man, in the tones of your voice," observed the female; "we may at least ask the name of the person who has saved our lives!"

"I would rather not have my name mentioned in the business," he replied; "a woman, or a devil I think, that I don't wish to cross or provoke, has had a hand in it. I hope you haven't been robbed?" he added.

She assured him, with expressions of deep gratitude, that she had not.

"Well," said he, "as you have neither of you come to much harm, I would take it as the greatest favour you could do me, if you'd never mention a word about it to any one."

To this request they agreed with some hesitation. Lamh Laudher accompanied them into the town, and saw them safely in a decent second rate inn, kept by a man named Luke Connor, after which he returned to his father's house, and without undressing, fell into a disturbed slumber until morning.

It is not to be supposed that the circumstances attending the quarrel between him and Meehaul Neil, on the preceding night, would pass off without a more than ordinary share of public notice. Their relative positions were too well known not to excite an interest corresponding with the characters they had borne, as the leaders of two bitter and powerful factions: but when it became certain that Meehaul Neil had struck Lamh Laudher Oge, and that the latter refused to fight him, it is impossible to describe the sensation which immediately spread through the town and parish. The

intelligence was first received by O'Rourke's party with incredulity and scorn. It was impossible that he of the Strong Hand, who had been proverbial for courage, could all at once turn coward, and bear the blow from a Neil! But when it was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt or misconception, that he received a blow tamely before many witnesses, under circumstances of the most degrading insult, the rage of his party became incredible. Before ten o'clock the next morning his father's house was crowded with friends and relations, anxious to hear the truth from his own lips, and all, after having heard it, eager to point out to him the only method that remained of wiping away his disgrace—namely, to challenge Meehaul Neil. His father's indignation knew no bounds; but the mother, on discovering the truth, was not without that pride and love which are ever ready to form an apology for the failings and errors of an only child.

"You may all talk," she said, "but if Lamh Laudher Oge didn't strike him, he had good reasons for it. How do you know, an' bad cess to your tongues, all through other, how Ellen Neil would like him after weltin' her brother? Don't you think but she has the spirit of her faction in her as well as another?"

This, however, was not listened to. The father would hear of no apology for his son's cowardice but an instant challenge. Either that or to be driven from his father's roof were the only alternatives left him.

"Come out here," said the old man, for the son had not yet left his humble bed-room, "an' in presence of them that you have brought to shame and disgrace, take the only plan that's left to you, an' send him a challenge."

"Father," said the young man, "I have too much of your own blood in me to be afraid of any man—but for all that, I neither will nor can fight Meehaul Neil."

"Very well," said the father bitterly, "that's enough. *Dher Manim*, Oonagh, you're a guilty woman; that boy's no son of mine. If he had my blood in him, he couldn't act as he did. Here, you damnable interloper, the door's open for you, go out of it, and let me never see the branded face of you while you live."

The groans of the son were audible from his bed-room.

"I will go, father," he replied, "an' I hope the day will come when you'll all change your opinion of me. I can't, however, stir out till I send a messenger a mile or so out of town."

The old man, in the mean time, wept as if his son had been dead; his tears, however, were not those of sorrow, but of shame and indignation.

"How can I help it," he exclaimed, "when I think of the way that the Neils will clap their wings and crow over us! If it was from any other family he tuck it so manely, I wouldn't care so much; but from *them!* Oh, Chiernah! it's too bad! Turn out, you villain!"

A charge of deeper disgrace, however, awaited the unhappy young man. The last harsh words of the father had scarcely been uttered, when three constables came in, and inquired if his son were at home.

"He is at home," said the father, with tears in his eyes, "and I never thought he would bring the blush to my face that he did by his conduct last night."

"I'm sorry," said the principal of them, "for what has happened, both on your account and his. Do you know this hat?"

"I do know it," replied the old man, "it belongs to John. Come out here," said he—"here's Tom Breen wid your hat."

The son left his room, and it was evident from his appearance that he had not undressed at all during the night. The constables immediately observed these circumstances, which they did not fail to interpret to his disadvantage.

"Here is your hat," said the man who bore it, "one would think you were thravellin' all night by your looks."

The son thanked him for his civility, got clean stockings, and after arranging his dress, said to his father—

"I'm now ready to go, father, an' as I can't do what you want me to do, there's nothing for me but to leave the country for a while."

"He acknowledged it himself," said the father, turning to Breen, "an' in that case, how could I let the son that shamed me live under my roof?"

"He's the last young man in the county I stand in," said Breen, "that any one who ever knew him would suspect to be guilty of robbery. Upon my soul, Lamh Laudher More, I'm both grieved and distressed at it. We're come to arrest him," he added, "for the robbery he committed last night."

"Robbery!" they exclaimed with one voice.

"Ay," said the man, "robbery, no less—an' what is more, I'm afraid there's little doubt of his guilt. Why did he lave his hat at the place where the attempt was first made? He must come with us."

The mother shrieked aloud, and clapped her hands like a distracted woman; the father's brow changed from the flushed hue of indignation, and became pale with apprehension.

"Oh! no, no," he exclaimed; "John never did that. Some qualm might come over him in the other business, but—no, no—your father knows you're innocent of robbery. Yes, John, my blood is in you, and *there* you're wronged, my son. I know you too well, in spite of all I've said to you, to believe *that*, my true-hearted boy."

He grasped his son's hand as he spoke, and his mother at the same moment caught him in her arms, whilst both sobbed aloud. A strong sense of innate dignity expanded the brow of young Lamh Laudher. He smiled while his parents wept, although his sympathy in their sorrow brought a tear at the same time to his eye-lids. He declined, however, entering into any explanation, and the father proceeded—

"Yes! I know you are innocent, John; I can swear that you didn't lave this house from nine o'clock last night up to the present minute."

"Father," said Lamh Laudher, "don't swear that, for it would not be true, although you *think* it would. I was out the greater part of last night."

His father's countenance fell again, as did those of his friends who were present, on hearing what appeared to be almost an admission of his guilt.

"Go," said the old man, "go; nabours, take him with you. If he's guilty of this, I'll never more look upon his face. John, my heart was crushed before, but you're likely to break it, out an' out."

Lamh Laudher Oge's deportment, on hearing himself charged with robbery, became dogged and sullen. The conversation, together with the sympathy and the doubt it excited among his friends, he treated with silent indignation and scorn. He remembered that on the night before, the strange woman assured him she had *not* been robbed, and he felt that the charge was exceedingly strange and unaccountable.

"Come," said he, "the sooner this business is cleared up, the better. For my part, I don't know what to make of it; nor do I care much how it goes. I knew since yesterday evening, that bad luck was before me, at all events, an' I suppose it must take its course, an' that I must bear it."

The father had sat down, and now declined uttering a single word in vindication of his son. The latter looked towards him, when about to pass out, but the old man waved his hand with sorrowful impatience, and pointed to the door, as intimating a wish that he should forthwith depart from under his roof. Loaded with twofold disgrace, he left his family and his friends

accompanied by the constables, to the profound grief and astonishment of all who knew him.

They then conducted him before a Mr. Brookleigh, an active magistrate of that day, and a gentleman of mild and humane character.

On reaching Brookleigh Hall, Lamh Laudher found the strange woman, Nell McCollum, Conner's servant maid, and the carman awaiting his arrival. The magistrate looked keenly at the prisoner, and immediately glanced with an expression of strong disgust at Nell McCollum. The other female surveyed Lamh Laudher with an interest evidently deep; after which she whispered something to Nell, who frowned and shook her head, as if dissenting from what she had heard. Lamh Laudher, on his part, surveyed the features of the female with an earnestness that seemed to absorb all sense of his own disgrace and danger.

"O'Rorke," said the magistrate, "this is a serious charge against you. I trust you may be able effectually to meet it."

"I must wait, your worship, till I hear fully what it is first," replied Lamh Laudher, "afither that I'm not afraid of clearin' myself from it."

The woman then detailed the circumstances of the robbery, which it appeared took place at the moment her luggage was in the act of being removed to her room, after which she added, rather unexpectedly, "And now, your worship, I have plainly stated the facts; but I must, in conscience, add, that, although this woman," turning to Nell McCollum, "is of opinion that the young man before you has robbed me, yet I cannot think he did."

"I'll swear, your worship," said Nell, "that on passin' homewards last night, seein' a car wid people about it, at Luke Connor's door, I stood behind the porch, merely to thry if I knew who they wor. I seen this Lamh Laudher, wid a small oak box in his hands, an' I'll give my oath that it was open, an' that he put his hand into it, and tuck something out."

"Pray, Nell, how did it happen that you yourself were abroad at so unseasonable an hour?" said the magistrate.

"Every one knows that *I'm* out at quare hours," replied Nell; "I'm not like others. I know where I ought to be, at all times; but last night, if your worship wishes to hear the truth, I was on my way to Andy Murray's wake; the poor lad that was shepherd to the Neils."

"And, pray, Nell," said his worship, "how did you form so sudden an acquaintance with this respectable looking woman?"

"I knew her for years," said Nell; "I've seen her in other parts of the country, often."

"You were more than an hour with her last night—were you not?" said his worship.

"She made me stay wid her," said Nell, "bekase she was a stranger, an', of course, was glad to see a face she knew, afither the fright she got."

"All very natural, Nell; but, in the meantime, she might easily have chosen a more respectable associate. Have you actually lost the sum of six hundred pounds, my good madam?"

"I have positively lost so much," replied the woman, "together with the certificate of my marriage."

"And how did you first become acquainted with Nell McCollum?" he inquired.

The stranger was silent, and blushed deeply at this question; but Nell, with more presence of mind, went over to the magistrate, and whispered something which caused him to start, look keenly at her, and then at the plaintiff.

"I must have this confirmed by herself," he said in reply to Nell's disclosure, "otherwise I shall be much more inclined to consider you the thief than O'Rorke, whose character has been hitherto unimpeachable and above suspicion."

He then beckoned the woman over to his desk, and after having first inquired if she could write, and being replied to in the affirmative, he placed a slip of paper before her, on which was written—"Is that unhappy woman, called Nell M'Collum, your mother?"

"Alas! she is, Sir," replied the female, with a deep expression of sorrow. The magistrate then appeared satisfied. "Now," said he, addressing O'Rorke, "state fairly and honestly what you have to say in reply to the charge brought against you."

"Please your worship," said the young man, "you hear the woman say that she brings no charge against me, but I can prove, on oath, that Nell M'Collum, and her niece, Nanse M'Collum, along with two men that I don't know, except that one was called Rody, met at Franklin's gate, with an intention of robbing, an' it's my firm belief of murdering, this woman."

He then detailed with great earnestness the incidents and conversation of the preceding night.

"Sir," replied Nell, with astonishing promptness, "I can prove by two witnesses, that no longer ago than last night, he said he would take to the high-road, in order to get money to enable him to marry Ellen Neil. Yes, you villain, Nanse M'Collum heard every word that passed between you and her in the Grassy Quarry; an' Ellen, your worship, can prove it too, if she's sent for."

This had little effect on the magistrate, who at no time placed any reliance on Nell's assertions; he immediately, however, despatched a summons for Nanse M'Collum.

The carman then related all that he knew, every word of which strongly corroborated what Lamh Lauder had said. He concluded by declaring it to be his opinion that the prisoner was innocent, and added, that according to the best of his belief, the box was not open when he left it in the plaintiff's sleeping-room above stairs.

The magistrate again looked keenly and suspiciously towards Nell. At this stage of the proceedings, O'Rorke's father and mother, accompanied by some of their friends, made their appearance. The old man, however, declined to take any part in the vindication of his son. He stood sullenly silent, with his arms folded and his brows knit, as much in indignation as in sorrow. The grief of the mother was louder, for she wept audibly.

Ere the lapse of many minutes, the constable returned, and stated that Nanse was not to be found.

"She has not been at her master's house since morning," he observed, "and they don't know where she is, or what has become of her."

The magistrate immediately despatched two of the constables with strict injunctions to secure her if possible.

"In the meantime," he added, "I will order you, Nell M'Collum, to be strictly confined, until I ascertain whether she can be produced or not. Your haunts may be searched with some hope of success, while you are in durance; but I rather think we might seek for her in vain, if you were at liberty to regulate her motions. I cannot expect," he added, turning to the stranger, "that you should prosecute one so nearly related to you, even if you had proof, which you have not; but I am almost certain, that she has been some way or other concerned in the robbery. You are a modest, interesting woman, and I regret the loss you have sustained. At present there are no grounds for committing any of the parties charged with the robbery. This unhappy woman I commit only as a vagrant, until her niece is found, after that we shall probably be able to see somewhat farther into this strange affair."

"Something tells me, Sir," replied the stranger, "that this young man is as innocent of the robbery as the child unborn. It's not my intention ever to think

of prosecuting him. What I have done in the matter was against my own wishes."

"God in heaven bless you for the words!" exclaimed the parents of O'Rorke, each pressing her hand with delight and gratitude. The woman warmly returned their greetings, but instantly felt her bosom heave with an hysterical oppression, under which she sank into a state of insensibility. Lamh Lauder More and his wife were proceeding to bring her towards the door for air, when Nell M'Collum insisted on a prior right to render her that service. "Begone, you servant of the devil," exclaimed the old man, "your wicked breath is bad about her, or about any one else; you won't lay a hand upon her."

"Don't let her, for heaven's sake," said his wife; "her eye will kill the woman!"

"You are not aware," said the magistrate, "that this woman is her daughter."

"Whose daughter, please your honour?" said the old man indignantly.

"Nell M'Collum's," he returned.

"It's as false as hell!" rejoined O'Rorke, "begging your honour's pardon for saying so. I mane it's false for Nell if she says it. Nell, Sir, never had a daughter, an' she knows that; but she had a son, an' she knows best what became of him."

Nell, however, resolved not to be deterred from getting the stranger into her own hands. With astonishing strength and fury she attempted to drag the insensible creature from O'Rorke's grasp; but the magistrate, disgusted at her violence, ordered two of the persons present to hold her down.

At length the woman began to recover. She sobbed aloud, and a copious flood of tears drenched her cheeks. Nell ordered her to tear herself from O'Rorke and his wife—

"Their hands are bad about you," she exclaimed, "and their son has robbed you, Mary. Lave them, I say, or it'll be worse for you."

The woman paid her no attention; on the contrary, she laid her head upon the bosom of O'Rorke's wife, and wept as if her heart would break.

"God help me!" she exclaimed with a bitter sense of her situation, "I am an unhappy, an' a heart-broken woman! For many a year I have not known what it is to have one friendly breast to weep on."

She then caught O'Rorke's hand and kissed it affectionately, after which she wept afresh; "Merciful!" said she—"Oh, how will I ever be able to meet my husband! and such a husband! oh, heavens pity me!"

Both O'Rorke and his wife stood over her in tears. The latter bent her head, kissed the stranger, and pressed her to her bosom.

"May God bless you!" said O'Rorke himself solemnly—"trust in Him, for He can see justice done to you when man fails."

The eyes of Nell glared at the group like those of an enraged tigress; she stamped her feet upon the floor, and struck it repeatedly with her stick, as she was in the habit of doing, when moved by her strong and deadly passions.

"You'll suffer for that, Mary," she exclaimed; "and as for you, Lamh Lauder More, my debt's not paid to you yet. Your son's a robber, an' I'll prove it before long; every one knows he's a coward too."

Mr. Brookleigh felt that there appeared to be something connected with the transactions of the preceding night, as well as with some of the persons who had come before him, that perplexed him not a little. He thought that considering the serious nature of the charge preferred against young O'Rorke, he exhibited an apathy under it, that did not altogether argue innocence. Some unsettled suspicions entered his mind, but not with sufficient force to fix with certainty upon any of those present, except Nell, and Nanse M'Collum who had absconded. If Nell were the woman's

mother, her anxiety to bring the criminal to justice appeared very natural. Then, again, young O'Rourke's father, who seemed to know the history of Nell McCollum, denied that she ever had a daughter. How could he be certain that she had not, without knowing her private life thoroughly? These circumstances appeared rather strange, if not altogether incomprehensible; so much so, indeed, that he thought it necessary before they separated, to speak with O'Rourke's family in private. Having expressed a wish to this effect, he dismissed the other parties, except Nell, whom he intended to keep confined until the discovery of her niece.

"Pray," said he, to the father of our humble hero, "how do you know, O'Rourke, that Nell McCollum never had a daughter?"

"Right well, your honour. I knew her since she was a child; and from that day to this she was never six months from this town at a time. No, no—a son she had, but a daughter she never had."

"Let me ask you, young man, on what business were you abroad last night? I expect you will answer me candidly?"

"It's no matter," replied young Lamh Laudher gloomily, "my character's gone. I cannot be worse, an' I will tell no man how I spent it, till I have an opportunity of clearin' myself."

"If you spent it innocently," returned the magistrate, "you can have no hesitation in making the disclosure we require."

"I will not mention it," said the other; "I was disgraced, an' that is enough. I think but little of the robbery."

Brookleigh understood him; but the last assertion, though it exonerated him in the opinion of a man who knew something about character, went far in that of his friends who were present to establish his guilt.

They then withdrew; and it would have been much to young Lamh Laudher's advantage if this private interview had never taken place.

The next morning O'Rourke and his wife waited upon Mr. Brookleigh to state, that in their opinion it would be more judicious to liberate Nell McCollum, provided that he kept a strict watch upon all her motions. The magistrate instantly admitted both the force and ingenuity of the thought; and after having appointed three persons to the task of keeping her under surveillance, he set her at large.

This was all judicious and prudent; but in the meantime, common rumour, having first published the fact of young Lamh Laudher's cowardice, found it an easy task to associate his name with the robbery. His very father, after their last conference with the magistrate, doubted him; his friends, in the most sympathetic terms, expressed their conviction of his guilt, and the natural consequences resulting from this was, that he found himself expelled from his paternal roof, and absolutely put out of caste. The tide of ill fame, in fact, set in so strongly against him, that Ellen, startled as she had been by his threat of taking to the highway, doubted him. The poor young man, in truth, led a miserable life. Nansie McCollum had not been found, and the unfavourable rumour was still at its height, when one morning the town arose and found the dead walls and streets placarded with what was in those days known as the fatal challenge of the DEAD BOXER!

This method of intimating his arrival had always been peculiar to that individual, who was a man of colour. No person ever discovered the means by which he placarded his dreadful challenge. In an age of gross superstition, numerous were the rumours and opinions promulgated concerning this circumstance. The general impression was, that an evil spirit attended him, by whose agency his advertisements were put up at night. A law, it is said, then existed, that when

a pugilist arrived in any town, he might claim the right to receive the sum of fifty guineas, provided no man in the town could be found to accept his challenge within a given period. A champion, if tradition be true, had the privilege of fixing only the place, not the mode and regulations, of battle. Accordingly the scene of contest uniformly selected by the Dead Boxer was the church-yard of the town, beside a new made grave, dug at his expense. The epithet of the Dead Boxer had been given to him, in consequence of a certain fatal stroke by which he had been able to kill every antagonist who dared to meet him; precisely on the same principle that we call a fatal marksman a *dead shot*; and the church-yard was selected, and the grave prepared, in order to denote the fatality incurred by those who entered into a contest with him. He was famous, too, at athletic sports, but was never known to communicate the secret of the fatal blow; he also taught the sword exercise, at which he was considered to be a proficient.

On the morning after his arrival, the town in which we have laid the scene of this legend felt the usual impulse of an intense curiosity to see so celebrated a character. The Dead Boxer, however, appeared to be exceedingly anxious to gratify this natural propensity. He walked out from the head inn, where he had stopped, attended by his servant, merely, it would appear, to satisfy them as to the very slight chance which the stoutest of them had in standing before a man whose blow was so fatal, and whose frame so prodigiously herculean.

Twelve o'clock was the hour at which he deemed proper to make his appearance, and as it happened also to be the market-day of the town, the crowd which followed him was unprecedented. The old and young, the hale and feeble of both sexes, all rushed out to see, with feelings of fear and wonder, the terrible and far-famed Dead Boxer. The report of his arrival had already spread far and wide into the county, and persons belonging to every class and rank of life might be seen hastening on horseback, and more at full speed on foot, that they might, if possible, catch an early glimpse of him. The most sporting characters among the nobility and gentry of the county, fighting peers, fire-eaters, snuff-candle squires, members of the hell-fire and jockey-clubs, gaugers, gentlemen farmers, bluff yeomen, labourers, cudgel-players, parish pugilists, men of renown within a district of ten square miles, all jostled each other in hurrying to see, and if possible to have speech of, the Dead Boxer. Not a word was spoken that day except with reference to him, nor a conversation introduced, the topic of which was not the Dead Boxer. In the town every window was filled with persons straining to get a view of him; so were the tops of the houses, the dead walls, and all the call-gates, and available eminences within sight of the way along which he went.—Having thus perambulated the town, he returned to the market-cross, which, as we have said, stood immediately in front of his inn. Here, attended by music, he personally published his challenge in a deep and sonorous voice, calling upon the corporation in right of his championship, to produce a man in ten clear days ready to undertake battle with him as a pugilist, or otherwise to pay him the sum of fifty guineas out of their proper exchequer.

Having thus thrown down his gauntlet, the musicians played a dead march, and there was certainly something wild and fearful in the association produced by these strains of death and the fatality of encountering him. This challenge he repeated at the same place and hour during three successive days, after which he calmly awaited the result.

In the meantime, certain circumstances came to light, which not only developed many cruel and profane traits in his disposition, but also enabled the

worthy inhabitants of the town to ascertain several facts relating to his connexions, which in no small degree astonished them. The candid and modest female whose murder and robbery had been planned by Nell M'Collum, resided with him as his wife: at least if he did not acknowledge her as such, no person who had an opportunity of witnessing her mild and gentle deportment, ever for a moment conceived her capable of living with him in any other character. His conduct to her, however, was brutal in the extreme, nor was his open and unmanly cruelty lessened by the misfortune of her having lost the money which he had for years accumulated. With Nell M'Collum he was also acquainted, for he had given orders that she should be admitted to him whenever she deemed it necessary. Nell, though now at large, found her motions watched with a vigilance which no ingenuity on her part could baffle. She knew this, and was resolved by caution to overreach those who dogged her so closely. Her intimacy with the Dead Boxer threw a shade of still deeper mystery around her own character and his.—Both were supposed to be capable of entering into evil communion with supernatural beings, and both, of course, were looked upon with fear and hatred, modified, to be sure, by the peculiarity of their respective situations.

Let not our readers, however, suppose that young Lamh Laudher's disgrace was altogether lost in the wide-spread fame of the Dead Boxer. His high reputation for generous and manly feeling had given him too strong a hold upon the hearts of all who knew him, to be at once discarded by them, from public conversation, as an indifferent person. His conduct filled them with wonder, it is true; but, although the general tone of feeling respecting the robbery was decidedly in his favour, yet there still existed among the public, particularly in the faction that was hostile to him, enough of doubt, openly expressed, to render it a duty to avoid him; particularly when this formidable suspicion was joined to the notorious fact of his cowardice in the rencounter with Meehaul Neil. Both subjects were, therefore, discussed with, probably, an equal interest; but it is quite certain that the rumour of Lamh Laudher's cowardice would alone have occasioned him, under the peculiar circumstances which drew it forth, to be avoided and branded with contumely.—There was, in fact, then in existence among the rival factions of Ireland, much of the military sense of honour which characterizes the British army at this day; nor is this spirit even yet wholly exploded from our humble countrymen. Poor Lamh Laudher was, therefore, an exile from his father's house, repulsed and avoided by all who had formerly been intimate with him.

There was another individual, however, who deeply sympathized in all he felt, because she knew that for her sake it had been incurred; we allude to Ellen Neil. Since the night of their last interview, she too had been scrupulously watched by her relations. But what vigilance can surpass the ingenuity of love? Although her former treacherous confidant had absconded, yet the incident of the Dead Boxer's arrival had been the means of supplying her with a friend, into whose bosom she felt that she could pour out all the anxieties of her heart. This was no other than the Dead Boxer's wife; and there was this peculiarity in the interest which she took in Ellen's distresses, that it was only a return of the sympathy which Ellen felt in the unhappy woman's sufferings. The conduct of her husband was indefensible; for while he treated her with shameful barbarity; it was evident that his bad passions and his judgment were at variance, with respect to the estimate which he formed of her character. In her honesty he placed every confidence, and permitted her to manage his money and regulate his expenses; but this was merely because her frugality and economic habits gratified his parsimony, and fostered

one of his strongest passions, which was avarice.—There was something about this amiable creature that won powerfully upon the affections of Ellen Neil; and in entrusting her with the secret of her love, she felt assured that she had not misplaced it. Their private conversations, therefore, were frequent, and their communications unreserved on both sides, so far as woman can bestow confidence and friendship on the subject of her affections or her duty. This intimacy did not long escape the prying eyes of Nell M'Collum, who soon took means to avail herself of it for purposes which will shortly become evident.

It was about the sixth evening after the day on which the Dead Boxer had published his challenge, that, having noticed Nell from the window as she passed the inn, he despatched a waiter with a message that she should be sent up to him. Previous to this the hag had been several times with his wife, on whom she laid serious injunctions never to disclose to her husband the relationship between them. The woman had never done so, for, in fact, the acknowledgment of Nell, as her mother, would have been to any female whose feelings had not been made callous by the world, a painful and distressing task. Nell was the more anxious on this point, as she feared that such a disclosure would have frustrated her own designs.

"Well, granny," said he, when Nell entered, "any word of the money?"

Nell cautiously shut the door, and stood immediately fronting him, her hand at some distance from her side, supported by her staff, and her gray glittering eyes fixed upon him with that malicious look which she could never banish from her countenance.

"The money will come," she replied, "in good time. I've a charm near ready that'll get a clue to it. I'm watchin' him—an' I'm watched myself—an' Ellen's watched. He has hardly a house to put his head in; but *nabockish!* I'll bring you an' him together—ay, *dher manim*, an' I'll make him give you the first blow; afther that, if you don't give him one, it's your own fault."

"Get the money first, granny. I won't give him the blow till it is safe."

"Won't you?" replied the beldame; "ay, *dher Creastha*, will you, when you know what I have to tell you about him an'—an'—"

"And who, granny?"

"*Diououl*, man, but I'm afraid to tell you, for afraid you'd kill me."

"Tut, Nelly—I'd not strike an Obeah-woman," said he, laughing.

"I suspect foul play between him an'—her."

"Eh? Fury of hell, no?"

"He's very handsome," said the other, "an' young—far younger than you are, by thirteen—"

"Go on—go on," said the Dead Boxer, interrupting her, and clenching his fist, while his eyes literally glowed like live coals, "go on—I'll murder him; but not till—yes, I'll murder him at a blow. I will; but no—not till you secure the money first. If I give him the blow—THE BOX—I might never get it, granny. A dead man gives back nothing."

"I suspect," replied Nell, "that the *arraghid*—that is the money—is in other hands. Lord preserve us! but it's a wicked world, blackey!"

"Where is it?" said the Boxer, with a vehemence of manner resembling that of a man who was ready to sink to perdition for his wealth. "Devil! and furies! where is it?"

"Where is it?" said the imperturbable Nell; "why *manim* a *yeah*, man, sure you don't think that I know where it is. I suspect that your landlord's daughter, his *raal* sweetheart, knows something about it; but thin, you see, I can prove nothing; I only suspect. We must watch an' wait. You know *she* wouldn't prosecute him."

"We will watch an' wait—but I'll finish him. Tell me, Nell—fury of hell, woman—can it be possible—no—well, I'll murder him, though; but can it be possible that she's guilty? eh? She wouldn't prosecute him! No, no, she would not!"

"She is not worthy of you, blackey. Lord save us! Well, thro', I remember whin you wor in Lord S---'s; you were a fine young man of your colour. I did something for the young Lord in my way then, an' I used to say, when I called to see her, that you wor a beauty, barrin' the face. Sure enough, there was no lie in that. Well, that was before you tuck to the fightin'; but I'm ravin'. Whisper, man. If you doubt what I'm sayin', watch the north corner of the orchard about nine to-night, an' you'll see a meetin' between her an' O'Rourke. God be wid you! I must go."

"Stop!" said the Boxer; "don't go; but do get a charm for the money."

"Good by," said Nell; "you a heart wid your money! No, damn'd sheery on the charm ever I'll get you, till you show more spunk. You! My curse on the money, man, when your disgrace is consarned!"

Nell passed rapidly, and with evident indignation, out of the room; nor could any entreaty on the part of the Dead Boxer induce her to return and prolong the dialogue.

She had said enough, however, to produce in his bosom torments almost equal to those of the damned. In several of their preceding dialogues, she had impressed him with the belief that young Lamh Lauther was the person who had robbed his wife; and now, to the hatred that originated in a spirit of avarice, she added the deep and deadly one of jealousy. On the other hand, the Dead Boxer began to feel the influence of Ellen Neil's beauty; and perhaps nothing would have given him greater satisfaction than the removal of a woman whom he no longer loved, except for those virtues which enabled him to accumulate money.—And now, too, had he an equal interest in the removal of his double rival, whom, besides, he considered the spoiler of his hoarded property. The loss of his money certainly stung him to the soul, and caused his unfortunate wife to suffer a tenfold degree of persecution and misery. When to this we add his sudden passion for Ellen Neil, we may easily conceive what she must have endured. Nell, at all events, felt satisfied that she had shaped the strong passions of her savage dupe in the way best calculated to gratify that undying spirit of vengeance which she had so long nurtured against the family of Lamh Lauther. The Dead Boxer, too, was determined to prosecute his amour with Ellen Neil, not more to gratify his lawless affection for her than his twofold hatred of Lamh Lauther.

At length nine o'clock arrived, and the scene must change to the northern part of Sheemus Neil's orchard. The Dead Boxer threw a cloak around him, and issuing through the back door of the inn, entered the garden, which was separated from the orchard only by a low clipped hedge of young white-thorn, in the middle of which stood a small gate. In a moment he was in the orchard, and from behind its low wall he perceived a female proceeding to the northern side, muffled like himself in a cloak which he immediately recognized to be that of his wife. His teeth became locked together with the most deadly resentment; his features twitched with the convulsive spasms of rage, and his nostrils were distended as if his victims stood already within his grasp. He instantly threw himself over the wall, and nothing but the crushing weight of his tread could have saved the lives of the two unsuspecting persons before him. Startled, however, by the noise of his footsteps, Lamh Lauther turned round to observe who it was that followed them, and immediately the massy and colossal black, now stripped of his cloak—for he had thrown it aside—stood in their presence. The female instinctively drew the cloak round

her face, and Lamh Lauther was about to ask why he followed them, when the Boxer approached him in an attitude of assault.

With a calmness almost unparalleled under such circumstances, Lamh Lauther desired the female by no means to cling to him.

"If you do," said he, "I am murdered where I stand."

"No," she shrieked, "you shall not. Stand back, man; stand back. If you murder him I will take care you shall suffer for it. Stand back. Lamh Lauther never injured you."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Boxer, in reply, "why, what is this? Who have we here?"

Ellen, for it was she, had already thrown back the cloak from her features, and stepped forward between them.

"Well, I am glad it is you," said the black, "and so may he be. Come, I shall conduct you home."

He caught her arm as he spoke, and drew her over to his side like an infant.

"Come, my pretty girl, come; I will treat you tenderly, and all I shall ask is a kiss in return. Here, young fellow," said he to Lamh Lauther, with a sense of bitter triumph, "I will show you that one black kiss is worth two white ones."

Heavy, hard, and energetic was the blow which the Dead Boxer received upon the temple, as the reply of Lamh Lauther, and dead was the crash of his tremendous body on the earth. Ellen looked around her with amazement.

"Come," said she, seizing her lover's arm, and dragging him onward; "gracious heaven! I hope you havn't killed him. Come, John, the time is short, and we must make the most of it. That villain, as I told you before, is a villain. Oh! if you knew it! John, I have been the manes of your disgrace and suffering, but I am willing to do what I can to remedy that. In your disgrace, Ellen will be ready, in four days from this, to become your wife. John, come to meet me no more. I will send that villain's innocent wife to your aunt Alley's, where you now live. I didn't expect to see you myself; but I got an opportunity, and besides she was too unwell to bring my message, which was to let you know what I now tell you."

John, ere he replied, looked behind him at the Dead Boxer, and appeared as if struck with some sudden thought.

"He is movin'," said he, "an' on this night I don't wish to meet him again; but yes, Ellen, yes—God bless you for the words you've said: but how could you for one minute doubt me about the robbery?"

"I did not, John—I did not; and if I did, think of your own words at our meetin' in the Quarry; it was but a small suspicion though—no more. No, no; at heart I never doubted you."

"Ellen," said John, "hear me. You never will become my wife till my disgrace is wiped away. I love you too well ever to see you blush for your husband. My mind's made up—so say no more. Ay, an' I tell you that to live three months in this state would break my heart."

"Poor John!" she exclaimed, as they separated, and the words were followed by a gush of tears, "I know that there is not one of them, in either of the factions, so noble in heart and thought as you are."

"I'll prove that soon, Ellen; but never till my name is fair and clear, an' without spot, can you be my wife. Good night, dearest. In every thing but that I'll be guided by you."

They then separated, and immediately the Dead Boxer, like a drunken man, went tottering, rather crestfallen, towards the inn. On reaching his own room, his rage appeared quite ungovernable; he stormed, stamped and raved, on reflecting that any one was able to knock him down. He called for

brandy and was er with a curse to the waiter, swore deeply between every sip, and ultimately despatched another messenger for Neil McCollum.

"That Obeah woman's playing on me," he exclaimed; "because my face is black, she thinks me a fool. Fury of hell! I neither know what she is, nor who the other is! But I will know."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Nell, gliding into the apartment. "You can say little, blackey, or think little, avourneen, that I'll not know. As to who she is, you needn't ax; she won't be long troublin' you; an' in regard of myself, I'm what you see me, an' somethin' over an' above. So don't vex nie. Arra, *dier ma chairp*, marriage, I could lave you in one night that a boy in his first *breesht* (small clothes) could bate the marrow out of you."

"Where did you come from now, granny?"

"From *her* room; she's sick; that was what prevented her from meevin' Lamb Lauther."

"Granny, do you know who she is? I'm tired of her—sick of her."

"You know enough about her to satisfy you—Wasn't she a beautiful creature when Lady S——tuck her into the family, an' reared her until she was fit to wait upon herself. Warn't you then servant to the ould Lord, an' didn't I make her marry you, something against her will, too; but she did it to please me. That was before 'builkin' churches' *araw* you out of the family, an' made you take to the fightin' trade."

"Granny, you must bring this young fellow across me. Damnation! woman, do you know what he did? He knocked me down, granny—struck me senseless! Fury of hell! *Me!* Only for attempting to kiss his sweetheart!"

"Ha!" said Nell, bitterly, "keep that to yourself, for heaven's sake! *Iker na chairp*, man, if it was known, his name 'ud be higher up than ever. Be my soul any how, that is the *Lamb Lauther blow*, my boy, and what that is, is well known. The devil curse him for it!"

"Granny, you must assist me in three things: Find a clue to the money; bring this fellow in my way, as you promised; and help me with the landlord's daughter."

"Is there nothin' else?"

"What?"

"*She's* sick."

"Well, let her die, then—I don't care."

"In the other things I will help you," said Nell; "but you must clear your own way *there*. I can do every thing but *that*. I have a son myself, an' my hands are tied against blood till I find *him* out. I could like to see some people withered, but I can't kill."

"Well, except *her* case, we understand one another. Good night, then."

"You must work *that* for yourself. Good night!"

In the meantime a circumstance occurred which scarcely any person who heard it could at first believe. About twelve o'clock the next day, the house of Lamb Lauther More was surrounded with an immense crowd, and the whole town seemed to be in a state of peculiar animation and excitement. Groups met, stood and eagerly accosted each other upon some topic that evidently excited equal interest and astonishment.

LAMB LAUDHER OGE HAD CHALLENGED THE DEAD BOXER!

True. On that morning, at an early hour, the prescribed young man waited upon the Sovereign of the town, and requested to see him. Immediately after his encounter with the black the preceding night, and while Ellen Neil offered to compensate him for the obloquy she had brought upon his name, he formed the dreadful resolution of sending him a challenge. In very few words he stated his intention to the Sovereign, who looked upon him as insane.

"No, no," replied that gentleman, "go home, O'Roke.

and banish the idea out of your head; it is madness."

"But I say, *yes, yes*, with great respect to you, sir," observed Lamb Lauther. "I've been banished from my father's house, and treated with scorn by all that know me, because they think me a coward. Now I'll let the n know I'm no coward."

"But you will certainly be killed," said the Sovereign.

"That's to be seen," observed the young man; "at all events, I'd as soon be dead as livin' in disgrace.—I'll thank you, sir, as the head of the town, to let the black know that Lamb Lauther Oge will fight him."

"For heaven's sake, reflect a moment upon the—"

"My mind's made up to fight," said the other, interrupting him. "No power on earth will prevent me, sir. So, if you don't choose to send the challenge, I'll bring it myself."

The Sovereign shook his head, as if conscious of what the result must be.

"That is enough," said he; "as you *are* fixed on your own destruction, the challenge will be given; but I trust you will think better of it."

"Let him know, if you please," added Lamb Lauther, "that on to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, we must fight."

The magistrate nodded, and Lamb Lauther immediately took his leave. In a short time the intelligence spread. From the Sovereign it passed to his clerk; from the clerk, to the other members of the corporation; and ere an hour, the town was in a blaze with the intelligence.

"Did you hear what's reported?" was the general question.

Lamb Lauther Oge has challenged the Dead Boxer!

The reader already knows how bitterly public opinion had set in against our humble hero; but it would be difficult to describe, in terms sufficiently vivid, the rapid and powerful re-action which now took place in his favour. Every one pitied him, praised him, remembered his former prowess, and, after finding some palliative for his degrading interview with Meehaul Neil, concluded with expressing a firm conviction that he had undertaken a fatal task. When the rumour had reached his parents, the blood ran cold in their veins, and their natural affection, now roused into energy, grasped at an object that was about to be violently removed from it. Their friends and neighbours, as we have stated, came to their house for the purpose of undersanding their son against so rash and terrible an undertaking.

"It mustn't be," said they; "for whatever was over him wid Meehaul Neil, we know *now* he's no coward, an' that's enough. We mustn't see him bent dead before our eyes, at all events. Where is he?"

"He's at his am't's," replied the father; "and *thder this roof* he says he will never come, till his fame is cleared. Heavens above! For *him* to think of fightin' a man that kills every one he fights wid!"

The mother's outcries were violent, as were those of his female relations, whilst a solemn, and even mournful spirit brooded upon the countenances of his own faction. It was resolved that his parents and friends should now wait upon him, and, by every argument and remonstrance in their power, endeavor to change the rashness of his purpose.

The young man received them with a kind, but somewhat of a sorrowful spirit. The father uncovered, and with his gray locks flowing down upon his shoulders, approached him, extended his hand, and with an infirm voice said:

"Give me your hand, John. You're welcome to your father's heart an' your father's roof once more."

The son put his arms across his breast, and bowed his head respectfully, but declined receiving his father's hand.

"Not, father; father dear; not till my name is cleared."

"John," said the old man, now in tears, "will you refuse me? You are my only son, my only child, an' I cannot lose you. Your name is cleared."

"Father," said the son, "I've sworn! it's now too late. My heart, father, has been crushed by what has happened lately. I found little charity among my friends. I say I cannot change my mind, for I've sworn to fight him. And even if I had not sworn, I couldn't, as a man, but do it, for he has insulted them that I love better than my own life. I know that you would want to persuade me against what I'm doin'; an' that was why I bound myself this mornin' by an oath."

The mother, who had been detained a few minutes behind them, now entered, and on hearing that he had refused to decline the battle, exclaimed:

"Who says that Lamh Laudher Oge won't obey his mother? Who dare say it? Wasn't he ever an' always an obedient son to me an' his father? I won't believe that lie of my boy, no more than I ever believed a word of what was said against him. *Shawn Oge, aroon*, you won't refuse me, *avillish*. What 'ud become of me, *avick ma chree*, if you fight him? Would you have the mother's heart broken, an' our roof childless all out? We lost one as it is—the daughter of our heart is gone, an' we don't know how—an' now is your father an' me to lie down an' die in desolation widout a child to shed a tear over us, or to put up one prayer for our happiness!"

The young man's eyes filled with tears; but his check reddened, and he dashed them hastily aside.

"No, my boy, my glorious boy, won't refuse to save his mother's heart from breakin'; ay, and his gray hair'd father's too; he won't kill us both; my boy won't; nor send us to the grave before our time!"

"Mother," said he, "if I could I—Oh! no, no—Now, it's too late—if I didn't fight him, I'd be a perjured man. You know," he added, smiling, "there's something in a Lamh Laudher's blow, as well as the Dead Boxer's. Isn't it said, that a Lamh Laudher needn't strike two blows, when he sends his strength with one."

He stretched out his powerful arm, as he spoke, with a degree of pride not unbecoming his youth, spirit, and amazing strength and activity.

"Do not," he added, "either vex me, or sink my spirits. I'm sworn, an' I'll fight him. That's my mind, and it will not change."

The whole party felt, by the energy and decision with which he pronounced the last words, that he was immovable. His resolution filled them with melancholy, and an absolute sense of death. They left him, therefore, in silence, with the exception of his parents, whose grief was bitter and excessive.

When the Dead Boxer heard that he had been challenged, he felt more chagrin than satisfaction, for his avarice was disappointed; but when he understood from those members of the corporation who waited on him, that Lamh Laudher was the challenger, the livid fire of mingled rage and triumph which blazed in his large blood-shot eyes absolutely frightened the worthy burghers.

"I'm glad of that," said he—"here, Joe, I desire you to go and get a coffin made, six feet long and properly wide—we will give him room enough; tchee! tchee! tchee!—ah! tchee! tchee! tchee! tchee! I'm glad, gentlemen.—Herrr! agh! tchee! tchee! tchee! I'm glad, *Fa gad!*"

In this manner did he indulge in the wild and uncouth glee of a savage as ferocious as he was powerful.

"We have a quare proverb here, Misher Black," said one of the worthy burghers, "that, by my sowl, may be you never heard!"

"Tchee! tchee! agh! What is that?" said the boxer, showing his white teeth and blubber lips in a fur-

ous grin, whilst the eyes which he fastened on the poor burgher blazed up once more, as if he was about to annihilate him.

"What is it, sar?"

"Faith," said the burgher, making towards the door, "I'll tell you that when I'm on the safe side o' the room—devil a haporth, barrin' that neither you nor any man ought to reckon your chickens before they are hatched. Make money of that; and after having discharged this plesantry at the black, the worthy burgher made a hasty exit down stairs, followed at a more dignified pace by his companions.

The Dead Boxer, in preparing for battle, observed a series of forms peculiar to himself, which were certainly of an appalling character. As a proof that the challenge was accepted, he ordered a black flag, which he carried about with him, to wave from a window of the inn, a circumstance which thrilled all who saw it with an awful certainty of Lamh Laudher's death—He then gave orders for the drums to be beaten, and a dead march to be played before him, whilst he walked up the town and back, conversing occasionally with some of those who immediately surrounded him. When he arrived nearly opposite the market-house, some person pointed out to him a small hut that stood in a situation isolated from the other houses of the street.

"There," added his informant, "is the house where *Lamh Laudher Oge's* aunt lives, and where he himself has lived since he left his father's."

"Ah!" said the black, pausing, "is he within, do you think?"

One of the crowd immediately inquired, and replied to him in the affirmative.

"Will any of you," continued the boxer, "bring me over a half-hundred weight from the market crne? I will show this fellow what a poor chance he has. If he is so strong in the arm and active as is reported, I desire he will imitate me. Let the music stop a moment."

The crowd was now on tiptoe, and all necks were stretched over the shoulders of those who stood before them, in order to see, if possible, what the feat could be which he intended to perform. Having received the half-hundred weight from the hands of the man who brought it, he approached the widow's cottage, and sent in a person to apprise *Lamh Laudher* of his intention to throw it over the house, and to request that he would witness this proof of his strength. *Lamh Laudher* delayed a few minutes, and the Dead Boxer stood in the now silent crowd, awaiting his appearance, when accidentally glancing into the door, he started as if stung by a serpent. A flash and a glare of his fierce blazing eyes followed.

"Ha! damnation! true as hell!" he exclaimed, "*she's* with him! Ha!—the Obeah woman was right—the Obeah woman was right. Guilt, guilt, guilt! Ha!"

With terror and fury upon his huge dark features, he advanced a step or two into the cottage, and in a voice that resembled the under-growl of an enraged bull, said to his wife, for it was she: "You will never repeat this—I am aware of you; I know you now! Fury! prepare yourself; I say so to both. Ha!" Neither she nor *Lamh Laudher* had an opportunity of replying to him, for he ran in a mood perfectly savage to the half-hundred weight, which he caught by the ring, whilst it round him two or three times, and, to the amazement of the thousands who were crowded about him, flung it over the roof of the cottage.

Lamh Laudher had just left the cabin in time to witness the feat, as well as to observe more closely the terrific being in his full strength and fury, with whom he was to wage battle on the following day. Those who watched his countenance, observed that it blanched for a moment, and that the colour came and went upon his check.

"Now, young fellow," said the boxer, "get behind the cabin and throw back the weight."

Lamh Laudher hesitated, but ultimately was proceeding to make the attempt, when a voice from the crowd, in tones that were evidently disguised, shouted "Don't be a fool, young man; husband your strength, for you will want it."

The Dead Boxer started again: "Ha!" he exclaimed, after listening acutely, "fury of hell! are you there? ha! I'll grasp you yet, though."

The young man, however, felt the propriety of this friendly caution. "The person who spoke is right," said he, "whoever he is. I will husband my strength," and he passed again into the cabin.

The boxer's countenance exhibited dark and fitting shadows of rage. That which in a European cheek would have been the redness of deep resentment, appeared on his, as the scarlet blood struggled with the gloomy hue of his complexion, rather like a tincture that seemed to borrow its character more from the darkness of his soul, than from the colour of his skin. His brow, black and lowering as a thunder-cloud, hung fearfully over his eyes, which he turned upon Lamh Laudher when he entered the hut, as if he could have struck him dead with a look. Having desired the drums to beat, and the dead march to be resumed, he proceeded along the streets until he arrived at the inn, from the front of which the dismal flag of death flapped slowly and heavily in the breeze. At this moment the death-bell of the town church tolled, and the sexton of the parish bustled through the crowd to inform him that the grave which he had ordered to be made was ready.

The solemnity of these preparations, joined to the almost super-human proof of bodily strength which he had just given, depressed every heart, when his young and generous adversary was contrasted with him.—Deep sorrow for the fate of Lamh Laudher prevailed throughout the town: the old men sighed at the folly of his rash and fatal obstinacy, and the females shed tears at the sacrifice of one whom all had loved. From the inn, hundreds of the crowd rushed to the churchyard, where they surveyed the newly made grave with shudderings and wonder at the strangeness of the events which had occurred in the course of the day. The death music, the muffled drums, the black flag, the mournful tolling of the sullen bell, together with the deep grave that lay open before them, appeared rather to resemble the fearful pageant of a gloomy dream, than the reality of incidents that actually passed before their eyes. Those who came to see the grave departed with heaviness and a sad foreboding of what was about to happen; but fresh crowds kept pouring towards it for the remainder of the day, until the dusky shades of a summer night drove them to their own hearths, and left the church-yard silent.

The appearance of the Dead Boxer's wife in the house where Lamh Laudher resided, confirmed, in its worst sense, that which Nell McCollum had suggested to him. It is unnecessary to describe the desolating sweep of passion which a man, who, like him, was the slave of strong resentments, must have suffered. It was not only from motives of avarice and a natural love of victory, that he felt anxious to fight; to these was now added a dreadful certainty that Lamh Laudher was the man in existence who had inflicted on him an injury, for which nothing but the pleasure of crushing him to atoms with his own hands could atone.—The approaching battle, therefore, with his direst enemy, was looked upon by the Dead Boxer as an opportunity of glutting his revenge. When the crowd had dispersed, he called a waiter, and desired him to inquire if his wife had returned. The man retired to ascertain, and the Boxer walked backwards and forwards in a state of mind easily conceived, muttering curses and vows of vengeance against her and Lamh Laudher. After some minutes he was informed that she had not returned, upon which he gave orders

that on the very instant of her appearance at the inn, she should be sent to him. The waiter's story, in this instance was incorrect; but the wife's apprehension of his violence, overcame every other consideration, and she resolved, for some time, to avoid him. He had, in fact, on more than one occasion, openly avowed his jealousy of her and O'Rorke, and that in a manner which made the unhappy woman tremble for her life. She felt, therefore, from what had just occurred at Widow Korke's cabin, that she must separate herself from him, especially as he was susceptible neither of reason nor remonstrance. Every thing conspired to keep his bad passions in a state of tumult. Nell McCollum, whom he wished to consult once more upon the recovery of his money, could not be found. This, too, galled him; for avarice, except during the whirlwind of jealousy, was the basis of his character—the predominant passion of his heart. After cooling a little, he called for his servant, who had been in the habit of acting for him in the capacity of second, and began, with his assistance, to make preparations for to-morrow's battle.

Nothing now could exceed the sympathy which was felt for young Lamh Laudher, yet, except among his immediate friends, there was little exertion made to prevent him from accelerating his own fate. So true is it that public feeling scruples not to gratify its appetite for excitement, even at the risk or actual cost of human life. His parents and relations mourned him as if he had been already dead. The grief of his mother had literally broken down her voice so much, that from hoarseness, she was almost unintelligible. His aged father sat and wept like a child; and it was in vain that any of their friends attempted to console them. During the latter part of the day, every melancholy stroke of the death-bell, pierced their hearts; the dead march, too, and the black flag waving, as if in triumph over the lifeless body of their only son, the principal support of their declining years, filled them with a gloom and terror, which death, in its common shape, would not have inspired. This savage pageant on the part of the Dead Boxer, besides being calculated to daunt the heart of any man who might accept his challenge, was a cruel mockery of the solemnities of death. In this instance it produced such a sensation as never had been felt in that part of the country. An uneasy feeling of wild romance, mingled with apprehension, curiosity, fear, and amazement, all conspired to work upon the imaginations of a people in whom that quality is exuberant, until the general excitement became absolutely painful.

Perhaps there was not one among his nearest friends who felt more profound regret for having been the occasion of his disgrace, and consequently of the fate to which he had exposed him, than Meehaul Neil. In the course of that day he sent his father to old Lamh Laudher, to know if young O'Rorke would grant him an interview, the object of which was to dissuade him against the battle.

"Tell him," said the latter, with a composure still tinged with a sorrowful spirit, "that I will not see him to-day. To-morrow I may, and if I don't, tell him that for his sister's sake, he has my forgiveness."

The introduction of the daughter's name shortened the father's visit, who left him in silence.

Ellen, however, had struggles to endure which pressed upon her heart with an anguish bitter in proportion to the secrecy rendered necessary by the dread of her relations. From the moment she heard of Lamh Laudher's challenge, and saw the funeral appendages with which the Dead Boxer had darkened the preparations for the fight, she felt her heart sink, from a consciousness that she had been indirectly the murderer of her lover. Her countenance became ghastly pale, and her frame was seized with a tremor which she could hardly conceal. She would have been glad to

have shed tears, but tears were denied her. Except the Boxer's wife, there was none to whom she could disclose her misery; but, alas! for once, that amiable creature was incapable of affording her consolation.—She, herself felt distress resulting both from the challenge and her husband's jealousy, almost equal to that of Ellen.

"I know not how it is," said she, "but I cannot account for the interest I feel in that young man. Yet, surely, it is natural, when we consider that I owe my life to him. Still, independently of that, I never heard his voice, that it did not fall upon my heart like the voice of a friend. We must, if possible, change his mind," she added, wiping away her tears, "for I know that if he fights that terrible man, he will be killed."

At Ellen's request, she consented to see Lamh Laudher, with a view of entreating him, in her name, to decline the fight. Nor were her own solicitations less urgent. With tears and grief which could not be affected, she besought him not to rush upon certain death—said that Ellen could not survive it—pleaded the claims of his aged parents, and left no argument untouched that could apply to his situation and conduct. Lamh Laudher, however, was inexorable, and she relinquished an attempt that she felt to be ineffectual.—The direction of her husband's attention so unexpectedly to Widow Rorke's cabin, at that moment, and his discovery of her interview with Lamh Laudher, determined her, previously acquainted as she had been with his jealousy, to keep out of his reach, until some satisfactory explanation could be given. Ellen, however, could not rest; her grief had so completely overborne all other considerations, that she cared little, now, whether her friends perceived it or not. On one thing she was fixed, and that was to prevent Lamh Laudher from encountering the Dead Boxer. With this purpose she wrapped herself in a cloak about ten o'clock, and careless whether she was observed or not, went directly towards his aunt's house. About two-thirds of the way had probably been traversed, when a man, wrapped up in a cloak, like herself, accosted her in a low voice, not much above a whisper:

"Miss Neil," said he, "I don't think it would be hard to guess where you are going."

"Who are you that asks?" said Ellen.

"No matter; but if you happen to see young O'Rorke to-night, I have a message to send him that may serve him."

"Who are you?" again inquired Ellen.

"One that cautions you to beware of the Dead Boxer, one that pities and respects his unfortunate wife, and one who, as I said, can serve O'Rorke."

"For God's sake, then, if you can, be quick; for there's little time to be lost;" said Ellen.

"Give him this message," replied the man, and he whispered half a dozen words into her ear.

"Is that true?" she asked him, "and may he depend on it?"

"He may, as there's a God above me. Good night!"

He passed on at a rapid pace.

When Ellen entered his aunt's humble cabin, Lamh Laudher had just risen from his knees. Devotion, or piety if you will, as it is in many cases, though undirected by knowledge, may be frequently found among the peasantry associated with objects that would appear to have but little connexion with it. When he saw her he exclaimed with something like disappointment:

"Ah! Ellen, dear, why did you come? I would rather you hadn't crossed me now, darling."

His manner was marked by the same melancholy sedateness which we have already described. He knew the position in which he stood, and did not attempt to disguise what he felt. His apparent depression, however, had a dreadful effect upon Ellen, who sat down on a stool, and threw back the hood of her

cloak; but the aunt placed a little circular arm chair for her somewhat nearer the fire. She declined it in a manner that argued something like incoherence, which occasioned O'Rorke to glance at her more earnestly. He started, on observing the wild lustre of her eye, and the wo-begone paleness of her cheek.

"Ellen," said he, "how is this? Has any thing frightened you? Merciful mother! aunt, look at her?"

The distracted girl sank before him on her knees, locked her hands together, and while her eyes sparkled with an unsettled light, exclaimed:

"John!—John!—Lamh Laudher Oge—forgive me, before you die! I have murdered you!"

"Ellen, love, Ellen—"

"Do you forgive me? do you? Your blood is upon me, Lamh Laudher Oge!"

"Heavens above! Aunt, she's turned! Do I forgive you, my heart's own treasure? How did you ever offend me, my darling? You know you never did. But if you ever did, my own Ellen, I do forgive you."

"But I murdered you—and that was because my brother said he would do it—an' I got afraid, John, that he might do you harm, an' afraid to tell you too—an'an'—so you promise me you won't fight the Dead Boxer? Thank God! thank God! then your blood will not be upon me."

"Aunt, she's lost," he exclaimed, "the brain of my *colleen dhas* is turned!"

"John, won't you save me from the Dead Boxer? There's nobody able to do it but you, Lamh Laudher Oge!"

"Aunt, aunt, my girl's destroyed," said John "her heart's broke! Ellen!"

"But to-morrow, John—to-morrow—sure you won't fight him to-morrow? If you do—if you do—he'll kill you—an' 'twas I that—that—"

O'Rorke had not thought of raising her from the posture in which she addressed him, so completely had he been overcome by the frantic vehemence of her manner. He now snatched her up, and placed her in the little arm chair alluded to, but she had scarcely been seated in it, when her hands became clenched, her head sank, and the heavy burthen of her sorrows was forgotten in a long fit of insensibility.

Lamh Laudher's distraction and alarm prevented him from rendering her much assistance; but the aunt was more cool, and succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in restoring her to life. The tears burst in thick showers from her eye-lids, she drew her breath vehemently and rapidly, and, after looking wildly around her, indulged in that natural grief which relieves the heart by tears. In a short time she became composed, and was able to talk collectedly and rationally.

This, indeed, was the severest trial that Lamh Laudher had yet sustained. With all the force of an affection as strong and tender as it was enduring and disinterested, she urged him to relinquish his determination to meet the Dead Boxer on the following day.—John soothed her, chid her, and even bantered her, as a cowardly girl, unworthy of being the sister of Meehaul Neil, but to her, as to all who had attempted to change his purpose, he was immovable. No—the sense of his disgrace had sunk too deeply into his heart, and the random allusions, just made by Ellen herself, to the Dead Boxer's villany, but the more inflamed his resentment against him.

On finding his resolution irrevocable, she communicated to him in a whisper the message which the stranger had sent him. Lamh Laudher, after having heard it, raised his arm rapidly, and his eye gleamed with something like the exultation of a man who has discovered a secret that he had been intensely anxious to learn. Ellen could now delay no longer, and their separation resembled that of persons who never expect to meet again. If Lamh Laudher could at this

moment have affected even a show of cheerfulness, in spite of Ellen's depression it would have given her great relief. Still, on her part, their parting was a scene of agony and distress which no description could reach; and, on his, it was sorrowful and tender; for neither felt certain that they would ever behold each other in life again.

A dark sunless morning opened the eventful day of this fearful battle. Gloom and melancholy breathed a sad spirit over the town and adjacent country. A sullen breeze was abroad, and black clouds drifted slowly along the heavy sky. The Dead Boxer again had recourse to his pageantries of death. The funeral bell tolled heavily during the whole morning, and the black flag flapped more dismally in the sluggish blast than before. At an early hour the town began to fill with myriads of people. Carriages and cars, horse-men and pedestrians, all thronged in one promiscuous stream towards the scene of interest. A dense multitude stood before the inn, looking with horror on the death flag, and watching for a glimpse of the fatal champion. From this place hundreds of them passed to the house of Lamh Laudher More, and on hearing that the son resided in his aunt's they hurried towards her cabin to gratify themselves with a sight of the man who dared to wage battle with the Dead Boxer. From this cabin, as on the day before, they went to the church-yard, where a platform had been already erected beside the grave. Against the railings of the platform stood the black coffin intended for Lamh Laudher, decorated with black ribands that fluttered gloomily in the blast. The sight of this, and of the grave, completed the wonder and dread which they felt. As every fresh mass of the crowd arrived, low murmurs escaped them, they raised their heads and eyes exclaiming:

"Poor Lamh Laudher! God be merciful to him!"

As the morning advanced, O'Rorke's faction, as a proof that they were determined to consider the death of their leader as murder, dressed themselves in red ribands, a custom occasionally observed in Ireland even now, at the funerals of those who have been murdered. Their appearance passing to and fro among the crowd, made the scene, with all its associations, absolutely terrible. About eleven o'clock they went in a body to widow Rorke's, for the purpose of once more attempting to dissuade him against the fight. Here a most unexpected intelligence awaited them; LAMH LAUDHER OGE HAD DISAPPEARED. The aunt stated that he had left the house, with a strange man, early that morning, and that he had not returned. Ere many minutes the rumour was in every part of the town, and strong disappointment was felt and expressed against him in several round oaths, by the multitude in general. His father, however, declared his conviction that his son would not shrink from what he had undertaken, and he who had not long before banished him for cowardice, now wept for his courage. At the old man's suggestion, his friends still adhered to their resolution of walking to the scene of conflict in a body.

At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, the black flag was removed from the inn window, the muffled drums beat, and the music played the same dead march as on the days of uttering the challenge. In a few minutes the Dead Boxer, accompanied by some of the neighbouring gentry, made his appearance, preceded by the flag. From another point, the faction of Lamh Laudher fluttering in blood-red ribands, marched at a solemn pace towards the church-yard. On arriving opposite his aunt's the mother wept aloud, and with one voice all the females who accompanied her, raised the Irish funeral cry. In this manner, surrounded by all the solemn emblems of death, where none was dead, they slowly advanced until they reached the platform. The Dead Boxer, attended by his own servant, as se-

cond, now ascended the stage, where he stood for a few minutes, until his repeater struck twelve. That moment he began to strip, which having done, he advanced to the middle of the stage, and in a deep voice required the authorities of the town to produce their champion. To this no answer was returned, for not a man of them could account for the disappearance of Lamh Laudher. A wavy motion, such as passes over the forest top under a low blast, stirred the whole multitude: this was the result of many feelings, but that which prevailed amongst them was disappointment. A second time the Dead Boxer repeated the words, but except the stir and hum which we have described, there was not a voice heard in reply. Lamh Laudher's very friends now felt mortified, and the decaying spirit of the Lamh Laudher More rallied for a moment. His voice alone was heard above the dead silence.

"He will come, black," said he, "my son will come; and I would now rather see him dead than that he should fear to be a man."

He had scarcely spoken, when a loud cheer, which came rapidly onward, was heard outside the church-yard. A motion and a violent thrusting aside, accompanied by a second shout—"He's here!" gave intimation of his approach. In about a minute, to the manifest delight of all present, young Lamh Laudher, besmeared with blood, leaped upon the platform. He looked gratefully at the crowd, and in order to prevent perplexing inquiries, simply said:

"Don't be alarmed—I had a slight accident; but I'm not the worse of it."

The cheers of the multitude were now enough to awaken the dead beneath them; and when they had ceased, his father cried out:

"God support you, boy—you're my true son, an' I know you'll show them what the Lamh Laudher blood an' the Lamh Laudher blow is."

The young man looked about him for a moment, and appeared perplexed.

"I'm here alone," said he; "is there any among you that will second me?"

Hundreds immediately volunteered this office; but there was one who immediately sprang upon the stage, to the no small surprise of all present—it was Meehaul Neil. He approached Lamh Laudher and extended his hand, which was received with cordiality.

"Meehaul," said O'Rorke, "I thank you for this!"

"Do not," replied the other; "no man has such a right to stand by you now as I have. I never knew till this mornin' why you didn't strike me the last night we met."

The Dead Boxer stood with his arms folded, sometimes looking upon the crowd, and occasionally glaring at his young and fearless antagonist. The latter immediately stripped, and when he stood out erect and undaunted upon the stage, although his proportions were perfect, and his frame active and massy, yet when measured with the Herculean size of the Dead Boxer, he appeared to have no chance.

"Now," said he to the Black, "by what rules are we to fight?"

"If you consult me," said the other, "perhaps it is best that every man should fight as he pleases. You decide that. I am the challenger."

"Take your own way, then," said O'Rorke; "but you have a secret, black; do you intend to use it?"

"Certainly, young fellow."

"I have my secret, too," said Lamh Laudher, "an' now I give you warning that I will put it in practice."

"All fair—but we are losing time," replied the man of colour, putting himself in an attitude; "Come on."

Their seconds stood back, and both advanced to the middle of the stage. The countenance of the black, and his huge chest, resembled rather a colossal statue of bronze, than the bust of a human being. His eye

gleamed at Lamh Lauther with baleful flashes of intense hatred. The spectators saw, however, that the dimensions of Lamh Lauther gained considerably by his approximation to the black. The dusky colour of the boxer added apparently to his size, whilst the healthful light which lay upon the figure of his opponent took away, as did his elegance, grace, and symmetry, from the uncommon breadth and fullness of his bust.

Several feints were made by the black, and many blows aimed, which Lamh Lauther, by his natural science and activity, parried; at length a blow upon the temple shot him to the boards with great violence, and the hearts of the spectators, which were all with him, became fearfully depressed.

Mechaul flew to his assistance, and O'Rorke having been raised, shook his head, as if to throw off the influence of the blow. Neil afterwards declared that when coming to the second round, resentment and a sense of having suffered in the opinion of the multitude by the blow which brought him down, had strung his muscular power into such a state of concentration, that his arms became as hard as oak. On meeting again, he bounded at the boxer, and by a single blow upon the eyebrow felled him like an ox. So quickly was it sent home, that the black had not activity to guard against it; on seeing which, a short and exulting cheer rose from the multitude. We are not now giving a detailed account of this battle, as if reporting for a newspaper; it must suffice to say, that Lamh Lauther was knocked down twice, and the Dead Boxer four times, in as many rounds. The black, on coming to the seventh round, laughed, whilst the blood trickled down his face. His frame appeared actually agitated with inward glee, and indeed a more appalling species of mirth was never witnessed.

It was just when he approached Lamh Lauther, chuckling hideously, his black visage reddened with blood, that a voice from the crowd shouted:

"He's laughing—the blow's coming—O'Rorke, remember your instructions."

The boxer advanced, and began a series of feints, with the intention of giving that murderous blow which he was never known to miss. He even threw out his foot in an attempt to kick Lamh Lauther's leg or knee, when the latter, availing himself of his secret, with all his force and might kicked him severely upon the shin. The savage gave a yell, and stooped to rub the part, and at that moment Lamh Lauther struck home on the neck. The Dead Boxer fell, and from his ears, nostrils, and mouth, the clear blood sprang out, streaking in a fearful manner, his dusky neck and chest. His second ran to raise him, but his huge woolly head fell from side to side, with an appearance of utter lifelessness. In a few minutes, however, he rallied, and began to snort violently, throwing his arms and limbs about him with a quivering energy, such as, in strong men who die unwasted by disease, frequently marks the struggle of death. At length he opened his eyes, and after fastening them upon his triumphant opponent with one last glare of hatred, jealousy, and despair, he ground his teeth, clenched his gigantic hands, and stammered out—*"Fury of hell! I—I—damnation!"* This was his last exclamation, for he suddenly plunged again, extending his shut fist towards Lamh Lauther, as if he would have crushed him even in death, then becoming suddenly relaxed, his head fell upon his shoulder, and after one groan, he expired on the very spot where he had brought together the apparatus of death for another.

When the spectators saw and heard what had occurred, their acclamations rose to the sky: cheer after cheer pealed from the grave-yard over a wide circuit of the country. With a wild luxury of triumph they seized O'Rorke, placed him on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph through every street in the town. All kinds of mad but good-humoured excesses were

committed. The public houses were filled with those who had witnessed the fight, songs were sung, healths drank, and blows given. The streets, during the remainder of the day, were paraded by groups of his townsmen belonging to both factions, who, on that occasion, buried their mutual animosity in exultation for his victory.

The worthy burghers of the corporation, who had been both frightened and disgusted at the dark display made by the Dead Boxer previous to the fight, put his body in the coffin that had been intended for Lamh Lauther, and without any scruple, took it up, and went in procession with the black flag before them, the death-bell again tolling, and the musicians playing the dead march, until they deposited his body in the inn.

After Lamh Lauther had been chaired by the people, and borne through every nook of the town, he begged them to permit him to go home. With a fresh volley of shouts and hurras, they proceeded, still bearing him in triumph, towards his father's house, where they left him, after a last and deafening round of cheers. Our readers can easily fancy the pride of his parents and friends on receiving him.

"Father," said he, "my name's cleared. I hope I have the Lamh Lauther blood in me still. Mother, you never doubted me; but you wor forced to give way."

"My son, my son," said the father, embracing him, my noble boy! there never was one of your name like you. You're the flower of us all!"

The mother wept with joy, and pressed him repeatedly to her heart; and all his relations were as profuse as they were sincere in their congratulations.

"One thing troubles us," observed his parents, "what will become of his wife? John, dear," said his mother, "my heart aches for her."

"God knows, and so does mine," exclaimed the father; "there is goodness about her."

"She is freed from a tyrant and a savage," replied their son, "for he was both, and she ought to be thankful that she's rid of him. But you don't know that there was an attempt made on my life this mornin'."

On hearing this, they were all mute with astonishment.

"In the name of heaven, how, John?" they inquired with one voice.

"A red-haired man came to my aunt's," he continued, "early this mornin', an' said if I wanted to hear something for my good, I would follow him. I did so; an' I observed that he eyed me closely as we went along. We took the way that turns up the Quarry, an' after gettin' into one of the little fir groves off the road, he made a stab at my neck, as I stooped to tie my shoe that happened to be loose. As God would have it, he only tore the skin above my forehead. I pursued the villain on the spot, but he disappeared among the trees, as if the earth had swallowed him. I then went into Dorby Kavanagh's, where I got my breakfast; an' as I was afraid that you might by pure force prevent me from meetin' the black, I didn't stir out of it till the proper time came."

This startling incident occasioned much discussion among his friends, who, of course, were ignorant alike of the person who had attempted his assassination and of the motives which could have impelled him to such a crime. Several opinions were advanced upon the circumstance, but as it had failed, his triumph over the Dead Boxer, as unexpected as it was complete, soon superseded it, and many a health was given "to the best man that ever sprang from the blood of the Lamh Lauthers!" for so they termed him, and well had he earned the epithet. At this moment an incident occurred which considerably subdued their enjoyment. Breen, the constable, came to inform them that Nell McCollum, now weltering in her blood, and on the point of death, desired instantly to see them.

Our readers have been, no doubt, somewhat surprised at the recent disappearance of Nell. This artful and vindictive woman had, as we have stated, been closely dogged through all her turnings and windings, by the emissaries of Mr. Brookleigh. For this reason she judiciously kept aloof from the particular haunt where she was in the habit of meeting her private friends. The preparations, however, for the approaching fight, and the tumult it excited in the town, afforded her an opportunity of giving her spies the slip. She went, on the evening before the battle, to a small dark cabin in one of the most densely inhabited parts of the town, where, secure in their privacy, she found Nanse McCollum, who had never left the town since the night of the robbery, together with the man called Rody, and another hardened ruffian with red hair.

"*Dher ma chuirp,*" said she, without even a word of previous salutation, "but I'll lay my life that Lamh Laudher bates the black. In that case he'd be higher up wid the town than ever. He knocked him down last night."

"Well," said Rody, "an' what if he does? I would feel rather satisfied at that circumstance. I served the black dog for five years, and a more infernal tyrant never existed, nor a milder or more amiable woman than his wife. Now that you have his money, the sooner the devil gets himself the better."

"To the black *diouid* wid yourself an' your Englified *goster,*" returned Nell, indignantly; "his wife! *Dhamno orth,* don't make my blood boil by spakin' a word in her favour. If Lamh Laudher comes off best, all I've *struv* for is knocked on the head. *Dher Chiernab,* I'll crush the sowl of his father, or I'll not die happy."

"Nell, you're bitterer than soot, and blacker too," observed Rody.

"Am I!" said Nell, "an' is it from the good crathur that was ready, the other night, to murder the mild innocent woman that he speaks so well of, that we hear sich discourse?"

"You're mistaken there, Nelly," replied Rody; "I had no intention of taking away her life, although I believe my worthy comrade here in the red hair, that I helped out of a certain jail once upon a time, had no scruples."

"No, curse the scruple!" said the other.

"I was in the act of covering her eyes and mouth to prevent her from either knowing her old servant or making a noise, but d— it I was bent to save her life that night, rather than take it," said Rody.

"I know this friend of yours, Rody, but a short time," observed Nell, "but if he hasn't more spunk in him than yourself, he's not worth his feedin'."

"Show me," said the miscreant, "what's to be done, life or purse—an' here's your sort for both."

"Come, then," said Nell, "by the night above us, we'll thry your mettle."

"Never heed her," observed Nanse; "aunt, you're too wicked an' revengeful."

"Am I!" said the aunt. "I tuck an oath many a year ago, that I'd never die till I'd put a sharp sorrow into Lamh Laudher's sowl. I punished him through his daughter, I'll now grind the heart in him through his son."

"An' what do you want to be done?" inquired the red man.

"Come here, an' I'll tell you that," said Nell.

A short conversation took place between them, behind a little partition which divided the kitchen from two small sleeping rooms, containing a single bed each.

"Now," said Nell, addressing the whole party, "let us all be ready to-morrow, while the whole town's preparin' for the fight, to slip away as well disguised as we can, out of the place; by that time you'll have

your business done, an' your trifle o' money earned;" she directed the last words to the red-haired stranger.

"You keep me out of the secret?" observed Rody.

"It's not worth knowin'," said Nell; "I was only thryin' you, Rody. It's nothing bad. I'm not so cruel as you think. I wouldn't take the wide world an' shed blood wid my own hands. I tried it once on Lamh Laudher More, an' when I thought I killed him hell came into me. No; that I may go *below* if I would!"

"But you would get others to do it, if you could," said Rody.

"I need get nobody to do it for me," said the crone. "I could wither any man, woman, or child, off o' the earth, wid one charm, if I wished."

"Why don't you wither young Lamh Laudher then?" said Rody.

"If they fight to-morrow," replied Nell; "mind I say if they do—an' I now tell you they won't—but I say if they do—you'll see he'll go home in the coffin that's made for him—an' I know how that'll happen. Now at eleven we'll meet here if we can to-morrow."

The two men then slunk out, and with great caution proceeded towards different directions of the town, for Nell had recommended them to keep as much asunder as possible, lest their grouping together might expose them to notice. Their place of rendezvous was only resorted to on urgent and necessary occasions.

The next morning, a little after the appointed hour, Nell, Rody, and Nanse McCollum, were sitting in deliberation upon their future plans of life, when he of the red hair entered the cabin.

"Well," said Nell, starting up,— "what—what was done? show me?"

The man produced a dagger slightly stained with blood.

"*Dhamno orrum!*" exclaimed the aged fury, "but you've failed—an' all's lost if he beats the black."

"I did fail," said the miscreant. "Why woman, if that powerful active fellow had got me in his hands, I'd have tasted the full length of the dagger myself. The d—I's narrow escape I had."

"The curse of heaven light on you, for a cowardly dog!" exclaimed Nell, grinding her teeth with disappointment. "You're a faint-hearted villain. Give me the dagger."

"Give me the money," said the man.

"For what? no, consumin' to the penny; you didn't earn it."

"I did," said the fellow, "or at all evints attempted it. Ay, an' I must have it before I lave the house, an' what is more you must lug out my share of the black's prog."

"You'll get nothing of that," said Rody; "what is Nell here, not you, who took it?"

"One hundred of it on the nail, this minnit," said the man, "or I bid you farewell, an' then look to yourselves."

"It's not mine," said Rody; "if Nell shares it, I have no objection."

"I'd give the villain the price of a rope first," she replied.

"Then, I am off," said the fellow, "an' you'll curse your conduct."

Nell flew between him and the door, and in his struggle to get out, she grasped at the dagger, but failed in securing it. Rody advanced to separate them, as did Nanse, but the fellow by a strong effort attempted to free himself. The three were now upon him, and would have easily succeeded in preventing his escape, had it not occurred to him that by one blow he might secure the whole sum. This was instantly directed at Rody, by a back thrust, for he stood behind him. By the rapid change of their positions, however, the breast of Nell McCollum received the stab that was designed for another.

A short violent shriek followed, as she staggered back, and fell.

"Staunch the blood," she exclaimed, "staunch the blood, an' there may be a chance of life yet."

The man threw the dagger down, and was in the act of rushing out, when the door opened, and a *posse* of constables entered the house. Nell's face became at once ghastly and horror-stricken, for she found that the blood could not be staunched, and that, in fact, eternity was about to open upon her.

"Secure *him!*" said Nell, pointing to her murderer, "secure him, an' send quick for Lamh Laudher More. God's hand is in what has happened! Ay, *I* raised the blow for *him*, an' God has sent it to my own heart. "Send too," she added, "for the Dead Boxer's wife, an' if you expect heaven, be quick."

On receiving Nell's message, the old man, his son, wife, and one or two other friends, immediately hurried to the scene of death, where they arrived a few minutes after the Dead Boxer's wife.

Nell lay in dreadful agony; her face was now a bluish yellow, her eye-brows were bent, and her eyes getting dead and vacant.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "Andy Hart! Andy Hart! it was the black hour you brought me from the right way. I was innocent till I met you, an' well thought of; but what was I ever since? an' what am I now?"

"You never met *me*," said the red-haired stranger, "till within the last fortnight."

"What do you mean, you unfortunate man?" asked Rody.

"Andy Hart is *my* name," said the man, "although I didn't go by it for some years."

"Andy Hart!" said Nell, raising herself with a violent jerk, and screaming, "Andy Hart! Andy Hart! stand over before me. Andy Hart! It is his father's voice. Oh, God! Strip his breast there, an' see if there's a blood-mark on the left side."

"I'm beginnin' to fear something dreadful," said the criminal, trembling and getting pale as death, "there is—there *is* a blood-mark on the very spot she mentions—see here."

"I would know him to be Andy Hart's son, God rest him!" observed Lamh Laudher More, "any where over the world. Blessed mother of heaven!—down on your knees, you miserable crathur, down on your knees for her pardon! You've murdered your unfortunate mother!"

The man gave one loud and fearful yell, and dashed himself on the floor at his mother's feet, an appalling picture of remorse. The scene, indeed, was a terrible one. He rolled himself about, tore his hair, and displayed every symptom of a man in a paroxysm of madness. But among those present, with the exception of the mother and son, there was not such a picture of distress and sorrow, as the wife of the Dead Boxer. She stooped down to raise the stranger up—"Unhappy man!" said she, "look up, I am your sister!"

"No," said Nell, "no—no—no. There's more o' my guilt. Lamh Laudher More, stand forrid, you and your wife. You lost a daughter long ago. Open your arms and take her back a blameless woman. She's your child that I robbed you of as *one* punishment;—the *other* blow that I intended for you has been struck here. I'm dyin'."

A long cry of joy burst from the mother and daughter, as they rushed into each other's arms. Nature, always strongest in pure minds, even before this *dénouement*, had, indeed, rekindled the mysterious flame of her own affection in their hearts. The father pressed her to his bosom, and forgot the terrors of the scene before him, whilst the son embraced her with a secret consciousness that she was, indeed, his long lost sister.

"We couldn't account," said her parents, "for the way we loved you the day we met you before the magistrate; every word you said, Alice, darling, went into our hearts wid delight, an' we could hardly ever think of your voice ever since, that the tears didn't spring to our eyes. But we never suspected, as how could we, that you were our child, seein' the strange way we lost you."

She declared that she felt the same mysterious attachment to them, and to her brother also, from the moment she heard the tones of his voice on the night when the robbery was attempted.

"Nor could I," said Lamh Laudher Ogo, "account for the manner I loved you."

Their attention was now directed to Nell, who again spoke.

"Nanse give her back the money I robbed her of. There was more o' my villany, but God fought against me, an'—here I—. You will find it along with her marriage certificate, an' the gospel she had about her neck, when I kidnapped her, all in my pocket.—Where's my son? Still, still, bad as I am, an' bad as he is, isn't he my child? Am n't I his *mother*? put his hand in mine, and let me die as a mother 'ud wish!"

Never could there be a more striking contrast witnessed than that between the groups then present; nor a more impressive exemplification of the interposition of Providence to reward the virtuous and punish the guilty even in this life.

"Lamh Laudher More," said she, "I once attempted to stab you, only for preventin' your relation from marryin' a woman that you knew Andy Hart had ruined. You disfigured my face in your anger too;—that an' your preventin' my marriage, an' my character bein' lost, whin it was known what he refused to marry me for, made me swear an oath of revenge against you an' your's. I may now ax *your* forgiveness, for I neither dare, nor will I now presume to ax God's."

"You have mine—you have all our forgiveness," replied the old man, "but, Nell, ax God's, for it's his you stand most in need of—ax God's!"

Nell, however, appeared to hear him not as he spoke.

"Is that your hand in mine, avick?" said she, addressing her son.

"It is—it is," said the son. "But mother I didn't, as I'm to stand before God, aim the blow at *you*, but at Rody."

"Lamh Laudher!" said she forgetting herself, "I ax your forgive!"

Her head fell down before she could conclude the sentence, and thus closed the last moments of Nell McCollum.

After the lapse of a short interval, in which Lamh Laudher's daughter received back her money, the certificate, and the gospel, her brother discovered that Rody was the person who had, through Ellen Neil, communicated to him the secret that assisted him in vanquishing the Dead Boxer, a piece of information which saved him from prosecution. The family now returned home, where they found Meehaul Neil awaiting their arrival, for the purpose of offering his sister's hand and dowry to our hero. This offer, we need scarcely say, was accepted with no sullen spirit. But Lamh Laudher was not so much her inferior in wealth as our readers may suppose. His affectionate sister divided her money between him and her parents, with whom she spent the remainder of her days in peace and tranquility. Our great grandfather remembered the wedding, and from him came down to ourselves, as an authentic tradition, the fact that it was an unrivalled one, but that it would have never taken place were it not for the terrible challenge of the Dead Boxer.

Original.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY,—NO. III.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

Beheding of John, the Baptist.

NIGHT with her holy calm hung brooding. Stars
Like angel-eyes, gazing upon the earth,
Through heaven's broad tapestry of cloudless blue,
Were pouring down their showers of silver light;
And the fair moon rode in her flashing car
Up the empyrean steep, a queen triumphing:
While not a breeze fanned the soft cheek of night,
And all the busy, bustling hum of day
Had died away into Sabbatic rest.

How holy is the hour, and full of awe,
When in the vault of heaven's high temple burn
The starry vesper lamps, and from the earth
Ascends the spicy incense; while with lip
Hushed into silent reverence, Nature bows
Beneath the azure throne of Deity,
In adoration passing utterance all.

Oh! then the blessed light of heaven falls
Upon the feverish breast, like drops of dew
Upon parched flowers; and the exulting soul
Pluming its eagle pinions, soars from earth,
And basks in rays ineffably sublime;
Faith reads immortal truths on starry page,
And hears sweet music from the living wires
Of rolling spheres, swept by the mighty hand
Of vast Omnipotence. Yet grovelling man
Unconscious of the glory unobscured,
Dead to the living beauties, and unmoved
By the inspiring holiness, when stars
Shine out in radiance, and the vesper hymn
Of Nature's adoration peals, will fly
The converse of a smiling God, and bow,
Amid the haunts of men, in revelry,
His sky-born spirit to polluted shrines.

Profaning night's deep-brooding holiness,
And wounding her chaste ear, arose the sound
Of bacchanalian mirth within the halls
Of princely Herod. Gorgeously arrayed
In royal robes, upon their damask beds
Reclined the chief estates of Galilee,
At the full board resplendent with the glare
Of polished silver; and while flashing wine
Purpled their goblets, and the merry laugh
Rung echoing through the vaulted corridors,
And music's fingers woke to ecstasy
The bosom's thrilling chords, a virgin came
Bounding in lightness to the viol's sound,
Like a bright dream of magic.

She was rich
In all youth's loveliness. Her jewelled hair
Hung o'er the marble throne of thought in folds
Of graceful drapery, or cloud-like waved
In curls upon her alabaster neck.
From out the fringes of the snowy lid,
Her intellectual eye its radiance sent,
And lit with living flame her blooming cheek
Where smiling love amid the roses played:
And parting o'er a string of pearls, her lips
Arching and curved, shone like the coral bow
Whence Cupid points his darts. Her graceful form
Its fair proportions through her robe revealed
In sylph-like beauty; and as in the dance
She threaded the wild maze, her presence bound
With magic spell, while 'neath her eye's bright ray

The flood-tide of each bosom gushed amain,
As heaves the sea beneath the silver moon.

Then broke the strain of rapture from the lips
Of royalty, and tender of a boon,
Large, full, and free, even unto the half
Of his fair kingdom, sanctioned by an oath.
His word, his oath, the chiefs of Galilee
That heard it, all constrained him, and the king
Sent forth the bloody mandate with the sword.

Along the prison hall, with silent tread,
The headsman stole, and op'd the pond'rous door
That hid his victim. There the Baptist lay,
In peaceful slumber, on his couch of straw,
With coat of skins mantling in hairy folds
His giant form. Over his mighty brow
Parted the treasure of his unshorn locks,
Gracing his branny shoulders; and his beard,
Like sackcloth vestment, veiled his heaving chest.

In strength herculean lay the powerful man,
With holy smile softening each lineament,
As if the soul held converse with its God,
And mounted on the incense wing of prayer
Up to the starry throne of the Eternal.

In reverential awe, the headsman stood
With weapon bared, nor yet essayed to strike,
Till o'er the sleeper's cheek the colour came
And flushed his moving lips; then lost the eye
Potent in terror, and the deep-toned voice
That shook Judea's mountains, should unman
His wavering courage, fell the flashing stroke
Upon the sleeping Baptist, and unsealed
The purple fountain of the tide of life.

The man of blood bore in the gory head
On reeking platter, while the pallid lips
With life still quivered, and the blanching cheek,
And o'er his dying eyes the lids were drawn,
Like faded violets. In the gasp of death,
In all its lividness, in all its writhe
Of mortal agony, with gouts of blood
Stiffening the beard, clotting the mangled locks—
The youthful maiden with complacent smile
And step of triumph, bore the bleeding head
Unto her mother.

Oh woman! in thy tender breast we seek
The fount of pity; those soft sympathies
That vibrate, like a trembling chord, beneath
The touch of wo. Beside the bed of pain
Thou art an ANGEL; when with pitying eye
And noiseless tread, thy light and fairy feet
Minist'ring to wo, "like golden apples shine
In silvery pictures," and thy soothing voice,
Like oil upon the ocean billow, calms
The tempest of the soul. But when thy heart
Estranged to tenderness, becomes a sea
Of selfishness, icy and frozen, where
Pity's magnetic needle trembles not,
And sorrow's wail falls lightly on thy ear,
And misery's garb unheeded meets thy sight,
And deeds of horror and the guilt of blood,
Thou art a MONSTER.

Though thy speaking eye
Outflash the sun, thy cheek outblush the rose,
Thy voice outswell the spheres, thy golden hair
Outgleam the sunlight; and although thy step
Be prouder than th' ungovernable sea,
And though thy mind with jewelled thoughts be rich
As heaven with all its garniture of stars,
Thou art a MONSTER—to thy sex, thy name,
Thy nature, and thy God!

COUNT EGMONT'S JEWELS.

The opulence and power of the Flemish nobles in the sixteenth century are matter of history. The almost boundless commerce of the Netherlands had covered the land with wealth. The natural dexterity of the people, excited by the command of all the great mercantile marts of the civilized world, had produced the finest specimens of manufacture in all the branches of public luxury. The soil, in all ages fertile, was cultivated with the success that belongs to the combination of wealth, taste, and general knowledge. And, as the result of the whole, Flanders was the land to which every stranger came, to delight himself with the richest works of the arts; to purchase the finest tapestries, silks, fruits, pictures, plate, horses, and carriages; to live in the finest mansions, to read the most costly books, to drink the rarest wines, and to see the most distinguished public characters of every court of Europe. At the court of Brussels, the Archduchess Margaret presided over the most brilliant circle on earth. The Spanish grandee was there, glittering in the gold and diamonds of the New World; the German noble, still wearing the magnificent armour of the feudal wars; the French count, covered over with the emblems and honours of the Crusade; the English knight, still proud of his Norman ancestry, his achievements in the Holy Land, and of a country in which even then liberty had commenced a career that soon threw all other nations into the shade; the Italian poet, artist, and minstrel, the early produce of the land of Genius; and, filling up the splendid groupe, and giving an impression of unrivalled solemnity and state to the whole, the great dignitaries of the Romish church—the German prelates, the archbishops of the Netherlands, the Italian legates and cardinals, occupied on missions from the papal council, and bearing with them the majestic weight of the representatives of a power which moulded the affairs of every nation of the Christian world.

In this dazzling crowd the most conspicuous beyond all rivalry was the Fleming, Count Egmont. He was eminently handsome, and his tall figure and Spanish countenance were set off by the most proverbial sumptuousness of dress. His diamond stars, his Turkish cloak, his Damascus scimitar, his Bohemian cap and plumes, down to his Hungarian boots, were all the envy and model of the young nobility. His natural advantages were less attainable, and no man of his time could hope to contest with the dignified gesture or the finely-proportioned form of this favourite of nature and fortune. He added to those distinctions that of vast opulence, derived from the oldest line of the Netherlands nobles; and, what was the highest distinction of all in his day, he had shown himself a most gallant and successful general. At the famous battle of St. Quentin, Count Egmont's charge at the head of the Netherlands' cavalry had swept the French army from the field, and left the Spanish horse, shorn of their laurels, far in his rear—a perilous success under the jealous reign of Philip II.; but one which for the time filled up the whole cup of human ambition. It is still to be added to the accumulation of Fortune's favours on the head of this singularly fortunate noble that, in the battle of St. Quentin, he had been enabled by circumstances to gather fame, not only by his conduct as a general but by his personal prowess as a soldier.

In the final *melée*, while the French, German, Spanish, and Netherlandish horse were trampling each other down in blood, Count Egmont, at the head of the troop of the archduchess, a body-guard distinguished for their intrepidity still more than by their peculiar splendour of costume and armour, had put spurs to his famous Syrian charger, and plunged into the centre of a French corps, when he found himself personally

engaged with one of the enemy's officers. The Frenchman was a tall, bold figure, and a formidable assailant; his first blow cut through the count's steel cap to his forehead, and had nearly thrown him under his horse's feet. Egmont felt himself wounded; but he was not of the temperament that was to be cut down on the field with impunity. He turned full upon the Frenchman, and levelled a blow of his scimitar, which swept away the arm raised to defend his head. The officer fell on the ground with an outcry. Egmont, fierce with the heat of the encounter, levelled another blow, which must have despatched his enemy, when a young horseman, throwing himself from his charger, caught with one hand the count's rein, and with the other the wounded officer from the ground, and, while he made some show of defence, was on the point of carrying him out of the *melée*. But the blood of the count was flowing; he was doubly indignant at seeing his prisoner thus snatched away, and, with a last effort, he struck another desperate blow. It was fatal. The head of the unfortunate Frenchman flew from his body. The young soldier, with a scream of agony, dropped the corpse from his arms; there was an instant rush of cavalry to the spot; all was a whirlwind of battle; the soldier and the corpse were equally trampled down under the hoofs of the charging squadrons. The ground was covered with dead. But the charge was decisive: and, while Egmont was carried fainting to the rear, the last sound which reached his ear was the acclamation of his favourite and famous guard on the complete rout of the enemy.

The natural result of this distinguished success was an increase of honours to the victor. Count Egmont was received at the court of the archduchess with the highest favour; a new estate in the richest portion of the Ardennes was given to him; orders of knighthood were put into his hands for distribution among his comrades in glory, the highest gratification that can be conferred upon a gallant and generous officer; and all those honours received their consummation on the return of the noble who had been despatched with the account of the battle to Spain. Philip had been elevated to a pitch of joy, totally unexpected in a mind of his cold and cheerless temper. He had given a public banquet in his palace on the intelligence; he had given a public feast to the people of his capital; and had even been seen to smile. A more congenial result of his disposition was, that he had determined to build a church with the magnificence of a palace, and a palace in the spirit of a church. He returned by the noble a plan of the Escorial, which he had determined to build in the shape of the gridiron on whose ribs St. Laurence the martyr had been tortured. The palace was to be filled not with showy courtiers or captivating beauties; with neither the great nor the gay, the stately nor the fair; but with monks, who were to fill its vast halls with the smoke of eternal masses and the sound of eternal chanting, for the souls of the Spanish cavaliers who had left their brains in Spain and their bodies on the plains of Flanders. But to count Egmont himself came, highest of human honours, the order of the Golden Fleece, an order hitherto conferred only on sovereigns; and, to add the highest point and polish to this honour, the medal and chain of this illustrious order were given from the neck of the king, even Philip, the master of two worlds.

Whether man was originally made to shine more in prosperity or in misfortune has been a question from the days of Adam himself; but the story of this eminent noble throws a heavy weight into the scale of the sons of adversity. His distinctions produced the most

immediate and disastrous effect upon his mind. His days and nights were now haunted with shapes of ambition. The height to which he had been raised showed him only heights still more elevated. His frankness was lost. The consciousness of designs too lofty to be pronounced with safety, too dangerous to be harboured without fear, and too obscure to satisfy even his own clear and powerful vision, broke his rest. He became suddenly stern, strange, and gloomy. The gaiety of the soldier, the dignified courtesy of the noble, and the liberality of the man of unbounded wealth, were all perverted into an unaccountable reluctance to society or an open disdain of it. The universal remark was that the "great count" was a changed man. Some hinted that this extraordinary perversion was the result of his wound, from which his recovery was still incomplete; some that his immense expenditure and high popularity had excited the jealousy of the Spanish king, of all men living the most jealous. And a third party, coinciding with the habitual feeling of the age, surmised that he had given himself up to fearful studies, and had engaged in one of those formidable contracts with the Evil Spirit, which repaid the splendours of high prosperity by a wild and unspeakable allegiance of agony and ruin.

The last supposition was too favourable to the spirit of the populace to be received with doubt. It was a time of that imperfect knowledge which disposes the mind to mystery. It was also a time of those fierce commotions in Europe which produced violence and vice in all the circles of society. All was startling, gloomy, and full of change. Men disappeared by the dagger and poison; conspiracies rose, and were extinguished by the scaffold; furious hostilities raged among the leading families of the states. And, mingling with all, and throwing a cloud of sullen grandeur over all, was the religion of the time, the haughty, solemn, and severe faith of the popedom, rendered still more vigilantly severe by the new rivalry of the German reformation. By the Lutherans Count Egmont was claimed as a man of too high intellectual power to be fettered by what they pronounced a degrading mental tyranny; and his generous protection of the distressed converts in the states seemed to countenance the claim. But by the Romish hierarchy his services were demanded as the hereditary office of a Flemish noble, the natural tribute of a man of the first rank, honoured by the sanction of the church, and consecrated by his public privileges and his martial unction to her cause.

Egmont now sided with both and neither. He shrank from his attendance on the Great Council, where he had once swayed every voice. His palace was no longer the first place of reception to all distinguished strangers. His hospitalities were still open to the world; but a chill had evidently fallen on his house, which, without the formal closing of its gates, gradually repelled the world. Before a year was past, the "great count" had sunk from the public eye; and all that was known of him was that he was seen sometimes at the vespers in the church of St. Gudule, where he knelt with peculiar devotion; and that he spent his days in the interior of his palace, occupied in dictating letters to his secretary.

That secretary, too, shared in the general suspicion of dealing in the prohibited arts, which were said to have wrought so singular a change. He was a Spaniard; and the true solution of the choice might have been his knowledge of the language which was then the reigning dialect of the Christian world. But his emaciated figure, his hollow eye, his more than monkish silence, and his perpetual seclusion, decided with the populace that he must be either the emissary of the Fiend or the Fiend himself.

A singular circumstance suddenly directed the public attention to Count Egmont once more. In the star of the Golden Fleece, which he wore on his solitary

appearance at court, after a year of absence, on the birthday of the archduchess, the general eye was caught by the extraordinary brilliancy of one of the diamonds. The light shot from it as so vivid as to be scarcely endurable by the gaze. All the courtiers envied the possessor of so superb a jewel. The archduchess herself evidently felt her whole brilliant equipment cast into the shade. The ambassador from Philip who had brought the decoration, was loud in his surprise at his having never observed its radiance when round the neck of the king; and all were delighted and dazzled except the wearer. To his mind nothing seemed capable of administering pleasure; and the involuntary admiration excited by this splendid gem even seemed to deject and irritate him. But the court-day closed; the nobles rode to their own stately mansions; the archduchess herself forgot to scorn her own lustrous in the memory of the count's; and the world began to talk of other things.

In a week more, Brussels was roused again by a despatch received from Vienna, stating that the chief jewel-keeper of the emperor had been found dead evidently by assassination; that the jewel-chamber had been broken open, and a diamond of the most remarkable beauty, and still more remarkable by its supposed connection with the destinies of the Imperial family, the celebrated diamond which Charlemagne had worn as a preservative against all hazards, the present of the pope at the time of his coronation at Rome, in the year 800, was gone. Couriers had been despatched instantly to every jewel-mart in Europe, to recover the jewel, if possible, or, if not, to detect the plunderer and assassin.

The news let loose all the tongues of Brussels; and all the court recollected the diamond in Count Egmont's star. He heard the rumour, which already declared that his was the identical lost gem. In the highest indignation, he instantly repaired to the presence of the archduchess, inquiring whether her highness could do him the dishonour of connecting his name with so criminal a transaction, and whether the man lived who dared to charge him with any act degrading to his rank and services. His bold bearing, and the high flash of scorn which coloured his cheek, thin and wasted as it was, made the whole circle shrink from him. No voice replied. "Then," said he, in a tone of offended dignity, and taking the star from his breast, "let me request that your highness will send this jewel to his Imperial Majesty, as a mark of the honour in which I hold the brother of the great Charles." With these words, he laid the diamond in the passive hand of the archduchess, and rushed from the audience hall, leaving the crowd of spectators in silent wonder.

But, when the count had completely disappeared, and the court could take breath after the departure of this impetuous spirit, the wonder was scarcely less at the changed appearance of the diamond. The lustre was totally extinguished. It was lead-coloured, dim, and was pronounced to be altogether inferior to the value of its setting. By what power could this have been effected? Or, could their eyes have been deceived when they turned away from its surpassing brilliancy? Or, had the haughty owner, on determining to give it up, used some secret process to make his gift valueless? But by what process could this singular extinction of splendour have been effected? The court jewellers were all decidedly of opinion that no human menstruum had ever been discovered by which the power of the diamond could be thus extinguished. But, even if this were within the secrets of alchemy, there had not been time for their application; for, the moment before its being taken from the breast of the count, it had dazzled all eyes with its full intensity; the moment after, it was utterly blank. The common suggestion of the day, witchcraft, was the ge-

neral thought. But who then dared charge this most criminal and abhorred of all unholy acts upon the high and proud name of a man so formidable in his power, and likely to be so terrible in his vengeance?

But the jewel must be sent to its destination. A courier, with an escort, was accordingly despatched in a few days on the road to Vienna. Count Egmont retired to his palace and his favourite pursuits; the tongue of the world began to fail for want of employment, and the maids of honour were reduced to talk of the scandals of the burghers' wives.

On a sudden, all was awake again. The officer of the escort was brought back to Brussels, wounded. He and his troop had been set upon by a powerful detachment of Reiters, the plundering German cavalry of the day; had been dispersed; and the last sight that he had of the unfortunate courier was his death by the carbine of one of the horsemen, and the seizure of the packet containing the despatches and the jewel.

By whose influence this heinous violation of public law was perpetrated was in every one's conjecture. And the conjecture was strengthened by the departure of the count from the capital, a few days previously to that of the courier, though in the direction of Holland. The escort had been attacked on the Bavarian frontier. Yet what might not be done by an active and desperate man, indignant at being virtually forced to give up a possession worth a principality, stung in his pride, stung in his avarice, and stung in his love of exclusive splendour!

But, as if to destroy the rumour at once, Egmont suddenly returned at full speed and with unusual pomp to Brussels, resumed his early habits, and indulged in the magnificent luxuries of his old, generous, and lofty spirit. And, though his sallow cheek still showed more deeply than ever the effects of either inveterate disease, an extravagant and insane passion for study, or the fretting of an overlaboured conscience, there was a vividness in his eye, and a proud and daring animation in his language, which told that his day had been obscured but by a passing cloud, and that his sun would yet shine out more broadly than ever.

The populace, naturally attracted by gallant profusion and princely magnificence, were now converted by thousands into his worshippers. His money flowed among them in return. The great manufacturers saw a harvest of wealth in the perpetual decorations of his palaces. The jewellers made the marts of Flanders ring with inquiries for the most invaluable stones; and all were for "the great Count Egmont." The armourers, in gratitude for his boundless patronage, presented him with a suit of armour, unrivalled in the treasuries of Naples, Vienna, and Paris. The count was the national hero. Why should he not be the national monarch? Why should the renowned provinces of the Netherlands be the appanage of a kingdom so remote as Spain, and governed by the feeble hands of a woman? With whom those ideas originated none could tell. But by whom they were propagated was open as the noon-day. It was by all. The whole voice of the capital had become rapidly but one echo of the virtues and genius, the public services, and even the royal rights, of Count Egmont.

But still stronger grounds for the jealousy of the court were now given. William of Orange, who had been driven from his government as chief of the province of Holland, and forced to take refuge in Germany, was said to be on the point of returning with a powerful force, raised by the Lutheran provinces. The Reformation had long made way in the Netherlands; and the ill-concealed joy of the trembling converts, at the prospect of a deliverance from the fierce tyranny of the Spanish church, roused all the suspicions of the Spanish government. The next tidings were, that William had actually crossed the Rhine,

and that his German light troops were sweeping every thing before them up to the gates of Liege: the next, that he had surprised Don Felix Andrada, admiral of Spain, at the head of a large body of the royal cavalry, coming full speed to the aid of the archduchess; that he had defeated the Spaniards with great slaughter; and was actually marching through an undefended country to take possession of Brussels. The council was summoned at midnight: and its first act was to order the arrest of Count Egmont. But the order was too late. On that evening, he had been seen at the vesper service, in the church of St. Gudule, attended by his secretary. It was said, too, that he wore armour on that night under his tussie, and that, among the ornaments with which he seemed to have sedulously prepared for the occasion, was seen the famous Imperial jewel, restored to all its brightness, and flashing a lustre which Nature had never given to a gem. The man, the gem, and the secretary, seemed to be equally the instruments of actual necromancy. The question now in the council was, whether he should be pursued as a traitor or a sorcerer. But, whether both or either, he was gone.

At daybreak, all Brussels was in that anxious and fearful commotion which belongs to the defence of a great city against an unsuspected invasion. The troops were sent out in all directions, to discover in what quarter the enemy's approach was to be apprehended; the citizens were hastily armed to defend the walls; the populace were mustered to dig intrenchments: cattle were driven in from all the surrounding districts, for the general supply; granaries were filled; all the forges were at work on the fabrication of arms; the children and wives of the chief citizens were sent away with all speed, flying through the country to the various places of shelter. All was tumult, terror, activity, and warlike preparation. At length the heavy roar of artillery in the direction of Leige told that the weight of the invasion had fallen on that quarter, and that the troops were already engaged. The roar alternately rose and fell, advanced and retired; while the whole population of the capital continued in that agony of suspense, which is almost more intolerable than the actual calamity.

The night fell in terror; but before morning there were signs, that could not be mistaken, of the approach of the invaders. In every quarter of the horizon, the clear, calm sky of a continental June was illumined with bursts of fire from the ravages of the German *pistoleers*, a species of troops who followed every banner, and lived on indiscriminate plunder. But the terror was increased when it was known that count Egmont himself, the pride of the Netherland armies, was in actual command of those fierce mercenaries. A continual succession of severe but indecisive conflicts ensued between the German and the Spanish patrols. But the war now assumed a deeper interest. A proclamation was sent into Brussels, declaring the freedom of the provinces in all matters touching religion, the restoration of all their ancient Burgundian rights, and their total independence of the tyranny of Spain and the church of Spain. To this high declaration was signed the name of Egmont, in itself a tower of strength, but doubly formidable when it thus appealed to the natural feelings, so long suppressed but so keenly cherished, in the bosoms of the people. The Spanish council suddenly discovered the hazard of its position, by the violence of the ferment which this celebrated paper raised through all parts of the city. A vast reward was offered for Egmont's head; but the document was instantly torn down, and replaced by an offer of the most contemptuous kind, the lowest coin of the provinces a head for the council. Deliberation followed deliberation, until the whole closed, one morning, with the discovery that the palace guards had been withdrawn in the night, that the council was dissolved,

and that the archduchess had gone, none knew whither. Next day, the trumpets and guns of the German troops announced the advance of their distinguished leader.

Count Egmont entered at their head, took possession of the viceregal palace, and was installed governor of the southern provinces. But one step more, and his ambition would be fulfilled. But that step was not to be granted to this aspiring and unhappy soldier. The Spanish troops had been rather surprised than defeated in the sudden and general advance of the invaders. Their old spirit was still alive. The power of the Spanish monarchy was still unmeasured; and to the suppression of the insurgents in the Netherlands it was urged by all the stimulants of wrath, pride, and superstition. The Duke of Alva, an officer of the first renown, a disciplinarian of the most Roman severity, a savage tyrant, and a bloody persecutor, was ordered from Italy with all the troops that he could collect from the Italian garrisons. At the head of fifty thousand veterans he came thundering into the field.

Count Egmont gallantly prepared to meet him. But his foreign mercenaries defied the strictness of command essential to success against so thoroughly disciplined an army as the Spanish of the time. The German princes, too, who had no national interest in the cause, began to refuse their levies; and Egmont, with a bitterness of heart, which only the hero can feel when his laurels begin to wither, felt that he had touched the highest point of his fortune. He now fought with a personal daring, that less belonged to the general than the partizan. But he long fought with signal success; and the Spanish cuirassiers instinctively shrank from the charge which Count Egmont was known to lead. But this could not last long. His nights were devoted to watching, which wore out his frame, and the frames of all but his indefatigable Spanish secretary; who, with a form that seemed the emblem of exhaustion, still unremittingly persevered in his labours. His days were spent on horseback, or in actual encounter with the enemy. He seemed on the verge of the hourly grave; yet the fire of his soul sustained his sinking body, and he was still the hope of his country and the terror of the Spaniard.

At length Alva, by a combination of his whole force, broke through the scattered posts of the troops of Holland, and advanced up to the walls of the capital. All within the walls was now of a totally distinct character from its former tumult. There was no concourse in the streets; there was no flying through the gates; all was hushed among the easily agitated population of this crowded capital. Even the partizans of the court, and the most zealous enemies of Lutheranism, were hushed into silence by the name of Alva, the notorious shedder of blood, the man of jealousy, suspicion, and the sword. The only appearance of motion was at the palace-portal, where some troops of the cavalry were assembling, and frequent couriers were despatched, as it was presumed, to hasten the arrival of the army of the Prince of Orange. Egmont was invisible throughout the day. The city hourly expected to see him saluting forth with his wonted ardour, and returning with his habitual trophies.

But a citizen, who wandered late in the evening into the church of St. Gudule, and had, in the twilight, strayed into one of the intricate passages of the cloisters, afterwards told that, in his attempts to discover an exit, he had pushed open the door of a small chapel, where, to his astonishment, he saw, by the light of the tapers on the altar, Count Egmont kneeling; the suspected Lutheran bowing down, in apparent humiliation of the deepest kind, before the shrine, and standing by his side a monk, who seemed to dictate words of some fearful import, if it were to be judged from the bitter reluctance of the count to utter them. The monk repeatedly attempted to overcome his re-

solution, while the unhappy Egmont repelled the offer, whatever it might be, with a groan and gesture of inward agony. The monk's voice ranged from entreaty to argument, and from argument to scorn. "Is this," he at length exclaimed, "the gallant Count Egmont, who is afraid of shadows, the slave of fabled fears, the trembler before the tongues of the weak, the ignorant, and the prejudiced?" The count still refused to hear. "Is this the man of counsel, of high design, the votary of honour, the champion of his country's freedom? Make but one effort. Drink this wine in the name of him who has raised you above the sons of this age, and who can dash you to the ground at a moment." The monk poured out some highly perfumed liquid into a goblet, and almost forced it to his lips. It was refused with a still stronger loathing. "Better to die in the field," groaned Egmont; "better to die in famine, in beggary, in exile. I dare not risk my immortal soul."

The monk gave a wild laugh, and flung the cup far from him. "Then, die you shall, Count Egmont," he exclaimed; "but not in the field; die you shall, but not by famine, not in the dungeon, not in exile. You shall die by a deeper torture to your proud heart; you shall die amid the scoffs of your conquerors, amid the roar of the rabble, amid the scorn of your fellow-citizens. You shall die on the scaffold, and in Brussels; here, where you were all but a king, you shall be a worm; here, where but this hour you could summon tens of thousands to give you their blood and their dearer gold, you shall, before the sunset of the third day from this, be a corpse at the feet of the public executioner. Your blood shall be blackening in the sun; and your heart, that heart of pride, ambition, and weakness, shall be quivering on the point of a Spanish spear."

The picture evidently inflicted fresh and intolerable pain on the suppliant; he lay for a few minutes with his hands strongly clasped, and his head resting on the steps of the shrine. Then, springing up suddenly, he rushed to the altar, and, seizing a massive chain of gold which lay beside the image of the Saint, flung it round his neck. A broad beam of light flashed through the cell, as the count turned round to descend the steps, and the astonished citizen saw, hanging to the chain, the famous lost diamond, blazing in all its original lustre.

"Now," cried the count, with a tone of exultation, "spirit or sorcerer, devil or agent of devils, whatever thou art, I defy thee. With this talisman, I am beyond thy power. With this, I have defied poison, witchcraft, the bullet, and the sword. With this, I shall scorn Philip the tyrant, and Alva the murderer. I shall never perish by the power of man, or by the arts of fiends."

He was hastily striding from the shrine. The monk stood still, but his voice arrested the impatient steps of the warrior. "Listen, Count Egmont," said he, as if the words came from the lips of a statue; "you shall hear my voice but once again in this world. That talisman shall fail you. It has been your safeguard till now. It has given you unexampled victory, and raised you to high renown. But it has made you purchase them by a terrible price. It has filled you with ambition. If it have saved you from poison, it has infected your soul with the subtler poison of vanity, fame, and the thirst of things so shadowy as the love of the multitude. Wear that talisman, if you will. I here pronounce to you, that it will be your ruin. Happy were the death you should, without it, have died—in the clang of arms, and in the hot blood of the hero, it shall bring victory to your sword, but it shall betray you to the scaffold."

Egmont paused for a moment, put his hand to his star, and seemed about to rend it from his bosom. But the earlier feeling prevailed. With a gesture of scorn

at his adviser, he rushed from the coll. The monk stood gazing at the door, then, throwing up the hood, wiped away a tear. "Generous and gallant madman," he soliloquized. "But it must be done. He *must* fall. Blood for blood!" The astonished citizen saw, in his pale and wild look, the countenance of the Spanish secretary. The monk, after kneeling at the altar, withdrew along the cloister. The citizen, wrapt in doubt whether he had seen the living or the dead, or whether the whole had not been a vision of the perturbed brain, rushed through the door left open by Egmont, and scarcely breathed until he reached the open air, and stood under the heavy shadows of the belfry of St. Gudule.

That night was long memorable in Brussels. No man closed his eyes. A storm of indescribable violence raged through the entire night. Thunder, lightning, rain, and whirlwind, united their fury, in this battle of the elements. But, at midnight, another element more merciless mingled in the general convulsion of nature. The roar of cannon announced the collision of the troops of the Netherlands and Spain. Heavy discharges of musketry, the braying of the Flemish trumpet, the peal of the Spanish kettle-drum, heard successively at all the gates, told that the Spanish positions had been attacked in all quarters. The roar of the cannon and the shouts of the charging squadrons continued until daybreak. The howlings of the tempest rose wilder and wilder still; and, when the first dawn showed the plain around the city, all was devastation: cottages and trees were seen blown down; the villas of the opulent citizens and nobles dismantled; the whole rich fertility of the soil was laid waste. But, in the quarter where, but the evening before, the crimson banner of Castile waved haughtily over Alva's tent, and the setting sun glowed on a splendid array of tents covered with all the hues of the rainbow, now there was nothing to be seen but a heap of black cinders, swept away from time to time in vast sheets by the whirlwind. It was evident that the Spanish camp had been surprised, the tents burned, and the army beaten and driven from the siege of the capital.

The day passed in anxiety and doubtful inquiries. But evening brought back the body-guard of Count Egmont, covered with Spanish orders, the plunder of the field, and bearing the captured standard of the Spanish general himself. They were received with shouts; but their dejected look showed that they had brought tidings of some heavy misfortune. Those soon transpired. Count Egmont was not to be found. He had led them to unexampled victory. By a display of skill and courage, unequalled in even his own glorious career, he had attacked the whole chain of the Spanish posts at once; had broken through them to the tent of Alva, who escaped only half naked, and by the fleetness of his horse. He had turned the whole Spanish camp into dust and ashes; captured the military chest, the whole of their artillery, and, prize of prizes, the consecrated banner, which the pope had sent to Alva on his march to extirpate the heretics of Flanders. Another blow, and the war must be at an end.

But that blow was not to be given. The great captain who had achieved this triumph was not to be found, dead or alive. He had disappeared; and there were strange stories told of his disappearance. He had been last seen in a charge that broke Alva's favourite cuirassiers; the storm was raging at its height, at the moment of the *melee*, and a tremendous burst of lightning enveloped the combatants in one universal blaze. From that moment Egmont was seen no more. There was some wild mention of a figure, which was seen following him through the night, and which, at the moment of the burst of lightning, had disappeared along with the unfortunate and heroic general.

The night was spent in sorrow for the public loss.

But the calamity was triumph to Alva. The relaxation of the pursuit had convinced him that Egmont must have perished; and, with the indefatigable activity that constituted so striking a feature of his character, he instantly broke up his garrisons, formed a fresh army, and, before twenty-four hours had passed, was again at the gates of Brussels.

His emissaries were despatched through Flanders, to obtain tidings of his great enemy; and the tidings soon came. On the evening of the second day after the battle Alva had summoned the city. The spirit of its defenders was gone with their chieftain: the gates were opened, and the beaten conqueror, Alva, shorn of all his laurels, yet enjoying all the fruits of victory, marched in unopposed, took possession of the palace, and proclaimed a reward for the head of Count Egmont, as a traitor to his king, his country, and religion.

On that night the Spanish general gave a sumptuous entertainment to the partizans of his master in the city, and to his chief officers. The banquet lasted till midnight, when it was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a prisoner whose name produced an universal sensation of wonder, curiosity, and triumph. The story of his captors was, that, as they were on the point of giving up the pursuit, one of them who lingered in the remoter villages of the province was struck by seeing a gold chain and some jewels in the hands of a family of peasants, evidently unacquainted with their value. The peasants were gathered in front of one of their cottages, and were playing with them as toys. The emissary, disguised as a travelling charlatan, for the better purpose of gaining intelligence, mingled among them, and, by some fantastic story, contrived to discover how the jewels were obtained. The peasants had found them in the field, beside a wounded officer, whom they had conveyed to the next cottage. The wandering soldiers were hastily collected, the cottage was surrounded, and, on a bed of straw lay, apparently unwounded, yet palpably at the brink of death, the hero of the Netherlands, the son of victory, the gallant and undone Count Egmont.

Alva, with the full consciousness of the prize which he had now in his grasp, resolved that no chance should wrest it from him. By daybreak the council of state was convened; and Egmont was carried, feeble and expiring, before a tribunal, where neither justice nor mercy was to be found. His sentence was speedy. He was to be beheaded before that day was done.

The scaffold, erected in the great square, was surrounded during the day with groupes of silent but mourning citizens, who contrasted the splendours of his brief supremacy with his bitter end. Before sunset, amid a general muster of the Spanish troops, Egmont was brought from his dungeon. But an extraordinary change was wrought on the feeble and fainting figure, whom they had seen borne on the litter to the presence of Alva. He now marched to execution as if he marched to victory. His form seemed to have suddenly assumed its original vigour; his countenance, handsome even in anxiety and disease, now displayed the manly beauty of which it was so long the model; and there was in his dark and vivid glance a fire before which the proudest of his enemies visibly shrank. Arrived at the scaffold, he cast his purse among the Spanish troopers who surrounded it, and, demanding the presence of a confessor, and calmly contemplating the instruments of death, pronounced, in a tone loud enough to be heard by Alva, and his train in the palace-windows, that the tyranny of Spain was already shaken in Europe, and that in his blood would be cemented the pillar of Northern freedom. At this juncture, a movement in the crowd caught his attention for an instant. A Carmelite nun was seen ascending the steps of the scaffold, and imploring a moment to make an important communication to the

dying man. The nun advanced, and, throwing back her hood, revealed, to the universal astonishment, the countenance of the Spanish secretary. Egmont started in visible dismay, but the nun rapidly consummated her purpose. She had a brief but a fearful tale to tell. She was Eleanora di Gonzaga, a noble Italian, whom Egmont had loved in his earlier career, but whom he had giddily deserted. The insult had sunk into her soul. She joined the French army as a soldier, with the determination to destroy her faithless lover in the field. It was she who had urged the assailant of Count Egmont in the battle of St. Quentin; and had seen that assailant, her brother, perish under his sword. She had then tried the arts of that magic, which, in those times of darkness and credulity, had a strange power over the mind; scarcely less than all that they pretended to wield. By those arts she had stimulated his ambition, until she pressed him to the verge of ruin. The crown of the Netherlands already glittered in his grasp. She had plundered the jewel-house of the emperor of an unequalled diamond, in which she had persuaded Egmont that a spirit dwelt, which spoke oracles to him, and ensured him safety in the field and success in all his enterprizes. To complete his ruin, she had held a continued intercourse with Alva, by which, in the disguise of secretary to the count, she had made the Spaniard master of all his plans. Egmont's rashness, gallant vanity, and natural proneness to the love of command, all the attributes of those who are formed to live distinguished lives or die memorable and melancholy deaths, had

made him a willing victim to the keen revenge of the tempter. But what is equal to the anguish of woman when her revenge is past and her love returns? She saw Egmont at her feet, undone, and about to expiate his ambition under the Spanish axe; and from that moment she was all despair. But remorse was now too late. She took her resolution; and, putting on the dress which insured her a passage through the fierce, but deeply superstitious, soldiery of Spain, she followed as a nun, to stand beside the dying hour of him in whom her soul was bound up. Egmont listened with astonishment. But her obvious misery of heart, her clasped hands, and dying voice, made him now less her accuser than her comforter. In a few generous and gentle words he forgave her, and bade her live to seek peace at a higher tribunal than that of man, and to do justice to his memory among his fellow-citizens.

The conference had lasted longer than suited the impatience of Alva. He gave a sign to the executioner to advance. Egmont, roused from his reverie, and indignant at this felon-death for one who had all but wielded a sceptre, suddenly exclaimed, "Must the general of the Netherland armies die by the hands of a slave?" "Never!" cried the nun. Drawing a stiletto from her bosom, she instantly plunged it into his heart; and then followed up the blow by plunging it into her own. They fell together on the scaffold. They spoke no word. But the nun, clasping her arms round Egmont, pressed her lips to his, and in that attitude they died.

HEBE.

BEAUTIFUL spirit!—lady who dost play
With the young rainbows, by life's early springs,
Why—with the rainbow—fade so soon away,
Passing on viewless and on soundless wings!
Born—like that painted vision—of the hours
When very tears are lighted by the sun;
But fading—not like her *because* the shadows
Are kissed away, and beautifully gone;—
Thou, too, dost fling thy colours—o'er the mind—
To float away,—but leave the tears behind!

Why dost thou fly?—alas! *thou* fliest not;—
The wings that take us from thee are our own!
We are like men, who journey in a boat,
Through some bright valley,—gliding on and on,
Without the sense of motion,—while the trees
Steal by as they were walking in the breeze.

Immortal spirit! lady of the bowl
Which all taste once, and none may taste again,—
Oh! for thy lost Nepenthe,—from the soul
To chase all sorrow and to charm all pain!
The *early* Lethe—ere it flows o'er graves,
That drowns of memory only memory's smart,—
The Jordan that has healing in its waves
To wash away the plague-spots of the heart!

Immortal spirit!—may we never more
Behold the valley nor the silver spring
Where haunt the Graces, as in days of yore,
And thou, as then, sit'st brightly minist'ring?
But *once*—but only *once*!—'twas fabled well
That, for the gods alone, 'twas thine to pour
The *unwasting* nectar from its golden cell;—
We quaff but once, to thirst for evermore;
For the dark Lethe of the grave to pine,
Because we never more may drink of thine,—
Nor cleanse away the spirit's every sore
In youth's far-distant Jordan—evermore!

COLUMBUS AMONG THE AZORES.

BY THOMAS BRYDSON.

[Previous to his discovery of America, Columbus is said to have frequently watched the setting sun, from one of the islands of the Azores, and fancied it rising upon the great continent which he supposed to be beyond the ocean.]

Oh, undiscovered world! once more
I wander forth alone,
To muse beside that ocean vast,
Whose arms are round thee thrown.

Methinks yon setting sun, which smiles
I wander far away,
Already, o'er thy mountain-peaks,
Proclaims another day.

To some awakened child of thine,
Who sees, with careless eye,
The wondrous landscape of my dreams
Before him brightly lie.

There be who scoff at thoughts like these—
But still my soul doth keep
Its solitary vigil here,
Beside the solemn deep.

Yes, yes! beyond that pathless waste,
A mighty world I'll find;
And several tribes of Adam's race
By me shall yet be joined—

In friendship's golden chain, as now,
By yonder setting sun,
Whose living line of radiance links
Their far shores into one.

Father of Nature! thou wilt guide
The sail that is unfurled,
To bear across the ocean's breast
The tidings of a world!



THE METEORIC SHOWER.

—
 "The great Fontenelle the Heavens did decry,
 And taught the LADIES his philosophy."
 —

OUR fair readers need not be under any serious apprehensions of alarm, at our announcing this article for the "Lady's Book;" as we are not going to explore the mysterious depths of science, but in imitation of the celebrated French philosopher above noticed, who so successfully explained the principles of philosophy to the gay, the serious, and the fashionable ladies of the French metropolis; we intend to offer a few brief remarks upon the late interesting phenomenon which has excited so much attention even amongst the fairer sex of these United States.

Meteorology is a science but very imperfectly understood: thunder and lightning may be explained upon the principles established by experiments in electricity: but the causes of rain, hail, snow and sleet, are not by any means satisfactorily developed. Shooting-stars, or meteors have still further puzzled the investigations of philosophers, and it may be truly said of these phenomena, what Seneca two thousand years ago expressed relative to comets, namely, "that the time will come when the learned will wonder that we in our days should be ignorant of the nature of these interesting bodies."

Although meteors, or shooting-stars, as they are very improperly called, are by no means uncommon, as they

are to be observed every clear evening in the absence of moonlight; nevertheless a *shower* of these bodies is of very rare occurrence. Generally speaking, meteors are supposed to be gaseous exhalations from various substances on the surface of the earth, which rising high in the atmosphere and coming in contact with other gases; take fire, and produce the phenomena called shooting-stars.

The shower of meteors observed throughout the United States on the morning of the 13th November last, though a very unusual phenomenon; was nevertheless an exhibition similar in all respects to what have been seen in former years, so that the circumstance although extraordinary, is by no means without a parallel. We are indebted to that intrepid and intelligent traveller "Humboldt," for a description of a splendid shower of meteors, which he observed at Cumana, in South America, on 12th November 1799. "At about half past two in the morning of that day," says that celebrated writer, "the most extraordinary luminous meteors were seen towards the east, thousands of bolides and falling stars succeeded each other during four hours; their direction was very regularly from north to south: no trace of clouds was to be seen, and from the beginning of the phenomenon there was

not a space in the heavens equal to three diameters of the moon that was not filled with falling stars. All these meteors left luminous traces from five to ten degrees in length, which lasted seven or eight seconds. Almost all the inhabitants of Cumana were witnesses of this phenomenon, as they left their houses before four o'clock to attend the first morning mass. The shower ceased by degrees after that hour, and the bolides and falling stars became less frequent; but we distinguished some towards the north-east, by their whitish light and rapid movements, a quarter of an hour after sunrise." This shower was visible in the West India Islands, the United States, in Greenland, and even in some parts of Europe.

A similar meteoric shower was observed at Richmond in Virginia, on 23d April 1803. The Gazette of that day says, "that from one o'clock, until three in the morning, starry meteors seemed to fall from every part of the heavens, and in such numbers as to resemble a shower of sky-rockets. The inhabitants happened at the same time to be called from their houses by the fire-bell; they had therefore the opportunity of witnessing this extraordinary scene, and which probably will never appear again." This shower was also seen at Stockbridge in Massachusetts: and a similar one was observed by Captain Hammond of Salem, on the morning of the 13th November 1832, (precisely one year previous to this last shower,) when on board the "Restitution," near Mocha, in the Red Sea.

These descriptions sufficiently prove, that the late meteoric shower, is not unparalleled in atmospheric phenomena, and it is probable that such exhibitions occur much oftener than they are actually seen: moonlight, or cloudy weather being sufficient obstacles to prevent such appearances from being observed, as the elevation at which shooting-stars or meteors become visible, is generally much greater than the usual elevation of the clouds.

The writer of these remarks, saw the late meteoric shower at a few minutes before five o'clock in the morning, it was at that time exceedingly magnificent. The meteors all appeared to diverge from a point about 20 degrees south-east of the zenith, describing apparent curve lines towards all parts of the horizon: they fell incessantly until sunrise, and nearly as fast as drops of rain. Some of them shot, or described a line extending only two or three degrees; others four or five degrees, whilst others passed from the radiating point almost to the horizon: whilst a few, after having traversed some distance, became apparently enlarged into a circular shape, afterwards burst and left all the appearances of a discharged rocket. I did not hear any report when these meteors burst, although I paid particular attention to ascertain that fact. At about a quarter past five o'clock a large meteor discharged itself in the north-west, which left a long train of light, which continued visible for several minutes; and assumed as it was vanishing something of the appearance of a serpent. Another, after describing an arc of about 30 degrees exploded, and left a beautiful phosphorescent train of light, which was very brilliant for some few seconds: others seemed to describe a zig-zag motion, leaving trains of light jagged like a saw. I did not observe any variety of colours, either in the meteors themselves, or in the streams of light they left in the direction in which they had moved: all was pure white light similar in all respects to the light of the fixed stars. The illuminated path that is generally seen to accompany shooting-stars or meteors, is in a great degree an optical illusion, arising from the rapidity of their motions; the eye receiving the impression of the places where they commence and where they terminate, and the rapidity is such, that to the eye the spaces passed over appear like lines of light. This may be illustrated by lighting the end of a long stick, and then giving it a rapid circular motion with the

hand: to persons at a short distance there will be apparently a circle of light, whereas such circle is only the illuminated path which the end of the lighted stick describes.

It is impossible to notice all the varieties of this very extraordinary and very interesting phenomenon: the engraving which accompanies this article, conveys a faithful representation of this meteoric shower. Those who were so unfortunate as not to have been witnesses of it, may form some remote idea of its appearance, by imagining a constant discharge of sky-rockets, radiating in all directions from a certain point in the heavens near the zenith, and passing rapidly down the apparent arch of the sky towards all parts of the horizon.

It is to be regretted that the state of meteorological science is such, that some more expressive word is not introduced to supply that of *falling-star*. As our fair readers are no doubt aware that such an event as a falling-star, is almost physically impossible. Those silver-looking points that are seen every clear evening in the heavens, are bodies at such immense distances, that although we are nearly 200 millions of miles nearer to them at one period of the year than we are at another, there is no apparent alteration in their magnitude; and they occupy the same relative position towards each other. Even assuming it possible for one of the *nearest* of those brilliant orbs, to fall towards our globe, the progress would be gradual, and it would be hundreds of years in performing its journey. Unless some extraordinary revolution should take place in the order of nature, the laws of gravity be destroyed,

"And earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,

And planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky:

The ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,

And being on being wreck'd, and world on world."

Unless events like these occur, there is not the remotest reason to believe, that any of the stars will ever fall to the earth. But still the opinion is prevalent that stars do actually fall: but it should be known that they are all numbered and classed into constellations; and the exact number in each is as well known to the astronomer, as the members of a family are known to the head of it. And if any one star disappear from its place in the heavens, or a new one should be discovered to have intruded itself into any of the constellations, the astronomers in either case would know it; and in the latter instance would immediately take cognizance of the new-comer, and watch its movements, as naturally as the head of a family would those of a stranger, who had without leave, taken up his residence in his dwelling-house. In the showers of falling stars that have been observed at different times, *hundreds of thousands* must have descended towards the earth: but it is ascertained that the number of fixed stars remain the same, not one has departed from its place; and they have now as they had thousands of years ago, the same situation and relative position towards each other.

Not having any term in the present vocabulary of meteorological science, more significant than meteors, we have to observe that the late shower differed from all preceding ones, in the apparent radiation from a centre; which centre was observed to be in "Leo," and not far from "Regulus," the principal star in that constellation. Just as a column of water thrown up from an artificial fountain is seen to diverge from the top, and fall in beautiful curve lines towards the basin beneath; just so did these meteors seem to fall from this radiating centre towards all parts of the horizon. We think that the phenomenon may be explained by supposing that there had been suddenly accumulated in the lower regions of the atmosphere, a considerable quantity of hydrogen or some other highly elastic gas, which from its less gravity and greater elasticity than the surrounding air, ascended towards the higher re-

gions of the atmosphere in a column: that at a certain elevation, either by electricity or some other agent, this gas became ignited; under such circumstances the portions of the column as they ascended, would be successively ignited, and throw off those beautiful coruscations that were witnessed in the late meteoric shower. This theory is at least far more plausible, than any other we have either read or heard of: although many scientific and ingenious suggestions have been published respecting this singular and extraordinary phenomenon.

Original.

MRS. SIDDONS.

THIS female, illustrious from the splendour of her talent, has left a name that will be handed down to future ages with the sublime poetry of Milton and Shakspeare.

Born in a comparatively humble station; nature seems to have delighted in modelling this excellent creature after her own likeness; for she more resembled the ideal beauty of possible nature, than one should have expected *actually* to have seen. Her early youth was passed in trying to avoid a profession upon which she was destined to throw such lustre.

Mrs. Piozzi, a lady famed for her learning, and even more celebrated as the friend of Dr. Johnson, felt deeply interested in the fortunes of Mrs. Siddons; to her, and Mrs. Siddons, is the author of this sketch, indebted for the facts herein stated.

As a girl, Mrs. Siddons has avowed, she had no dramatic talent; and has frequently wept at her father's allotting her some theatrical character she felt herself unable to sustain. This repugnance became at length so overpowering that a situation was obtained for her as humble companion to Miss Greathhead. The thousand disagreeables attendant upon a state of *almost* servitude, and the constant entreaty of her father, at last overcame her resistance, and she once more became attached to the theatrical company over which he presided. Her marriage with Mr. Siddons soon followed her return to the stage; and the wants of an increasing family stimulated her to extraordinary exertion. Her improvement was so rapid that she became at last the theme of conversation in the higher circles; and Mr. Garrick was tempted to visit Bath for the purpose of seeing her act; and was so forcibly struck with her powerful talent, that he foretold her future eminence;—but from jealousy or caprice, withheld her from London as long as he possibly could. However she ultimately attained the station she so richly merited; and retained it without a rival to the close of her theatrical career.

In private life, Mrs. Siddons was much caressed by the first people; but her habits were entirely domestic. She was in high favour with the Queen, and was appointed to read Milton to her Majesty. With all the brilliancy of her talent, the full acknowledgment of that talent by the public, Mrs. Siddons was subjected to much private sorrow. The loss of two lovely daughters, in the early bloom of womanhood; and domestic grievances of another description, threw a cloud over her brightest moments; and when she chose to unfold the inmost recesses of her heart, one might be tempted to inquire, whether the greatest gifts, are not fearfully counterbalanced by evil. Mrs. Siddons was rather a timid woman in society. She spoke little. She read divinely. Nothing could be more impressive than her style of reading "*Paradise Lost*." She increased an already lucrative engagement in Dublin by giving readings of Milton in the Rotunda. The Saloon was splendidly attended on each night.

Many contemptible attempts were made at various

times to throw a shade over Mrs. Siddons' private character; but the malice of her enemies invariably rebounded upon themselves. In every situation of domestic life, her conduct was as exemplary, as her public career was exalted, and the honour paid her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, seems to have been fully merited by her. In his splendid painting of her as the Tragic Muse, he has wrought his name in her drapery so as to give the idea of an embossed border; and paid her the very great compliment, in fact, the *greatest* that could be paid by a man of his exalted talent; in saying, "*That he could conceive no higher honour, than that his name should descend to posterity upon the hem of her garment.*"

As an actress, Mrs. Siddons stood alone.—Nothing at present, resembles her even in the *remotest* degree. Her wonderful voice,—full, solemn and sweet, preserved its distinctness in the highest exertions, and remained unlost in the lowest articulations. Her action, and attitudes, resembled the finest statues of antiquity. Of the expression of her countenance no adequate idea can be formed: her eye was so very uncommon in its form, and varied in its expression and colour, that without speaking, her *silence* was more eloquent than language. She dressed with the utmost simplicity—indeed, she was too sublimely beautiful to need ornament. All her features bore the stamp of greatness. Her excellent characters were Lady Macbeth, Lady Randolph,—Constance—and Volunna: and in them, she was unimaginably great.

Mrs. Siddons expressed the greatest regret at the increased dimensions of the London theatres—and in a conversation she had with Mr. Holman, about two years previous to her quitting the stage:—she told him, that had theatres been constructed upon the same principle when she first became popular, she never should have attained the eminence she enjoyed during her long theatrical career.

The character in which she seemed to soar to the highest pitch of dramatic excellence, was Lady Macbeth. And her own account of the misery she endured whilst studying the character deserves to be recorded. It was required by the interests of the theatre that she should study the part at very short notice. The time allotted was a day and intervening night. When the day closed, she found that she did not know half the words of the character. The evening wore away, but she felt herself incompetent to the task for the following evening, unless she devoted the whole of the night to study. She continued by a little manœuvring to keep her husband and Mr. Kemble in conversation until past midnight; but at that hour they both declared they must retire to rest; her description of the agony she endured when she found she must go through all the horrors of the character alone, was truly appalling. It is probable that much of the fearful energy she imparted to the three great scenes of Lady Macbeth might have sprung from the terrors of that night.

Mrs. Siddons possessed in a high degree the art of modelling. The most finished casts in her collection is a bust of herself, and one of each of her brothers, John, and Charles Kemble.

The Queen of England, wife to George III., ever retained her admiration of Mrs. Siddons: and when at a very advanced period of her life, she gave her last fete at Frogmore; she sent for Mrs. Siddons and publicly presented her with a chain enriched with brilliants. Happy period! when genius and virtue insured the female who possessed them the respect and admiration of Princes,—now, alas, those very qualities are but a *barrier* to the advancement of their possessor. The affected refinement of the present time; its hollow, heartless pleasures, withers the tender buds of genius, and drives virtue to *misery*, and *despair*.

SWEET LAVENDER.

Written and composed by Mrs. T. Welsh.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line includes lyrics and a double bar line with repeat dots.

Sweet La - ven - der, sweet

La - ven - der fresh ga - ther'd from the tree, No

lat or lass could fi - ner bunch - es e - ver wish to

see. Its perfume keeps the moths a - way That

Sun - day cloths de - voir, Come buy, come buy my

La - ven - der, sweet La - ven - der in flow'r Sweet

La ven der, sweet La ven der, sweet Lavender.

II.

Sweet Lavender, sweet Lavender, in vain alas! I cry,
 Altho' I offer bargains rare to every passer by;
 I've fasted long and labour'd hard thro' many a sultry hour,
 In pity buy my Lavender, sweet Lavender in flow'r—
 Sweet Lavender, sweet Lavender, sweet Lavender.

ESSAY ON THE USE OF CORSETS, STAYS, &c.

BY MATHEW CAREY.

THE havoc made on the younger portion of the sex by stays, corsets, and other contrivances for abridging the size of the waist, has been the subject of animadversion and exhortation, time out of mind, by medical men and others. But unhappily in vain. Probably the chief cause has been, that neither the parents of the young ladies, nor the young ladies themselves, have ever fully realized the lamentable consequences of this system.

That ladies, incised by any contrivances calculated to render their waists slender, have a more sylph-like appearance, and are more pleasing to the eyes of our sex, than those who have been used to a costume which allows fair play to the muscles, sinews, nerves, cartilages, etc., cannot be doubted; and as the sexes are naturally, and, indeed, laudably ambitious of pleasing each other, it is not wonderful that ladies have adopted that form of costume which renders them most attractive to our sex. Were this object attainable without a sacrifice of comfort or health, I should advise compression by steam, so as to attain the utmost possible degree of slenderness. But that this is impracticable, will appear from the following awful catalogue of evils, which flow from the use of those articles, taken from Willich's lectures on diet and regimen—a work of acknowledged merit.

"I shall briefly state a few of the consequences arising from this unnatural part of female dress; namely—*diseases of the breast, external callosities, and cancer itself; the ribs are compressed; the spine is bent out of its place; the free expansion of the lungs is prevented, hence shortness of breath, indurations, and tubercles of the lungs, cramp of the stomach, defective digestion, nausea, irregularities of the secretory and other organs*, in short, the list of maladies thus produced is too long to be here detailed."

Suppose only half, or a third, or a fourth, or a tenth part of these consequences result from this practice, ought it not to be banished for ever from society?

There is one important point of view in which this fashion may be considered, that ought to have, and I trust will have, a decided influence on young ladies and induce them to abandon it. In the eyes of the other sex they lose by it far more than they gain.

That the slenderness of the waist renders the female contour more agreeable to the eye, I have admitted; but that any one or two of the diseases stated by Willich will materially affect "the human face divine," which very soon reveals the effects of any derangement of the animal functions, and hence assumes more or less of a sepulchral appearance, is equally true; and it will not be denied that there is far more attraction in a healthy, blooming face, with the waist of the natural dimensions, than in a slender waist accompanied by a face which has lost its bloom by disease. Let us suppose two young ladies, one with a very slender waist, but with such a pallid face as the diseases in question infallibly produce, and the other with a waist that has never suffered any very undue compression, and the bloom that a sound state of health insures, to meet the eyes of a young gentleman who has serious thoughts of settling for life, and has as yet formed no attachment. Let both stand on the most perfect equality as regards intellect, manners, family connexions, fortune, etc.—can there be any doubt that the latter would as completely carry the palm as Venus by the judgment of Paris carried it over Juno?

Let me add one important consideration to which those on whom devolves the care of young females

ought to pay great attention. Tight lacing increases the difficulty and dangers of parturition, a process to be taken into consideration in the future destiny of the larger portion of the sex, and of course worthy of attention at a very early stage of their existence. This process is certainly sufficiently critical and dangerous without having its dangers increased by unnatural compression; it is highly probable that no small portion of the deaths of mothers and children that take place in this delicate process of nature, arises from this cause.

It is, therefore, to be hoped, that parental authority will be exerted to remove the source of so many evils, and that young ladies, with a prudent view to their probable future situation in society, will display their good sense in abandoning this odious practice, or at least taking the advice of Willich:

"If any such part of the dress be at all admissible, it ought to consist of soft and pliable materials; such as fine chamois leather, hatter's felt, or what is still better, the knitted and more elastic texture used for gloves and stockings."

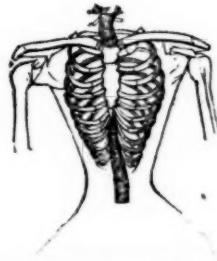
That the spider-like appearance of a lady's waist is not so very essential to her attractions as has been generally supposed, is clear from the fact, that young ladies at present, although the existing form of dress excludes the appearance of the diminution of the waist, have as large a share of attention, and as frequently settle themselves well in life, as when the old costume was in fashion.

In corroboration of these views, I submit to the consideration of the reader the following interesting extracts from the Anatomical Class Book, a recent work which touches on this subject. These extracts speak powerfully to the eye, by an exhibit of the effect of tight lacing on the female form.

We here introduce the following drawings, to show what is the actual condition of the chest that has become permanently diminished by artificial means, compared with one that has been developed as nature intended.

Young ladies require nearly as much exercise as boys, but of a less violent character, as their physical organization is not calculated, it is reasonable to suppose, for severe exertions of the muscles. They certainly require loose, easy clothing, that the bones concerned in the formation of the apartment in which is placed the vital apparatus, may be free, unimpeded, and unrestrained.

CONTRACTED CHEST.

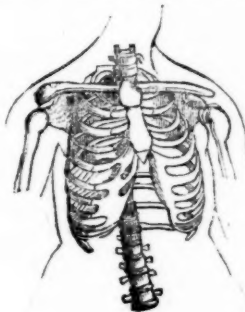


An outline is here presented of the chest of a female, to show the actual condition of the bones, as they appear after death, in every lady who has habitually worn stays.

All the false ribs, from the lower end of the breast

bone, are unnaturally cramped inwardly towards the spine, so that the liver, stomach and other digestive organs in the immediate vicinity, are pressed into such small compass, that their functions are interrupted, and in fact, all the vessels, bones, and viscera, on which the individual is constantly depending for health, are more or less distorted and enfeebled.

SKELETON OF A WELL-FORMED FEMALE CHEST.



By comparing the accompanying plan of a well-developed and naturally proportioned female chest, with the frightful skeleton appended to the preceding note, the difference is strikingly apparent. Here is breadth—space for the lungs to act in; and the short ribs are thrown outwardly, instead of being curved and twisted down towards the spine, by which ample space is afforded for the free action of all those organs, which in the other frame, were *too small to sustain life*. The first may be regarded as the exact shape and figure of a short lived female; and this may be contemplated as an equally true model of the frame of another, who, so far as life depends upon a well-formed body, would live to a good old age.

The lungs suffer—and in those cases, which are *ninety in a hundred*, where the stays have been laced on in very early life, before the ribs have become perfectly ossified, the chest is never developed;—it never assumes the form which it would have had, were it not for this mechanical restraint; consequently, for want of capacity, or in other words, for want of room, the lungs are too small for the requirements of the body;—they cannot oxygenate the blood—an indispensable vital process.

Corset-boards are quite as reprehensible, though the injuries to which they give rise, are less apparent in the beginning. The busk operates almost exclusively on the *sternum* or breast bone, which is easily bent out of its original position, at its lower extremity.

By a constant pressure of an inelastic board, the lower end of the sternum, which juts down into the abdominal muscles two or three inches, is forced inward, and becoming ossified in that direction, is productive of serious injury to the stomach, which lies just behind it.

A multitude of painful and protracted diseases, by which females in the higher walks of society, in this age, are hurried to an early grave, have their origin in this horrible custom of wearing stays. Thousands upon thousands of young ladies are the yearly victims, even in the United States, to *consumption*, which is wholly referable to this fashionable, but perverted taste, of conforming to a practice which has for its object the *improvement* of the female form; as though the Creator, in constructing the most beautiful work of his creation, neglected to give that last finishing process, which they imagine themselves to have discovered, and which can alone be satisfactory to the sex.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLUMBUS.

Six—To a native of this Continent, to which, however, by a strange injustice posterity has not given his name, the birth place of Columbus must always be an object of interest. A house is still shown in the village of Cogoletto, near Genoa, as that in which he was born. At the door of the building is a stone, on which the following inscription in Italian has been inscribed since 1650. It bears the name of a priest of the same family. The two other inscriptions in Latin have been recently added. Like the birth-place of our own Shakspeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, that of Columbus is visited by all curious travellers. Some time ago a party made a pilgrimage to the spot, and entered the house in silence with their heads uncovered, regarding the birth place of the great discoverer of the New World, as one of the most interesting sites of their route. I subjoin the inscriptions, and have attempted an imitation. It will be perceived that in the Italian, there is a play upon the meaning of Colombo, which would be ineffective in the translation.

ELOGH.

Di Cristoforo Colombo, scopritor dell'America l'anno 1492—scritti nella casa di sua nascita, nel paese di Cogoletto, contrada Giuggiolo.

I.

Con generoso ardir dall' area all' onde
Ubbidiete il vol Colomba prende,
Corre, s'aggira, terren' scopre, e fronde
D'olivo, in segno, al gran Noe ne rende.
L'imita in cio Colombo, ne s'asconde,
E da sua patria il mar solcando fende;
Terreno al fin scoprendo diede fondo,
Offrendo al' Ispano un nuovo Monco.

Il 2 Dicembre, 1650.

PRETE ANTONIO COLOMBO.

II.

Hospes siste gradum; Fuit H I C lux prima Colombo,
Orbe viro majori, Hen' nimis arcta Domus!

III.

Unus erat Mundus; Duo sunt, ait I S T E; fuerunt.
1826.

The above imitated:

IN PRAISE.

Of Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America in the year 1492—written in the house of his birth, in the country of Cogoletto, in the district of Giuggiolo.

I.

Swift from the Ark, above the watery waste,
The Dove, obedient, flies with generous haste;
Still onward speeds, nor pauses in her flight
Until the long-sought land relieves her sight—
Thence as a token of the welcome strand,
An olive branch she bears to Noah's hand!
Like her, Columbus scorns inglorious ease,
Far from his country ploughs the maiden seas—
Nor cast he anchor, nor a sail was furl'd,
Until to Spain he gave another world!

II.

Stay, traveller, stay! before these narrow walls
A while thy weary pilgrimage restrain—
Here first Columbus breath'd the vital air:
This roof held one—the world could not contain!

III.

The World was one—Columbus said, they're two—
He found a World, and made the saying true!

I nm, sir, etc., J. C. F.

Quebec, April 12, 1834.

THE STATUE;

OR, AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE ART OF SAYING A GREAT DEAL ABOUT NOTHING.

"O, his the curse of love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, when they're believ'd."—Shakspeare.

I WAS born in Norway, of lordly lineage, and to more than a competency. I was the only survivor of eleven children, and was consequently indulged with that foolish disregard to futurity which so often brings a blight upon our manhood, after it has quenched the sportive happiness of infancy. I was naturally reserved and saturnine, and frequently the prey of a gloomy enthusiasm which, like the hidden fires of a volcano, effervesced unseen within me, when all was calm without. The rigid muscles of the countenance betrayed not the fierce conflict of the spirit. Though of a strange, unsocial temper, I was nevertheless timid to excess, and alive to the acutest feelings of sensibility. Abstraction was the atmosphere in which my spirit delighted to expatiate—here alone it found its home—here alone it seemed to "live and move and have its being." I was shunned by my companions on account of the repulsive aspect with which I generally greeted them, though at the very moment that they were shrinking from my presence with an almost instinctive loathing, my bosom was frequently overflowing with the very milk of human kindness towards them. Alas! how was I misunderstood! my heart was a "sealed book;" and because my countenance too sternly told that its "secrets were hid," no volume of "black magic" could be more fearfully mistrusted by my mercurial but suspicious compeers. How rash does such a conclusion frequently prove! No mortal eye can penetrate the secret repository of another's bosom, yet my sombre lineaments were read as the index of mine, though they were really most faithless interpreters.

My father died when I was about two and twenty, leaving me the possession of a tolerably good estate. My paternal abode was situated nearly in the centre of a vast forest upon the borders of an oozy lake, from which a moat that surrounded the walls was constantly filled. This was a seclusion which suited well with the natural austerity of my taste. I was fond of contemplating nature in her most terrific sublimities, and here I was not without the opportunity. I had seen the pine-tree shiver by the lightning—I had beheld the rock riven by the thunderbolt—I had felt the shock of the earthquake, and witnessed the mighty crash of the avalanche—I had heard the unearthly roar of the Maelstrom, and seen the vessel whirled into its foaming vortex, where the shriek of death was drowned in the fierce hiss of the whirlpool;—so that my mind was braced alike against the accidents of time and circumstance—the contingencies of climate or locality.

At the age of twenty-two, I found myself in the midst of a Norwegian forest, almost excluded from human intercourse. This, however, was not to me a matter of regret. I loved occupation, and therefore time never encumbered me with a sad burthen of unoccupied moments. My favourite employment was sculpture, of which I was extremely fond, and in which I was considered to excel. From a child I had manifested an extraordinary predilection for this art; and my parents, in order to gratify my ambition of distinction as a sculptor, sent me to Rome, where I studied all the finest specimens of ancient and modern art. My progress in improvement was rapid, and I was flattered by the approbation of some of the most celebrated masters of the period. Before I had attained

the age of one-and-twenty, I was elected a member of the academy at Rome, and my works were already talked of as those of a young man likely to do honour to his age and country. I returned to Norway, "with all my budding honours thick upon me," but was, nevertheless, not happy. There was a vacuum in my mind which I could not fill up—a longing after something that I could not realize. Being of a dreamy and ardent turn of mind, I had pictured to myself a Utopian state of happiness, which it was not in the nature of things that I could ever see fulfilled.

My mother died soon after my return from Rome, and I felt myself at once to be a solitary being cast upon the wide world, without a human creature either to claim my sympathies, or to fix my affections. I have said that my sensibility was strong, and easily excited. There was a tenderness in my nature which perpetually sought to exhibit itself; and I was therefore anxious to unite my destiny with that of some woman who should fix and concentrate it, making my tree of life to blossom and shed its fruits round my domestic hearth; who should share alike in my hopes and disappointments, and cast the sweets of domestic joy among those bitters with which the cup of my existence had, as I thought, so lavishly overflowed. I however met no such object. I had seen many clever, many accomplished, many handsome women; but there were such failings in all that I could attach myself to none. I had, moreover, microscopic fastidiousness which magnified every little imperfection into a grievous deformity. I was, besides, so constitutionally bashful, that I had not the courage to make known my feelings, even had they been attracted to any one; and the bitter consciousness of this infirmity caused me to examine the qualities of every woman who happened to come within the influence of my splenetic scrutiny with a warped and cankered judgment. I at length persuaded myself that I hated the sex, because I had neither the courage to "tell my love," nor the stoicism to

"Sit like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

My mind, however, so constantly dwelt with a morbid regret upon the disappointment I was doomed to undergo in not meeting with a woman of congenial feelings, who might share my sorrow and promote my joys, that the reaction of melancholy caused it to be at length perpetually haunted by a vision, the very *beau ideal* of physical and moral beauty. This "faultless monster which the world ne'er saw," I longed to see embodied, with a fervency beyond the power of description to pourtray. It bore such a palpable aspect to the mind's eye, that I almost fancied it a part of myself, and seemed to hold familiar intercourse with this visionary perfection. It was perpetually before me, both in my dreams and during my waking, and at length assumed a "local habitation," so definite and tangible, that it seemed as if I could feel the pressure of its impulsive members, and hear the sweet cadence of its imaginary utterance. I at length all but persuaded myself of its identity, and that this shadowy creation, which had been so long the companion of my slumbering and waking thoughts, was the object destined to shed a gleam of glory on my path, that should

light me to the goal of my happiness. With this feeling, I commenced a statue of a virgin, and laboured incessantly until I had shaped the block into form and beauty. The vision by which my mind was so constantly occupied was the model after which I wrought, and its exact form and lineaments were eventually transferred to the marble. As the work grew under my hands, my "murkiness of mind" gradually gave way to more pleasing emotions; and I acquired, by degrees, a buoyancy of spirits which astonished all who were familiar with my natural disposition. The vision became fainter and fainter upon my mind in proportion as the statue assumed its likeness; and by the time this was finished, had faded before the reality into which my labours had embodied it. Every one who saw my statue was struck with astonishment and admiration at the grace and beauty which it displayed. I confess I was myself surprised at the surpassing excellence of my own work. The statue was perfect. A Phidias or a Praxiteles might have envied my success. I had draped it in a light flowing vest, which loosely covered the figure, leaving only the neck, arms, and feet bare, but sufficiently indicating the beautiful contour of the frame and limbs. Shall I confess my weakness? I actually fell in love with my own work.

We have our moral as well as our physical idiosyncrasies, and the singular peculiarity in my moral constitution was here most marvellously developed. I had seen no living being who realized those severe ideas of beauty which I had perfected in the object before me. I looked upon it in the abstraction of absorbed delight; the whole world seemed to be shut out from my thoughts; the beautiful marble was my paradise: but when my thoughts reverted from vague fantasies to stern realities, I gazed upon the statue only to sigh that it had no feelings germane with mine.—Though beautiful as imagination could represent, it stood before me fixed upon a pedestal, unconscious, mute, and rigid, while to me it was a bitter agony to think it did not live. How did I wish for the enchanter's art that I might cause it to start into life, to imprint its warm kisses on my lips—to breathe the holiest vows of love into my ear; and that I might lead it blooming in vital beauty to the altar, and unite my destiny with living perfection. I had never, as I have before said, felt courage sufficient to make my professions of love to any woman, though I had frequently and ardently wished to be married, as celibacy was my aversion; yet my invincible timidity invariably withheld me from making the declaration. Had the marble which I had so successfully endowed with symmetry and beauty been endued also with motion and intelligence, I was confident, that in spite of my natural timidity, I should have felt less awed in making such an avowal to the object of my own creation, than I had towards those beauties whom I so frequently met before my return from the great theatre of art. Not a day passed over my head without my doing something to the statue, so that it appeared to advance in perfection with every succeeding morrow. It was stamped upon my memory with an impression, so vivid and indelible, that every other object faded before it, like the early mists upon the hills before the rising of the summer sun. I again became wretched. The void in my existence seemed to extend, and a distressing insanity of mind daily added to my morose and selfish melancholy. I sought not to be comforted. I shunned consolation with a savage determination to endure, as if there had been a sort of heroism in giving way in silence and in secret to my own fierce bitterness of spirit. I had no voice for joy—the world was my dungeon, in which I was surrounded by evils which appeared as if armed with so many flaming swords to keep me from the paradise of enjoyment. I seemed to bear within me a principle of self-torment,

so that every thing I did stagnated, as it were, my milk of human kindness, into

—“gall and bitterness of soul.”

One evening, not being able to sleep, after tossing for a time in feverish anxiety upon my bed, I rose and sought my studio, in order to abate the turbulence of my thoughts, by indulging in a gaze at the mute but lovely object of my romantic adoration. The moon shone bright and unclouded, through a large oriel, and cast its broad beams to the extremity of the apartment. Every object was clearly distinct, and nothing but the shrill hum of the gnat interrupted the stillness of a calm summer midnight. I threw myself into a large easy chair where I was accustomed to rest myself during the intervals of suspension from my labours at the marble. The solemn stillness of the hour—the subdued brightness of the moonlight—the associations of peace and repose, so natural to such a scene and such a time, threw a calm over my senses, to which they had been some time a stranger. I looked upon the statue with feelings in which it was difficult to trace whether disappointment or delight was predominant. The moonbeams fell upon the white and polished folds of the drapery, and half the face was illuminated while the other half was in shadow. I gazed for some time in a state of painful abstraction. On a sudden the chamber seemed to be filled with a light vapoury mist, which gradually lulled my senses into a state of languid quiescence. There appeared to be cast around every thing that sort of visionary indistinctness of which we are sensible when we look at remote objects through the faint shadows of summer twilight. The rigidity of my feelings soon relaxed, and I felt for the moment a quiet transport of mind and heart which was altogether unaccountable. I kept my eyes upon the statue until at length it appeared to vibrate upon the pedestal. The folds of the drapery seemed to be raised by the calm night air that was admitted through a small aperture in the window. I fancied it must be an illusion—it was too transporting for reality—I fixed my eyes more intently upon the beautiful object before me. The movements were repeated—the eyelid, upon which the moonbeams now directly fell, closed for an instant, the lips separated and relaxed into a smile. I was absorbed in breathless wonder, but what was my astonishment when I beheld the figure step from the pedestal upon the platform on which I was accustomed to work, and majestically descend the steps which were attached to it, for my more convenient ascent and descent during the progress of my labours.

The statue stood a breathing object before me. I started from my chair and seized its hand. The warmth of life, however, seemed not to be there, for though the flexibility natural to human flesh was evident to the touch, there was, nevertheless a marble coldness which struck a sudden chill at my heart. The eye sparkled with light and life, but it emitted only its own natural lustre, not that sweetly reflected light which comes from the ardent soul through the eyes, its most eloquent interpreters. There was no expression of sympathy—no glance of feeling—no trait of endearing humanity;—all was cold, inflexible and repulsive. I was abashed and distressed. In an agony of disappointment I drew the lovely creature more directly into the moonlight. I had almost distrusted the evidence of my senses, but without cause. I contemplated no longer the senseless marble to which my own hands had imparted form and beauty, but an animated creature surpassing the loveliness of mortality. There was no “unreal mockery” before me. The breath came quick and audible from lips over which it threw a perfume that made the atmosphere around her redolent of Heaven's own fragrance. I breathed my vows of impassioned, yet most holy love into her ear;—

they were listened to, but not answered; they produced no more impression than the transient shower upon the arid sands of the desert, or the moonbeam upon the frost-bound waters. I again grasped her hand, but it returned not the pressure of mine. I clasped her fervently to my heart—I felt no responsive throb, while the heavy drooping eye-lid was but too faithful an interpreter of the insensibility which reigned within her fair but stony bosom. She was painfully indifferent to every thing around her. In a wild transport of anguish, I again embraced her; the slow pulsation of her heart beat heavy and regular against mine, which palpitated with a violence that all but deprived me of utterance. I was nearly suffocated by conflicting passions. Vainly did I implore a return of my affection. My appeal was unheeded. She averted her eye—no flush of repressed emotion overspread her cheek—she was calm and unimpassioned; I found, to my inexpressible anguish, that, within the beautifulasket before me, no jewel was enshrined. The body was perfect, but the soul was wanting.

How bitterly did I curse my folly for the unhallowed wish that the work of my own vain hands should be endued with life! I nevertheless could not stifle the longing which I felt to inspire her with the same feelings by which my own sensitive spirit was overborne. I still turned to her in earnest supplication, yet the calm expression of her countenance remained undisturbed. Like the flawless crystal; that countenance was perfect in its own superficial brightness, but reflected no hues of beauty from within. Vainly did I implore a return of affection—my appeals were unheeded—her eye neither drooped nor brightened. Alas! I saw that she lived indeed, but she was living marble. I turned from her with an emotion of unexpressed agony, yet could not long withhold my sight from an object upon which I had been accustomed to gaze with such ardent delight. The moonbeams still fell upon her exquisitely moulded lineaments, while her glossy flaxen hair was slightly raised by the gentle airs which undulated through the apartment, and spread in graceful freedom upon her shoulders. I again took her hand; there was however no sign of sensibility in her placid features which told that such pressure was welcome to her heart. She looked, if possible, only the more quiet and passionless. I was more miserable than ever. It is impossible to define my sensations. I felt as if I were a living volcano about to be consumed by the fires which raged unseen within my bosom. What a wretch did I stand to my own contemplation! The fondest dream of my imagination had been realized, and I was still unhappy. I beheld that object who had for months absorbed my thoughts, living before me, and in "form as palpable" as my own—the passive creature of my will; yet misery clung around my heart with renewed pertinacity.

"Canst thou not love me?" I cried, with frantic emotion.

I might as well have breathed my appeal to the winds; she coldly smiled, while her imperturbable placidity of expression gave a silent answer to my question more positive than language—it was not to be mistaken. I dropped her hand, darted like a maniac from the blighting coldness of her aspect, and laid my forehead upon a marble slab which stood in a dark recess of the chamber. My eyes flashed fire—my brain reeled—the hot blood seemed to flow in lava floods to my heart—my sensations were too strong for endurance, and starting from my recumbent position, I rushed once more into the full glare of the moonlight. The object of my idolatry stood calm and insensible as before. My agonies made not the slightest impression upon her. The smile still played around her delicate lips, and the lid drooped languidly over her light azure eye, indicating an utter callousness of sympathy, absolutely distracting to one so impassioned as I was. I

was excited almost to madness. I felt as if I could have braved perdition—as if I could have gnawed my own heart. These agonies of mind were appalling. I became sensible, but too late, that the idol of my adoration was only a living creature from the quarry; the coldness, the insensibility of the material was in it, but none of the warmth, the softness, the exquisite tenderness of woman's nature. No! there was indeed physical beauty, but moral deformity; for what short of Omnipotence could give existence to moral beauty. How could the work of imperfection be otherwise than imperfect! and I was punished, bitterly punished, for ever having framed so unhallowed a wish as to behold a mere mortal creation endowed with life and consciousness. The hand of Omnipotent vengeance was upon me, and I was severely expiating my presumption; I was, in truth, paying the Promethean penalty. My agonies were but too visible in my convulsed frame and agitated features, and yet the object of my mad love moved not a muscle of her inflexible countenance. I cursed her in my soul; but my tongue seemed paralysed when I attempted to give utterance to the dreadful malediction. I once more grasped her hand convulsively—I again pressed her to my bosom;—the same chilly grasp met mine—the same dull measured pulsation responded to the ardent throbbings of my fevered heart. She permitted my embrace, but returned it not. Being at length excited to a pitch of absolute frenzy, in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment I imprecated a curse upon the unfeeling cause of both. The curse was loud and bitter. On the instant a flash of lightning filled the chamber, followed by a tremendous peal of thunder. The house was rocked to the very foundation. The statue retreated majestically towards the platform, slowly ascended, resumed its place upon the pedestal;—its features became fixed—the eye-lids remained stationary—the orbs became dim and colourless—and the whole figure gradually stiffened again into marble. Another deafening peal of thunder followed, and—I awoke. I am now sixty-five and a bachelor.

RECIPE.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Half a pound of sweet almonds, which will be reduced to a quarter of a pound, when shelled and blanched.

An ounce of blanched bitter almonds or peach-kernels.

The whites only, of six eggs.

A quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar.

A table-spoonful of mixed brandy, wine, and rose-water.

Shell half a pound of sweet almonds, and pour scalding water over them, which will make the skins peel off. As they get cool, pour more boiling water, till the almonds are all blanched. Blanch also the bitter almonds. As you blanch the almonds, throw them into a bowl of cold water. Then take them out, one by one, wipe them dry in a clean towel, and lay them on a plate. Pound them one at a time to a fine paste, in a marble mortar, adding, as you pound them, a few drops of rose-water to prevent their oiling. Pound the bitter and sweet almonds alternately, that they may be well mixed. They must be made perfectly fine and smooth, and are the better for being prepared the day before they are wanted for the pudding.

Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, and add to it, gradually, the liquor.

Beat the whites of six eggs till they stand alone. Stir the almonds and white of eggs, alternately, into the butter and sugar; and then stir the whole well together.

Have ready a puff-paste sufficient for a soup-plate. Butter the plate, lay on the paste, trim and notch it. Then put in the mixture.

Bake it about half an hour in a moderate oven.

Grate loaf-sugar over it.

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