

AMONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

BELLES-LETTRES AND THE ARTS.

THE
LADY'S BOOK

CONTAINING
A choice and multifarious variety of
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

Embellished with several Hundred different

(Engravings.)

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS;

with beautiful illustrations of the prevailing

FASHIONS,

SPLENDIDLY COLOURED, AND VARIOUS

PATTERNS FOR ORNAMENTAL EMBROIDERY.

*In addition to which its Contents,
embrace a number of the most*

POPULAR MELODIES,

set to Music, and arranged for the
PIANO FORTE.

PUBLISHED BY L. AGODEY & CO FRANKLIN PLACE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Agents are appointed in all parts of the United States.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1866.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.—A pink watered silk dress, a *colonnes satinees*; body with pointed folds, and bow of gauze riband; short sleeves, with epaulettes trimmed with blonde; white tulle Zephyr scarf. White escape hat, and pink feather.

EVENING DRESS.—A gauze muslin dress, striped green and pink, with a small running pattern over the stripes; body with small pelerines, trimmed with *rouleaux*. Cap open behind to show the hair, and trimmed with green gauze riband.

MORNING DRESS.—A *chaly* dress, with small *bouquets* over a white ground; high body, crossed over, and epaulettes on the sleeves. Blue watered silk *capote*, with an *aloe*.

Original.

THE SNOW FEATHER;

A TALE.

To the woods—to the woods, gentle reader. Release your lips from their polished smile. Our path is not on the crowded pavement, nor through the gleam and glitter of stately halls. Nor legend of chivalry, nor tale of fashion is mine. We are going out into the solemn and beautiful woods;—by your patriotism, my lady reader, frown not; for where else should a theme of the olden time be found in the lovely land of our birth? Why marvel that the old world hath her sons of song, and hordes of gifted spirits, who weave from the dark threads of history, the brilliant web of romance? Why should they not, where the eye opens among the ivied relics of other ages, and the past is all a mine of rich material? But for us, nor mouldering wall, nor antique tower clusters its sacred memories. The past—two centuries, and all beyond is mystery. Nor frowning turret of old renown, nor tourney, nor tented field, looks out from its lonely depths. There is a wilderness—a vast dim wilderness, and men turn from its solemn secrets, to the splendid themes of other climes. Yet they who love those lonely wastes, find their reward; the step that would falter on a foreign strand, grows free and strong among their hidden mazes, and now and then there gleams up to the searching eye, some sacred relic of those mysterious ages, whose records of heroic deeds were written on the glowing fancies of each passing generation. Such is our tale. It hath been registered, too, elsewhere, on a sterner page.

It was a summer noontide, but there was no village hum, or din of cities. The music of the wild old woods was going up alone to heaven. The merry brooks laughed out loud and clear as they leaped from rock to rock in their green depths; the voice of the river came like a deep murmur of delight, as it stole onward to the distant sea; while the glad and beautiful language of the woods, rung and thrilled through their green arches, from the thousand nestlers in those leafy shades. Far down, deep among the clustering hills, there lay one little nook of sweet and rare beauty. It was dark with verdure, for the boughs of the lordly oak were laced above it, and only patches of the bright blue sky shone down through the twinkling leaves; even the lustre of that warm noonday as it found its way through those masses of waving green, grew so-

lemn and dim, like a clear twilight. But the waters that came dripping, foaming and silvery, down the angle in the rock, to the basin below, shone up from its pictured and shadowy depths, like living crystal, and gliding out a glossy rivulet, it half circled with its sportive sweep the whole area, breathing through the lonely little glen a glad and sparkling beauty. And yet, at that hour it wore the charm of a brighter presence. There was a light among those clustering leaves, without which palaces are dim, and which can make the lone desert beautiful; the light of those living, mysterious fountains that link the material, to the world of intellect, giving to the deep and subtle thought, a visible existence. Nor bird's nor gazelle's were the wild dark eyes that looked out from that shady recess. A thing of life and thought, a glorious young creature of the woods sat drinking in the music of the wind, as it played in the canopy above. The crimson berry mingled with the fresh oak leaves on that dark young brow, and the rich hair floated down free and beautiful, half hiding with its glossy clusters, the girdle of shells and gold that gathered the rude robe beneath, and gave, with a slight clasp, to its unfashioned folds, the haughty grace, the rich and breathing shape of beauty.

She gazed on the fountain. Sweet violets and clumps of richest moss grew on the low turf at her feet, and purple blossoms, and a thousand nameless flowers sprung all around on the shady bank; and the waters, as they poured out from the still depths of the basin, went talking low and sweet, among the stones and mossy roots, that curled and braided their currents, while ever and anon some strange, wild tone came ringing out from the far depths of the wood, and echoing loud and sweet through its lofty chambers—and yet she gazed on those pebbly depths as though all sights and sounds of beauty had lost their charm. But something in the deep, unquiet eye, and now and then a sudden and brilliant smile told that the spirit was searching out its own hidden fountains.

But they whose thoughts and feelings are prisoned in the channels of the cultured mind, may but ill analyze the gladness, or trace the imaginings, that sparkle over the chaos of an untaught intellect. And she was one whose fine perceptions had been moulded

among the beautiful influences of the woods. The shadow on the sunny turf had dialed her young hours. Nature had been that wild *Lady's Book*. She had learned her music from the leaves and birds, and fashions from every simple flower that brightened her path. That lone wilderness had opened to her the pages of an exhaustless romance, and she had read the language of the stars, and learned devotion from every page in earth or heaven, that whispered of wisdom or might. They had poured their imagery into her young mind, till it needed but a touch to flash forth in song; they had nurtured there the lofty and poetic feeling that, developed into action, might resound in distant lands, and go down through all ages, a bright, undying record of womanly deed. But alas! the gentle influence that had nursed the brilliant flowers of that lonely dell into their rare and perfect beauty, had only taught them to lavish a richer perfume on its solitude. She who sat among them, wasting the light of her young being on the unlettered woods, was only sharing the destiny of those myriads of the bright and beautiful, whose memory scarce lives in the dream of the poet—even his, whose hearth is on their graves.

There were human tones on the rock above. "Snow Feather," muttered a low voice. The young savage lifted her drooping eyelids, for a light slumber had weighed them unawares; she sprang from her listless attitude, and gazed eagerly among the bushes that grew to the edge of the summit above. But the voice went on, and she knew from its low half-whispered tone, that the name which had broken her dream was spoken for another listener.

"Hush father," said another voice; "let us go to the temple;—she sleeps in the glen below, for I flung an offering to the Manitou as I passed, and I saw her asleep by the fountain. Let us go to the temple, father; my strange tale is not for a woman's ear."

"Nay, Vattamatomae," replied the first, "what careth the priest for thy wild tale? Let me hear the message of the Werowancee. For the maiden fear not—if such a tread as thine roused her not, her rest is deep. Say on, Vattamatomae; we have no listener," and the prophet did not know how the faint whispers of a name interlinked with our memories, our fears and hopes, are mightier than the tread of a conqueror.

The young maiden had sunk on the mossy stone, and her eyes were closed again, but the gorgeous links of fancy were broken, and something sadder than dreams wrought the smile on her lip. The voice of Vattamatomae still sounded above, but his cautious recital was heard only in the glen like an unmeaning murmur.

"I say, father," he repeated, his elevated tone suddenly breaking its restraint, "the Monocan hath promised to bury the tomahawk forever, and he will yield too to the blue waters of the ——— and the rich hunting grounds beyond. The wampum is woven, and the Werowancee hath but to give"—and he checked his voice again, so that the name of the sacrifice which might purchase these national advantages was only audible to him for whom it was spoken.

"As ye will, father," rejoined Vattamatomae, in reply to the whispered interrogation of the other, "by dream, by spell, or token, as ye best may; so the Werowancee bade me tell you—but, be it done quickly, for ere this moon is old, he will stand by his own council-fire again, with the Monocan for his guest."

"This moon!" repeated the voice of the elder speaker. "These are crooked words," he added, indignantly; "you said but now, that he had gone to the great fight, where the canoes of the Mingoos cover the mighty waters of the north."

"Nay, father," replied the other; "two moons are fled since the council fire was buried on the Lenape Whittuck, and ere this the chief is towards his own bluehills again."

"Then why came ye not hither before?" rejoined the priest in the same elevated tone. "Is it for him, who bears the message of a mighty Sachem to loiter on his path?"

"Father, ye wrong me—I did the bidding of my chief. There came a wild tale to the council house of the nation, from the tribes who dwell on the borders of the great Salt Water Lake."

"And what said the Werowancee?" inquired the priest, after some minutes earnest conference.

"He laughed at their tale, father, and he bade me go thither on my path homeward, that I might shame them with their false words. And—but father, bark! The leaves are rustling in the glen again. If ye would hear my strange tidings, come hither at least to the ledge above." It was evident that the intimation had been obeyed, for the voices were soon inaudible in the distance.

The young maiden still sat by the fountain—she had covered her face with her hands. At last a heavy step marred the sweet melodies in the thicket above. "Snow Feather," muttered a harsh tone, and the same voice which had dispelled her slumbers, now broke in on her waking dreams. A rude path wound along the less precipitous descent beyond the stream, and the eye of a modern heroine might have shrunk from the form of the wild old man, who was slowly winding his way down the crag, with his wolf-skin mantle gathered about him, and the gray hair floating on his brow and shoulders. But the glance with which the maiden regarded him betrayed no nervous disquietude, though there stole over her proud features a slight shade of reverence.

"The priest found a white token in the temple, when he came home from the mountain," said the intruder, as he seated himself on the mossy trunk that crossed the brook, while his glance expressed the interrogation, which neither the tone nor the language had intimated.

"Father," began the maiden—she lifted her downcast eye—something in the face of the priest checked her words. Some powerful excitement burned in the small wild eye that was fixed on hers; and the mysterious allusions of the messenger to his subsequent communication, seemed invested with fresh mystery, from its visible effect on one not wont to be moved with tales of wonder.

"The young Snow Feather is at sport with the gray-haired prophet," said the old man, scornfully, at last interrupting the protracted silence.

"Father," repeated the maiden, and the voice that rung through the glen was clear and birdlike, "the Snow Feather sat in the door of the Werowancee to-day and wept. Who but the prophet can brighten a heavy spirit? So she sought the temple."

The priest muttered an exclamation of surprise.—"Why should the daughter of the mighty Werowancee be sad? She who speaks, and her will is done. She who roams with her train of maidens all the day, as idly as a warrior? Why art thou sad, daughter?"

The maiden waited a moment in evident embarrassment.

"I had gathered flowers with my maidens, till the mats were covered; we had braided wreaths till the walls were all hung with garlands; we had spread nets for the blue-birds till we were weary, and still it was not noon-day. Then they brought out shells and feathers, and braided a coronal, and wove it with the bright blue and crimson the Eagle-Eye loves best, and that too was done—and yet the sun was only going up the sky—his path down to the blue trees looked long and weary, and the shadows scarce moved upon the turf. Then I thought how to-morrow would come creeping up the hills as to-day, and another, and another, till the days were all fled so wearily;—the young girls had gone out to braid their hair by the stream,

and their laugh rung among the trees, but the heart of the Snow Feather was like a weary bird, and she sat in the door and wept."

"And why went ye not out with them? There is gladness among the leaves and waters, even when the spirit of man is bowed with sadness!"

"Father, I have roamed through these woods, till all their bright places lie in my heart like the shadow in the fountain. I have listened to the birds, till I know every voice from the red-breast's to the dove's, and I am weary of these flowers and streams. I thought of the Werowance and the Eagle-Eye, and I wished I were a warrior, or a chief, that I might sail in my canoe up the blue river. Oh! I would find out some new land, where the shadows never linger; and, father, I came to hear that wild legend ye told me once in the temple of Oppamit. But the prophet was gone—so I strung a white garland for the Manitou of the fountain."

The young speaker paused; her earnest eye drooped beneath the keen gaze of her listener.

"Say on, Snow Feather," said the old man, as he glanced towards the slanting sunbeams that played on the rock. "'Tis but a little while since the shadows crept so lazily. Do they travel swifter because they are turned? Say on, Snow Feather, for by the light in your eye, your tale is not done. You came to the prophet's home, sad and weary—you are neither sad nor weary now."

"I have told you all," replied the maiden, lifting again her sparkling eye, and checking the rich smile that wreathed her lip. "It was only a dream, a beautiful and glorious dream; but, father, you worship not the fair-browed spirit of the glen. When I came to the temple to choose my Manitou, ye told me legends of every bright divinity but him, and when I breathed his name, ye warned me of his snowy mantle, and his fearful brow of light."

"Your dream, your dream," repeated the prophet impatiently. "Even though it were of him, daughter, that will I unfold the doom the Great Spirit hath ordained for you."

"Many moons have fled," continued the maiden, "since I chose the fair spirit of the waters for my guardian; since then, ye know, I have worn this feathery token on my brow, till the warriors know me afar, by its snowy light, and my own name is scarce remembered. I have worshipped him at the gray dawn, and evening twilight, but never a glimpse of the white mantle, or wreath of snow has paid my devotion; for when I thought I saw them glistening among the leaves, it was only the feathery foam of the waters. And to-day when I came down the glen, I flung my wreath on the rock, with a sad and scornful heart, for I had loved the Manitou better than my father, or the Eagle-eye, and I was weary of serving one who scorned my worship. And while I gazed sadly on the waters above, till they seemed like thousands of beautiful feathers, falling over the mossy patches of the gray rock, there stole a heavy slumber on my eyelids. And still I seemed to gaze as before; I heard the murmuring of the brook, the sunshine played on the moes as ye see it now, but father," and the thrilling tones of the speaker were half subdued; "there, beyond the fountain, leaning against the rock, his feathery mantle all dripping and sparkling with light and foam, I thought there stood a glorious creature. His lips were like the living rose, his eyes like stars, so large and clear, and he smiled with a fearful and glorious smile. Then I thought he came and stood beside me here, all glistening with light and beauty, and the arrows in his girdle glittered like the moonlight, but I was not afraid, for he took the dazzling wreath from his brow, and flung it on mine. He bade me say my wish, for he said, and his fearful smile grew deeper as he spoke, 'That mortal maiden

had never yet served in vain, the Manitou of the glen.'"

The prophet frowned. "Then, father," continued the maiden; "I told him how I was sad, I knew not why, and weary of roaming through the forest, with none to love me, and none to love. His smile grew deep again, as he asked me of my maidens, and my father's noble warriors, and the chief of the Wabingo, and the great Werowance of the south, who had sent presents to my father to win me for his bride. He spoke of my father, and the Eagle-Eye. Then I told him my maidens were true and gentle, and the warriors of the guard were brave, but their thoughts were not like mine, and for the fierce stranger chief, what cared I? The Werowance, indeed, loved me better than all things else, and I would have died for him, but he came not often to his tent, and then his soul was at the hunt, or the far council-fire; and little time for the mighty chief of thirty tribes to care for a simple maiden. But when he spoke of the Eagle-Eye, I thought I wept; and I told him how our hearts had grown together, when we roamed of old through the sunny glades, but the Eagle-Eye had grown stern and brave, and gone to the great waters of the north, to win him a name that should live like the stars; and left the Snow Feather to string shells, and gather flowers, and be forgotten ere the dead leaf fell on her grave. The Manitou gazed on me a moment with a glistening eye, and I thought I heard his low voice singing, 'Maiden, thou shalt have thy wish!' Then he caught the token from my brow with his bright and snowy fingers, and threw it high above the trees, and upward it sailed, higher and brighter, away and away, till at last it hung in the blue heaven, like a large and beautiful star. The bright spirit shook his plumes, and laughed loud and joyously, and his laugh was clear like the music of the waters as he pointed me to it, and said, 'Will the Eagle-Eye win him a higher name than that?' And then I was sailing with him alone in a fair canoe; the glen was gone, the wooded shores were all behind us, and nothing was left but the sky and the waters. I thought of the spirit-land that lies beyond the Great Salt Lake, for there rose a beautiful strand before us; I saw groves, and temples, and palaces of snow, and spirits like the fair-browed Manitou roamed among them. He leaned upon his oar, and pointed through the trees to his home of light, and told me I should dwell with him forever. Why did he mock me with that blessed vision? For when I would have sprung upon the strand, and the music of a thousand reeds floated on my ear, another voice repeated my name above. Prophet it was thine. And now doth not my weary life seem sadder than before? Father, can ye unfold my dream? Say, was it not too beautiful and glorious for mortal destiny?"

"Listen, maiden," said the old man, solemnly. "The bright-browed Manitou has thrown his snares for you. To-morrow the spell shall be broken, and even in that wild vision I will trace the shadow of thy fate. The Snow Feather shall indeed go to another land," he added, in tones of studied emphasis; "she shall find another home, and another people, but not beyond the waters. To-morrow, maiden, at noon-day, in the home of the priest, the dream shall be revealed."

The prophet moved onward as he spoke. The Snow Feather turned with a hasty step; she gave a single glance at the fountain as she wound around its tufted edge to the path beyond. That glance arrested her step. There is a principle of human nature which has been considered peculiarly incident to savage minds, as well as those of the gentle sex for whom this tale is written, and it will not be deemed improbable that an appeal to the curiosity of one who combined in her own intellect the peculiarities of both, should not have failed of its effect, even in the present moment, of high-wrought feeling. The Snow Feather

had brought that day to the glen, an offering of brilliant shells, that the Eagle-Eye had gathered for her, from the sands on the mighty waters of the north, and as she dropped the sacred mementoes of her brother's love down the shining waters of the basin, she had smiled to see that, instead of passing to the dim depths below, they had settled, one by one, on a small ledge of the curved rock, where the falling waters had no power to displace them. To this point that passing glance had been directed, but she paused—the glance grew to a steadfast gaze—she uttered a low, wild murmur. The shells were still lying in the hollow of the rock, but not as before she slept. Then she remembered well they lay alone on the stony shelf of the basin. Was it a token she now saw from him who dwelt, far down, deep in the sunless home of the fountain? They had told her its crystal walls were studded with gold and gems, and well she knew of all the bright and costly treasures, the daughter of a Werowancee might claim, the best and brightest had gone down to deck that silent dome. Had he who sat on its jewelled floor, moulding the pearly drops of the deep, had he remembered his worshipper at last, and wrought her a token while she slept? A strange and brilliant object lay on the stone among the shells, a small bright orb, most curiously wrought, and the rich string lay coiled on the stone beside it. It was surely a childish thought—but to the dazzled eye of the maiden, as it shone through the clear liquid, it all seemed of gold, the chain, and the orb—pure massive gold. Yet, what but the fancy of a child, would picture masses of that rare and rich material, larger than those that shone like specks, in her own princely girdle? The Snow Feather knelt on the edge of the basin, and after a few moments of careful and breathless effort, the strange object of her curiosity lay, wet and glistening, on the turf before her. And something of awe chastened the deep and keen delight that sparkled on her features, as she shook out the rich chain, while her finger carelessly pressed the knob of gold beneath.

In a moment, she had sprung to the other side of the fountain, with a wild deep cry—her face was buried in her robe—the rich gift lay flung on the turf beyond. Was it a dream? That shining thing had opened to her touch—a haughty lip, a strange and beautiful eye, had looked out upon her from within. Was it indeed illusion, or had her hand unlocked the cell of some fair and living spirit? The faith of the young pagan, though deep and enthusiastic, had hitherto found its home in her imagination. It had been roused with legends and dreams, and the waking reveries of her girlish fancy, but till now it had held a distinct and separate existence from the dull realities of her being, nay, the experience of her whole life, had formed as it were a contradictory evidence, to that gorgeous ideal of her hopes. But it was no illusion. She sat in that still summer air; the birds were singing above her, the softened and shadowy light that played around her, was the light of life and day. It was no dream; and yet, there lay the mystery on the turf beyond, glittering, and mocking her very reason, with a reality wilder than dreams. Yet, even then, there shone a slight development of the decision of thought and feeling, which, one learned in the language of human features, might have seen beautifully written on the lip of the royal maiden.

She knelt again, with the beautiful shell on the turf before her; slowly and fearfully she lifted the lid from its mysterious inhabitant. There it lay, like a beautiful shadow, in that small ring of glittering stones, gazing up as with a glance of gentle recognition, with the still curl, on the bright, unbreathing lips; and the brow was like the snowy brow of her Manitou, yet she saw not the wild creature of her dream. They were young and noble features, all bright and fair like

the morning sunlight. The rich hair lay gathered on the brow in brilliant curls, deep as the hue of the ripened chestnut, and the tints of the fresh violet shone in the full eyes like a beautiful and vivid painting. They wore too a gleam of high and chastened thought, that no flight of an unlettered intellect might picture, and worlds of knowledge lay in their calm depths, undreamed of even in the lore of the prophet.

The Indian maiden gazed on the fair features, of the jewelled picture, till all fear was gone. She remembered her dream. The secrets of some high and solemn destiny seemed opening before her. A dim light was straying through the dark and tenantless chambers of the soul; new thoughts were thronging there; and there sprung up then a wild proud hope, such an one as the human heart will sometimes seize in its hour of weariness and yearning sorrow, and lean on through long years, till all its noble wealth, the lofty aspiration, the dim longing for its high inheritance, are clustered on some reed-like promise.

The maiden went out from the shady dingle to the homes of men with a light and springing step, for the joyless future had grown beautiful—the picture was in her girdle, its image had been reared already in the holy places of her heart, and every idle thought and affection came thronging to the worship. From that hour a wild and splendid dream of hope brightened her existence.

Midway down the slope of a noble river, rose the princely hunting lodge of *Werocamo*. The painted mats that covered the royal dwellings, looked out among clumps of stately trees in the midst of the long line of warrior tents, but the gentle slope that fronted them was smooth and verdant, down to the water's edge, with only here and there some lordly relic of the dim thicket above.

Two moons had fled since the messenger of the Werowancee had borne his secret tidings to the dwelling of the priest, and it was still summer. The hour was beautiful. Brilliant masses of vapour lay floating above the rich plumes of the western hills; the mellow light had faded from the bosom of the broad river below, but it still played strong and clear on the tops of the forest that crowned the summit, brightening the gorgeous dyes on the low, arched roof of that ancient palace.

The hunt was done. It was an hour of rest. Little feet pressed the rich, shadowed turf before the dwelling; voices of childhood's frolic rung among the trees; the wife had left her unbraided mat in the tent; the young bright-eyed girls who were weaving their baskets in the door, had flung aside their unfinished toil. There was rest for all, from her, whose bowed shoulders and scanty robe, revealed her stern lot among the rude labours of the field, to those who moved gaily under the trees, with the beautiful tokens of rank on their brows; while the small hand, the idle step, and the delicate ankle, with its beaded chain, showed no rest was needed. Wild sounds rung from the shore below, fantastic forms danced on the slope, thrilling laughs and muttered tones echoed among the fierce groups without the trees; but they marred not the quiet of the scene: to those who sat in the doors on that calm evening, they were old remembered tones—sounds that came loaded with the dim memories of childhood—the fierce eyes and painted faces, the robe of skins with the crimson glare of the *Pocome* were only linked, in those wild minds, with fearless and untroubled thoughts, or dreams of gladness.

But there was one whose haughty step rung on the turf below, before whom the eye of priest and warrior sunk with reverence. The king whose glory is the legacy of his ancestors, may need the gemmed crown, and the robe of purple to point him from his fellow men; but he who moved among those warrior

grouse had wrought out his own high destiny, and the royalty was in his withering eye; the chief of a few mighty warriors, who had stretched his domains in the far hunting grounds of his fathers, from hill to hill, and river to river, till from the blue mountains to the blue sea, his hunting horse was in every tribe, and every king paid him tribute. Ah, there needed not the feathery diadem, and the gorgeous hues of his regal mantle, to mark him the ruling spirit of the realm. And yet it was told that one gentle hand held the strong reins of that mighty heart, that one low voice could hush its loud passions, moulding at pleasure its sternest purposes. But the Werowancee strode with a haughty step; the bold light of triumph was in his eye. He had finished in that hour a great victory. He had flung the idol from his heart, and ambition sat on her throne again. The young creature of his worship had knelt before him, in all her rich dream-like beauty; that low voice had rung on his ear, startling anew the sweet memories of the dead, she had knelt with the tear in her beaming eye, and words of strange eloquence on her lip; nay, she had prayed him by the name of one whose home was in the far spirit land, but he had called back the dew from his eye—he had choked his voice till it was cold and calm—he had answered—"No"—was he a woman now? Yet there was high passion on his brow, and the pressed lip and hurried tread told that the victory was not all his own.

There was mirth and music above. The beauties of the land were there in the fair array of the festival; the young queens were sporting in their royal beads and brodered mantles, gay girlish voices floated in laughter among the trees, yet one was there who heeded not the mirth or music—one whose soul had no share in the gladness of that hour. She sat alone, on the gay mat of the royal dwelling. The ramblers as they passed the door looked in for a moment with hushed voices, and went whispering onward, and a group of wild-eyed maidens stood without, gazing on her with looks of awe and sadness. She sat alone, wrapped in her rich garment, with a single snow-feather bound among her braided hair, and the proud young head was bowed in sorrow; the whole attitude was one of deep and utter hopelessness.

"Princess," said a low timid voice, "is it meet that the chiefs and warriors should be gathered to welcome the guest, while the bride sits in her tent unadorned?"

The intrusion was evidently painful. The royal maiden lifted her brow with a quick and haughty movement, but her cold glance softened as she met the timid gaze that was fastened on her. The gentlest and best beloved of her favourite train had ventured within the tent, and stood beside her with a freshly woven garland. "Let me call the maidens," she continued, "the princess must be decked for her bridal."

"No—no," replied the other, with a slow and angry emphasis, "ye may sooner deck me for my burial," and she covered her face and wept.

The young savage knelt beside her mistress; she flung her arm around her with the untaught grace of feeling. She would have soothed her.

"Nay, Metehora, let me weep. Am I not going from my father's tent, and my own broad land, to dwell with the wild Monocan by the dark streams beyond the hills? I thought there was one who loved me. Hath he not sold me with all my love for the range of a goodly river? did I not kneel to him but now, in mine agony, and he flung me from him, even with my mother's name on my lips? And oh! my dream, my dream," she murmured with a new, and deeper tone of anguish, "my beautiful and blessed dream, is it not all fled forever! Go away, Metehora, I will weep till my heart is broken."

"But, princess," rejoined the other, "so the priest told you your dream two moons ago, and you have

moved among us ever since, with a strange light in your eye. The maidens said you rejoiced in your destiny."

"Listen, Metehora. I believed not the word of the prophet." An expression of horror rose to the lip of her auditor, but the maiden continued. "I knew he had learned that warning from mortal lips, and then I had never knelt in vain to him who sent it, and my fair Manitou had left me a memorial that told of another meaning. Metehora, I have worshipped one higher and brighter than the stars, and I deemed my destiny was linked with his—he hath mocked me with a vain promise. See here, maiden."

The look of eager curiosity with which the young attendant had watched her movements as she drew the rich chain from the folds of her robe, displaying its beautiful appendage, at that moment deepened into something more than the startled gaze of wonder, as the lid opened before her. Her face grew solemn with emotion. "I have seen him, I have seen him," she repeated in fervent tones. "The Great Spirit forbid the doom of the Snow Feather should be mingled with his."

"Thou hast seen him!" exclaimed the princess, her eye darkening with strong passion. "Hath he mocked thee too with dreams and shadows?"

"Nor dream, nor shadow"—but Metehora checked her voice, and gazed around the apartment with a timid and startled air.

The princess murmured with impatience. "Say on, Metehora. Where saw you the fair-browed Manitou? Say on, maiden."

"I may not, princess," replied the attendant. "Ask me no more, if you would not see the fresh sod trodden above me," and the high excitement of her features showed it was no idle language.

"Metehora," and she spoke reproachfully; "you were the daughter of an humble warrior, and I made you first of all my train, and the sister of my love. Must the Snow Feather pray to you, too, in vain?—Speak, maiden, what of the Manitou?"

"And is it for a simple maiden to reveal the councils of the Werowancee? Princess," continued Metehora, "it is a light thing for you to die. For you are of a kingly line, and a high and glad home is waiting for you in the hunting grounds of the dead, but you remember well, for you said it but now, that I am of a lowly race, and my life is all here; there is no home for me in the land of shadows. And, princess," she continued, in a lower tone, "is it a light thing for me to draw on my brow the wrath of the mighty Werowancee?"

"And who hath given you a seat in the councils of the Werowancee?" replied the young princess, proudly.

But her attendant seemed scarce to heed her inquiry. She stood for a moment with her thoughtful eye fixed on the floor of the tent, and then walked rapidly to the entrance. The shadows were deepening without, and only a faint russet tinge above the hills, still showed where the sun had been. Her eye ran rapidly along the narrow level before the dwellings, and she glanced for a moment through the openings in the boughs, to the rude forms on the slope below. There were no listeners. Her companions had indeed withdrawn but a slight distance, for they were grouped beneath the boughs of the chestnut whose shadows fell on the building, but she knew from the close ring in which they sat, and the earnest tones among them, that the curiosity which had led them to the door of the tent, was wholly diverted from its object: She spoke with a subdued voice as she retreated a few steps within the entrance.

"Hear me—the hunters who came yesterday from the chase, brought home living game—they snared a strange deer in their path. Princess, I passed the treasure house to-day. If you would know more, you

must go thither before to-morrow's sunset. But at the dawn, if the Monocan comes not ere then, they will send you and your train to the dwelling of the priest. I heard the Werowanee say to him, as I passed the glen, 'The Snow Feather hath a woman's heart—she loves not blood!' They little dream an humble maiden hath their secret." But her voice suddenly dropped to a whisper; "I see the mantle of the Werowanee among the leaves," and she uttered rapidly the wild names of her companions, till the whole of the savage train stood gathered around their mistress.

The alarm was needless. The Werowanee had only glanced within the tent as he passed, but from that moment the lip of Metehora was sealed. A maiden who had lingered without, soon brought the rumour that the Monocan had not yet arrived within two days' march of Werocomo; and ere the groupes without had darkened in the gathering twilight, there came a messenger from the priest, to bid the princess and her attendants to his dwelling, with the earliest dawn of the morning.

It was night. The broad moonlight strayed through the crevices of the walls, into a darkened room of the palace, revealing the outline of its objects. Aching brows pressed the rich furs of the low couch in its centre; the Snow Feather lay on her princely bed with sleepless eyelids. The young forms on the mats around drooped silent and motionless, as though the chisel had wrought them there, and through the mat that divided the dwelling came the measured breathings of the Werowanee, as he lay in the room without, with his guard of chosen warriors. It was midnight, for the sentinels at each angle of the house, had twice repeated their alternate calls. Two more rounds of that wild cry, and those sleeping forms would rise again to the life and bustle of day. Once on her way to the temple and it were vain to dream of unravelling that tissue of mystery. She rose from her couch and stole with a noiseless tread towards the wall where the crevices of light marked the entrance. She lifted the edge of the curtaining mat. The stars looked pale in the white shower of moonlight that fell, bathing wood and turf, and strewing the shadows of the dark river as with snow; while the dim nooks of the distant shore seemed touched with a new gloom. A low, constant note trilled from the chestnut boughs—even the soft murmur of the river rose on that still air.

The Snow Feather recalled the words of her maiden. There was but one clue to their mystery. A weary mile from Werocomo, in the heart of the dim thicket that stretched along the shore above, stood a dark and lonely building, the treasure house of the King, that even in the broad daylight men passed with quickened movements, for it was guarded with wild forms, not fashioned in the semblance of things earthly, and there lay those untold riches of gems, and beads, and royal garments the Werowanee had gathered in store for the day of his burial. But a single point concentrated the bright hope that had filled her existence. What would not a young heart dare at such a crisis?

In a few moments a light tread was on the turf without, and ere the sentinels had lifted their heavy eyelids, the form of the Snow Feather went stealing like a spirit along the bank of the river. There was no faltering in that rapid step, and yet, as she wound into the dim embrasures of the wood, something like its own chilling shadow fell on her excited feelings. The beautiful radiance of the night streamed but faintly through the solemn arches above, and her own gliding tread was the only sound or motion in all that solitude. But it was not for the daughter of a Lenni Lenape to shrink from the shadows of the forest, and her weary path around marshy beds and over hills and dales was swiftly trodden. And she paused at last on the ascent that was to terminate her path; for the

moonlight that glared among the stately trunks above, announced an opening in the thicket. But any indecision, which some sudden view of her daring enterprise might have produced, seemed soon to have vanished in other and more exciting emotions. She stood the next moment on the brow of the hill. There was a day-like brightness in the broad circular valley below; for the trees were few and scattered, and that lone, ancient house stood like a vast arbour in its centre, while every shadow lay on the lawn-like surface about it with a vivid and perfect outline. And to the eye of the young Indian there was more of gloom than the outward loneliness. Fearful legends came thronging to her memory, as she glanced towards the huge inanimate forms, that stood with bow and arrow, guarding that desolate abode. And where was the promise that had led her thither? Was the daughter of the Werowanee the one to be mocked with an idle tale? And as she recalled once more the dark language of her maiden, the undefined expectation that had quickened her step was remembered only as the illusion of a dream.

A shadow moved below; something like the wild tone of an Indian sentinel rose, and thrilled through the woods with a clear and startling shrillness. A few steps along the circular summit placed the astonished maiden opposite the entrance of the dwelling. Then she knew that the words of Metehora were no unmeaning fable. Rude garments lay on the turf, at that strange hour; in the shade of those lonely and desolate walls, she saw a group of armed warriors. The vague fearfulness was subdued; she moved slowly down the bank. A nearer survey revealed the chosen warriors of her father's guard. They lay in the attitude of listless slumber, but her stealing tread had not been unperceived. A human form emerged from the angle of the building, the eyes of the warrior were fastened boldly on her. But her own perplexity at the sudden encounter was evidently reciprocated. He had started back, his brows were lifted, and some loud exclamation seemed waiting for utterance; but the Snow Feather placed her finger on her lip, and pointed to the reclining warriors. "Rouse not these sleepers, and I will give you the gold in my girdle. Listen, Vattatomae," she continued, suddenly recalling her clue. "Thou art a cunning warrior; the hunters snared a strange deer on their path, and brought home living prey. Now Vattatomae, unfold my errand."

"Then the Werowanee hath betrayed his own council," muttered the warrior, with evident surprise; but he smiled, as he added, "The Snow Feather hath come through the forest to gaze on the victim."

The heart of the maiden throbbed audibly as she signified her assent, and the sentinel obeying her caution, stole carefully towards the entrance of the building. He lifted the mat, and the clear light streamed within: it fell on a human figure. The wild cry that parted the lips of the princess died away unuttered; but she knew at a glance that he whose noble form lay revealed before her was not of the children of the Lenape. She saw the strange attire and the pale brow of that mysterious one, whose voiceless image had filled her soul with a dream of beauty too high for earth; and there, wrapped in the same close and gorgeous array, in the full proportion and majesty of life, lay that lofty stranger. The sentinel still held the mat but she passed him unheeding, and ere he could check her rapid movements, she was kneeling on the floor within, to gaze and to worship. Ah! then she knew it was not her heart's idol; she saw not the bright face of youth that was graven on every hope.

The warrior lay asleep, but it was a hero's slumber, for though the pale cheek was worn with long vigils and suffering, but for the lids on the full orbs, he might have seemed in that pallid light a warrior nerved for the battle. He slept, but there was no relaxing of the

haughty features; the brow wore its contracted frown, the stern lips were bent, and the hand on his girdle rested with clenched fingers, as though it had grasped a weapon. The white forehead lay uncovered in the moonlight; it was bold and high, and every feature wore the perfect outline of the chisel. The high courage, which no extremity of danger and suffering might bow, the dauntless genius that had roamed the world, and won a name among her heroes, had left their traces even in the slumbers of that savage prison.

The maiden gazed in silence; there was no language for that wild delight. She shook back her flowing hair, she bent her eyes to his, and still the illusion, if such it was, had not faded. Lightly and timidly she laid her hand on his forehead, it was no shadow, for the warm touch of life thrilled her fingers, but the stern lips of the warrior relaxed with a mournful smile, and words of a strange language were murmured on her ear. Oh! had that gentle hand reminded the dreaming captive of some fairer, in the far home of his birth!

A familiar voice broke painfully on the rapt senses of the maiden; it recalled the singular circumstances that surrounded her, for the hour, the place, the undefined purpose of her visit, had all vanished in that gaze of admiration.

"No—no, wake him not," said the sentinel. "You know he dies at to-morrow's sunset, but he hath been a brave warrior—break not his last repose."

Had the poisoned arrow of the Mingo pierced her heart, it could not have drawn a wilder, sadder cry. "Die, Vattatomae!" and she fixed her eye upon the sentinel with a glance that thrilled his nerves, as she slowly approached him; "who dies at to-morrow's sunset?"

"The Snow Feather must surely know," replied the warrior, "that yonder is the chief of the strange tribe—the pale men who have come up from the dwellings of the sea, with the lightnings for their arrows"—but he paused, for his listener was drinking in his words with an eagerness which sent to his mind a sudden suspicion. "But who knows of the hunters' prey that was not of yesterday's council!" he muttered hastily, and the princess turned from his scrutinizing look. The language of wild and passionate sorrow broke from her lips; she saw the strong cords that bound the limbs of the victim, and she knew that he was doomed. "Thou to die! No—no," and the roused energies, the whole might of a high heart lingered in her tones. But they died suddenly away—a full hazel eye met hers.

The noble stranger was gazing on her, and the pleasant sounds on his lip were the words of her native tongue. They were few and broken; but there was a language in the eye that had no pauses, and his rapid and eloquent gestures needed no interpretation. Well did that stranger know the avenues of womanly pity. He told her of a land towards the rising sun, of gentle eyes that would be weeping for him there, and watching for his coming, even when the leaves of that lone forest were gathered above him. And, ere the Snow Feather went out from the shadows of his prison, she had promised him, on the faith of the Lenni Lenape, that he should not die.

The morn was breaking when the young princess stood with her train of maidens before the door of her father's dwelling, and the light of some lofty and beautiful enthusiasm kindled her eye as she lingered a moment under the chestnut boughs to wait the coming of the golden orb whose edge just brightened above the woods. There was a momentary unbending of that wild and singular expression, as the form of the Werowance appeared in the door. "But no, no," she murmured, "last night he flung me from him—not again, the glory must be my own," and yet her eye melted with a look of strange sadness as she stood for

a moment gazing after him, but it passed swiftly away, and when she turned again and moved onward with her savage train, there was a lightning in its liquid depths, and a majesty in her mien that fastened the glances of those wild gazers in silent awe and astonishment.

The day was bright and peaceful, the sun went down his western path as swiftly as though he bore no death on his wing, and the temple above the glen already stood in the long shadows of the western rock. The tread that rung on that sacred floor was hurried with agony.

Among the rude forms that adorned the temple, there sat a bevy of young, light-hearted girls. Two or three, whose forms appeared partially concealed behind the images, were eagerly employed in fastening the loose beads on an embroidered garment, whose loose folds, as they opened with every movement, revealed a workmanship of singular and splendid beauty, and others sat with folded arms lazily watching the shadows, and there were others whose sullen and restless glances seemed to scorn the narrow walls that confined them. Worlds of merriment lay in the wild black eyes that now and then peered up among those ungathered tresses, but some spell of silence seemed breathed within the walls: every gay lip was mute, and now and then a stealing glance at the beautiful young figure that glided through the temple, evidently deepened the restraint. The priest reclined on the large stone without the door so that none might pass unperceived.

"Will he never go!" murmured the princess impatiently, as she passed the maidens who were toiling in the corner. "Go on, go on, Metehora," she continued, for she had met the troubled glance that was lifted to hers. "There is no time for idle gazing; see the shadows—how long they grow—the sun is almost to the rock."

"Many suns must hide beneath that rock ere the Snow Feather wear this garment—say, princess, why should I hasten?" and Metehora gazed again on those proud features with a glance that sought their inmost meaning. But the princess turned away in silence, and with a fearful look that till that day she had never worn—a strange flashing smile, that mocked all scrutiny.

"Ye must stay in the temple till I come again," said the voice of the priest without. "Snow Feather, I will tell you a true tale, and wilder than the legend of the Allegewi ye love so well, if you wait for me here. See, maiden, the sun is low; if I come not when its light is faded, you need tarry no longer." The word the maiden uttered in reply was low and scarcely articulate, but it was interpreted as a murmur of assent, for his eye caught a smile on her lip, and he lingered not to analyze its meaning.

"Bring hither the baskets, Metehora," said the princess, as she turned again within the temple; "nay, linger not, now I must be decked gloriously."

"Not those," replied the maiden, shuddering; "princess, I saw beautiful flowers as I passed through the glen"—

"No, no, Metehora; the flowers would fade on that long journey—I will have gems—bring hither the sacred baskets, the robe is ready, and ye must braid my hair for a great festival."

Metehora came and stood by her mistress; her voice was low, so that none other could hear, and she spoke in the tone of earnest remonstrance. "Princess, will you profane the robe and the coronal that were wrought for your burial?"

"Profane them, maiden! Ere this day's light is gone, I will shed a glory on them that shall not fade even among the suns of the spirit-land. Look at that sun, Metehora; when he sinks behind those trees, I may be on the beautiful shores where he sleeps;" and her voice

rejoiced to a low murmur, as she gazed sadly towards the hills. "My mother hath hung her home with flowers; she stands in the door and listens for my tread; she hath spread the mat, and gathered the fruit. Metehora, I must sleep with her to-night." But the wild light faded from her eye. "Yet, maiden, it is a dark way, and what if that shore be a dream at last! Oh! there is anguish and blood!" and she turned away, and hid her face in her robe, shuddering.

Metehora threw herself at the feet of the royal maiden; her face was solemn with anguish. "What would you do, princess? Take away this fearful darkness."

"I must go, maiden," replied the princess. "I may not linger. Can the daughter of a Werowancee break her kingly word? Metehora, hear me. The glorious one I saw last night—they have doomed him to the death—the warriors, and the chiefs, and the Werowancee have all said it. Yet, the word of the Snow Feather hath gone—hear it again, maiden, *he shall not die.*"

"Then you have prayed the Werowancee," replied Metehora with a troubled look.

"No, that were vain, then; but I will, Metehora, and he shall not scorn my request again. The Werowancee doth love the language of high deeds, and so shall my prayer be made, I will wait till the blow is lifted, and when it hath fallen on my brow, when the blood of his daughter hath been given for the blood of the stranger—will he say no again. The noble being I saw last night, he is like the beautiful one I worship; to live with him long years of light and blessedness, that were too high for mortal destiny—but I will die for the pale stranger that wears his robe—better to shield his bright brow with mine, and pour out my life for his; better one moment of glory and gladness than long years with the Monocan. Bring me my burial robes, Metehora."

Slowly and timidly the startled maidens gathered around that charmed one. Trembling hands wrought the dark clusters of her floating hair, yet it lay in shapes of strange beauty; they braided it with emeralds and pearls, and showers of pearl lay among its waving blackness. The robe they fastened around her was like the bow of the sun, and she stood at last in the door of the temple, like some dazzling and gorgeous thing from the spirit-land; yet, human feeling softened that solemn eye, and mournfully it lingered on each of those young faces.

"To-morrow ye will roam through the sunny glades again—who will lead you then? And thou, Metehora; we played together in the far home of the Powhattans, and now where my home must be, thy beautiful eyes may never come."

"Thou wilt not die," whispered that gentle one, "the Great Spirit will shield thy brow, and to-morrow there will be music and gladness again," as she moved forth from that murmuring throng in the wild and beautiful array of the dead.

The sun had touched the western hills when she stood again on that wooded summit. Trees, and clouds, and sky were all tinged most gloriously; it had brightened the mist in the valley, and the rich green of its turf, and glancing leaves shone up as through a shower of living gold. A vast wild crowd were gathered around that lonely dwelling, but all was silent. The stranger had been led forth to die. His calm bold eye was lifted sadly to the heavens, for he was of a race whose hopes had climbed the skies, and found their spirit-land among the stars. The might of woman's heart that had turned the bloody sabre in the far climes of his wanderings, had he trusted it now in vain? and He whose love had been as the shadow of a rock in every weary land, was that to fail now?

But why tell the tale? Is it not written even on the page of childhood's lore, how the eloquence of

beauty and the might of woman's tears prevailed at last, even when hope was gone, and the lifted head was bowed to die. Even then there came a beautiful and glorious maiden, all decked for her bower in the spirit-land, and instead of the crash of agony, the captive felt a soft hand on his head, a light breathing form was bowing by him, and the Werowancee saw, instead of the pale brow of his fearful victim, the beautiful head that had slept on his bosom in childhood. Well had that fearful blow been checked—a moment more and he had quenched the light of his home forever. The bowed head was lifted—the deep eyes that had been the stars of his wanderings were looking into his—there was triumph in her glistening eye, a low, rich murmur trembled on her lip, "Strike! ye may strike now, my father, but the white man *must not die.*"

The weapon fell powerless; fierce eyes were glistening all around; the Great Chief gave to his victim the hand of a brother as he raised him from the turf; he lifted up his voice, and blessed the Great Spirit that his own hand had not slain his child.

But the tale is old. Why write a legend that has been told in every place, from the farthest streams of the Powhattan to the great waters of the Mengwee? And surely there is no hearth of their pale conquerors, it has not enlivened already.

She stood in a high hall of England—her small foot pressed the flowers of Turkish looms in silken hose, and slipper of damask; the crimson of her rich brocade was flowered with gold; there were pearls on her brodered vest, and jewels in her hair; the knots of its dark folds that were gathered on her brow, the heavy curls that fell on her neck, and every fold of that splendid costume, wore the charmed mould of fashion. The noon-day sun melted through damask curtains, on the rich furniture of that lofty room; it fell like the light of roses over the deep brunette of those exquisitely moulded features, and dark diamond-like eyes lighted their bloom with the gleams of high and chastened intellect.

A noble dame, the mistress of that princely hall, sat in a neat recess, tracing the fair pattern of the embroidery on her frame, and music and voices from a group of the gifted and high-born, floated from a distant room of the spacious suite, that opened like a long, dim avenue of magnificence. She sank on a crimson sofa, a gentle damsel came and sat by her side, with a page of thrilling romance for her ear; the beautiful young boy who had climbed from the cushions below, stood on the sofa beside her, playing with the silken tassels of her bodice; there were fairer faces, but every glance that rested on that, grew to the stolen gaze of admiration.

Oh! there are some whose high destinies do mock the dim pictures of hope with their brightness, and yet in every pause of that gentle tone, the dark eye of the lady drooped as though there were some hidden sadness; the deep and beautiful smile the laughing child now and then won from the lips of his young mother, seemed to leave it in sorrow. Ah, why doth joy breathe over on the human heart as though it were an untuned instrument, waking its richest chords with tones of trembling! Yet what hath joy to do with the glitter of rank and fashion; is it not tinsel when the golden dream of the heart has perished? There was something in the contour of that noble brow, and the princely curve of the lip, that often marks the thirst for glory as it is stamped on woman's features; and sometimes the dark eyes were lifted suddenly revealing, as through a glass, the restless search of high intelligence for new and hidden knowledge; and there were traces of another nature, the revealed beauty of those strong and rich affections that better become a woman's destiny. Oh! she who dreams of glory, must count the cost, and throw away the treasures of

her gentler feelings; and if her heart hath not lost all its deep and holy tones, she will know in the hour when the laurel in on her brow it hath been dearly paid for. Was it thus that high spirit had been saddened, that she sat in the splendour of those stately halls, among music and gay voices, and tones of kindness, a creature of beauty and renown that all eyes gazed upon; or, had all the hopes of her young heart perished, that she sat even there with a drooping and ungladdened eye?

"Your gentle lady is sad to-day," said the noble damsel by her side; she lifted her eye as she spoke to a gentleman in the costume of a cavalier, who had just entered the apartment. "My poor efforts to entertain her ladyship have proved somewhat fruitless," and she rose, as if to yield her place to the person she addressed; but her companion at the same moment deserted the sofa, and leaning on the arm of the graceful cavalier, they moved together towards the recess of a distant window.

"In good faith, the Lady Mary hath not spoken idly!" exclaimed the gentleman, a shade of sorrowful concern darkening the pride of his handsome features, as he regarded the splendid young being by his side.

"In Heaven's name, why is this, Rebecca! Now, when your name is ringing in cottage and palace, and all are loading you with gifts and reverence, from the Lady De La War to the queen on her throne, there must be some hidden cause of sadness."

"No, it is nothing, dearest," replied the lady; "and yet I may mourn for this," she added, in a tone that seemed to recall her first assertion. "As I sat there but now, gazing on all these strange and splendid things, the fair brows and the rich garments that flitted by me, I thought of one who first told me of them all. And how can I stand here, in his own beautiful country, with a glad face and a tone of mirth, while he hath only the fearful and narrow home of the dead?"

The gentleman fixed his fine blue eyes earnestly on her features. "And what if my countryman had told you falsely, Rebecca—what if he were not dead? I learned just now, and I came to tell you."—But he paused; the lady seemed utterly regardless of his words; her ear only caught the tones of a deep, manly voice that sounded in the next apartment.

A fresh arrival of visitors had been announced, and a small group of them were now slowly approaching with the Lady De La War, to pay their devoirs to the Indian princess. But the most acute observer would scarce have marked more than the polished manners of a high born English woman, in the simple elegance with which the lady received their greetings, and her proud lips seemed to wear the smile of courtesy as gracefully as though it were their birthright. A thrill of astonishment passed suddenly among those who were gazing on her, so unlooked for, so entire was the change at that instant wrought on her features. The calm eye, darkened with a wild flashing gleam—the deep, inarticulate cry of a savage language broke from her lip, and only the strong arm on which she leaned, withheld the light bound of that fawn-like movement.

"Rebecca," murmured a low, reproachful tone in her ear—it was enough; she leaned again in the attitude of studied grace, the wild cry was hushed on her lip—nay, the sudden revulsion of feeling had left a haughty, but unconscious coldness, as she received the noble officer who now approached the recess. Its influence was evidently not lost on the unconscious cause of her emotion, and his own mien seemed to have caught something of the same stolidity, and the astonished, admiring gaze of doubtful recognition was mingled with regret, as he uttered the language of courtly greeting.

The cold words fell as a harsh sound on that lady's ear, but she pressed her grieved lip silently. Her timid glance was lifted. A full hazel eye glanced

coldly on her—oh, was it thus it looked in the moonlight of the lonely valley beyond the waters! She saw the stern brow, the bent lips of that pale sleeper, and they wore the same look of mingled haughtiness and sorrow, as when she kneeled beside him, a wild uncultured being, in the lone treasure-house of the woods; but, was it thus he looked upon her in the light of that long past sunset, when he rose from the turf with the fresh life her prayer had given him?—The large tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Methinks the Lady Rebecca would scarcely be recognised in the halls of Verocomo?" said the officer; he spoke in a tone of respectful courtesy; but, beyond the seas, he had only called her daughter. It was but the drop in a full cup, yet it was too much. Oh! what cared she for all the splendour and the courtly faces that floated through the dimming tears; she flung away the arm she leaned on, she sunk by the window, and wept loud and wildly.

Stately forms gathered around her; tones of polite concern, and words of great soothing melted on her ear; but she turned from them all; the wild murmurs of her native tongue broke from her lip, "Let me weep—let me weep; I will wear that weary mask no longer. Oh! for the shadows of my father's dwelling. Go away, I will not smile when my heart is breaking."

She leaned alone on the crimson cushions—they had left her to the loneliness she prayed for. Beautiful sounds came through the open windows from the winding avenues of those classic grounds. The murmuring of waters in marble fountains, the prison songs of foreign birds, fair statues and Grecian temples rose among those clustering trees, and the breath of tropic flowers was on the air; but to her who leaned weeping there, it was all as though it had not been. The sounds of a far wilderness were in her soul; she heard the wild cry of the hunters, and the voice of her own gay blue-bird thrilled again; there was a smell of wild violets around her, and faint sweet perfumes of the woods; the dark rivers of her native wilderness went rolling by, and she gazed down the clear and pictured fountain by the feathery waters of the glen; long, loud tones of laughter—rich remembered tones—rung and echoed on her ear; the gay mat of the royal tent rustled to her tread, and light framed maidens with beaded garments, and long, dark hair, floating on the wind, fastened their wild glances on her.

"Rebecca," said a low, calm voice, and the dreaming lady lifted her eyes among the gleaming mirrors, and old rich pictures threw around her the sunshine of ancient days, and young and smiling faces of the dead of other ages; that voice had called her back, from the sweet and blessed haunts of memory, and she wept again.

"Rebecca," repeated the cavalier, and he evidently curbed some strong emotion as he slowly paced the floor; "methinks the unlooked for presence of one you just now mourned as dead, should scarcely have occasioned grief like this. But, haply I owe more to the rumour of his death than I had counted on," and there was something painful in the expression with which he regarded her; "perchance a simple cavalier like myself might otherwise have sought in vain the hand of a princess. No, lady, I blame you not," he continued, as he watched the slow kindling of her eye; "he hath a long list of brave achievements with which to win a lady's ear; and was he not the first of our race that ever claimed your sympathy? You, yourself told me you deemed him some high divinity—and if it were so, indeed, it is not the first heart the noble captain hath won in foreign lands.—the young Frayabizanda, the Lady Callamata, he boasts a noble list. True, it were better that one who has deigned to accept of my poor name should not so have graced it, but I had heard the tale before I crossed the seas; and if I construed falsely, the seeming emotion with which the

Indian princess first met my eye, it was surely no fault of hers."

Several times, the lady had sought to interrupt the hasty and bitter language of her companion; but, now she waited calmly as if that torrent of stern emotion were not yet exhausted; the cavalier was silent.

"My husband hath wronged me," she said at last, "but Vattamatomae is dead, and I am released from my vow—you shall know all." She drew a golden case from her boddice, and slowly approached the cavalier. "See, here is one I worshipped, aye, worshipped, before even he had crossed my path, or my ear had caught the faintest whisper of the pale strangers." The lady opened the lid of the miniature, and leaning on her husband's shoulder, she watched his eyes, as they bent eagerly to catch the first glimpse of one so mysteriously designated.

It was only a bright face of youth and beauty, richly set in gold and jewels, but the cavalier lifted his face with a quick, loud tone of astonishment. The glance of a passing stranger might have detected there, in a moment, the breathing original of the portrait in his hand. The bright chestnut curls of the picture, were deepened to brown, on the living brow, and the cheek wore a darker hue, but there was the same classic mould of feature, the same intellectual and elevated cast of expression, save that the blue eye of life was like a star to its dim image; and the smile, the glad, beautiful smile that had won and fastened the heart of the young Indian in her native wilds, wreathed his lip at that moment, gloriously.

"It is all mystery, Rebecca," he murmured, "incomprehensible! Surely this is the self-same picture, my mother gave our gentle Anna, when she followed her husband's fortunes even to the shores of the new world; and I remember now, when two years after I crossed the sea, she told me herself it had been stolen from her—but—"

"Listen to me," interrupted the lady. "Vattamatomae was the first of my father's court who saw the English people. A faint rumour of the settlement had reached the ear of the Werowanee, and he sent him thither to prove its meaning. He took the picture from your sister's dwelling, but he deemed it only a rich mass of gold, and when the hidden spring flew open to his touch, he was afraid of the bright spirit of thine eyes. He told me, love, you watched him with that fearful, silent gaze, through all his lone journey, and at last he threw the picture for an offering to the fair-browed Manitou of the glen, as he passed to the temple above—even while I lay sleeping by the shrine, I dreamed of my chosen spirit, and when I woke, and found something like his own fair beauty in the waters—why should I not worship it? You may smile, my loved one, but it was a solemn worship I paid you then. You were with me in the temple and the glen, I saw you among the shadows of the tent, and in the lonely wood path—everywhere. Oh! could I have dreamed that I should ever be thine idol, and yet weep? I did dream, and hope that I might one day dwell with the fair Manitou, in his home beyond the waters, and many high and bright imaginings daily grew around that dream. But, higher and brighter a thousand times hath been my destiny; and yet—I wept when I roamed with my wild maidens in the beautiful woods beyond the sea, for my soul was a sad and vacant thing, till that high hope filled it with gladness, and I wept, oh, most wildly, when my father would have given me to the dark Monocan, and that hope seemed all a mockery—but they were sadder tears I shed to-day. Ah! there is no new world of light and beauty for me now, there is no better love than thine; I have reached the point that was highest and brightest," and she hid her face on his shoulder, shuddering, as she added, "and now my path is downward."

"Rebecca," said her companion, and as he gazed on his young and beautiful wife, something of her own sadness, unconsciously deepened his tones. "It is wrong to trifle thus with happiness. What if you build no hopes upon the future, is not the present enough?"

"But my life is floating on, like a dim and splendid dream," replied the lady, mournfully, "and will it not flee away at last, even like the vision of the glen. Oh! there is one step you cannot stay; it steals as swiftly here, as among the shadows of the wilderness. Nay, the years of this gay land are like the days of my father's tent." Her voice grew low and solemn, and her eye rested on her husband with a strange meaning as she added, "Did you never dream that I might die, even here, amid all this mirth and splendour? Did you never dream that I should stand no more in the shadows of the chestnut boughs, the sweet shades of Werocomo?"

"You are dreaming, indeed," replied her husband, hastily; "that was an idle thought, Rebecca," and he led her towards the open windows, to the marble colonnade without.

"No, no," murmured the lady, and she turned from his words of soothing. "It is no idle thought, for it follows me like a presence, it darkens my dreams; there is no tone of deep music that doth not bear it to my thoughts; I read it in the smiles I love best; it is around me every where, like a chilling shadow, and you, my own beloved one, even you cannot tell me I shall stand again by the streams of my native land. Oh! to die here!" and in all that worshipped beauty, in jewels and splendid robes, among the marble pillars, and leaning on the arm of her living idol, the high-born lady wept in agony.

The hangings of a damask bed were lifted, the windows of a lofty chamber were opened towards the setting sun—a noble lady was lying there to die. One was there whose brow was pale with sadness; and gentle forms were bowing by the couch, with the whispered tones of love and sorrow; a fair, laughing child sat on the bed, pressing now and then his rosy lips on that unconscious brow, while his sportive fingers turned among the long dark hair that fell ungathered on the dying pillow.

It is sad to die, even when the heart is old, and its spring-tide hopes and feelings lie blighted like the leaves of autumn; it is sad to die even when the soul hath no fellowship, but with the mute and lovely things of nature; but it was not thus with her who lay there on that gorgeous couch, gazing towards the setting sun. She was dying in the freshness of life; the beauty had not faded from that young brow; no shade had passed over the brightness of her deep and fervent feelings; she was dying amid all the light and splendour her highest hope had asked for. The dream was fading now:—Oh! what to her, in that hour, was all its fleeting glory; the high fame, the new paths of knowledge, the deep worship of human hearts—oh, now were they all indeed "as a dream when one awaketh."

But the lady gazed towards the setting sun with a faint smile on her lip; "He is going now," she murmured, "I shall see him no more; to-morrow he will rise again; but not for me:—Oh! glorious one, thou art shining now on the woods and streams of another shore. Now, it is noonday in the land of the Powhattans; the shadows are straight in the tent. Bright one, art thou shining as of old, on the mossy rock by the fountain? dost thou see the wild deer and the painted hunters? and, oh, dost thou see?"—Her tones grew slow and sad as she continued—"Dost thou see a group of wild maidens roaming and laughing among the trees? Oh, for a wreath of the flowers they are gathering—no, lady, take away those damask ones; I long for the blue flowers, the little blue flowers of the glen, and Metehora must twine them for me—it is

long since I felt her light fingers on my brow. Will no one tell them the Snow Feather is dying, far from her country and kindred, and Metehora, thou blessed one, shall I meet the love of thy dark eyes no more?" She paused a moment, for her voice was faint and weary. "Oh! there will be walling in the tents of the Werowance," she murmured hastily; "the Eagle-Eye will remember the long days when we played on the sands together; and my father, shall I see him no more?" Her voice grew clear. "Away, maiden, the Snow Feather must go to her people—I cannot die here," and even amid the weakness of coming death, she rose from her pillow with the power of that strong anguish.

The arm of a young and noble maiden supported her—she whispered low words of holy comfort, though her cheek was wet with burning tears. The laughing lip of the child quivered with a grieved look, as he gazed fearfully on that changed eye—there was a hurried step on the floor, and a tone of smothered agony.

But that wild gleam had faded; the light of higher, holier feelings kindled the dying eye with gladness. "Nay, grieve not, dearest," she said, in a low, broken voice, "my soul was wandering then—but, that is past, and now the dream is coming on from which there is no waking. Oh! it is a dream of glory; I hear the murmuring of waters afar; yet it is not the living streams, nor the gold, nor the jewelled gates; they have told me, dearest, of the pillared temples, in that high, strange land where there is no sun by day, nor moon by night; yet it is not that, the light and the gladness is in my own soul," but her voice sunk to a whisper, and her head drooped on the maiden's shoulder.

She had spoken truly. The blessed waters of the sacred fount had been sprinkled on her brow, their symbolled purity was in her heart, and a spirit of love had been breathed on all its selfishness; the pride that might weep in heaven was gone; a well of living water had been wrought out in its thirsty depths, to spring up into everlasting life; she was athirst no more.

"I know the sun is shining," said the lady, faintly; "but dark mists are floating around me. Is it death? Oh! my way is through the shadows of a sunless vale, and even *thou* wilt leave me now." But a holy name was on her lip, and low, faint words of prayer. "There is one to lean on, even there," she whispered; "I gave him my heart in the hour of health and safety; I loved him better than all others, even than thee. He will not leave me now," and her eye shone, even through the dull haze of death, with peace and gladness. One moment the dying arms wreathed the child, with such love as hath no language, and ere the light had faded from the clouds, the lips of the beautiful Indian were hushed in the long sleep, and the boy was weeping by his dead mother.

Oh! lady, lady, the tale is for thee; there is a dream of hope in thy heart, be it high, or humble—be it of wealth, or love, or glory, that dream may one day be reality; nay, the dark folds of the future may hide pictures, which its boldest sketches have never equalled. Even then, thou wilt need something brighter.

That dream may flee away, that hope may be crushed in its blossom; there may be anguish and fear around thee, the darkness of death may dim thine eyes; there is a dream that will grow brighter then, and forever.

THE ORANGE FLOWER.

All things have their season—and thine sweet flower!
Comes with the guests at the Bridal hour—
'Tis thine to adorn the fair young Bride,
When she steps forth in her joy and pride—
Thy buds must mix with the snow-white pearls
She twines amid her clustering curls;
Thy perfumed breath is borne on the air,
When she speaks the vow, and breathes the prayer;
The vow which binds, amid smiles and tears,
Her lot to *one* through all coming years—
In youth and in age, in good and in ill—
While life shall endure—unchanging still—
The *prayer* that calls on Heaven to bless
The object of her heart's tenderness—
'Tis an hour of joy! yet gaze in her eyes!—
A mist of tears o'er their brightness lies;
And her voice is low, and her cheek is pale
As the light folds of her floating veil—
Does she weep because she must bid adieu
To the home where her happy childhood flew?
Does she mourn that her girlhood's glee is gone,
And that sterner tasks must now come on?
Does she send her spirit through coming years,
When the joy of this hour will be quenched in tears?
Does her fancy paint that mournful day,
When one fond heart shall be torn away;
When bitter drops from eyes must flow—
Or else be herself in the grave laid low?
Yes! such feelings will come, unbidden guests—
When all seems gay to human breasts!
But thou, fair Flower! in thy beauty bright—
Bloom'st fairer still in Beauty's light.—
Thou baskest in the sun's warm ray,
And smilest thy little life away,
Protected by *His* bounteous care,
Who made thee in thy beauty there.

HOPE.

HOPE, frail but lovely shadow! thou dost come
Like a bright vision on our pathway here,
Making the gloomy future beautiful,
And gilding our horizon with a light,
The fairest human eye can ever know.
Fav'rite of Heaven! 'twas thine to pledge the cup
Of Pleasure's sparkling waters undefil'd;
But, oh! the draught was fleeting! scarce the lip
Touch'd the clear nectar ere 'twas vanished.
The soul of youth confides in thee; thy voice
Is love's own halcyon music; it is thine
To colour every dream of happiness.
I've pictur'd thine a soft ethereal form,
Like to some light creation of the clouds—
Some bright aerial wonder; o'er thy cheek
The rose has shed its beauty; on thy brow,
The golden clusters play, enwreath'd with flowers,
Gay with a thousand transitory hues;
The rainbow tints are gleaming in thy wings;
Thy laughing eyes are blue—not the deep shade
Worn by the melancholy violet,
But the clear sunny blue of summer skies;
And in thy hand a glass, wherein the eye
May gaze on many a wonder—all is there
That heart can pant for; many a glorious dream
Meets the rapt sight, no sooner seen than gone.
False as thou art, O most illusive Hope!
Reproach is not for thee: what, though the flowers
Which thou dost scatter o'er our pilgrimage,
Are evanescent, yet they are most sweet.
Who would not revel in thy witchery,
Tho' all too soon the spell will be dissolved!
The moments of thy reign are blest! indeed;
They are the purest pleasures life can boast—
Reality is sadness.

Miss Landon's "Fate of Adelaide," &c.

THE RENEGADE ROVER.

THE last rays of the summer sun had tinged with crimson and gold the surface of the unruffled Mediterranean, when Diego de Monteverde, absorbed in deep and gloomy thought, landed on the shore of Oran, in the dominions of the Pacha of Algiers. As he watched the return of his boat to the ship, he exclaimed, "Farewell, Spain! farewell, land of my fathers! I loved you once, but henceforth I chase all foolish, tender thoughts of you from my bosom, and will requite your ingratitude with deeds of vengeance!—Despoiled of my birthright for another's crime, I will now dedicate my life to one of reprisal for the afflictions you have despised, and close my heart to pity or remorse."

The father of Monteverde had fallen a victim to political intrigue; his titles had been attained, his wealth confiscated, and even the most remote branches of his family banished to a certain distance from the capital. All his relations had suffered more or less from the persecutions of unrelenting enemies. His mother had early fallen a victim to grief of heart. His paternal uncle, a man of irascible temper and implacable feelings, had withdrawn himself to Algiers, where Omar Pacha was waging fierce war against the Spaniards. There, having adopted the Mohammedan faith, he soon placed himself at the head of the Moorish marine, a profession in which he had been educated, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, became, under the name of Mohammed el Bengali, one of the most formidable Corsairs that ever infested the Mediterranean seas, and to the Spaniards in particular, so dreaded an enemy, that he was generally designated by them as Mohammed the extirpator!

Under these disadvantages of parentage and relationship, the youthful Monteverde was foiled in every scheme of honourable ambition he preferred at the court of Madrid. Disgusted with repulses, and the cold and heartless conduct of an unfeeling world, he resolved to follow in the footsteps of his uncle; and, having escaped from a country which he had so much reason to dislike, he sought employment for an ardent spirit in the dangerous and turbulent life of the pirate warfare, made at that time by the Moors upon Europe.

The first person Monteverde met on landing, was a weather-beaten, grey-bearded Mussulman, whose richly-embroidered dress, splendid yatagan, and highly-wrought pistols, bespoke him a personage of more than common rank. He was anxiously ranging the whole expanse of ocean through his telescope, in search of some wished-for sail, whose lazy pace the profound calm, which scarcely crisped the surface of the sleeping waves, seemed to account for.

Monteverde watched an interval of withdrawing the glass from the eye of the sumptuous Moor, and thus accosted him, "Friend! can you tell me where I shall find the corsair Guzman de Monteverde?"

"Who's he that dares ask that question? That name, young man, lies buried in the deep! I rammed down the charge of my first fire against a cowardly Spanish Guardia Costa with my certificate of baptism:—my name is now Mohammed el Bengali!"

"What, are you he?" cried Monteverde, with surprise.

"Yes, provided you have nothing to say against it."

"I am then your brother's son, Diego de Monteverde!"

As a single ray of the sun sometimes pierces a thickly-clouded atmosphere, so did a smile of pleasure illuminate the rugged features of the renegade corsair. "Welcome! thrice welcome!" cried he; "have they driven you, too, my boy, from your father-land? By

our holy prophet, if your heart and head but agree, the knaves shall rue the day you quitted their shores. Come, sit down here on the beach, and tell me what you mean to do in Africa!"

"Revenge my father's death!" cried the young Monteverde, with wild enthusiasm; "show haughty nobles, and fools in office, that blows are the remedy for contumely! Teach my unjust persecutors, that they may gaud to madness the spirit they sought to wound or break."

"Alas! alas! the old song that I have heard so often, your father sang it too, and with so strong a voice, that all Madrid echoed with the strain. He consequently perished.—No! the fixed and determined mind indulges not in sorrowful declamation, it pursues a steady quiet path to retribution, strikes home, and so destroys. That path has been mine, otherwise I had not been here to listen to your wrongs; but if you are steeled as I would have you be, I promise you preferment, and a full payment of all the arrears your country owes you."

The rover chief led the way to a cabin not far from the beach, where several of his Mohammedan sailors were preparing his supper. "Things will not appear to you as elegant here," said he, "as in Spain; nor have we Val de penes, or Aguardiente to offer you, but thirst will teach you to relish pure water, the drink commanded by the prophet; and hunger will enable you to help eat a joint of mutton, though it be divided with the fingers. When worn with toil, you will repose as soundly on a leopard's hide, as on a mattress of dried rose leaves. Should you feel inclined to change the scene, we will land you on the opposite shore of Europe, where you may drink your fill without any fear of the prophet's examining the colour of the liquid with which you slake your thirst, and where you may help yourself to every thing you meet, be it gold or beauty, without the fear of being dragged before ermined rascals, to give an account of the manner or occupation in which it pleases you to pass your time."

Monteverde, to whom this conversation was perfectly new, heaved a deep sigh at its recital, but prudentially repressed any explanation of his feelings. Having partaken of the supper set before him, he retired to rest, with an assurance from his uncle, that, if well disposed, he would soon have an opportunity of proving his mettle.

Early on the following morning, rude unrestrained shouts of joy resounded through the rover's tents; the vessel of the Rais, the "Hour," had arrived, bringing in a handsome Spanish yacht, above whose colours floated the pirate's crescent flag. This was the prize for which Mohammed had been so anxiously looking out on the preceding evening, and in quest of which he had sent his own vessel, in command of one of his sub-officers, whilst he remained on shore to direct the accomplishment of an armament then preparing for some part of the coast of Spain. The corsair, with her prize, had just come to an anchorage in the offing, which the fresh morning breeze had facilitated, and it was this arrival which bestirred, at an early hour, the whole encampment, who came with wild and eager cries to the beach, ready to divide the booty of their fortunate comrades. To the numerous questions of the greedy multitude of inquirers, the answers of the captain, with regard to the value of the prize, were perfectly satisfactory, both as to riches, and prisoners, whose rank promised glorious ransom; but all seemed disappointed when they were told there were no females on board except a black girl, of which race it appeared they had already more than sufficient.

The cargo of the yacht was soon unloaded: it consisted of some boxes of rich merchandise, but its chief value was the diamonds, pearls, and jewels belonging to the passengers, whose costume bespoke them persons of high rank. These were carefully guarded; but the most poisonous articles of the yacht's lading, were some few barrels of wine, which had found their way on shore, and which no authority, nor religious feeling, could prevent the Mussulman sailors from consuming. The consequence was soon seen in the speedy ebriety of those who had drunk of the unaccustomed beverage. The beach became a scene of almost general intoxication, which displayed itself in the fast sleep of some, the ill-poised equilibrium of others, and the disputing, with naked swords, different shares of plunder, from which some subtle and sober philosophers had contrived to pilfer some article, whilst the unconscious owners accused each other of the theft.

Amidst this confusion and turbulence, the negro girl was disembarked. Scarcely had she landed, ere the unruly Arabs assailed her with menaces and insult. The poor timid creature stared wildly around, and gave herself up for lost. Instantly, however, she escaped from those who had brought her on shore, and fled, followed by several of the pirates, to a precipitous rock, which, at no great distance, overhung the sea. Terror lent her wings; but Monteverde, who had witnessed her helpless and pitiable situation, flew after her, and levelled one or two of her pursuers to the ground. The girl gained the most elevated point of the rock; here, wringing her hands in despair, she addressed a prayer to Heaven, and was about to plunge herself into the waves, when Monteverde seized her dress, and prevented the catastrophe. "Unhappy girl!" cried he, "what would you do? all is not so savage here, that you should thus rashly seek destruction." The girl raised her sparkling black eyes, and in the features of Monteverde, saw at once those traits (which women only see) which spoke a soul of feeling for the sex. A beam of confidence broke upon her mind. "You would not, then, save me," said she, "to sacrifice me to the brutality of these pirates?"

"No! by my soul!" said Monteverde, looking about him to see with whom he might yet have to contend; "they shall first trample over my corpse."

"Alas! they come, they come! now, corsair, I take you at your word; let me plunge myself quickly into the sea, and die an honourable death, or protect me to the last."

The freebooters had arrived at the foot of the rock, to which Monteverde, with his drawn sabre, descended. With despicable jeers they implored the black lady to come down from her perilous position, and place herself in security with them.

"This girl has put herself under my protection," said Monteverde, "and whoever would dispute the possession of her, must do so at the point of the sword." Weapons leaped from their scabbards, and Monteverde for some time maintained an unequal conflict against three adversaries: he was upon the point of yielding, when the Rais Mohammed arrived on the spot.

"Three to one!" cried he, "and do you dare to call yourselves men! Stand back, or I'll cleave the first in halves who dares to strike a blow."

"We were about to draw lots for the black beauty," said the pirates, "when her ladyship ran away, and this simpleton, who never shared in our troubles, ran after her to take her to himself, which you'll allow, Rais, is quite enough to cause a mutiny amongst the best regulated crew."

"The girl was about to plunge herself into the sea," said Monteverde, with indignation, "to escape from these monsters; I only turned her aside from her fatal purpose, by the promise to protect her, and there-

fore surely I have a right to the life I have saved. Judge, therefore, between us chief; will you award her to me, or drive to her undoing one to whom honour is dearer than life? Behold where she stands! on your decision depends her safety."

The threatened determination of the girl, and the authority of the rover, who promised some additional share of booty to the angry disputants, pacified them; they soon dispersed, wondering at their folly in quarrelling about a black woman. Mohammed now turned an angry look towards his nephew. "I thought," said he, "you came here divested of the leaven of compassion; you may depend on it 'twill not suit our trade; this is a bad beginning, another such a fray will bring certain ruin on your head. It is as well for you the lady is black, else my eloquence would little have served your turn; however, for this time you are gratified, but mind, be this the last of such follies."

Monteverde was now left alone with his black prize, "You appear so brave and honourable," said she, "that I dare hope you will continue your efforts to shelter innocence in misfortune;"—and tears trickled down her well-formed, though hatefully-coloured cheeks. Her high forehead, aquiline nose, pearly teeth, and long glossy black hair, formed a strange contrast to the general traits of the black race. Monteverde felt an unspeakable interest in the girl, and tried every persuasion to attach her to him for life. She related to him the history of the capture of the yacht in which she had been taken, which, it appeared, had become a prize to the corsair, from the convoy, with which it sailed, having been becalmed; she entreated Monteverde, by the nobleness of soul he had already manifested, not to press the explanation of her history any farther than she pleased to disclose, and promising him, if ever circumstances should place it in her power to return his generosity, her life should be the willing sacrifice of her gratitude. She threw herself at his feet, and, clinging to his knees, implored him to send her back to Spain, on which her only hope of happiness depended. Monteverde, after a severe struggle with himself, raised the negress from the ground, and promised her, on his word of honour, to fulfil her utmost wish. But for this purpose, "my lovely protegee," said he, "I must banish myself from your sight." He pressed the girl to his bosom, kissed away her tears, and proceeded to take measures to ensure her safe departure.

The means were soon prepared; he lent her a dress in which to disguise herself, and conveyed her the same evening on board a mistick, bound for the Spanish coast, the patron of which he engaged to take especial care of his charge. With a faltering voice, and heavy heart, he once more embraced the creature he had preserved, and bade her adieu! thanking Heaven for the triumph achieved over himself in completing his difficult task.

Months rolled on, during which time Monteverde made several cruises with his uncle, the Rais Mohammed; but his heart sickened at the wanton cruelty and brutal conduct of the Moorish pirates, whose only care or humanity towards their captives arose from the hopes of profit to be derived from their ransom. The youth often strove to mitigate the horrors of the warfare in which he was engaged, by interposing to spare unnecessary bloodshed; but his tender-heartedness only obtained him the ridicule and hatred of his comrades, who regarded him with an eye of contempt and distrust. The thoughts of what Monteverde had done for the beautiful negress sometimes came to afford him consolation, for this life of uniform distaste; her image was, indeed, scarcely ever absent from his mind, which dwelt more on it, than on any of the beautiful captives they had subsequently taken. They always made easy terms for their release with Monteverde, whose generosity was perhaps partly to be ascribed to

the total indifference with which the memory of the negro had caused him to regard all other women.

The Rais himself began to get tired of what he termed his nephew's sentimentality; and, calling him one morning into his cabin, he told him the time had arrived for putting his fidelity and abilities to the test. "The Governor of Malaga," said he, "is my most determined and persevering foe; a grudge he owes me from times long gone by, makes him, under pretence of zeal for his king and country, keep a flotilla on those seas, which perpetually mars my projects, and keeps me forever on the watch; even now, he is busied arming a formidable squadron, to attack us in our very port of Oran; to counteract which, some stratagem, as well as the force I now prepare, must be employed. For this purpose, nephew, I have chosen you, and on your address will depend the making of your fortune. The opportunity is an excellent one for a young man of spirit and enterprize; it requires less of the warrior's courage, than wariness and presence of mind, qualities which you will find essentially necessary here, where high-flown notions of chivalry are derided or unknown. For my purpose I require a person prudent, faithful, and bold, and have therefore pitched upon you!"

"Me?" stammered Monteverde, who guessed at the required office, "you seem to forget, uncle, that besides the qualities you mention, experience is also necessary for this business, and in that I am entirely wanting."

"You possess that which richly supplies its place," replied Mohammed; "as far as I have observed, you are totally free from self-interest, and are above a bribe; whilst all around, even the best, are false, and have venal minds; venal, perhaps, at a high price, but if they were once to be convinced that there was more to be gained by betraying, than serving their masters; ay, their own fathers, they are capable of sacrificing all to that end."

"If such be your situation, uncle, I heartily pity you," said Monteverde, who now saw the desperate nature of the people with whom he had formed an alliance.

"The few, however," continued Mohammed, "in whom I might perhaps confide, bear on their faces the marks of their Arab origin, as well as those of their long-practised profession, which will not at all suit my present purpose. Your features are European, and yet bear something of the stamp of innocence and purity, and honourable principle; no malignant feelings seem yet to have furrowed your cheek, you will be therefore very useful to me in this business."

"What," said Monteverde, forgetting himself, "shall I then make use of these features but as a mask to betray and sacrifice my fellow creatures? have I then only preserved a look of justice amongst this foul crew, to turn it in the end to dishonourable purposes? No! even to punish my persecutors, I will not do it. Let me meet them in open and honourable fight; there, hurling defiance in their teeth, you shall see what I am able to do; but, on the unguarded and defenceless, never shall the sword of Monteverde be unsheathed."

"Listen, my boy!" said Mohammed, with ironical politeness; "I am accustomed to be obeyed, and when I am not, know how to enforce my orders—wherefore came ye hither? We are all here plain unvarnished rogues, and for you to be honest would unfit you for our society. Did you come to Africa to preach morality? If so, your mission is a useless one, for here, there is no virtue, therefore there can be no dupes. Don't let your comrades laugh at the fool of honour they have amongst them, and make me ashamed of my own blood. Recollect the compact to which you have sworn, and the unpardonable crime of which you have already been guilty in facilitating the escape of a female, to mention which offence, would in ten minutes cause your body to decorate one of the spikes

that project from the bastions of our city's fortifications; therefore let us not trouble each other with long and unnecessary speeches. I shall prepare your instructions, and the papers which will legitimate your presence at Malaga, which will leave no possibility of detection. I cannot force you to fulfil this embassy; but, say no! and your penetration will easily conjecture the result."

Agitated with shame and remorse, Monteverde remained fixed to the spot where the Rais left him at the conclusion of this speech; nor did he recover, till a messenger brought him a packet of papers, when he rushed distracted from the apartment.

* * * * *

The governor of Malaga, Don Juan de Mondega, was sitting at table, in his superb summer palace, whose extensive gardens stretched along the sea-shore. In vain did all the delicacies of the two hemispheres, served in massive silver dishes of elaborate workmanship, invite his lost appetite. The rich wines of the peninsula, which covered the board, stood before him untasted. He contemplated with horror, the ravages of the Moorish pirates along the whole of the southern coast of Spain, and shuddered at the treatment those prisoners must have met with who were captured in the yacht which the rovers cut off from the convoy in a calm. He was deaf to the cheerful conversation that buzzed around on this day of rejoicing (for such it was) and was engaged in serious conversation with the commander of the expedition (then fitting out at Malaga to scour the Mediterranean seas) on the most effectual means of annihilating the marauders who so harassed the commerce of the country, and stole human beings, to sell them like cattle to the best bidder.

The daughter of the governor, Donna Vincentia, was, by her mirth-lighted countenance, much more agreeably entertained than her father. The confessor of the family, a Carmelite friar, was endeavouring to prove to her that the Moorish rovers were not human beings, but monsters sprung from the centaurs, to which argument Donna Vincentia had nothing to advance but a laugh. The monk was preparing to be angry, when a messenger was announced with dispatches from the governor of Barcelona. A tall, noble-looking youth, splendidly attired in a staff uniform, was ushered in. Don Juan de Mondega read his letters; they contained intelligence that the Moorish squadron, under Rais Mohammed el Bengali, had appeared off the coast, and meditated a descent. They urged the governor to hasten the departure of the expedition from Malaga, whose sudden appearance would most probably place the whole enemy at the mercy of the Spanish admiral. The governor promised to prepare his answer as soon as possible, and in the mean time invited the envoy to partake of the festivities that were going forward. He offered him a seat by his side, and conferred with him on the subject of the governor of Barcelona's communication. The conversation of the youth was highly interesting, and seemingly roused the governor from his melancholy humour, for he poured out two goblets of wine, and invited the stranger to pledge him in drinking "*destruction to the pirate crew!*" The young man's face became deeply tinged as he raised the goblet to his mouth, which was long held there to hide an emotion that might have been otherwise very difficult to conceal; yet did it nevertheless not escape the notice of the prying monk, who kept his eyes fixed on the stranger, from the first moment he entered the room. The governor arose from table, consigning the visitor to the care of his daughter, and requesting her to prevail on him to witness the *fete* prepared for that evening in the palace gardens.

The eyes of the envoy had not, till now, met those of Donna Vincentia. A sensation at this moment arose in his bosom, which seemed to strike him speechless;

a mist was gathering round his brain; he stood like one half roused from a confused dream. The beautiful Spanish maiden appeared some beatification, before which he could have knelt, and have scarcely thought it idolatry: nor did her courteous and affable manner diminish his embarrassment.

The fears and jealousies of the confessor were greatly increased by the attentions Donna Vincencia bestowed on the new comer. He regarded their looks with a significant shake of the head, and uttering some indistinct sentences, with a look in which a funeral pile seemed to blaze, hurried from the room to the cabinet of the governor.

The sun had for some hours sunk to repose on its ocean bed, the small silver crescent of the moon hung in the clear deep azure of a star-spangled sky, whose coruscations lent a magic lustre to the night. There prevailed a silence that sank deep into the soul; it was broken alone by the soft endences of harmonious instruments, whose dying echoes reverberated along the foliaged avenues of the palace gardens. Thousands of festooned lamps shot their coloured rays on lawns where beauty and grace displayed in the mazy dance their more than seductive charms. At a late hour, the stranger, in whom may be recognised Monteverde, entered a remote part of the grounds, on the dark, fearful mission of the corsair. The sight of the lovely Malagenas, whose voluptuous forms he contemplated through the long vista, checked his half-formed resolution, and, spite of himself, retarded his nearer approach.

"Alas!" said he, "into what desperate career have I plunged? Shall these yet unstained hands be dyed in innocent blood, or shall they bear the incendiary torch to lay waste, with fire, this scene of pleasure and festivity? Shall I deliver into the hands of fierce barbarians these unsuspecting beings? Never! witness ye heavens, a portion of whose tranquillity I covet, and of which my soul deems itself not all unworthy, never shall Monteverde's eye be turned to thy light in guilt. The moon and stars shine out to proclaim the baseness of my errand here, and show how loosely the garb of spy hangs on me. The task is foreign to my nature—I cannot join yon festal band to betray it; I will retrace my steps, and so count amidst my sins one crime the less."

Monteverde was about to hurry from the garden, when the thought of the destruction which hung over the heads of all within the palace walls, made him yet ponder on the part he should act to prevent the corsair's ripened plan of rapine and violence, which might succeed, notwithstanding his desertion of the cause.

His course was, however, decided by the governor's daughter, who at that moment stood by his side. "Signor," said she, "we have long expected you; I came in search of our pensive visitor, and am not mistaken, in thinking you would prefer these solitary shades to indulge your melancholy, to the amusement of the concert and the dance."

"Dearest lady, far other thoughts than those of mirth occupy my bosom at this moment. Your safety is my only meditation now."

"My safety! Heavens, where is the danger you apprehend—surely it is not from you? Fear not the suspicious monk, whose poisonous tongue is now at work to instil a tale of falsehood into my father's ear, I have a counter-charm for his machinations."

"Hah! does the monk then suspect me? am I betrayed!" said Monteverde; "what crime does he lay to my charge? what counter-charm do you speak of?"

"Fear not," said Vincencia, "'tis I alone know that this costume does not belong to you, none else have penetrated your secret."

"Then, welcome death! for all is over now! Yes, I will proclaim myself villain, and demand to be led to instant execution!"

"What can this mean? By that rash step," said Vincencia, "you might perhaps compromise more happiness than you desire."

"Incomprehensible woman! if then my purpose is no secret to you, whence this regard for a life, intent upon your destruction? By what prescience you have discovered aught that concerns me, I know not, but your suspicions are too well founded. Yet shall my close of life be marked with one act of justice, and you, lady, at least, shall not judge harshly of me—"

The arrival of the governor, led to the spot where stood Vincencia and Monteverde conversing, put an end to this colloquy. The monk pointed to the parties, and asked the governor, if his discovery were not correct?

The confusion of Monteverde on drinking destruction to the pirates, as well as his subsequent bearing, had left an impression on the monk's mind that all was not right; and some subsequent inquiries on the manner of the stranger's arrival, convinced him he was nothing more than a spy, or a seducer. This idea was imparted to the governor, who formed a deliberate and unflinching plan for the stranger's arrest. Guards were quietly stationed throughout all the avenues of the garden, and troops in an outer line of circumvallation hemmed in the palace grounds. The guests were secretly apprized that circumstances rendered it necessary that they should not enter the distant avenues, and that at a given signal, they should retire within the palace walls. These precautions taken, the governor himself, in company with the monk, went in search of the delinquent, and thus, unexpectedly, interrupted the conversation between his daughter and Monteverde.

Fired with rage and vexation to see his daughter's hand clasped by that of a traitor, the governor drew his sword, and was about to pierce Monteverde's bosom, when Vincencia intercepted the blow. This was beyond endurance. Monteverde saw the governor's impatience, and putting Vincencia gently aside, presented himself, undefended, to her father's assault.

"Withhold, proud Sir!" said he, with a dignified and calm air, "withhold for a few moments that sword, till I have done you some service, and then I care not how speedily it commences its work. You may suspect my presence here, but the extent of my mission, you can never guess. That which neither rack, nor dungeon could, dying, extort a single pang to guess at, I will willingly proclaim. Know, then, that I am Diego de Monteverde, the renegade corsair's spy! With that name is associated a story of wrong, familiar to the public ear, with the one under which you know me here;—the tale is short, but may be interesting to you."

"The spy of the rover Bengali! the renegade! the extirpator!" exclaimed the governor, with horror.

"The same, but I must be brief; dangers encompass you on every side. Some long arrears of hatred, of which you will know more than I can tell, and certain active steps for the annihilation of the pirates, which you have induced the government to undertake, have long marked you as a special object of the vengeance of Mohammed. He forced me to put on the contemptible disguise in which you now behold me, in order to pave his approach here, and facilitate the seizure of you and all your guests; he proposes to fire your villa, and subsequently the shipping in the harbour."

The governor's lip quivered with emotion, and the monk drew back in fear and trembling. Monteverde proceeded—"In pursuance of this scheme, I brought you simulated dispatches from the governor of Barcelona, and succeeded in causing myself to be invited to this *fete*—so far has the design prospered. Now, Sir, you are on the verge of hearing that which shall make you wonder; but when heard, let your means of defence be prompt, and remember he who

counsell'd you to resistance, abhorred the plotters of the deed, and refused to consummate the work he began. Know, then, at this very hour, the rover and his crew, like bloodhounds in the Alps, lie but a short distance from the shore in their well-manned galleys, ready, at the call of this bugle—thrice sounded, to dart upon their prey, and bear all here off to their boats. On their ransom has the rover reckoned to build his fortune; but yourself once within his power, I fear no gold will free you. Now, Sir, is the secret told.—For myself I have no choice but to perish; on the one hand the ban of offended power is on my head, on the other, the corsair's fury is my certain portion!—But let my destruction seal your safety, and I am content."

No sooner had Monteverde finished, than the pirate Mohammed darted from a leafy nook, and presented himself to the astonished group. He had listened to the whole of the conversation which had passed. A demonic smile played upon his lip, whilst all the fire of hell blazed in his eye. "Impotent traitor!" said he, "thinkest thou that the corsair's slumbering confidence yields him a sacrifice to thy soft folly? No! Mohammed trusts not to drivelling enthusiasts, who melt at woman's tears, the lofty enterprizes on which depend his fortune and his fame.—Think ye that he would suffer a weak fool to share his glory who would shrink from its dangers? My followers, close at hand, shall show how speedily justice is done on the traitor who would sacrifice them to his fears."

The rover chief applied the bugle which hung by his side, to his mouth; he blew three distinct loud blasts—it was presently answered from the beach, and wild infuriate shouts at the same time rent the air. *Vincentia* clung to Monteverde for safety. The governor's countenance bore the marks of intense anxiety. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed he, after a few moments' pause, "'tis well." The corsair's signal trapped him in his own lair; it was precisely that

which the governor had agreed to give, in order to disperse his guests, and assemble the troops to seize the spy. From every bush and hiding-place, armed men now sallied forth. Wild amazement spread across the rover's features; he quickly drew his pistols from his belt, and aimed a fatal shot at Monteverde, who sank upon the ground. A hundred bayonets instantly pierced the corsair's breast; with a deep and hoary groan he surrendered up his life.

His followers but hurried on to their destruction; they were overpowered by numbers, and made little resistance; they who fell not, placed themselves at the mercy of their conquerors.

Monteverde's life was ebbing fast. The lovely *Vincentia* was on her knees bending over him. "But a few minutes more," said he, with expiring voice, "and mine shall be a story of the past. Oh! let me think that my name will live in your remembrance, *Vincentia*, and I will die satisfied."

"Preserver of my honour and my life!" exclaimed the frantic girl, "to you I owe my freedom and my country, and shall you be snatched away in the moment of triumph? Oh! live but to let me prove to you my gratitude!"

"Quick! quick!" said Monteverde, unravel this mystery, whilst I yet may hear; it grows late—very—very late!"

"Behold in *Vincentia*, the negress whose life you preserved from the fierce assaults of savages. My colour was a deception suggested by terror. I had prepared a happy surprise for you, seeing that you knew me not."

The dying youth gazed earnestly on the features of *Vincentia*. "True! true!" said he, "and now, one kiss, though it be the last I lay upon thy lips!"

'Twas the cold embrace of death! *Vincentia* held the lifeless corpse within her arms. The governor melted into tears, and even the heart of the austere monk himself was filled with pity and regret.

THE KISS.

GIVE me, sweet maid, one gentle kiss,
To my fond heart 'twill nectar prove—
Not tamely thus, devoid of bliss—
No—this is not the kiss of love!
So, gentle sisters calm embrace,
So kiss the placid waves the shore,
So zephyrs kiss the flowret's face,
With baby fondness—nothing more.
No; this is not the kiss that wakes
The boiling blood in every vein,
That every nerve with rapture shakes,
Till ecstasy's alive with pain.
Not so did *Psyche's* fervid lip
Press on the glowing cheek of love,
Nor this the way that roses dip
The dews descending from above;
Not so the quivering ivy grasps,
With clinging arms, the oak her spouse,
Whose form with bridal warmth she clasps,
Just such as bashfulness allows!
Go, lovely Ice!—go, frigid maid!
You know not Love, nor feel his fires,
When all the senses are betrayed,
In new-born, undefined desires!
Stay—stay—forgive, that burning kiss,
That trembling pressure speaks the whole,
Thou didst but feign—and this, and this,
Is nectar to my thirsty soul!
Unheeded now the lightnings flash,
Unfelt the whirlwind raging by,
Unheard the thunder's loudest crash,
Life knows but thou—and ecstasy!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MRS. BRUNTON.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'er-shaded walk,
Where, past the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract—
Where I with thee was wont to talk—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov'd
With thee, belov'd!

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
And then her flight remembrance brings
'To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

KATE BOUVERIE.

"WELL, my dear Harry, I declare you're handsomer than even your father was at your age; if Kate does not lose her heart to you at first sight, I shall be much surprised."

Such were the words addressed by the widow of Colonel Bouverie to her only son; and, as she closed the sentence, she dropped the eye-glass through which she had attentively considered his features, and gave a sigh of regret, partly to the memory of her husband, and partly to the recollection of her own past loveliness, which a mirror opposite told her had sadly faded during the three and twenty years which had matured the rosy infant into the young man by her side.

"I hear Kate is rather odd, mother."

"What do you mean, my dear boy? she is a charming girl, with a large fortune, and you have been engaged to her these twelve years: what do you mean?" and again the eye-glass assisted the perception of the fair widow. Harry Bouverie did not explain what he meant; but he bit his lip and looked out of the window, and then his eyes wandered to his two sisters, the younger of whom, Pamela, was lying half asleep on the sofa, her long black eyelashes all but closed on the pinkest cheek in the world; while the elder, Annette, sat apparently reading, but occupied less with her book than the subject of conversation; of which, however, she took no further notice than by meeting her brother's glance with a meaning and *espiegle* smile.

"We shall start for Scotland next week," said Mrs. Bouverie, in a displeased tone; fixing her eyes on the pensive countenance of her rebellious daughter. "So soon, mamma?" murmured Pamela; and opening her wide blue eyes in astonishment at the idea of any thing being performed in a week, she again resigned herself to a state of drowsy enjoyment, strongly resembling that in which an Angola cat passes its summer day. Annette made no reply, but the smile which had offended still lurked and quivered round the corners of her mouth. "I wonder how Gertrude has turned out," thought the widow, as she withdrew her glance. "She was handsomer than either of her sisters: no—nothing can be handsomer than Pamela," and the eye-glass was allowed complacently to rest on the exquisitely proportioned form and beautiful face of her youngest daughter, while a vague and rapid calculation of the different sort of match she might expect for each of the girls passed through her mind. Pamela was already a duchess, when a visitor arriving turned her thoughts into another channel. When Mrs. Bouverie ran away with her pennyless husband and married him at Gretna Green, as much from love of the folie as from love of the man, she acted upon impulse; but having her own reasons, in later life, for disapproving of such a motive of action, she had vowed that she never would, and it was her boast that she never did "do any thing without a plan." She had successfully formed and executed a number of small plans, but her expected master-stroke was to marry her son to his cousin Kate, who was to inherit the whole of the Bouverie property. In furtherance of this plan she had sent her daughter Gertrude to stay with General Bouverie and his daughter, during her own residence in Italy, for Pamela's health; in furtherance of this plan, her letters to her absent child had always contained the most miraculous accounts of Harry's sweet temper, talents, and anxiety to return from the continent; and, in furtherance of this plan she was now about to visit Scotland, for the treble purpose of reclaiming her daughter, introducing her son, and paying a visit to the old General, who, pleased with the prospect of marrying his child to a Bouverie, and thus

keeping the property in the family, looked forward with eager satisfaction to their arrival. Kate, too, anticipated with tranquil joy the fate which had been chalked out for her in infancy, and which appeared to promise all human happiness. She was already in love with Mrs. Bouverie's descriptions of her cousin; and forgetting that he was but a little fair shy boy when she had last seen him, believed the ideal Harry to be the counterpart of the object of her affections.

Lady Catharine Bouverie, the General's wife, ran away from him soon after her marriage, and her husband was, for a length of time, inconsolable. He gave up all society, shut himself up in a wild and romantic place he had in Northumberland, and devoted his whole time to his little girl. Kate Bouverie became, in consequence, at a very early age, the companion and friend of her father. She would sit with him when he had letters to write, and copy, in a clear, neat hand, dry directions respecting farm business and show cattle, without ever wearying, or appearing to consider it as a task. Latin, geography, and arithmetic, were the studies pointed out to her by her father; she had no governess, (General Bouverie cursed accomplishments, as the cause of a woman's ruin;) but she was an excellent French scholar, and took sketches from nature, without any other assistance than what was afforded by intuitive talent. Such studies, however, occupied but a small portion of her time.—Slightly formed, but well knit and vigorous in limb, her naturally good constitution, strengthened by constant exercise, and the enjoyment of Heaven's pure air, she would follow her father, with a light step and a merry heart, in most of his shooting excursions; and when that father caught her glowing cheek and fearless eye, he felt as much tenderness and pride in her beauty as ever monarch in his newly-crowned child. Kate was also an incomparable horsewoman: no road was too dangerous, no steed too spirited, for her nerves. The risk was to her a source of wild and intense enjoyment. With this being, strange and eccentric in her habits, romantic and enthusiastic in her dispositions, Mrs. Bouverie's second daughter, Gertrude, had spent the four last years of her girlhood. Taken from among very worldly people, at an age when the youthful heart is most susceptible of strong impressions, no wonder if Gertrude, whose feelings were naturally warm, became ardently attached to this strangely fascinating being, the first she had ever seen who was perfectly natural. The merits of Kate Bouverie—and she had many—were perfections; her faults were not such in the eye of her youthful companion. Indeed, the latter became gradually as much the object of imitation as the more worthy points of her character; for Gertrude, with the same degree of ardent feeling, had few of her cousin's better qualities; headstrong, rebellious, gifted with intense vanity, and with something peculiar of harshness and coarseness in her ill-trained mind, she copied the habits, without being able to seize the virtues, of Kate Bouverie; and the consequence was such as might be expected. The same words and actions, which acquired a wild charm from the native sweetness and originality of Kate, became perfectly odious, when copied by Gertrude; and the utter want of tact she displayed, joined with her strange manners, made her conversation as galling to the feelings, as it was revolting to the delicacy, of those who were her occasional associates. Even Kate, who had sighed for a female companion, to share her tasks and her sports, could scarcely be said to be fond of her present associate. Before Gertrude had been a fortnight at Heathcote-lodge, Kate heartily wished herself alone again, in spite of flattery, open and ex-

pressed, and the more silent and more gratifying flattery of imitation. What did Kate care whether others thought her handsome, when her father's eyes silently told her how much rather he would look on her countenance, than on any other in the universe? What did she care that her horsemanship was admired, as long as her little Arab, Selim, carried her over the wild moor with the speed of lightning—the blue arch of heaven over her, and the free air of heaven round her head?

At length, the day of meeting arrived. Mrs. Bouverie and her family (after being twice overturned) drove up the long avenue, and never, perhaps, did so uncongenial a party assemble round the dinner table as met that night. The affected, worldly mother; the conceited, talkative, half-French, half-English Annette; the foolish, languishing beauty, Pamela; and, opposite to these, the wild, but graceful and kind-hearted Kate, the shy, handsome Captain Bouverie, and Gertrude, half-contemptuous, and half-jealous, as she looked at the manner and attire of her sisters. Every day increased the mutually repellant nature of the qualities each was endowed with, by making them more known to each other; and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Bouverie concealed her dislike in order to forward a marriage so much to the advantage of her son. Her daughters were not so cautious: Annette, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and considerable talent, occupied herself daily, almost hourly, in ridiculing—not Kate—she had tact enough to see that it would be a dangerous attempt—but the clumsy imitation of Gertrude she visited with unsparring satire; and the consequent coldness between the sisters drew the two cousins more together, and opened Kate's heart more towards the faulty Gertrude than four years of constant companionship. The unheard of insolence of her niece, who christened the younger Miss Bouveries "the squirrel and the dormouse," made their affectionate mother ill for two days; and the ejaculation of the old General, who said, on seeing Annette and Pamela enter the apartment in their battise dresses, "I wish to God, Mrs. Bouverie, you would put something decent on those girls," at length determined the crafty widow on making her own escape, at least, and leaving her son to pay his court to his eccentric bride at his leisure. To Captain Bouverie she spoke of the errors of her niece in a kind, indulgent, *motherly* way, assuring him she was convinced that time and instruction, and her own valuable society, would make his wife all he could wish. Captain Bouverie's only reply was a deep sigh; and they parted. It was agreed, after much entreaty, that Gertrude should still remain at Heathcote-lodge, and return under her brother's escort. Mrs. Bouverie comforting herself with the reflection, that, when once Gertrude was at home again, she should be able to re-model her manners.

After the departure of the trio, the party at Heathcote-lodge were more happy, more companionable; but Harry Bouverie was disappointed, and he could neither conceal it from himself nor from his sister, nor even in a degree from Kate herself. Shy, vain, and with an insupportable dread of ridicule, the impression made by the beauty, warm-heartedness, and evident affection, of his cousin, was always painfully contrasted in his mind with what *others* would think and say of her. He figured her introduced to the world—his world—as his wife. He imagined to himself the astonished stare of his well-bred friends, the affected disgust of his *fine* female acquaintances, and at such moments he loathed the sight of Selim, hid his face from the sunshine and the breeze, and groaned when Kate past her fingers through the short curls of her distinguished-looking head—though that hand was small and white, and her hair bright and glossy. Annette's letters were by no means calculated to improve his feelings in this respect. "I see her," said this amiable sister, "en-

tering the rooms at D—e House; all eyes bent upon her; all tongues murmuring her praise; I see her in the Park, Selim not quietly entering the ride by the posts intended for that purpose, but *franchissant les bornes* (as his mistress does) at one free leap, from long habit, which, as you know, is second nature. I am practising the song, '*Mien schatz ist ein reiter*,' as I doubt not it will become a great favourite of yours, and only beg of you to be careful not to go *more* than forty miles a day, as it will be sadly injurious to your health and looks, frere Adonis; and you know that any alteration in the *latter* would bring the (grey) hairs of my mother with sorrow to the grave."

The slave to the opinions of others retired to rest, full of recollections inspired by that letter. "From the force of habit, which is second nature," muttered he, as he turned for the twentieth time on his restless pillow. He fell asleep, and dreamed that he was married, and that his brother officers rose from the mess-table to drink Kate's health. Just as he was lifting the glass to his lips, he saw Kate enter; she was dressed in a long green riding-habit; she passed her taper fingers rapidly through her hair: he remonstrated; he entreated her to leave the mess-room; but she only laughed: he rose from his place, and, walking to the spot where she stood, endeavoured to persuade her to go. Suddenly, he thought she turned and kicked him, and the little well-turned, firmly-knit ankle, was unaccountably transformed into Selim's hoof. He started in violent pain and woke.

Full of mingled irritation and sadness, Harry Bouverie sat alone that day in his uncle's library, leaning his aching head on his hand, and gazing listlessly from the window on a long avenue of lime trees, which opened on the moor. He was interrupted by the entrance of Gertrude, who, tapping him lightly on the shoulder with her whip, exclaimed, "Why, Harry, what are you musing about? Come, come, and take a ride with us." Harry shook his head. "Oh come, there's a good fellow, cheer up, drive away black thoughts, and let Romeo be saddled quickly; for my horse and Selim will take cold standing so long." "For God's sake," said Captain Bouverie, impatiently, "do strive to be less like that anomalous being they intend for my wife." Then suddenly turning, he added, "Oh, Gertrude, if I marry that girl, we shall both be miserable!"

There was a breathless silence; for, as Harry turned, he beheld, standing within two paces of him, his cousin Kate. The eloquent blood rushed as rapidly to that glowing cheek as if the sun had never touched and mellowed its original tint of pure rose, and the big tears stood for a moment in those clear, kind, blue eyes; then a deadly paleness overspread her face, and Captain Bouverie thought she would have fainted. He sprang forward, but the moment his hand touched hers she started from him, and before they could follow her to the door, the fleet foot of Selim had borne his mistress far over the wild moor which was her favourite ride.

For long weary miles she galloped on at full speed, till even the little Arab relaxed its exertions, and, unchecked by the bridle, slackened its pace. The alteration recalled Kate Bouverie to herself. She stopped and dismounted, and gazing far round on the barren heath, as if to assure herself that no human eye could witness her weakness, she flung herself on the ground, and wept bitterly. "My God!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven, "What have I done to make him hate me?" and as the speech she had heard again rung in her ears, she contrasted the affection she had borne him, ever since she could remember—the pleasure with which she looked forward to sharing his home—the many resolutions never to suffer her past liberty to tempt her to dispute his will, and to keep a careful watch over that rebellious heart, which was his alone

—with the sentiments of dislike, almost of disgust, which he had openly expressed towards her. Again she repeated to herself, "What have I done?" and again she wept, till, weary and exhausted, she sunk into a profound slumber.

When she woke, the calm glow of sunset was on the moor, and Selim was feeding quietly at a little distance. She mounted her favourite, for the first time without a caress, and for the first time she turned towards home with a slow step and a heavy heart.

At dinner, Kate Bouverie was in wild spirits, and though her cheek was pale and her eyes dim, her manner repelled all attempt at explanation or consolation even from Gertrude. She retired early to rest, pleading a bad headache to her anxious father.

The next morning, the following note was brought to her by her maid:

"MY DEAR KATE—For God's sake see and hear me patiently for a few minutes, and be to me what—except in my hours of madness and folly—I have always hoped to see you. HARRY BOUVERIE."

She was just struggling against the temptation of once more conversing with her beloved cousin, when a tap at the door announced Gertrude. "Come in," said she, in a low voice. Gertrude obeyed the summons. "Heavens, Kate, how ill you look," exclaimed she, "and you have not been to bed last night. Oh, Kate, how can you be so foolish for a little quarrel."

"A little quarrel, Gertrude," said her companion; and a slow, bitter smile, crept round her mouth—"but sit down, and say what you came to say, for I must go to my father."

Gertrude came as her brother's ambassador, and earnestly did she endeavour to promote peace, for she loved Harry, and almost worshipped his betrothed wife; but she had none of the tact necessary for the performance of such a task. While she wounded the feelings of the sensitive girl she addressed, by the constant allusion to her brother's distaste for her manners and habits; she also bluntly reasoned upon the impossibility of his feeling otherwise, when he looked forward to presenting her to the world; because he knew that the world would judge harshly of her; and with natural coarseness of mind she seemed to suppose that nothing more than a mutual concession of certain points, an apology on the part of Harry, and a sort of "kiss-and-be-friends" ceremony, was necessary to establish them exactly in the situation they were before. But she spoke a language Kate Bouverie did not understand. What could it signify to Harry what the world, that strange world thought of her, as long as he himself was satisfied of her affection and pleased with her society? What had the opinions of others to do with the comfort of his home? The opinions of others, too, none of whom he appeared to respect, and many of whom he openly avowed to be worthless? No, that could not be the reason of his dislike—and she resented the supposed attempt to impose on her understanding.

Had Gertrude had to deal with one of her own disposition, the task would have been comparatively easy. Had her cousin been angry, she could have soothed her; but vanity had no place in Kate Bouverie's heart—it is the vice of society, and she had lived alone almost from childhood. It was her heart that was crushed, and it would have required a tenderer and far more skillful hand to have healed the blow.

By his sister's hands, Harry received an answer to his appeal; it was as follows:

"After what passed yesterday, dear Harry, it can serve no good purpose to comply with your request, but will only give great pain to both of us. I shall tell my father I cannot marry you, as it would grieve

him were he to know how differently others can think of his only child. I am at a loss to know how I have forfeited your good opinion; but of this I am very sure, that I have never voluntarily given you a moment's displeasure. We are not likely to meet often again, but I shall always be glad to hear good news of you, and always feel an interest in all that concerns you. I would not wish to end with a reproach, but I would fain you had told me what chance discovered to me. Did you intend to marry me under the conviction that our union would tend to the misery of both? If it is because you are attached to another that you have dealt thus strangely by me, I will hope your present freedom may conduce to your future happiness. If it is really and truly for the reasons Gertrude gave me, may that world, dear Harry, of which you are a worshipper, be able to repay you for your submission to its opinions."

It was with tolerable composure that Kate Bouverie wrote and despatched this note, but with her father the fountain of her tears again burst forth. The General was electrified—he had never seen her weep before; for in that happy home she had had no cause for sorrow, and her tears made an impression on him that erased from his memory the long-cherished plan of continuing the property in the family by this much-desired union. He himself informed Captain Bouverie of his daughter's decision, and that information was accompanied with expressions of regret.

Years rolled on. Kate Bouverie continued unmarried, in spite of the offers of more than one suitor for her hand. Gertrude remained at home, under the auspices of her careful parent. But though self-love and vanity did what her mother's advice would most assuredly not have done, and she soon began to conform in some degree to the tastes of the people she was amongst; still her real and acquired faults were not indicated, and "as odd as Ger Bouverie," became a by-word by no means pleasing to the rest of the family. Taunted and reproached at home, alternately caressed and sneered at abroad, Gertrude always entered a ball-room with a vague spirit of defiance against uncommitted injuries. At once affecting to scorn, and making faint endeavours to conciliate the world; beautiful in person; harsh in manner; fearless by nature; she said every thing, and did every thing that came into her head, and the consequence was as might be expected. She was flattered by those she amused; courted by those to whom her notice gave a sort of notoriety; admired by many; and abused by the whole of her acquaintance.

Pamela's drowsy existence was by no means interrupted or disturbed by her sister's strange ways; but Annette, while, by dint of mocking, she unconsciously caught something of the gesticulating manner and audible tone of voice, which accompanied Gertrude's speeches, resented as an injury the notoriety she thus obtained, and visited it with the whole force of her wit; while forgetting how far different the copy was from the original, Harry Bouverie never ceased to congratulate himself on his escape from the matrimonial snare prepared for him.

While things were in this state, Mrs. Bouverie received a letter one morning, which forced an ejaculation even from her little, cold, compressed lip, and sent a momentary flush of emotion to her faded cheek. "Your cousin Kate is dead," said she, turning to her daughters; and then, as if seeking to excuse her own emotion, as she felt the rush of tears to her eyes, she added "but—she is dead in such a shocking way." The letter was read, and it was with bitter feelings that Harry Bouverie listened to its contents.

Since the departure of her cousin, poor Kate's whole character seemed to have changed. Wild with a sort of delirious gaiety at one time—dejected and incapable

of occupying herself at another, she seemed always the slave of some unintelligible caprice. Her eye grew dimmer, her figure thinner and less graceful; her very voice—that low, laughing voice which had given a charm to all she said—acquired a sharpness and shrillness which was foreign to it. Gloom sate on her brow like shadows in a sunny place, and while her father merely remarked that Kate's temper was not so good as it had been—the old nurse declared that her child was dying of a broken heart. But it was not by slow degrees—by the sapping and mining of grief—by the wasting away of the body's strength under the soul's weakness, that one so full of life and energy was to die. Suddenly, in the flower of her youth, she was to be cut off, as if it were vain to wait till decay should creep into so light a heart, and within so bright a form. Amongst other changes, Kate had become very absent; frequently she forgot she was in the presence of others, and with a low, moaning exclamation, would hide her head and weep: frequently she would remain out on the sunny moors for hours, and wander home, unconscious that the day was drawing to a close, and that her father was waiting her return. At such times she would fling her arms around his neck, and give way to an hysterical burst of mingled tears and laughter at her own thoughtlessness, and then put on the wild gaiety of a child. There came a day when her father waited in vain; when the look that pleaded for pardon—the voice that soothed—the laugh that cheered him—were lost to him for ever; and that hurrying step, which was the signal for the old man to rise, and advance to fold his daughter in his arms, was silent in the desolate corridors of his house. All that was ever known of Kate's death was told by a peasant girl, who, while waiting for her young sister to cross the moor, saw a horse, with a lady on it, flying at full speed down the narrow road which skirted it. She ran as fast as she was able to the foot of a little bridge, which made a sudden and short angle from the road. She stood still and listened, but the dashing and murmuring of the waters prevented her hearing the approach of the horse's hoofs. She called, but nothing except the faint echo, muffled, as it were, by the branches which shadowed the wild and rocky stream, answered her cry. She waited, knowing that the road had no other turn, but all remained sleeping in the quiet sunshine as before. Suddenly a sick and horrible fear crossed the girl's heart—she turned, and looked far down into the bed of the stream, and there among the broken granite and white stones, she distinctly saw some dark object; and while her heart beat so loud as almost to stifle the sound, she fancied that a faint wailing cry swept past on the wind. Slowly, and with cautious steps, she crept down round by the bridge, over the bank, swinging by a branch, or letting herself slip down the steep and broken ground. At length she descended into the torrent, which ran meagre and half dried up by the summer sun—struggling over and under and round the stones in its course, murmuring and complaining as it went. There lay the little Arab, Selim, with the last life-pulse faintly quivering through its limbs—and there, with her face hidden, and the stream rippling through the curls of her golden hair, lay poor forsaken Kate. The girl stopped; a natural and unconquerable horror made her pause before she would venture to turn round and lift what she doubted not was the face of a corpse, bruised and horrible. At length she approached, and with shuddering hands raised the head of the unhappy girl from the waters. No bruise was there—pure and calm, with closed eyes and parted lips, and the glistening drops hanging on the still fresh pink of her cheek—she lay—but death was in her face!

Years rolled on; Annette's more successful plan for her brother's advancement was put into execution, and Harry became the easy husband of the all-accomplished

and beautiful Lady Sarah Davensel, the chosen companion and confidante of the sprightly Miss Bouverie. Lady Sarah was a duke's daughter; she therefore thought herself entitled to treat her husband as her inferior. She was a beauty and a spoiled child, and she therefore conceived herself at liberty to accept the homage of those around her, and to show off sundry little airs of wilfulness and vanity, just as if she had not married the handsomest man in England, as she was in the habit of calling Harry. She was headstrong and violent; and the same adherence to her own fancies, which led her to oppose her doting father on the subject of her marriage, led her now to oppose her husband. She was frivolous and heartless, but she was a strict observer of the rules of etiquette. Maradon Carcon made her dresses, Cavalier drest her hair, and the world declared she was a charming woman.

Five years after his marriage, accident brought Harry Bouverie to the spot where his young cousin, with whom from his infancy he had expected to pass his life, had died unseen, alone, without one to hear her last word. He was with a party of pleasure, and their loud laughing voices rang in his heart, as he bent over the little bridge, and with straining eyes looked downwards, as if he could still see the light form which for years had mouldered in the grave.

"Is that a good trout stream, Bouverie?" asked one of the gentlemen.

Harry turned hastily away, and catching Lady Sarah by the arm, he muttered, "Come away—it was here that Kate died—they will drive me wild."

"You are always sentimentalising about that girl," said his wife, pettishly; "I am sure it is no great compliment to me, the way you regret her." She moved on, and joining the party, walked forwards.

"Oh! Kate, Kate," exclaimed Harry Bouverie, as rushing tears dimmed his view of that death scene, "was it for such a heart I scorned you?"

USE OF PERFUMES.

Look upon it ever as a sign of masculine intellect and a strong understanding to neglect the voluptuous gratification of this sense (of smell.) This is a folly which should be left altogether to the masculine imitators of the weaker sex. They are shameless slaves to it, whose chambers are filled with wasteful odours; who expend on vials of expensive perfume that wealth which is committed to them for the advantage of their fellow-creatures, and whose study appears to be that they may leave no breath unpoisoned or unpolluted of the fresh and wholesome air that surrounds them. A man that is wrapped up in perfumes is surely a pitiable creature. This fashion which was once disgustingly prevalent, is now confined, in a great measure, to persons of vulgar and mean habits, who are not only heedless of their religious obligations, but ignorant of the customs of good society. Still, however, the folly is not wholly banished from even the better informed classes of mankind; and it is a hideous cruelty, that a gentleman of moderate fortune will keep in his desk, for the purpose of perfuming note-paper, a vial of perfume, the price of which would pay the house-rent of a poor peasant, in our provinces for a whole year. There is, besides, a manifest rudeness in the use of artificial odours, which no well educated person ought to offer to society. Predilections in this sense are as various as in that of taste; and it seems as unreasonable, that a man should compel every person he meets to inhale that single odour which he thinks agreeable, (but which to many may be quite the reverse,) as if a host should measure the tastes of his company by his own, and oblige them all to partake of a certain dish because it happened to be his favourite.—*Tales illustrative of the Five senses.*

THE POET'S DYING HYMN.

— Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
 In such a temple as we now behold,
 Breat' for thy presence; therefore am I bound
 To worship here and every where.—*Wordsworth.*

The blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
 And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
 And own'd thine image in the majesty
 Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
 There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight,
 By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
 I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
 Touching death's features with a lovely glance
 Of light, serenely solemn and divine,
 And lending to each holy star a ray
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
 In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,
 And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
 And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,
 And upon many a desert plain and shore,
 —No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And if thy Spirit on thy child hath shed
 The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
 To pierce the mist o'er life's deep moanings spread,
 To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
 Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
 And pure—a consecration unto Thee:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught
 With an awakening power—if Thou hast made
 Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
 And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
 To lands of other lays, and there become
 Native as early melodies at home:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
 Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
 But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
 A still small whisper in my song hath led
 One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
 Or but one hope, one prayer!—for this alone
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love
 Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
 Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
 Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
 Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
 Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,
 And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
 And by the yearning of its tenderness,
 Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
 I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
 Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
 High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or
 dread,
 Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,
 Whereby its torch-light for the race was fed;

That passing storms have only fanned the fire,
 Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire!
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
 Each sound and token of the dying day!
 Thou leav'st me not, though earthly life grows pale,
 I am not darkly sinking to decay;
 Bat, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
 Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
 And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
 And mountain-sanctuaries for poets' dreams,
 Be lovely still in my departing eyes;
 'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
 But that my foot-prints on its dust appear:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
 The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
 Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
 No longer vassals to the changeful hour:
 That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
 Rich visions of imperishable spring:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Yes, the young vernal voices in the skies
 Woo me not back, but wandering past mine ear,
 Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,
 The spirit-music, unperturb'd and clear:
 The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
 —Let me too, joining those pure strains, adore!
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—To Thee I come,
 Make Thou my dwelling where thy children are!
 And for the hope of that immortal home,
 And for thy Son, the bright and morning Star,
 The Sufferer and the Victor-king of Death!
 I bless Thee with my glad song's dying breath!
 I bless Thee, O my God!

SPRING.

WHEN the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
 'Tis not for any one here, I trow:
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below!
 O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep?
 To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure;
 That is a fate that none can cure;
 Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow:
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below!
 O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

COUSIN MARY;

A CHARACTER.

ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries—dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes, (and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps, for certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needlework, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge, positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble, like a bird, sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes, Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroideress—she would sit “printing her thoughts on lawn,” till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakespeare, and Richardson's

novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning till night.

It must be confessed, as a counter-balance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-born, like an oak of the forest? Oh, she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes of indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect restraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her clothes caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect

from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a *manceuvrer*) for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house, and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her employment. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutorage had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—“So you are really a governess?”—“Yes.”—“And you continue in the same family?”—“Yes.”—“And you like your post?”—“O yes, yes!”—“But my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?”—“Why, they wanted a governess, so I went.”—“But, what could induce them to keep you?” The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back

from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven. “Why did they keep me? Ask them,” replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. “We kept her to teach her ourselves,” said the young lady.—“We kept her to play cricket with us,” said her brother.—“We kept her to marry,” said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. “She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation.” And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

Original.

THE CID.

RODRIGO DIAZ DE RIVAR, surnamed the *Cid*, famous for his amour with *Chimena*, and his duel with *Count Gormas*, has been the subject of various poems and romances. Although we should refuse faith to the wonderful stories which romance has propagated concerning this hero; yet, it is certain from the testimony of historians, that the *Cid* was not only the bravest knight of his age, but the most virtuous and generous of men. He had already signalized himself by his exploits, in the reign of Ferdinand the First, King of Castile. When, in the year 1050, Sancho Second, son to that prince, sought to deprive his sister Urraqua unjustly of the city of Zamora; the *Cid* boldly remonstrated against the injustice of the deed; representing it as a violation equally of the rights of consanguinity and the laws of honour. The haughty and passionate Sancho banished the *Cid*, but was soon after obliged to recall him. When, by the death of Sancho, who was treacherously slain before Zamora, the crown devolved to his brother, Alfonso VI., the Castilians required their new monarch to declare by a solemn oath, that he had no concern in his brother's death. None other durst propose the oath to the monarch; but the *Cid* made him swear it at the very altar before which he was crowned; intermingling with the appeal to God the most dreadful imprecations upon perjurers. Alfonso never forgave him. The *Cid* was soon after sent into banishment, on pretence that he had entered the territories of Almamón, King of Toledo, with whom Alfonso was then at peace; *Rodrigo* had indeed pursued some fugitives beyond the boundary between the two kingdoms. The time of this banishment turned out the most glorious period of the *Cid*'s life. It was then he made his greatest conquest from the Moors, aided only by those brave knights whom his reputation had attracted to join his standard. Alfonso recalled him, and seemingly restored him to favour; but this monarch's favour could not long be preserved by a man of *Rodrigo*'s open dignity of mind. Being again banished from the court, he went upon the conquest of Valencia. Making himself master of that strong city, and of many other towns, with an extensive territory; he might have assumed sovereign honours; but he never would: continuing still the faithful subject of Alfonso, although Alfonso had often injured and offended him.

The *Cid* died at Valencia in 1099, full of years and glory. He had only one son who was slain, young, in a single combat. His two daughters, Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, married two princes of the house of Navarre; and through a long train of alliances, are among the ancestors of the Bourbons.—*Histoire d'Espagne, Mariana & Garibai.*

THE BURIAL OF THE MIGHTY.

BY MRS. HEWANS.

—Many an eye

May wait the dimming of the morning star.—Shakespeare.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!—

Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
 Breathe reverently!—There is a dreamy sound,
 A hollow murmur of the dying year,
 In the deep woods.—Let it be wild and sad!
 A more Æolian melancholy tone
 Than ever wait'd o'er bright things perishing!
 For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,
 Which the green summer will not bring us back—
 Though all her songs return.—The funeral chant
 Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
 They bear him thro' the household paths, the groves,
 Where every tree had music of its own
 To his quick ear of Knowledge taught by Love—
 And he is silent!—Past the living stream
 They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice
 On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—
 And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light
 Richer than Autumn's purple, now they move—
 And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips
 Were but unseal'd, and, lo! a thousand forms,
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
 In glowing life upspring:—Vassal and chief,
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
 Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
 Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And still they live,
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
 And from the mountain-nist still flashing by,
 Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there,
 To the Scer's voice: Phantoms of colour'd thought,
 Surviving him who raised —O, Eloquence!
 O, Power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead!
 Who shall wake *Thee*? Lord of the buried past!
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,
 Thy subject-host so long!—The wand is dropp'd,
 The bright lamp broken, when the gifted hand
 Touch'd and the Genii came!—Sing reverently
 The funeral chant!—The Mighty is borne home—
 And who shall be his mourners!—Youth and Age,
 For each hath felt his magic:—Love and Grief,
 For he hath communed with the heart of each:
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity
 May join the august procession, for to him
 Its mysteries have been tributary things,
 And all its accents known:—from field or wave,
 Never was conqueror on his battle-bier
 By the veil'd banner and the muffled drum,
 And the proud drooping of the crested head,
 More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,
 The voiceless dwelling of the Bard is reach'd:
 A still majestic spot! girt solemnly
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay;
 A stately couch midst ruins: meet for him
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
 Over the honour'd grave!—the *grave*!—oh! say
 Rather the shrine!—An altar for the love,
 The light, soft pilgrim-steps, the votive wreaths
 Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,
 By that which dies not of the sovereign Dead,
 Shall be made holy things;—where every weed
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
 From buried glory breath'd. And now what strain,
 Making victorious melody ascend
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb,
 Where He that sway'd the nations, there is laid,
 The crown'd of men!

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine!
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that Life and Death
 Alike are thine!

A spirit on its way,
 Sceptred the earth to sway,
 From thee was sent:
 Now call'st thou back thine own—
 Hence is that radiance flown—
 To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
 The bright head bow'd we saw,
 Beneath Thy hand!
 Fill'd by one Hope, one Fear,
 Now o'er a brother's bier,
 Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd!—the Lord
 Of each deep bosom-chord,
 To meet thy sight,
 Unmantled and alone,
 On thy blest mercy thrown,
 O Infinite!

So, from his Harvest Home,
 Must the tired peasant come;
 So, in our trust,
 Leader and king must yield
 The naked soul, reveal'd
 To thee, All-Just!

The sword of many a fight—
 What *then* should be its might!
 The lofty lay,
 That rush'd on eagle-wing—
 What shall its memory bring!
 What hope, what stay!

O Father! in that hour,
 When Earth, all succouring power
 Shall disavow;
 When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down—
 Sustain us, Thou!

By Him, who bow'd to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod;
 From the last dismay
 Was not to pass away—
 Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on Thee to save,
 Father divine!
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us, in Life and Death,
 Thine, only Thine!

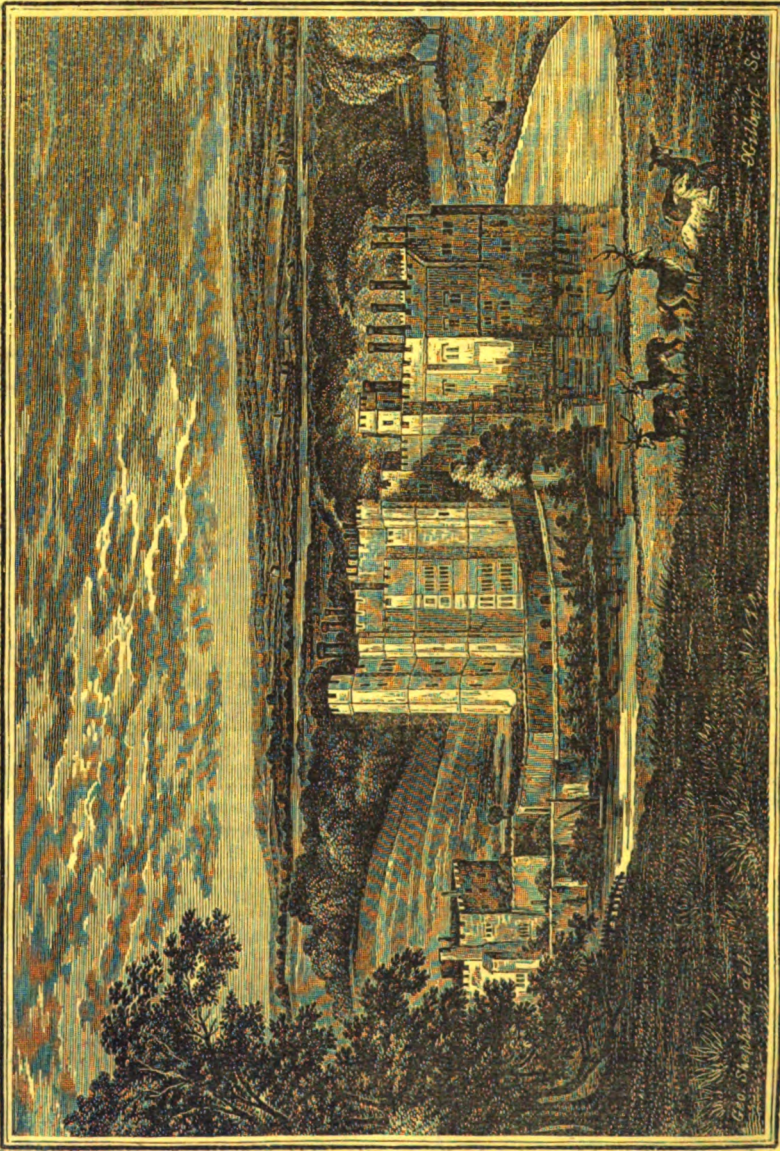
TO JULIET.

A THOUGHT AT NIGHT.

In yonder taper's burning light,
 An image of my heart I see;
 It burns amid a lonely night—
 Its life the love of thee.
 The steadfast light its passion takes,
 But slowly wastes while it illumines;
 And while my very life it makes,
 My life itself consumes.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637





LEEDS CASTLE.

LEEDS CASTLE.

ABOUT three miles from the village of Lenham, in the county of Kent, (England,) stands Leeds Castle. It is a turreted and magnificent stone structure, but having been erected at various periods, and under the direction of various tastes, it exhibits different styles of architecture. Its situation is delightful; standing in a well-wooded park plentifully supplied with deer, and commanding a prospect of the far-stretching fields and undulating hills which terminate the horizon. It is surrounded by a spacious moat, supplied with running water which rises at Lenham, and empties its current into the river Medway. This current abounds with fish, particularly the pike, which thrives here remarkably well, and is frequently taken weighing from thirty to forty pounds. At the principal entrance to this castellated pile are the remains of an ancient gateway, razed to within about one yard of the ground; these ruins, together with the grooves formed for the portcullis, which are still to be seen there, indicate its original strength and importance. At a short distance, in a northerly direction, are the vestiges of a very ancient structure, supposed, and with much probability, to be that portion of the castle where Robert de Crevequer established three chaplains when it was originally built.

The approach to the castle is by a bridge of two arches, after crossing which you pass under a second gateway, which, with the part already described, appears to have constituted a portion of the ancient fortress raised by the Crevequers, and suffered to survive the demolition under which the residue of the fabric was scattered to the ground. After passing the latter gate you arrive at a quadrangular court-yard of a very handsome appearance; to the right of which stands a building which the style of its architecture leads us to suppose it to be of the period of William of Wickham, and most probably part of the pile erected by that celebrated ecclesiastic. The portion at the further side of this quadrangle contains the principal, or state chambers, with the more recent addition of a handsome uniform front of rustic stone-work: the windows are arched in the Gothic style, and the parapet is embattled. Behind this edifice, over a bridge composed of arches, there is a large fabric, constituting the extremity of the castle; it is now, however, built upon and enclosed as a passage-way. It presents a very handsome pile of excellent workmanship, combining beauty and strength, and seems of the period of Henry the Eighth; in which case it was, most probably raised by Sir Henry Guildford, who acted in the capacity of constable of this fortress under that monarch, and beautified the castle at the direction and expense of the crown; from the strength and situation of the place we would here believe the ancient keep of the castle to have once stood.

Sir Thomas de Colepeper was Castellan of Leeds Castle, under the famous Lord Bladesmere in the time of Edward the Second; but, in the fifteenth year of that monarch's reign he was hanged to the chain of the drawbridge, for having refused admission to Isabel, queen of that monarch, when in the act of performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. Upon that occasion Leeds Castle and its manor were forfeited to the crown, but, either by the royal indulgence or by family entail, were subsequently restored to the son of the unfortunate Sir Thomas. In this castle, Ivan of Navarre, second consort of Henry the Fourth, being accused of having conspired against the life of her son-in-law, was held captive under Henry the Fifth; and here also Archbishop Chicheley presided, during the process instituted against Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, accused of sorcery and witchcraft.

Independent of the historical associations established by ancient records connected with this grand structure,

George the Third and his consort Queen Charlotte, after reviving the grand encampment at Cocksheath, honoured Leeds Castle with their presence on the 3d of November 1799: and on the following day received the congratulations of the nobility, general officers, and leading personages of the county of Kent, with the mayor and corporation of the neighbouring town of Maidstone. This famous and picturesque residence is now in the possession of — Frickham Esqr., but the venerable line of the Colepepers seems to assert some dormant claim to this beautiful estate and castle, which is said to arise from a matrimonial union between a female of that family and the celebrated parliamentary general Fairfax, who, in her right, enjoyed the estate, which would have reverted to the male line of the Colepepers, had not the loss of the marriage settlement prevented it. The pleasure grounds attached to the castle are, as may be inferred from our accompanying plate, very extensive, but sufficient exertion is not given to the preservation of the pile; which would be the more desirable, as the immediate and distant scenery is luxuriant and picturesque in the extreme; and capable of such improvements as would render it one of the most enviable residences in Great Britain.

Original.

CORRILLA, IMPROVISATRICE.

THIS celebrated female was born in Italy; her peculiar talent developed itself at an early age: she had cultivated it by a close, and regular course of study, not confined to literature, but embracing every branch of human knowledge.

Her splendid success throughout Italy induced the Emperor, Francis the First, to solicit her to visit Vienna. She was there received with every mark of distinction, and returned to her country overwhelmed with honours and wealth, lavished upon her by the Emperor.

The Empress of Russia, Catherine the Second, who gave great encouragement to the arts and sciences of every description; and who wished every thing great to be attached to her court, proposed to Corrilla to visit St. Petersburg; but her dread of encountering the severity of such a climate, her own private attachments, and tastes, prevented her from accepting the flattering and magnificent offers made her by the Empress.

In 1776, Corrilla visited Rome, where the highest honours that can be bestowed upon poetic talent, awaited her. She was received by the Academy des Arcades under the name of Olympica: where having spoken upon a given number of subjects—after twelve examinations, appointed by the Academy—she was judged worthy of the laurel; before she was crowned, the Roman Senate declared her, *nobile cittadina*.* After this event, the first subject proposed for the display of her eloquence, was her thanks to the Senate; the second, a refutation of the doctrine that Christian humility has a tendency to destroy courage, and the enthusiasm necessary to the advancement of the fine arts. The next subject given her was, the superiority of modern philosophy over that professed by the ancients. She spoke on all these subjects with a facility, a perspicuity, a brilliancy of ideas, a warmth of imagination, that excited the utmost enthusiasm in her audience; but this wonderful success laid her open to the malignant attacks of jealousy and malevolence.

Corrilla published some of her small poems; but like most *impromptu* pieces, they do not enhance the reputation of their author.

* Noble citizen.

THE CAPTIVE SCHEIK.

Niebuhr relates the history of a captive in Yemen who seeing a bird through the prison grate, was inspired to make lines, which, being heard by his keeper, and spreading from one to another till they reached the ears of the Sultan who had confined him, procured his liberty.

RIVER! whose waters murmuring stray,
Oh! could I by thy side,
Mark, how like joys that steal away,
Thy waves in music glide;
Oh! might I watch thee glittering by,
Without these bars that mock my eye,
As welcome, and as blest to me,
Thy cool and sparkling waves would be,
As those which lead to Aden's* shore,
Where he who drinks shall thirst no more.
Thy course is onward, wide and free,
When will such course return to me!
At liberty!—how blest art thou,
Whilst I, in fetters bound,
Press 'gainst these bars my fever'd brow,
And listen for a sound
That stills one moment's space the sigh
Of hopeless, sad captivity.
And thou, fair bird, whose notes arise
Sweet as the bells of Paradise,†
That chase the slumbers of the blest,
Or soothe his soul to dreams of rest;
What art thou?—from what pleasant home
Of ceaseless music dost thou come?
Say, if amidst the Sudru's shade‡
Thy nest of perfumed leaves is made!
Art thou of those of spotless wing
That round the throne of glory sing, §
Or art thou come a messenger
To bear me tender news of her,
Whose truth no absence can impair,
Who loves, like me, amidst despair!
The dew of pearl on Yemen's waves||
That sparkles pure and bright,
Ere yet in foet'ring ocean's caves
Its gems are form'd of light,
Is not so pure, so fair, as she,
So precious as her heart to me.
But what am I!—my mem'ry now
Would cloud the sunshine of her brow;
My fame is past—my glory fled—
My name enroll'd among the dead—
Forgot by all I ever knew,
Why should not she forget me too!
Go, soaring bird! thy lays are vain—
They add new torture to my chain;
Attendant on thy notes appear
The shades of many a buried year,
Whose glitt'ring colours charm my sight
Then fade and leave me deeper night.
They show when from my desert home
Free as my steed, I used to roam;
How, even then, the future's dream
Made present good of no esteem;
By custom too familiar grown
I slighted joys that were my own;

* At Aden or Jannat, the garden of Paradise. See *Koran*.

† The trees in Paradise will be hung with bells, which will be put in motion by the wind, proceeding from the sacred throne, as often as the blessed wish for music.

‡ The Sudru is a tree of Paradise.

§ The souls of the good dwell in the form of white birds under the sacred throne. See *Koran*.

|| The *Matta es Seif* is a rain which is believed in Persia to ripen the pearls in the oyster, when it descends on the waters. It falls in the month *Nizam*.—*NIEBUHR*.

Alas! since then a life of pain
Has proved their worth; but proved in vain;
Oh! that I could recall the past
Hours, days, and years, I dared to waste—
But vain repentance, vain regret,
My only task is to forget!
No more I'll seek my prison grate
With straining eye and heart elate,
To welcome stream, and wood, and plain,
Which never may be mine again:
I turn from scenes so bright, so dear,
And find my only world is here!

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY E. B. THATCHER.

A NOBLE ship, all gallantly,
Over ocean's surge was dashing,
And far and wide, the sounding tide
Like serried hosts was flashing.

On her high deck, while showery spray
From his locks of jet was streaming,
The sailor lay in the sunny ray,
Of home and childhood dreaming.

His father's cot!—beneath its eaves,
The ring-dove's song is swelling;
And the robin weaves, of earliest leaves
And velvet moss, his dwelling.

His fireside bright! the babe smiles there
On the breast of her who bore him;
And sisters fair, with long loose hair,
Dance merrily before him.

Vain! vain! He hath lost that magic sleep,
He hath heard the cordage creaking;
The wild winds sweep across the deep,
The storm birds' fitful shrieking.

But his ship the rocking surge doth scale,
Still with her proud flag waving;
Each shattered sail still fronts the gale—
Each spar the blast is braving.

Vain! vain! Her quivering masts are broke,
With a ponderous peal like thunder;
The lightning's stroke her limbs of oak
Hath cleft like reeds asunder.

Oh! burning youth, and manhood brave,
And brows with Time's frosts hoary—
They found a grave in the deep, deep wave,
Alike for their woe and glory.

Of their dear homes thought they, where loud and free
Their native rills were gushing;
And the young rose tree that woo'd the bee
On its myriad beauty blushing.

And the vine-bound roof, beneath whose eaves
The ring-dove's song is swelling,
And the robin weaves, of earliest leaves
And velvet moss, his dwelling.

And the babe that slept—they thought of these;
And the loved, who with bosom yearning,
Whene'er the breeze shall curl the seas,
Will look for them returning.

LOVE AT COLIN MAILLARD.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

THE moment that she looked up from her drawing, I remembered her at once by her eyes. It was full three years since I had seen them, during a tour in vacation, on entering the *diligence* from St. Omer to Paris. She was then a mere girl in her teens, but far more interesting than Misses generally are at that dubious period; a curly-headed, rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of blue eyes which I must describe, for they were absolutely unique. Their colour was extremely full and deep; the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eye-lashes, they gave a sly or pensive expression to the curl of a red upper lip; but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky, for hours. She was travelling under her father's escort to Paris, to enter a *pension* there; and as there were no passengers in the *diligence* beside ourselves, before nightfall I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire*, on half-pay, as I conjectured, from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way to the vivacity of her spirits; and as papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterances that the world perverts. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing, while she prattled on of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosity as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chill at night, I folded my gay travelling cloak around her, and observed, almost with fondness, her little head begin to nod and her narrative to falter; until, at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep that it was not disturbed when, at the first jolt which occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and, passing my arm around her, kept it in that position. I could never sleep in a stage. In those days, moreover, my imagination was in great force; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the *conducteur*, and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow-traveller, to which the paternal snore furnished a very tolerable counterpoint, I amused myself with various reveries concerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom. Sometimes a fanciful idea arose, that our intercourse, so recently begun and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day; and I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, and again crossing my path by some accident, such as had already brought us together. There is, I am persuaded, a truth of prediction in these impressions, especially in those which visit us in the night season.—“Dreams,” says a great poet, “come from God.” When day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet, nestling in my cloak, that I could not abstain from impressing a morning salutation upon her brow; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber; nor did she awake until the rattling of the vehicle along the pavement approaching the *Barriere de St. Denis*, announced our proximity to Paris. When the *diligence* stopped in the *Rue de l'Enfer*, I felt quite sad at parting from my charge; and as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her

to tell me her name, and not to forget me. She told me that she was called Isabel Denham, and said that she had a good memory: but I little expected, on giving her the farewell *au plaisir*, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, at my then age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short sojourn in Paris, and long after returning to Oxford, the picture of those rich black curls waving on my shoulders, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the *diligence*, perpetually recurred to my imagination. How angry was I at my stupidity in neglecting to ask of the “whereabouts” of her Leicestershire home! Indeed I tormented all the men from that county with whom I had any acquaintance, with inquiries concerning the name of Denham, until silenced by the ridicule they excited. The dissipations and studies of college life did not, however, impair my memory; although, when I re-visited the Continent, after taking my degree, it was only at leisure moments that I would ask myself—“I wonder what has become of that pretty Isabel; by this time she must be full woman, and I doubt not a fair one? I should like to know if she recollects her companion of the *diligence*.”

A delightful summer ramble had terminated amongst the slopes and vineyards of the *Pays de Vaud*. On the afternoon of a day too sultry for walking, I was descending, on *mule-back*, a steep hill in the neighbourhood of *Vevay*, by an unfrequented road which overlooks the lake. The clouds began to creep heavily upwards from behind the western Alps; and I urged my lazy beast, in the hope of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But mules are impracticable animals; and mine, upon a smart application of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road; and began to indulge himself in one of those intolerable howls which none but mulish organs can perpetrate, to the great alarm of a young lady who was seated, quietly sketching, at the corner I had just turned. When she looked up, startled by the hideous bray, and amusement succeeded to her surprise, she opened to their full extent a pair of laughing blue eyes, which I felt certain I had looked into before. Yet of their splendidly beautiful owner I had no recollection. At once a thought—an inspiration, it must have been—recalled my former companion of the *diligence*. I was sure it must be she. As I detest ceremony in investigations of this kind, I at once dismounted, took off my hat, and accosted the fair artist:

“*Madame*,”—a delightful language is the French; you can address a lady so respectfully, without knowing her name—“*Madame, veuillez bien me pardonner pour l'avoir derange! Mais, je supplierais qu'elle me permit de l'engager a descendre au plus vite. Tout annonce un orage.*”

She coloured, and bowed slightly. “*Remercie, Monsieur*!”—then, looking around, called “*George!*” The accent was of my native land; I was confirmed in my conjecture, and addressed her in English:

“If that be your servant, Madam, I fear he is scarcely within call. It must have been the white-headed old person whom I passed as he was plucking grapes in the *cloe* of *La Blaye*, a full quarter of a mile from hence.”

She gathered up her pencils, and appeared perplexed. At this moment a few heavy drops of rain,

and a far-off muttering of thunder, came on very opportunely. I assumed a most humble and respectful mien:—"Will you honour my quadruped by suffering him to bear you home before the storm descends?"

She blushed again, and seemed to hesitate: but a loud clap of thunder aided my eloquence materially; and the preparation of a few moments beheld her seated upon my mule, wrapped in the very cloak which had kept her warm three years before, and me trotting at the animal's bridle, or occasionally seizing the apology of a steep descent or a rough patch of road, for supporting her in the saddle. However, before we reached her home, at a short distance from the suburb of Vevay, the rain came down with true Alpine fury; and I delivered my fair charge, dripping wet, into the care of an anxious-looking old gentleman, who was watching for her in the verandah, and in whom I at once recognised the papa of the *diligence*. From her I received a host of pretty thanks; and from him, what I valued far more, the permission to call on the morrow, and inquire whether she had taken injury from the exposure.

"George," said I, to the old blue-bottle, whom I met hurrying toward, "how long has Captain Denham been at Vevay?"

The man seemed surprised, but answered respectfully, "Sir George Denham, you mean, sir; he is Sir George, now that the baronet in Yorkshire is dead."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact: and my lady?"

"My lady! God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into these foreign parts!"

"Indeed, I had not heard of that accident;—and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?"

"No, sir; the young people were all left in Leicestershire, when Sir George came abroad for his health."

"Do they see much company?"

"O no, sir, master lives quite retired like: besides, there are few English about Vevay."

"Very good: now go home and dry yourself;" (slipping an *écu* into his hand.)

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured: no troublesome mamma or brothers; father invalid, and a baronet; nothing could be more delightful! I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions, and engaged my apartments in the town for "two months certain."

My call on the following day was kindly received; my dear countrymen, heaven bless them! are not quite so surly when you meet them abroad: especially if they happen to be in want of assistance or amusement. Sir George appeared to me to stand in the latter predicament; and certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approaches I made to become an *habitué* under his roof. I gathered, both from his establishment and my dialogue with George, (the blue bottle,) that with title, fortune had also flowed in upon him; and therefore cautiously abstained from recalling to his memory our former meeting. But with the fair Isabel, I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was installed in the place of *cicerone*, and permitted to escort her to views which papa could not reach, I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, although cautiously at first. The moment, however, that I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Denham's eye, and perhaps a little heightening of colour, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstances of our previous meeting: and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it had left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto hesitated to make the inquiry I should fail in attempting to explain: those alone who have been fascinated, as I then was, will understand the reason. Henceforward, we became as old friends, and, I need not add, constant companions. Never did I pass a

more blessed summer: it was, indeed, a happiness almost too keen, to ramble, day after day, without a thought of the future, in that paradise of a country, by the side of sweet Isabel Denham: to read to her passages from Rousseau and Byron, in the very spots where they were composed, and which they describe, or to sit at her feet throughout long summer evenings, gazing into those strange blue eyes, as she sang to her guitar, for papa, whole garlands of gay little French and Swiss romances. Yet I never spoke to her of love, although my heart was almost oppressed with its sweetness. But our intercourse grew so entire and affectionate, as we read, or sailed, or sat together, or loitered amidst the heavy fragrance of the garden, to watch the glory of an Alpine sunset, that nothing but a rising sense of self-reproach, when I considered my doubtful prospects in life—or perhaps, likewise, a fear to disturb, even with a word, a relation so delicious as had silently established itself between me and this fair girl, could have stifled the confession and the entreaty which at times actually quivered on my lips. O, she was such a soft, bright creature, with all the grace of a French girl, and the pensive sweetness of an English maiden; glad, but deep-hearted, and now and then disposed to be tyrannical: with small white hands, and tripping feet; and then those indescribable eyes! I wonder how I was enabled to keep silence: for there was a something in Isabel's manner that whispered, at times, as if she would have forgiven my presumption, had I broken it.

But autumn was nearly past; its close recalled Sir George, with restored health, to England: and me to the fulfilment of a promise made to an invalid friend at Naples. At parting, the old baronet gave me a kind invitation to his seat, when I should return to England; and when, in his presence, I essayed to bid farewell to his daughter, my self-possession so nearly left me, that I could barely say, "Good-by!" That last day was a miserable one: and when evening came, and I had completed my arrangements for departure on the morrow, I could not restrain my desire to say one kind word to Isabel before leaving the place. It was in vain that reason hinted the folly of indulging a pursuit, that, in my then circumstances, appeared hopeless: equally vain was the appeal of conscience, urging that it was using a young creature unfairly to suggest a claim that I could not prefer;—before the sun had quite set, I was standing once more at the gate, from whence we had so often looked down upon Leman. Would she come? I was sure of it.

I stepped aside for a moment; she slowly approached the wicket, and stood leaning, for a few instants, on the espalier, gazing on the water; and then she buried her face in both hands. I stole to her side, and whispered "Isabel!" At first, I feared that she would faint, so pale did she become; but the colour directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow, and even neck, were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand, smiling, but with eyes full of tears.

"I could not bear to leave you, my sweet friend, without taking a kinder farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning." She looked downwards, and I could see her lip quiver, but no answer came.

"It will be a long, long time, ere I see you again: will you let me thank you for these happy months, or will you add one other treasure to all your gifts of gentleness and condescension? Will you repeat that sweet promise you once gave me, as a child? Say, that you will not forget me, beautiful Isabel Denham!"

"Did I break that promise?" she replied, in a low voice.

"Ah! but you are now to enter the world, where you will be sought, and caressed, and loved; but no one will love you there so fondly as an old friend, dear Isabel!" (What would not I have then given for the power to ask her to be mine!) She made no answer,

but wept. At that moment, the voice of Sir George was heard, calling her name: she slightly pressed my hand, in which I still held hers, and whispered, hurriedly, "Good-by! I will not forget you."

Had Mephistophiles himself then stood at my elbow, I could not have abstained from kissing the lips that uttered these kind, musical words. She struggled, escaped from my embrace, and ran towards the house.

For two long years I remained on the Continent, busied with projects which I need not relate, or engaged in adventures that would little interest you. Need I say what was now the pole-star of my endeavours? Those dear words, "I will not forget you," were for ever in my ear, and supported me in moments of anxiety and disappointment, of which, God knows, I had my full share. But I kept my resolution to avoid Isabel Denham's presence, until I could appear before her in the character of a decided suitor—yet how dearly did it cost me! How could I expect that her memory, to which I had preferred no direct claim, would survive the effects of absence, silence, and the assiduities of others?

In the winter of 18—, I returned to England. My difficulties, at last, were smoothed away: and away did I post to Yorkshire, the moment I was free from the importunities of agents and papers. I have already hinted, that of Sir George or his daughter I had not heard since their departure from Vevay. Chance happily directed me to an old friend in the neighbourhood of Beverley, from whom I obtained, at the same time, an invitation to pass my Christmas under his roof, and the welcome information that Sir George Denham was his neighbour and acquaintance. I arrived at Thornton's on Christmas Eve. "You are come at the right moment," said my friend: "The party from Denham Hall join our merry-making to-morrow; and you will have a good opportunity for renewing your Swiss acquaintance." Between fear and expectation I had no sleep that night.

In this fair district, the dear old English custom of hearty Christmas rejoicings, and the genuine ancient hospitality, are retained in much of their original glory. Under any other circumstances, the cheerful hum of preparation throughout the night, the carols chaunted by the village choristers under the hall windows; and on the morrow, the chambers green with laurel, and variegated with holly; the holiday faces of the tenantry, and a certain blending of solemnity and joy in the performance of church service in the stately old minister, would have affected me powerfully, after returning from so long a sojourn abroad: but in church I was devoured by impatience, vainly attempting to detect one familiar face amidst the congregation, and returned to dress, nervous and disappointed. A few words to Thornton, indeed, would have put an end to my suspense; but I had resolved to conceal every indication of peculiar interest, until I had learned how Isabel would receive me. I was actually trembling when I entered the drawing-room, half-an-hour before the early dinner: the guests were nearly all arrived, but still the face I sought for was not there. A carriage dashed up to the door—Sir George and Miss Denham! I started forwards. *Cent mille tonnerres!* The old gentleman was, indeed, the same; but instead of the beautiful girl I expected, there appeared a thin aged lady, with all the vinegar look of a maiden sister.

Sir George greeted me heartily. I forbore to inquire, at the moment, after his daughter; it had, indeed, been needless, for he was hardly seated before "Where is Miss Isabel?" rained upon him from all sides.

"Poor Bell! I was afraid to bring her out on a bitter day like this, even to a Christmas revel: she has been so delicate of late." Here he looked at the villainous old sister in the lace cap and spectacles, who nodded assent. I could have strangled them both.

The dinner, *malgré*, all its abundance and solemn-

ties, "right merry and conceited;" its flowing healths ample cheer, and gay faces, was a bitter ceremony to me, moody and taciturn as the disappointment had made me. One determination engrossed all my thoughts; and in the bustle caused by the ladies' departure, I proceeded to execute it, by slipping quietly into the hall, seizing the first hat I could find, and running down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow allowed me. "Show me Sir George Denham's house," said I, to a child at the lodge: "It's the big white house yonder, across the field." In three minutes I was halting under the windows of Denham Hall.

The necessity of a pause to take breath, a consciousness of my proceeding being rather a queer one, added to an habitual love of reconnoitering before any "onslaught," arrested my hand, as it was already upon the bell. I therefore began to encompass the house, after the manner of the besiegers of Jericho, (only that I used no trumpet,) until I reached a bay window, level with the flower-bed without, which was brightly illuminated from within. The curtain was partially drawn aside, and the ringing sounds of youthful laughter attracted me nearer. I stepped on to the flower-bed, and looked in upon a scene which Wilkie or Jan Steen's rare fancy could not have embellished. It was a long room, fitted up with rich oaken panels, alternating with portraits in the antique style, and now thickly hung with evergreens. The chief light proceeded from a vast yule log, which lay glowing and flickering in a wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls from twelve to seven years old; two stout little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of two chairs, in attaching a bunch of Christmas to the chandelier, in the centre—taking advantage, as it seemed, of the moment, while a girl of about ten years of age was busy binding up the eyes of a young lady, (the only grown-up person of the party,) who was seated upon a stool, with her back turned towards the window, amidst shouts of merry laughter. I drew closer, and as soon as she rose to begin the game, I knew, by the little white hands extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich black locks, and the dimpled chin, even though her eyes were covered, the person of sweet Isabel Denham.

From an involuntary impulse, I tried the clasp of the window: it opened, and there I stood within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight and eagerness upon my beautiful mistress. It required a pause of several minutes before I could summon courage to intrude upon this scene of innocent merriment. The little folks, the while, were skipping about in the fire-light, like so many brownies, shouting with rapture; and Isabel bounded amongst them as gracefully as though she had been Titania herself. She had little success in the game: the mischievous crew, who seemed to take especial delight in pulling about her curls, escaped from her gentle hands, whenever she essayed to lay hold upon any of her assailants. At last she came running towards my hiding-place, with both hands outstretched, crying, "I am sure there is some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape quite so easily as he did the last time!" I cannot describe how this random speech affected me; but I internally blessed the omen, and, coming forward as she approached, quietly possessed myself of her two hands, and pressed them to my lips. Startled, if not alarmed, by a touch so unexpected, she gave a sudden cry, exclaiming, "Papa! it is not you!" and, freeing one of her hands, hurriedly removed the bandage from her forehead. It was a nervous moment for me; the unwarrantable liberty I had taken just flashed upon my mind at the instant when I had fully committed myself.

On recognising my face, Isabel almost shrieked, changed colour, tried to speak, and burst into tears. I was terribly alarmed; the little people stood aghast, as though Satan himself had stepped from behind the

curtain. I supported Isabel to the sofa, and knelt at her side.

"Forgive me, dear Isabel! I little thought I should alarm you so much. I was not master of myself on seeing you so near me! will you suffer me to entreat your pardon?" Her eye slowly unclosed, and rested on mine, troubled, but full of sweetness.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon! It was not kind to frighten me thus. I do not know whether I shall ever forgive you for causing me such a shock."

"I shall never forgive myself if I have distressed you; but hear my excuse: I hoped to have met you at Thornton's; you came not; I hastened hither to find you; I beheld you through the window, and could not restrain my eagerness to approach you! and now, have you not forgotten; will you forgive me?"

"I do not know," she said, blushing deeply, "whether I ought to listen to you at all or no. You deserve that I should send you away at once."

"You would not be so unkind, did you know how I have longed to cast myself on your mercy."

"Well, I forgive you!" I was in the seventh heaven! The blindman's buff party appeared sorely disconcerted. "Had we not better set the little people to play again?" said I; and, without more ceremony, seizing upon the biggest boy of the party, I bound up

his eyes; and after a few minutes romping with them, the merry uproar became as loud as ever. Returning to Isabel's feet, I then told my tale, explaining, as well as I could, my past silence, sued for her pardon and her fair hand. She was too naturally sincere, perhaps too much hurried, to tyrannize ever me at such a moment; and when, after an ardent expostulation and entreaty, I raised her from the sofa, and slyly leading her under the little rogue's bush of salutation, covered her eyes, brow, and lips with kisses—she had already breathed the sweet word that made her mine for ever.

In the course of that evening's converse, I learned how faithfully the dear girl had kept her promise, although my silence had so little deserved it; and how just had been my instantaneous feeling of antipathy towards the maiden aunt, from whom poor Isabel had suffered a long persecution on behalf of a *protege* of hers, recommended as a suitor to my peerless mistress.

It was very late ere I re-gained Thornton Priory. The revel, fortunately, was not yet over, and I found Sir George in a charitable mood; so that before his carriage drove away, I had obtained from him a permission which completed the happiness of the most exciting, yet most delightful Christmas day I had ever spent, or may hope ever to spend again.

Original.

TO JULIA.

Oh, there are eyes whose living light
Seems kindred to another sphere,
As if twin stars had left their bright
And distant home, to wander here:
Yet still they shine as coldly on,
As if to be adored alone—
But thine, thine are the gentle eyes,
Both love and homage from us stealing,
Where mingle all love's witcheries,
With rays of beauty and of feeling:
Their azure depths, through dew-like tears,
Still glisten with a light more tender,
And thine unspoken hopes and fears
Now light them up, now dim their splendor.

And gracefully the chestnut hair
Is braided on thy placid brow—
Oh, may time's withering touch forbear
To cloud its snow so stainless now!
What though upon thy dimpled cheek
The varying tints of beauty speak,
As delicate as those which rest
Upon the rose-bud's opening breast—
It is not *these*, though fair thou art,
That win thee love from every heart!

Not these—we know, by many a token,
How quickly beauty's charm is broken.
The perfumed lily of the vale,
Gleaming amid its shadowing leaves,
The pearl of flowers, is scarce so frail
As the light spell that beauty weaves—
But *thou* hast more to grace thy youth:
The spirit's gentleness and truth,
In every soul-lit smile, we see,
Unstained as aught of earth can be.
Thine is the pure and lofty thought,
That hath from heaven its impulse caught—
Thine the warm heart that fain would bind
In bonds of love, all human kind.
These are thy jewels—and they twine
The link that draws all hearts to thine!

G***

ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

It was the sultry noontide hour,
When Bacchus revell'd in his bower.
Rare was the wine, by Tuscan hands
Express'd with care, in Tuscan lands!
Wild was the dance, for cymbals beat
The chamberous time to cloven feet!
And many an ho loudly pealing,
And mirth-shout shook the leafy ceiling;
And dashed bacchantes, headlong reeling,
Crash'd the white roses with quick tread,
Till all the air was essenced.

"Bring me," quoth he—the crown'd with wine,
The ruddy god of radiant wine—
"Bring me yon pallid flowers, and lave
Them in this generous wave!—
Wan and virgin looks be theirs
Who unto Dian pay their prayers;
But flowers that woo the fiery sun
Should take the tint by which he's won:
And these, ere half my rite is done,
Shall wear the blush this nectar wears,
And be as beautiful to see
As Ariadne, when that she
Is fairest and most pleases me!
Bright Apollo, when his tent
Opens on the Orient,
Or when his glorious head he lays
Where Thetis wets his dusty bays,
Cannot boast so fair a flush
As these honour'd flowers shall blush."

He ceased, (while all the sylvan rout
Hung attentive round about,)
And pledged them, laughing, in a flood
Of the red grape's luxurious blood;
And o'er their snowy paleness spread
A tint like that which stained the breast
Of her who Collatinus wed,
When to her heart the weapon prest,
To vindicate the holy pride
For which she lived—for which she died.

The Red Rose, since that festive hour,
Is queen of every summer flower.

From the "Wild Sports of the West."

THE LEGEND OF KNOCK-A-THAMPLE.

IN the valley of Knock-a-Thample, beside a ruined church and holy well, the shattered walls of what had once been a human habitation, are still visible. They stand at a bow-shot distance from the fountain, which, instead of a place of penance for ancient crones and solitary devotees, was visited, two centuries since, for a very different purpose.

The well, although patronized by Saint Catharine, had one peculiar virtue, which, under her special superintendence, it might not have been expected to possess. Indeed, in everyday complaints, its waters were tolerably efficacious; but, in cases of connubial disappointments, when the nuptial bed had been unfruitful, they proved an absolute specific: and in providing an heir for an estate, "when hope deferred had made the heart sick," there was not in the kingdom of Connaught, a blessed well that could hold a candle to that of Knock-a-Thample.

Numerous as the persons were, whom the reputation of the fountain had collected from a distance, few returned without experiencing relief. Occasionally, a patient appeared, whose virgin career had been a little too protracted, and to whom the rosary, rather than the cradle, was adapted. And so thought Saint Catharine; though the water was unequalled, yet she had neither time nor inclination to work miracles eternally; consequently those ancient candidates for the honours of maternity returned precisely as they came; to expend holy water on such antique customers was almost a sinful waste—their presumption was unpardonable—it was enough to vex a Saint, and put the blessed Patroness of Knock-a-Thample in a passion.

Holy water, like prophecy, was then of little value at home, and hence the devotees usually came from some distant province. The soil, indeed, might then have possessed the same anti-Malthusian qualities, for which it is so remarkable at the present day. Certainly, the home consumption of Knock-a-Thample was on a limited scale—and the herdsman and his wife, who then occupied the ruined cottage near the church, owed their winter comforts to the munificence of the strange pilgrims, who, during the summer season resorted in numbers to the well.

It was late in October, and the pilgrims were over for the year—winter was at hand—the heath was withered, and the last flower had fallen from the bog-myrtle—the *bouilles* were abandoned, and the cattle driven from the hills. It was a dark evening; and the rain which had been collecting in the mountains began to fall heavily, when a loud knock disturbed the inhabitants of the cabin. The door was promptly unbarred, and a young and well dressed stranger entered, receiving the customary welcome, with an invitation to join the herdsman's family, who were then preparing their evening meal. The extreme youth and beauty of the traveller did not escape the peasant's observation, although he kept his cap upon his head, and declined to put aside his mantle.

An hour before the young stranger had arrived, another, and a very different visitor, had demanded lodgings for the night. He belonged, also, to another country, and for some years had trafficked with the mountain peasantry, and was known among them by the appellation of THE RED PEDLAR. He was a strong, under-sized, and ill-visaged man; mean in his dress, and repulsive in his appearance. The pedlar directed a keen and inquisitive look at the belated traveller, who, to escape the sinister scrutiny of his small, but piercing eyes, turned to where the herds-

man's wife was occupied in preparing the simple supper. The peasant gazed with wonder at her guest; for never had so fair a face been seen within the herdsman's dwelling. While her eyes were still bent upon the stranger, a fortuitous opening of the mantle displayed a sparkling cross of exquisite beauty, which hung upon the youth's bosom; and more than once, as it glittered in the uncertain light of the wood fire, she remarked the rich and sparkling gem.

When morning came, the pilgrim took leave of the hospitable peasants, and, as he inquired the road to the holy well, slipped a rose-noble into the hand of the herdsman's wife. This was not unnoticed by the Red Pedlar, who proffered his services as a guide, which the youth modestly, but firmly, declined. The pilgrim hastened to the fountain, performed the customary ceremonies before noon, and then took the mountain path, leading through an opening in the hills, to a station, which, though particularly lonely, was usually selected by good Catholics for a last act of devotion, when returning from visiting the blessed well.—The pedlar, who on various pretences had loitered near the place, soon afterwards departed in the same direction.

That night the herdsman's family sought repose in vain: wild, unearthly noises, were heard around the hovel; and shriek and laughter, awfully mingled together, were borne upon the breeze which came moaning from the mountain. The peasant barred his door, and grasped his wood-axe; his wife, with trembling fingers, told her rosary over again and again. Morning broke; and harassed by alarms, they sunk to sleep at last. But their slumbers were rudely broken; a grey-haired monk roused them hastily; horror was in his looks, and with difficulty he staggered to a seat. Gradually he collected strength to tell his fearful errand—the young and lovely devotee lay in the mountain glen, before St. Catharine's Cross, a murdered corpse!

The tidings of this desperate deed flew through the country rapidly. The body was carried to the herdsman's cabin. For many hours life had been extinct, and the distorted countenance of the hapless youth, bespoke the mortal agony which had accompanied the spirit's flight. One deep wound was in his side, inflicted, evidently, by a triangular weapon; and the brilliant cross and purse of gold were gone.

The women from the adjacent villages assembled to pay the last rites to the remains of the murdered pilgrim. Preparatory to being laid out, the clothes were gently removed from the body, when a cry of horror burst from all—the pilgrim was a woman! Bound by a violet ribbon, a bridal ring rested beside her heart, and from unequivocal appearances, it was too evident that the fell assassin had committed a double murder.

The obsequies of the unhappy lady were piously performed; the mountain girls decked her grave with flowers; and old and young, for many a mile around, offered prayers for the soul of the departed. The murder was involved in mystery; the peasants had their own suspicions, but fear caused them to be silent.

A year passed—the garland upon the stranger's grave was carefully renewed; the village maidens shed many a tear as they told her melancholy story; and none passed the turf which covered the murdered beauty, without repeating a prayer for her soul's repose.

Another passed—and a third anniversary of the pilgrim's death arrived. Late on that eventful evening, a tall and noble-looking stranger entered the herdsman's cottage. His air was lofty and command-

ing, and though he wore a palmer's cloak, the jewelled pommel of his rapier glanced from beneath the garment, and betrayed his knightly dignity. The beauty of his manly countenance forcibly recalled to the peasants the memory of the ill-starred stranger. But their admiration was checked by the fierce, though melancholy, expression of the handsome features of the stranger; and if they would have been inclined to scrutinize him more, one stern glance from his dark and flashing eye imperiously forbade it. Supper was prepared in silence, until, at the knight's request, the herdsman detailed minutely, every circumstance connected with the lady's murder.

While the peasant's narrative proceeded, the stranger underwent a terrible emotion, which his stern resolution could not entirely conceal. His eyes glared, his brows contracted till they united; and, before the tale was ended, he leaped from his seat, and left the cabin hastily.

He had been but a few moments absent, when the door opened, and another visitor entered, with scanty ceremony, and though unbidden, seated himself upon the stool of honour. His dress was far better than his mien, and he assumed an appearance of superiority, which, even to the peasants, appeared forced and unnatural. He called authoritatively for supper, and the tones of his voice were quite familiar to the herdsman. With excited curiosity, the peasant flung some dried flax upon the fire, and by the blaze recognised at once the well remembered features of the Red Pedlar!

Before the peasant could recover his surprise, the tall stranger entered the cottage again, and approached the hearth. With an air which could not be disputed, he commanded the intruder to give place. The waving of his hand was obeyed, and with muttered threats the pedlar retired to the settle. The knight leaned against the rude walls of the chimney, and remained absorbed in bitter thought, until the humble host told him that the meal was ready.

If a contrast were necessary, it would have been found in the conduct of the strangers at the board.—The Knight ate like an anchorite, while the pedlar indulged his appetite largely. The tall stranger diluted the *aqua vite*, presented by the host, copiously with water, while the short one drank fast and deep, and appeared anxious to steep some pressing sorrow in the goblet. Gradually, however, his brain felt the influence of the liquor—and unguarded, from deep and repeated draughts, he thus addressed the host:

"Markest thou a change in me, fellow?"

"Fellow!" quoth the peasant, half affronted; "three years ago we were, indeed, *fellows*; for the Red Pedlar often sought shelter here, and never was refused."

"The Red Pedlar!" exclaimed the tall stranger, starting from his reverie, as if an adder had stung him, and fixing his fiery glance upon the late visitor, he examined him from head to foot.

"You will know me again, I trow," said the pedlar, with extraordinary assurance.

"I shall," was the cold reply.

"Well," said the new comer, "though three years since I bore a pack, I'll wage a rose-noble, that I have more money in my pouch than half the beggarly knights from Galway to Athlone.—There!" he exclaimed, as he flung his cloak open, "there is a weighty purse, and here a trusty *middage*, and a fig for knighthood and nobility!"

"Slave!" said the stranger, in a voice that made the peasants tremble, "breathe not another word until thou hast satisfied my every question, or, by the mother of heaven! I'll cram my rapier down thy false throat;" and, starting on his feet, he flung his mantle on the floor.

Though surprised, the pedlar was not discomfited by the dignity and determination of his antagonist.

"Yes!" he sullenly replied, "I wear no rapier; but

this middage has never failed me at my need;" and drawing from his bosom a long triangular weapon, he placed it on the table. "Sir Knight," he continued, "the handle of my tool is a simple deer-horn; but, by the mass! I have a jewel in my breast, that would buy thy tinselled pommel ten times."

"Thou liest, slave!" exclaimed the knight.

"To the proof, then," said the pedlar; and, opening a secret pocket, he produced a splendid cross.

"Villain!" said the tall stranger, under deep emotion, "surely, then, thou hast robbed some hapless traveller."

"No," replied the pedlar, with a cool smile; "I was beside the owner of this cross when his last sigh was breathed!"

Like lightning the stranger's sword flashed from its scabbard. "Murderer!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder, "for three years have I wandered about the habitable earth, and my sole object in living was to find thy catiff self; a world would not purchase thee one moment's respite!"

And, before the wretch could more than clutch his weapon, the knight's sword passed through his heart—the hilt struck upon the breast-bone, and the Red Pedlar did not carry his life to the floor!

The stranger for a moment gazed upon the breathless body, and having with the dead man's cloak removed the blood from his blade, replaced it coolly in the sheath. The pedlar's purse he flung scornfully to the peasant, but the cross he took up—looked at it with fixed attention, and the herdsman's wife remarked, that more than one tear fell upon the relic.

Just then the grey-haired monk stood before him.—He had left the convent to offer up the mass, which he did every anniversary of the pilgrim's murder. He started back with horror, as he viewed the bleeding corpse; while the knight, having secured the cross within his bosom, resumed his former cold and haughty bearing.

"Fellow!" he cried to the trembling peasant, "hence with that carrion. Come hither, monk; why gazest thou thus? Hast thou never seen a corpse ere now? Approach—I would speak with thee apart."—And he strode to the farther end of the cottage, followed by the churchman. "I am going to confide to thee what—"

"The penitent should kneel," said the old man, timidly.

"Kneel!" exclaimed the knight, "and to thee, my fellow mortal! Monk, thou mistakest, I am not of thy faith; and I laugh thy priestcraft to derision. Hearken, but interrupt me not. The beauteous being whose blood was spilled in these accursed wilds, was the chosen lady of my love. I stole her from a convent, and wedded her in secret; for pride of birth induced me to conceal from the world my marriage with a fugitive nun. She became pregnant, and that circumstance endeared her to me doubly; and I swore a solemn oath, that, if she brought a boy, I would at once announce him as my heir, and proclaim my marriage to the world. The wars called me for a time away. Deluded by the artifices of her confessor, my loved one was induced to come hither on a pilgrimage, to intercede with thy saint, that the burthen she bore might prove a son. Curses light upon the shaveling that counselled that fatal journey! Nay, cross not thyself, old man, for I would execrate thy master of Rome had he been the false adviser. Thou knowest the rest, monk. Take this purse. She was of thy faith; and thou must say masses for her soul's health. Yearly shall the same sum be sent to thy convent. See that all that prayers can do, be done; or by my hopes of grace, thy hive of drones shall smoke for it! Doubt me not—De Burgo will keep his word to the very letter. And now, farewell! I hurry from this fatal spot for ever; my train are not distant, and have

long since expected me." As he spoke, he took his mantle from the floor, and wrapped it round him carelessly; then, as he passed the spot where the murderer lay, he spurned him with his foot, and pausing for a moment, looked at the monk.

"Remember!" he said, in a low voice, which made the old man shudder, and, passing from the cabin, he crossed the hearth and disappeared.

But the terror of the herdsman's family did not abate with his departure: a dead man lay before them, and the floor was deluged with his blood.—No human help was nigh—before daylight, assistance could not be expected; and no alternative remained but to wait patiently for the morrow. Candles were lighted up, the hearth was heaped with fuel, and a cloth thrown over the corpse, which they lacked the courage to remove. To sleep was impossible—and in devotional acts they endeavoured to while the night away. Midnight came: the monk was slumbering over his breviary, and the matron occupied with her beads, when a violent tramping was heard outside, and the peasant, fearing the cattle he had in charge were disturbed, rose to ascertain the cause. In a moment he returned. A herd of wild deer surrounded the cabin, and actually stood in a threatening attitude within a few paces of the door. While he told this strange occurrence to the monk, a clap of thunder shook the hovel to its centre—yells, and shrieks, and groans succeeded—noises so demoniac as to almost drive the listeners to madness, hurled through the air, and infernal lights flashed through the crevices of the door and window. Till morning broke, these unearthly terrors continued, without a moment's intermission.

Next day the villagers collected. They listened to the fearful story with dismay, while the melancholy fate of the young pilgrim was bitterly lamented. To inter the pedlar's corpse was the first care; for the monk swore by his patron saint that he would not pass another night with it over ground to be made a "mired abbot." A coffin was forthwith obtained, and, with "maimed rites," the murderer was committed to the earth.

That masses were requisite to purify the scene of slaughter was indispensible—and, with the peasants who had flocked from the neighbouring villages, the monk determined to pass that night in prayer. The blood-stains were removed from the floor—the corpse had been laid in consecrated earth, and the office had

commenced at midnight, when, suddenly, a rushing noise was heard, as if a mountain torrent was swollen by the bursting of a thunder cloud. It passed the herdsman's cabin, while blue lights gleamed through the casement, and thunder pealed above. In a state of desperation, the priest ordered the door to be unclosed, and by the lightning's glare, a herd of red deer was seen tearing up the pedlar's grave. To look longer in that blue infernal glare was impossible—the door was shut, and the remainder of the night was passed in penitential prayer.

With the first light of morning, the monk and villagers repaired to the pedlar's grave, and the scene it presented showed that the horrors of the preceding night were no illusion. The earth around was blasted with lightning, and the coffin torn from the tomb, and shattered in a thousand splinters. The corpse was blackening on the heath, and the expression of the distorted features was more like that of a demon than a man. Not very distant was the grave of his beautiful victim.—The garland which the village girls had placed there, was fresh and unfaded; and, late as the season was, the blossom was still upon the bog-myrtle, and the heath-flower was as bright and fragrant, as though it was the very month of June. "These are, indeed, the works of hell and heaven," ejaculated the grey friar. "Let no hand, from this time forth, pollute itself by touching you accursed corpse."

Nightly the same horrible noises continued—Shriek and groan came from the spot where the unburied murderer was rotting, while, by day, the hill-fox and the eagle contended who should possess the body. Ere a week passed, the villain's bones were blanching in the winds of heaven, for no human hands attempted to cover them again.

From that time the place was deserted. The desperate noises, and the frequent appearance of the pedlar's tortured spirit, obliged the herdsman to abandon his dwelling, and reside in an adjacent village. The night of the day upon which he had removed his family and effects, a flash of lightning fell upon the cabin, and consumed the roof; and, next morning, nothing remained but black and rifted walls. Since that time the well is only used for penance. The peasant approaches not the desecrated burying-place, if he can avoid it.—The cattle are never known to shelter underneath the ruined walls; and the curse of God and man have fallen on Knock-a-Thamplé.

ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG, &c.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

ARISE! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast!
Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm! free hunters for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes!
'Tis not the bear, or wild wolf's race,
Whose trampling shakes the snows!
Arm, arm! 'tis on a nobler trace
The Northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed:
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above th' invader's head!
Or let the seas that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead!

■ 2

SONG.

Sit by the summer sea,
Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
Where the flood hasteth;
Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest—
Such deem his thought's unrest
Who of love tasteth.
Griev'at thou that hearts should change?
Lo, where life reigneth,
Or the free sight may range,
What long remaineth?
Spring with her flowers shall die,
Fast fades the gilded sky,
And the pale moon on high
Ceaselessly waneth.
Smile, then, oh greatly wise!
And if love sever
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
Such was it ever.
Deep as the rolling seas
Soft as the twilight breeze,
But of more truth than these
Boast could it never.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, ESQ.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of Nature; crowned with snow, bolted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the plains below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp rivetting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, gray-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's table.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line" dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as his birth place.—They, however, were not involved in the same perplexity as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line, which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman; all his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *urr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was for many years the best runner, leaper and wrestler, between Wooler and Jedburgh. Whirled from his hand, the ponderous bullet whizzed through

the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the Borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrank back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire forever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire, wha are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire! My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or any body's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane upon his native hills, and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh, steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl, offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening the darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them, but Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He had become richer than his fathers. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yea, no man envied his prosperity.—But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was a Christmas day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose on the 25th of December. One vast sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the heavens. For weeks the ground had been covered with clear, dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche upon avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers, the broader streams were swollen into wide torrents, and, gushing forth as cataracts in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But at Marchlaw the fire blazed blithely; the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honour of its being the birth-day of Thomas, his first-born, who that day entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love his heart yearned for all his children, but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our border hills; and, as all knew that, although Peter admitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was nevertheless no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted

without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and, the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long, clear, oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding studded with temptation and a smoking sirloin; on Scotland, a savoury and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's head and trotters; while the intermediate space was filled with the good things of this life common to both kingdoms and to the seasons.

The guests from the north and from the south were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled—save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hand before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table. Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he enquired "have none o' ye seen him?" and without waiting an answer he continued, "How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I just step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as many o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand in that very chair, and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it is empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a pert young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrives."

"Ye are not a father, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became angry, peevish and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to have gone to seek him when he kened the dinner wouldna keep. And I am sure Thomas kened it would be ready at one o'clock to a minute. It is sae unthinking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavouring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper, "Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, hiny?"

The maid blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible to the ear of the inquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot dispatched one of her children after another, in quest of the father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and observing that, "Thomas' absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin."

No second invitation was necessary. Good humour appeared to be restored, and sirloins, pies, pastries and moorfool, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily within her; all the mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising

from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning o' this!" said she, as she hurried with a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where have you been, Peter!" said she eagerly; "have ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no cast up yet?" and, with a melancholy glance his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he: "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I could think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbours," he added, leaving the house; "I must away again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a decent looking Northumbrian, "that a father's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his ee; and I think we would show a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbour, if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly o' the common that could tempt Thomas to be a-missing. Indeed, I needna say *tempt*, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded in a lower tone, "are not ow'r chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely sighing about my heart, without being able to tell the cause—but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff o' my life—is lost to me forever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself, for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But at the same time, in our plain country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my father say, and I've as often remarked it myself, that, before any thing happens to a body, there is a *something* comes ow'r them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort of dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And though I trust there is nothing o' the kind in your case, yet, as ye observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body!—'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say, 'there is ow'r muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bed-time: and I never in my born days saw it to fail!'"

At another period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on presentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that had been handed down to the company from the days of their great-grandfathers; but, in the present instance, they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen and some half-dozen pedestrians were seen hurrying in divers directions from March-law, as the last faint lights of a melancholy day were yielding to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountains. The wives and daughters of the party were alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her ear their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter

of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room. Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively; and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and, taking her hand tenderly within both of hers, "Oh, hinny! hinny!" said she, "your sighs go through my heart like a knife! And what can I do to comfort ye? Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before you a sorrowing mother, that fondly hoped to have seen you and—I canna say it!—and am ill qualified to give comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But O! let us try and remember the blessed portion, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and inwardly pray for strength to say, "His will be done!"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one of the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no, no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish, "It is not the foot o' my own bairn"—while her keen gaze still remained riveted upon the door and was not withdrawn, nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghostliness to their sepulchral silence. For they sat, each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners, "Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what is this come upon us at last!"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame, as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day and we will wait to see what it will bring forth; but, in the mean time, let us read a portion o' the Divine word, and kneel together in prayer, that whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing on his wings, upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, and upon the hearts o' all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the "Ha' Bible," read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy

calm; but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that "he was a wild, venturesome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birth day of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterized the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But as the younger branches of the family advanced in years the remembrance of their brother became less poignant. Christmas was with all around them a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook in their enjoyment with a smile, half of approval, and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come; it was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness; and the clear, blue sky was as tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon.—Many visitors had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot and the young men of the party were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep-farmer, whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two-and-thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would have thrown his heart's blood after the hammer, before he would have been beat by ever a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sunburnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets, by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temple and forehead; and whiskers of similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty.—Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and, swinging it around his head, hurled it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made!—my own!—lost Thomas!" The tear burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features like a veil before

the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crest-fallen and out of humour at the defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns," said he, "did none o' ye ask the sailor to come up and take a bit o' dinner with us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering; "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye lassies," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman, indeed!" muttered Johnson between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman: "this will do." and before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied chair! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation than did this filling the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, sir! excuse me, sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue, "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take any chair in the house!—but dinna sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I canna endure!"

"Sir! sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas' seat! Twelve years this very day—his birthday—he perished, Heaven kens how! He went out from our sight like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And, oh, sir, spare a father's feelings, for to see it filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul!" exclaimed the seaman; "I revere, nay, hang it, I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing; but, as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you, all I have to say is—that Tom an't dead."

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "Oh, sir! sir! tell me, how?—how?—Did ye say living?—Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead, do ye say?" cried Mrs. Elliot, hurrying towards him, and grasping his other hand; "not dead! and shall I see my bairn again? Oh! may the blessing o' Heaven, and the blessing o' a broken-hearted mother, be upon the bearer o' the gracious tidings;—But tell me—tell me how it is possible! As ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping with impassioned earnestness their hands in his— "Never! never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is alive and hearty!"

"No, no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "he does not deceive us; there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible;" and she also endeavoured to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land-lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them, "or, shiver me! I'll show day-light through your timbers in the turning of a hand-epike!" and, clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Betty! Betty, my love!" he cried, "don't you know your own Tom! Father! mother! don't you know me! Have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have made some change in his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brothers, clung around him, weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and, in answer to their enquiries, replied— "Well! well! there is time enough to answer questions, but not to-day, not to-day!"

"No, my bairn! my bairn!" said his mother, "we'll ask no questions—nobody shall ask ye any!—But how—how were ye torn away from us; my love! And, oh hinney! where—where have ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, however, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; they left, muttering revenge, and they have been revenged. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in the King's Cave. In a moment half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, tying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow, rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night, they cut through the snow, and, hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse between-two, and before daylight found myself stowed, like a piece of old junk, in the hold of a smuggling lugger.—Within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war; and for six years was kept dodging about on different stations, till our old yawning hulk received orders to join the fleet which was to fight against the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen, my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o-nine-tails; and, under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Never, never shall I forget the moment that my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate! My nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from her mast head. I was as active as any one during the battle; and, when it was over, and I found myself again among my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language, I fancied—nay, hang it! I almost believed, I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate. I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest; but, instead of returning to old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us. As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French fort; a packet was lying alongside ready to sail; I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and says he, 'Elliot,' says he, 'I know you like a little smart service; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we board some of those French bum-boats under the batteries.'—I couldn't say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly shower of small-boat

from the garrison scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners.—It is no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from the French prison. We did escape; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish further acquaintance with our friends, all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

DINING,

AS IT IS PRACTISED ABOUT BEDFORD SQUARE.

THE clock struck seven, and I congratulated myself upon the character I should acquire for punctuality, as the hackney-coach, which had conveyed me from my chambers, drove up to No. — Upper Woburn Place. I knew that I could not as yet be supposed to be detained by multiplicity of business; and I thought it would speak well for me, in the outset of my legal career, to be an exact keeper of hours. On this occasion, however, I was mistaken; and I could see by the bustling manner and turned-up cuffs of the footman who admitted me, that I had made my appearance somewhat too soon. He attempted to snatch my hat from me, and would also have deprived me of my favourite cane, but I managed, with some difficulty, to remain master of both, and then gave him an opportunity of vociferating my name to another domestic, who had posted himself at the foot of the stairs during the skirmish, and whose ink-ingrained fingers led me to surmise that he sometimes served my host in a more professional capacity.

On being ushered into the drawing-room, I found the mistress of the house prepared to receive her guests. As I advanced to make my bow, she rose in all the full-blown dignity which the present style of female dress is calculated to impart. She was young, and rather pretty, but somewhat new to dinner-giving; and while her flushed cheeks and awkward manner betrayed the real state of her mind, she thought it necessary to assume an easy, languishing manner, which, no doubt, she would herself have described by no other term than that of fashionable. My friend Dewitt had taken care not to encumber himself with a wife, until he had insured the means of giving, with becoming splendour, the weekly entertainments at which she was to preside. This desirable end being attained, and feeling himself competent to vie with any one in those banquets, which are at once the pride and solace of the tired votaries of the law, he had, a short time before, chosen a partner whom he thought fitted to share in such pleasures with him. Amongst her other qualifications, she had the merit of being a native of the West-end of the town; and this was a circumstance which she did not suffer to escape the recollection of her friends.

"What a warm day it has been, considering the season, Mr. H—," she began; "I really thought I should have been overpowered in Grosvenor-Square. Lady A— was quite distressed to see me in such a state." I assented to the first part of this speech with the proportion of sympathy which was becoming, and the respect which the end of it was intended to call forth. A silence ensued; during which Mrs. Dewitt looked interesting; and I, thinking it was my turn to volunteer a remark, glanced round the room in hopes of picking up a subject. The apartment, however, though as neat as a scanty allowance of smart furniture could make it, did not furnish many ideas; but a piece of pink tape, peeping from under the sofa, afforded a suggestion. "I suppose Mr. Dewitt is perpetually busy at this time of the year; at least he always appears so when I see him in court." "Indeed," answered the

lady, with an expression which proved to me that I had not been fortunate in my topic, "I believe that he has a great deal to do, for I see but little of him; but fortunately for me, although our house is not exactly in the situation which I have been accustomed to, it is out of the reach of that tiresome business. But, by the bye," added she, smiling graciously, "I ought not to disgust you with the profession. You are a novice in these things, as I was a few months ago, and I can enter into your feelings."

Just as this sympathy of souls was established between us, I was prevented from exhibiting my sense of it, by the entrance of her husband. He hurried into the room, rubbing his hands, and looking like a boy released from school. My hand, and indeed my whole arm, immediately received a dislocating swing. "Here you are, H—! punctual as usual. I saw you make your appearance in court to-day, just as the Chancellor came in. A great many remarks upon your wig, I can tell you. You youngsters have time to study the becoming, but you never always—I prophesy that."

Two other guests were at this moment announced; and the mode in which they were welcomed, assured me that they were intimate friends of Dewitt. "Well, Marsden," said he, inflicting on him as severe a shake as the one he had bestowed on me, "this is friendly. I was afraid those heavy papers in Fringle and Hopkins, would have taken up all your time, and kept you from us." The gentleman thus addressed was an elderly person, with a short, square figure, and a complexion that spoke plainly of long attendance in unwholesome courts. He had a voice and manner that would have tired the patience of Sir William Grant himself. He answered in the most deliberate tone, which contrasted strongly with the smart, eager manner of my friend. "Indeed the case is a very complicated one——" "But," interrupted the heavy barrister's companion, "we were determined not to miss coming to your very first dinner, whatever might be the consequences." The last speaker was a fat, elderly lady, with a face and manner as jolly and unrestrained, as her husband's were solemn and measured. Her dress (for a lady's mind betrays itself in her dress, and I am, therefore a careful observer of it) appeared to have seen many changes of fashion before it had arrived at its present amplified condition:—an immense structure, between a cap and a turban, surmounted her head, and a huge black prunella foot protruded from beneath her orange silk petticoat.

To do the lady justice, she did not appear to bestow more thought upon her attire than was sufficient to prompt an occasional hasty and coachman-like shrug of her shoulders, when her rebellious garments seemed disposed to fall off. In this respect she formed a striking contrast with Mrs. Dewitt, who looked as if cut out of the *Court Magazine*, and was ever and anon occupied in the contemplation or unrequired arrangement of her toilette. Her smiles were soon called up for the reception of a new guest. The moment he appeared, I perceived that the poor young gentleman had been despoiled of his hat; and he twisted his unhappy, un-

occupied fingers about most unmercifully, while making his obeisance to the lady of the house, and saluting the rest of the party. Dewitt, perceiving his forlorn condition, thus attempted to relieve him: "Aha, King! I know how we have succeeded in getting you. You found out that the fair Emily W—— was to favour us with her presence, and so you have come to get a sight of her." Mr. King looked confused and embarrassed at the supposition of such a thing; and his fingers received a more severe twist than they had yet undergone. "Well, well," resumed his tormentor, "we can forgive you: her beauty is a sufficient excuse." "Her beauty is, indeed, unrivalled," solemnly answered the young barrister. "Aye, that it is," said the other, "so take care of your heart, H——, and see! here she comes."

At this moment the unrivalled beauty in question made her appearance, attended by her brother. She was tall, slim, and fair, with a profusion of yellow locks arranged somewhat in contempt of the fashion; but there was a coarseness in her expression, if not actually in her features; and every movement of her figure, while it suffered one to perceive that the symmetry was very incomplete, betrayed a vulgarity of mind still more offensive. But what pleased me less than all, was the assumption of the airs of a beauty; and I turned from the contemplation of the lady to her brother, who evidently did not think himself a person to be overlooked. A delicate olive-coloured coat, with a broad black velvet collar, adorned his upper man, affording an ample prospect of a black and scarlet waistcoat, and retiring modestly into a point behind, so as to conceal as little as possible of the dark green *trousimes*.

The longer I looked upon this sprig of legal ton, the more I was disgusted, and ill humour was fast creeping upon me, when the door opened, and the master of the ceremonies announced in a tone which had acquired more than usual importance, "Mr. Justice Melbourne and Miss Melbourne." If a spirit had descended in the midst of obsequious clouds, and to the sound of soft music, I could not have been more joyfully surprised. A well-known figure entered the room and glided past me, and a bright face gave me a smile of recognition as she made her way into the circle. A general disturbance took place; what was to be done!—The seat of honour, that is, a most unluxurious sofa, the chief ornament of the room, was already quite filled by the fat, taper, and tall persons of the Mesdames Marsden and Dewitt, and Miss Wallace; Mr. Justice Melbourne's niece *must* have a place of distinction; Mrs. Dewitt stood up, still the vacuity was not very apparent; Miss Wallace stuck fast: Mrs. Marsden good-humouredly hustled away, and plunged into an arm-chair, saying, "For my part I don't care where I sit: now Marsden, *he* is so very fond of sitting easy." But before this diversion could be accomplished in Miss Melbourne's favour, she had taken up a less honourable position, and I was at her side. She seemed glad to meet somebody whom she had seen before, for every other person in the room was unknown to her, as she was new to these scenes, and had been invited in compliment to her uncle, whom she had come to London to visit. He bore outward marks of being what fame reported him, a person who might do honour to any profession. I was comparing Miss Melbourne with Miss Wallace, and thinking of the advantage of beauty without vulgarity, and of good breeding without affectation, when Sergeant and Mrs. Oldfield were introduced. While Mrs. Oldfield (a neat and spruce-looking little woman) was whispering to Mrs. Dewitt, an excuse for her late arrival, some little nursery anecdote not intended for the public ear, the proper functionary proclaimed dinner.

Dewitt led off Mrs. Oldfield, the Sergeant had the honour of supporting Mrs. Marsden's portliness, and then came (as I had been carefully calculating) Miss Wallace's turn: I trembled, for I thought there could be

no doubt as to the event; but *the beauty* stood forward to assert her claim, and Mr. Marsden seemed to think himself happy to uphold it. They marched on; Miss Melbourne drew nearer to me, but just then the insufferable and presuming dandy thrust himself forward, and bore her off! Mr. Justice Melbourne and Mrs. Dewitt followed, and I disconsolately brought up the rear with Mr. King. The coxcomb who had *done* me was my senior at the bar by a few months, and thus had right on his side.

With some degree of confusion and eagerness the whole party took their places, and the business of the day began. The two attendants, of whom I have already made honourable mention, had been reinforced by two others, and if noise and bustle constituted the art of serving, they certainly performed their part to admiration. "Do you *take* soup or fish," reiterated Mrs. Dewitt to every one in succession (a question which by-the-bye I always think rather disagreeable, as implying that one is not entitled to both of those preliminaries;) and while I was awaiting my turn, I had leisure to look around me. I found myself placed near the languishing Mrs. Dewitt and the merry Mrs. Marsden, but I had also the advantage of being almost opposite Miss Melbourne, whose supporters were the beauty's brother and Sergeant Oldfield. The beau was assiduous in his devoirs, but notwithstanding the superiority of his costume, he found to his mortification that his fair neighbour was more inclined to give her attention to Sergeant Oldfield.

The joys of feasting were now at their zenith. "Pray, allow me to offer you some turkey, Mrs. Oldfield," said Mrs. Dewitt, elevating her voice somewhat above the subdued pitch to which she had hitherto confined it; "you do seem to be making a very poor dinner of it!" "Why, really that mock-turtle of yours," said Mrs. Marsden, "is so very stuffing, one can't relish any thing else after:—Marsden, *he* would make nothing of two good helps of it." Mr. King's tragical voice next attracted my attention: with the most profound gravity he inquired if he might offer Miss Wallace a glass of champagne. By looking beyond the intervening heads I had a full view of the bow which followed. He still held it essential for a well-dressed gentleman to have the chin firmly propped up. This certainly might add to the dignity of his appearance, but it did not facilitate the manœuvre which he was now going through, and the prolonged bend of his whole person contrasted oddly with the slight nod or rather toss which Miss Wallace vouchsafed him. Indeed, I soon perceived that his homage was but ill repaid; the lady even gave some slight signs of disdain across the table to her brother; and a few inquiring glances were actually directed towards me to ascertain if I had any claims to her attention.

Mr. Justice Melbourne being engaged in stating a very interesting *nisi prius* case to Marsden, while Sergeant Oldfield was evidently pleasing Miss Melbourne by a dissertation on rural delights, I made a foolish attempt to hear both; listening attentively to the Judge and the Sergeant. Of course I gathered nothing but detached and incomprehensible scraps of discourse for my pains; and had, therefore, determined on devoting both ears to the Sergeant, when Dewitt exclaimed, "What's that Oldfield—what was your last remark?" "I was only saying," replied the Sergeant, "a few words in favour of a country life, such as this young lady usually leads, when contrasted with the work-a-day world in which we are compelled to toil." "Ah! but you are overstating the case, my good friend," said Dewitt; "I must shew Miss Melbourne the right points of it, or rather perhaps I had better leave it in the hands of some younger advocate,—eh, Wallace? surely you are able to conduct it yourself, and to lay before Miss Melbourne the joys of a lawyer's life, and of a lawyer's lady too; eh, my dear Sarah?" Mrs. D.

answered the appeal with a languid smile, which could not have been very satisfactory to her good-natured husband; but Mrs. Oldfield came in to his support, and to the relief of Mr. Wallace, whose gallantry had been converted into sheepishness by so sudden an appeal. "Indeed, I think," said she, "there can be few situations so comfortable; the gentlemen always out of the way, as they ought to be, in the morning; and then so glad to see one at dinner, and no interfering with the children, except to play with them when they have time! To be sure one does want a little air for them, poor little things, sometimes; but then comes the long vacation, which sets all to rights. Pray, where do you go next autumn, Mr. Marsden?" The words which Mr. Marsden uttered in reply were almost the first which had escaped his lips since he had sat down to table, and indeed I perceived that his fair lady had done him no wrong, when she informed us of his capacity for consuming a large share of good cheer, a talent which is rarely evinced in the profession, as, excepting on the happy Saturdays, they dare not cultivate one so inconsistent with mental labour.

The subject of the long vacation not only lasted throughout the remainder of the repast, but for some time after its close. The ladies at length gave it up, and Mrs. Marsden said to the fair hostess in subdued tones, "Well, my dear Mrs. Dewitt, I must say that a more elegant dinner I never saw set out. Pray, where did you get those magnificent silver side-dishes? Marsden, he says that I shall never have a bit of plate, more than spoons and forks, till he gets a silk gown, and that will be soon, I do hope." "I really cannot exactly remember about the side-dishes," replied Mrs. Dewitt. "I only recollect that I made it a point with Mr. D. to have every thing in *proper style*." "You had better luck than some of us," said Mrs. Oldfield; "the Sergeant was not a very rich man when I married him, but now I believe no body has better business in the Common Pleas than he has; though we do want it all to be sure, with nine children to provide for!" "But then there's a great deal in good managing," observed Mrs. Marsden, "and you always had such a way with you. Now, how much table-beer do you allow your servants? I never could tolerate any ale in our house, for even if the man has not enough to get drunk, the maid-servants do get so *uppish* there's no bearing them!" Mrs. Oldfield having satisfied her friend as to her arrangements in this matter, Mrs. Marsden proceeded: "Well now, that is liberal, very liberal, too liberal I think; but they are so difficult to please, and then, if you'd believe them, they have always too much work. There's my housemaid (you know I took her from Mrs. Henry) she complains, forsooth! To be sure she waits on me; but then there's very little scrubbing up stairs, and what's the drawing-room? nothing, for I always sit in the *parlour*; it keeps the room above clean, and one's nearer the servants. I must tell you a story about that slut Sally—" "Ahem!" murmured Mrs. Dewitt, with a warning gesture, as the conversation of the gentlemen was evidently about to flag. A dead pause ensued: Dewitt was uneasy, but in a few moments a bright idea occurred to him, and turning to Mr. Justice Melbourne, he said, "Apropos, of the old new trials.—" The words had scarcely passed his lips, when Mrs. Marsden, under cover of the fertile topic thus started, prepared to open her batteries upon "that slut Sally;" but Mrs. Dewitt, anxious to start a more refined subject, dexterously cut in before her. "I hope you like my schallis, Mrs. Oldfield," said she: "Madame D— says it's just come from Paris." "Very pretty, I must say," replied Mrs. O.; "but that's a lady to beware of; indeed I never go near the French milliners." "Oh, I never could employ any other," said Mrs. D.; "I am sure that you patronize them, Miss Melbourne; that gown looks like it." Here Mrs. Marsden interposed, "Why, black velvet is very gen-

teel to be sure; but it's all up with it if you sit much."

Mrs. Dewitt, having now ascertained that Mrs. Oldfield had taken enough wine, gave the usual bow with much *intended* grace, and the ladies withdrew. For the next hour we had plenty of argument, lots of law, a few professional jokes, and some remarks on fees. Mr. Justice Melbourne wondered that they had not fallen with other things: it astonished him to see gentlemen at the bar still getting war prices. He thought they should have been reduced. He felt satisfied that the attention of suitors would soon be aroused on the subject, and that a change must ensue. Mr. Dewitt certainly felt disposed to favour the abolition of half-guinea fees, for the signature of counsel as a mere matter of form to motion papers. Mr. King ventured to object, because young barristers principally subsisted on the proceeds of silent motions. Sergeant Oldfield paled an apple, and Mr. Marsden's mouth was overflowing with orange. Mr. Wallace attempted to bring in the opera, but it was coldly received, and soon withdrawn. Marsden, with more success, started the subject of promotions, public and private; and this lasted until coffee was declared.

On entering the drawing room a little in advance of the other gentlemen, I found Mrs. D. and her fair guests congregated on the hearth-rug. One of Mrs. Marsden's substantial legs was inside the fender, and one of her hands occupied in keeping her garments aloof from the fire. Mrs. Dewitt "swam, swan-like," to her seat; the other ladies took chairs, and I had the felicity of being able to locate myself in the immediate vicinity of the black velvet gown. About half an hour after, the footman burst into the room, pompously announcing "Mrs. Marsden's carriage;" then approaching the lady's ear, he whispered, "your servant says, ma'am, that he can't find never a chariot, ma'am, not nowhere on the stand, ma'am." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. M., feeling that the announcement had been extensively overheard, "I do dislike those coaches; one don't see where one's going, and I am so afraid of an accident—don't you prefer a chariot, Miss Wallace? but I forgot, your mother keeps her own coach now." Miss Wallace reddened up to her temples. Observing this, Mrs. Marsden remarked in a semi-whisper to Mrs. Oldfield, while shouldering on her cloak, "I don't see why one should feel ashamed of not riding in one's own coach." The other guests gradually departed with gracious smiles from host and hostess, and just as the Temple bell tolled one, I found myself in the solitude of my own chamber.

LADY POETS.

Mrs. HEMANS is still residing in Dublin, occupied in the education of her sons: she will shortly publish a volume of sacred poetry. Hannah Moore is alive, but in a state that would render death a blessing; a Memoir, by a "constant friend," is already prepared. Miss Landon has been staying at Oxford on a visit to her uncle, the head of Worcester College: a new novel from her pen is nearly finished. Miss Mitford sojourns at Three Mile Cross: her tragedies laid by till a more fitting season. Mrs. Howitt, a member of the Society of Friends, who resides at Nottingham, has prepared a series of tragic dramas, with the highest moral tone. Of Mrs. Joanna Baillie the world hears nothing; she resides at Highbate, in comparative solitude, but enjoying daily intercourse with a few chosen friends. Miss Bowles is unhappily not in good health; she lives at Leamsington, in Hampshire. Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher) is on the wide sea, with her husband, voyaging to India. Mrs. Norton is deserting the muses for the Court Magazine, and a novel which we believe will shortly appear. Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house at Norwich, and is now residing in Cornwall.

A FAVOURITE GREEK AIR,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

ANDANTE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in common time (C). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' on the left. The first measure of the upper staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note of the upper staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note of the upper staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note of the upper staff.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The first measure of the lower staff is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note of the upper staff.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note of the upper staff.

Original.

THE TEMPTATION AND EXPULSION.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO DUBUFE'S SPLENDID PAINTINGS ON THE ABOVE SUBJECTS.

TRANQUIL and silent is the balmy air,
 Unallied by the lightest vap'ry wave,
 Breathing among the emerald-garnish'd groves.
 The trees, in forms majestic, raise on high
 Their lofty spires, and foliage, ever new,
 Torn by no blast, and withered by no frost.
 The smooth and stainless earth is mantled o'er
 With young and tender grass luxuriant,
 Respiring grateful fragrance in the dew—
 The dew of eve that erst began distil
 On hill and valley, and each silver stream.
 I heard a sound of voices; and behold,
 In joyous group disporting, ev'ry thing
 That God, the Good, by His almighty hand,
 Formed from the meaner dust, gamboll'd and play'd:
 The tiger wantoned with the sportive lamb,
 And lov'd to lay his monstrous head among
 The fleecy honours of the patient sheep.
 But more remote, where rose a turf-clad bank
 Beneath the tree of knowledge, good and ill,
 Of mortals the primeval, sat the lovely pair.
 The god-like Adam upright raised his form,
 And Eve, reclining, fixed her fond regards
 Lustrous with purest virtue, on his face;
 While in her open ear, not indisposed,
 The subtle poison crept, exhaled malign
 From the accursed serpent's venom'd jaws.
 Beneath their feet dispread a crystal lake,
 Whose glassy surface, which the angered breeze
 Had never yet to gentle ripple moved,
 Smiled that it bore the fair impress of those
 In mien and motion e'en till now unmatch'd,
 Whom God in his own image made to be,
 Whose spirit was of Deity the breath,
 The fiery essence of th' Omnipotent.
 But why does thus the Father of mankind
 Half-bend to rise, and half-unwilling stay?
 Why stands that cloud of sorrow on his brow,
 And wreathes around his lip? His upturn'd eye,
 Dark with an awful presage, filled with fear
 Of present anger, beaming with desire,
 The stolen good still longing to enjoy—
 Dares not to look upon the charmer's face,
 That far reclined mid floating ringlets peers
 With voice most eloquent, though calmly mute.
 An upward furtive glance he casts, if yet
 Some word—some sound may rend the magic spell
 That binds, and hurries him he knows not where.
 But now the precious fruit is in his hand—
 Through every vein he feels its influence creep—
 He fires beneath the glowing touch of her
 Whose ruddy arm, buoyant, and round, and warm,
 About his sterner hand infolding twines.
 All nature rests—the lion at his side,
 His huge head drooping o'er his bloodless paws,
 In slow and heavy measured breathings sleeps.
 The song of birds is still; the sun descends,
 And universal silence holds her sway.
 A whisper startles him—quick, Adam turns,
 And Eve's soft eye, swimming with heavenly dew,
 Upon the bosom of his fault-ring soul,
 With sweet caresses hangs—Could earth-born man
 Against that fascination steel his heart,
 Deaf to the pleadings of his angel bride?

* * *

'Tis done:—the guilty pair, in mutual arms
 Enfolded, for a few short moments lie;
 But soon a hollow murmur on the air
 Steals mournfully and slow. The forest trees
 Bend their proud heads, then lower still they stoop,

Tremble, and on the flying hurricane
 Abroad their ravished honours strew profuse.
 The lake, till now transparent and serene
 From boiling depths, with thousand whirlpools raves,
 Tost into tumbling torrents—torn on high—
 Filling the air with misty foaming clouds,
 And lashing with its billows the set earth
 That shudders mid its ocean energy.
 Nature inanimate, springs all to life;
 The rent and crashing air, with hideous screams
 From myriad tribes of feathered warblers, rings,
 Their tuneful notes to harsh discord transformed.
 Nor yet alone this race their shrill voice raise:
 The deep and awful tones of many a beast—
 Roused from his peaceful lair—his nature changed—
 With madd'ning terror blind, and furious hate
 At such rude shock of elemental war—
 Like blast of clanging trumpets numberless—
 Rush'd on the pregnant ruin-teeming air,
 And swelled the horrid chorus. Night came down,
 Hurling her sable mantle over all;—
 And with her came a sound—a sound sublime—
 Profoundly terrible—foreboding death.
 It came upon its chariot, the clouds
 Black'ning with curling frown—with mutter'd voice
 Outbreaking. His eye was there, and His voice spake.
 In that sharp lightning-glance, there seemed to dwell
 The mingled fires of thousand suns combined:
 E'en Etna's bellowing roar, or Naples curse,
 With all its deaf'ning clamour—both conjoined,
 Might seem a whisper to the voice of God,
 That hushed the raging of th' infuriate world—
 The whiles it spake, and uttered forth its curse
 On guilty—false—ungrateful—fallen man.
 Ah! where—ah! whither fled the sinful pair?
 See, to the ground with suppliant knee low bent—
 His sinewy arms outstretched against the storm—
 His hair disordered—bristling up with dread—
 His haggard face, pale, motionless, and drear—
 Imploring, Adam kneels. His fixed eye
 Yet speaks a pardon to the cowering form
 That weeping bitter tears, for shelter clings
 And firmly and more resolutely hangs
 Beneath her lord's broad bosom. Oh! the glance
 That from her anguish'd eye resistless shoots!
 The love—the sorrow—the repentant soul
 That beams in tenderness unspeakable,
 From ev'ry lineament and ev'ry look.
 The flashing eye and loud vindictive roar
 Of the now savage lion, keen for prey—
 The battle of the winds—the riving bolt
 That cleaves th' impending tree—she neither hears
 Nor heeds. His love her only care to gain,
 On whom, and on whose race, to farthest time,
 Her crime irrevocable death hath drawn.
 In him join all her joys: the desert wild,
 As Eden's fairest bower is brightly gay,
 If his forgiveness cheer her mourning heart.
 Alas! the fatal bourn is past; no more
 In virtue's purest garb, the face of God
 Shall they in peace behold, and pure delight,
 But pain and death their wand'ring footsteps haunt:
 Destruction, like a cloud, hath hemmed them in,
 And the foul fiend, with proud exulting, dares
 Proclaim his vict'ry o'er the fallen race,
 And lift his red right hand in triumph high,
 And bitter scorn, against the Almighty arm,
 E'en while he sinks, by thousand tortures gnawed,
 To his own fires, forever there to burn.

Æ.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TALE OF THE FINE ARTS.

—the good die first,
But those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the sockets.—*Wordsworth.*

SOME time since, at one of the artists' conversazioni which are held in London, I recognised an individual whom I had previously known at Rome. He was considered, in that metropolis of the arts, a young man of first-rate genius; and certainly those of his productions which had come before my notice, I thought fully entitled him to lay claim to so exalted a character. We became intimate and were much in each other's society. I found, as I listened to his observations on his favourite study, which he idolized with an exalted enthusiasm, that to the exquisite taste and mature judgment he evinced on every subject connected with art, he joined a highly poetical imagination, and a mind well stored with the treasures of classical literature.—When I left Italy we parted with mutual regret, and I proceeded on my travels, leaving him to continue his studies with every probability of his soon becoming famous. Since then I had not heard from him, although I was frequently an ear-witness of his praises: the joy, therefore, with which we met may easily be imagined.

I observed a strange alteration in his person and features. When I left him he possessed a handsome, athletic form, eyes flashing with animation, and a countenance whereon the hues of health and manly beauty had been mellowed beneath the influence of a southern sun. He now appeared thin and pale, a shadow of deep melancholy enshrouded his features; and his gaze, which used to make all glad on which it fell, forced the spectator to participate in the wretchedness it expressed: he was evidently suffering from illness.

"Good God! Arthur," I exclaimed, as I approached him "what has caused this fearful change. Have you been ill?"

He seemed pleased at meeting me, but did not answer my question. I repeated it, and with a forced laugh he answered me that he was very well, laying an emphasis on the two last words. He then changed the subject, and we talked of old times and old adventures; our troubles after Raphaelles and Salvators among monasteries and palaces; and our dangers in search of the picturesque among mountains and brigands. He entered into the conversation, but he had lost all that sparkling vivacity which had always made him so agreeable a companion. He smiled occasionally, when I brought to his recollection any old incident which had previously given us food for many hours' laughter; but the smile was so faint, that it only showed more vividly the suffering it attempted to conceal. It was quite painful to me to observe the change which had taken place, and my heart ached as I listened to his broken voice.

I received the most pressing invitations to visit him frequently, of which, on the first opportunity, I gladly availed myself; for all my sympathies were awakened for his appearance, and I thought if I could find out the cause of the alteration, I might possibly discover some remedy which would restore him to the health and happiness he had previously enjoyed. On my first visit he showed me several of his productions. Many of them were grand, some remarkably beautiful, and all gave signs of extraordinary genius. The subjects

were mostly historical; but there were some landscapes and imaginative compositions, and a few portraits; they possessed a richness of color, and a correctness of drawing, rarely equalled in modern painting. His figures were designed in a masterly style—his females particularly; they were worthy of the highest praise, and possessed a character of intellectual beauty which made one feel disposed to worship them as beings of superior order. One painting only he neglected to show me; it was in his studio, carefully veiled with a green curtain. I thought it at first rather strange that he should pass it unnoticed; but imagining it to be unfinished, I made no remark upon the subject.

I afterwards visited him frequently. The only real pleasure he seemed to enjoy was, when I sat by his easel while he was busily employed, and read to him the best classic authors; but his health did not improve. He seemed declining rapidly, and I began to fear he was labouring under the effects of some malady which was secretly undermining his constitution; yet he never complained, and when I asked him if he was ill, he would always reply in the negative. He took but little nourishment, and drank very sparingly of wine. At last he seemed wasting away so rapidly, that I found it impossible any longer to restrain myself from interfering, and determined, at any risk, to get at the knowledge of the hidden mischief, whose effects appeared every day, to me, becoming more dangerous.

One day after I had been reading Plato to him in the original, to whose philosophy he listened as if his soul was bound up in the words, I laid the book aside, and addressed him in the most kind and persuasive language I could use, while I watched to observe what effect my discourse produced.

"Arthur," said I, "it is evident to me that you have some secret which is ruining your peace of mind, and destroying your health."

I observed that he trembled, and changed colour, but did not speak.

"Pardon me," I continued, "if I am intruding upon your private thoughts. I am influenced by a regard for your welfare, and I cannot retain the sacred name of friend, if I see that you are miserable, and attempt nothing to render you happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed involuntarily, but with such an expression of anguish as can scarcely be imagined; and then relapsed into silence.

"I knew you," I proceeded, "at one time, when you seemed not to have a care in the world; when your heart was buoyant and your step light. I now find you like one who in the world, has no occupation, whose soul is oppressed with a multitude of griefs—and whose foot clings to the earth as if the limbs were rooted to the ground. I am certain that some heavy disappointment has fallen upon you, on which your happiness chiefly depended. I do not desire to participate in your secrets from feelings of idle curiosity; I am actuated by motives of a far higher character; but I must say that I consider you very wrong in keeping your afflictions to yourself, when there is one beside you who is ever ready to share them, and to offer whatever consolation it is in his power to bestow."

He shook his head mournfully, as if to intimate that the remedy was beyond my aid.

"You ought to be convinced, my dear friend," I continued, "that the encouragement of any secret grief is wrong; there is a selfishness about it; it generates misanthropic feelings; it is often followed by consequences of a debasing character to the moral excellence of the human heart; and I must think that mind little influenced by the golden truths of philosophy, that can continue in a practice so contrary to social love and generous fellowship. I know that you will not take offence at any thing I can say to you on such an occasion as this, when I can regard nothing but the human wreck which I see before me, and can desire nothing but a speedy return to "all its original brightness." You may reply, perhaps, that there is a luxury in the sole enjoyment of grief; but it is one that should not be indulged in. Any thing carried to excess is injurious—the feelings and passions of humanity particularly so; they create a delirious poison that runs through the blood, infecting all the channels of vitality, till the heart and soul are deprived of all their social qualities under its withering influence. For what are we endowed with reason, my dear Arthur, but to show how far we are superior to the rest of the creation, and to keep us from acting under the blind impulses of passion? You have allowed your feelings to get the better of your reason, and a morbid sloth has overpowered your better nature. Shake off this incubus—shake it off, I implore you." I observed a slight twitching of the muscles of the face as I concluded; his eyes glistened; he laid hold of one of my hands with a convulsive grasp, and, mature, after a short struggle, triumphed. He turned away to conceal the weakness he had evinced, and I returned him a cordial pressure of the hand. I allowed him the full indulgence of his feelings, knowing that their influence would go farther towards producing the state of mind in which I was disposed to keep him, than all the eloquence of which I was master. At last he broke silence.—

"I had thought," said he, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "that the secret would have gone with me to the grave; but it is for the best, perhaps, that it should be divulged—therefore I will tell you all."

He seemed as if he was preparing himself for an effort, and then continued—

"In my early youth I became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty I will not eulogize, because you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. I loved her; we were both young, but I was, by a few years, her senior; and in a short time she returned my affection with all the devotedness of woman's first love. We lived within a short distance of each other. My family had once moved in a sphere of the highest respectability, but misfortunes had humbled them, and they were obliged to find associates in a different community. Her father had amassed a considerable fortune by the most industrious habits, and in his old age continued the same employment with as much perseverance as he had practised in his youth. As long as he saw his family comfortable and his business productive, he cared not how the world went, and never interfered in domestic matters. Her mother was a vulgar and ignorant woman, of a tyrannical disposition, who considered wealth the only sign of respectability; she ruled every where. She took care that her children should be educated as well as money could make them, in the hope of their forming alliances that would increase her importance. Laura was the youngest of them all; it was strange that a form and nature of such rare workmanship should have been produced from such materials; but nature loves to disappoint the calculations of philosophers. She had but one brother, who was a few years older than herself; he was the counterpart of his mother in all

things, and consequently her idol. It is almost needless to say that I was objected to by them; but this rather strengthened Laura's affection than the contrary, and we met clandestinely, and corresponded through the agency of her servant.

"At a very early age I had given evidences of a talent for painting, and I was educated for that profession. I have already told you that my family had been unfortunate; another reverse of fortune occurred, which obliged them to leave that neighbourhood for ever. At that time, having, I knew, nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, I thought that the world might suspect me of interested motives in retaining the affections of a young girl whose expectations were so far superior to my own; therefore, after a long and painful struggle with my feelings, I came to the determination of discontinuing the connexion rather than throw myself open to such debasing suspicions. I wrote, and resigned all claim to her hand and heart; as from my situation in society I was unable to offer her those advantages which I felt convinced she had a right to expect. Then, in language that can never fade from my memory, she replied—'When you have lost all affection for me, then, dearest Arthur, tell me that you cannot offer what I have a right to expect; and she who now feels in calling herself only *your* Laura, will no longer style herself by so enviable a name.' This silenced my scruples, and I resigned myself to the delightful enjoyment of loving and being loved.

"Some envious wretch, like the Evil One, when he beheld the felicity of our first parents, had witnessed our happiness only with a design to mar it—he told her family of our secret meetings. They were of course very much enraged, took advantage of Laura's absence to break open her writing desk, and there discovered several of my letters. Laura was instantly sent for, overwhelmed with abuse, which she bore with the meekness of an angel, and made to indite a very angry letter to me, the purport of which was to reprove me for my presumption in daring to aspire to an alliance with her family, and to forbid any further correspondence. When I received it, it caused me much anxiety, and I began to believe in the general fickleness of womankind, but the next post brought me a letter full of womanly tenderness, and of words—

'Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

It cleared up the mystery.

"Although she was watched with the most rigid espionage, and suffered every indignity from the family, because she would not promise to renounce me, for two years we continued to correspond with, and at intervals to meet each other. She improved in beauty, and I in my profession. I studied long and earnestly for improvement, for I thought that only by attaining eminence I could prove myself worthy of her love. About this time her letters began to be less frequent, and our interviews at longer intervals. Yet in speech and in writing she seemed as kind as ever. At last she told me that our correspondence must be discontinued, as her mother had quarrelled with the faithful servant by whose agency it had been carried on; and as she had been dismissed from her service, no letters of mine could come to her without being discovered; she concluded her letter by saying—'I allow that time does make changes, but it never—never will in my regard for you; and I tell you dear Arthur, that while I can hear that you still remain firm in your affection to your Laura, no power on earth shall force me to give my hand to another.' Although I could not but regret that the only channel of communication between us was no longer available, those assurances of her unalterable attachment convinced

me of her sincerity, and I felt assured that the absence of my letters would make no difference in her regard for me. I placed the most unbounded confidence in her truth."

As he concluded the sentence, Arthur linked his arm within mine, and led me before the picture which I have noticed as the one concealed by a curtain.

"So deeply," he continued, "were her features fixed upon my memory, that wanting to paint a picture from the story of Abelard and Heloise, I made her as a study for the latter, and endeavoured to trace upon the canvass those charms which had made so lasting an impression on my heart. I had then no opportunity of seeing her, but she was ever in my thoughts; therefore, from memory I am indebted for the strong resemblance which the portrait bears to the original.—There is no composition with which I have taken so much pains; I lingered over it like a mother over her first-born; I touched, and retouched it, and endeavoured to bestow upon it all the exquisite finish of a Gerard Dow. I have lately closed the painting from view, because it became too painful a mockery for me to bear."

With a trembling hand he drew aside the curtain, and I never beheld any thing so lovely as the being before me; the atmosphere seemed to grow bright, as if a burst of sunshine had flashed upon the room. Heloise was designed as rising from a couch on which she had been reclining, while her lover, kneeling at her feet, had, in the passionate eloquence of verse, declared the eagerness of his love. Her hair was light and of a glossy hue, parted off her fair and open forehead, and rested in luxuriant tresses upon her dazzling throat and swelling breast; her eyes were of that deep rich blue that seem born to Heaven, from their resemblance to the fair clouds which veil it from our sight, and were filled with that deep and earnest expression of womanly tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. Beauty seemed to breathe in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. Her dress was in the picturesque costume of the twelfth century, allowing the graceful shape of the limbs to be seen beneath its folds. The room was decorated with tapestry, on which were delineated subjects from scriptural history, and the rich light which fell upon the eloquent features of Heloise came mellowed through a window of painted glass, whereon a virgin and child were drawn in clear and fadeless colours.

I looked upon the painting with unconcealed rapture: it was a master-piece. It appeared to possess all the flowing richness of color which belongs to the Italian school, united with the exquisite finish of the Flemish painters. I think I should have gazed at it till nightfall, entranced in admiration, had I not been startled by a heavy sigh. I hastily let fall the curtain, and turned round; my friend had sunk into a seat; his face was buried in his hands, and his attenuated frame shook with violent convulsions.

"Arthur!" said I, taking his thin hand in mine, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," he replied, faintly, catching his breath at intervals, as if something impeded his respiration, "nothing—nothing—my friend; 'tis a slight attack to which I am sometimes subject, but it will soon be over; there—there—I am better now—I am much better—I will now go on with my narrative."

"No, no, Arthur," I exclaimed, observing the agitation he was endeavouring to control, "you can continue it at some other time."

"Perhaps not, my friend—perhaps not," he replied; "I dare not trifle with time." He made a violent effort to conquer his weakness, and then with assumed composure, continued. "Soon afterwards my productions attracted the attention of a certain nobleman, well known for the liberality with which he patronizes the

fine arts, and he was so pleased with my compositions, that, after a short acquaintance, he offered, at his own expense, to send me to Italy to pursue my studies.—This was a temptation I could not resist, and I soon accepted his generous offer. Although I sought frequently, I found no opportunity of having an interview with Laura before I left England; but when I arrived in Rome I determined to confine myself to one object—that of rising in my profession, for the sole purpose of becoming worthy of her affection.—The name of my noble patron was a passport to every *palazzo* in Rome, and I quickly availed myself of its influence. I studied the glorious creations of the antique till I felt imbued with the spirit of their beauty, and the immortal designs of the great painters I had before my eyes, till I became familiar with every excellence they possessed. There I found the best living models to draw from—women as lovely as the Madonnas of Raffaele, and men as finely shaped as the Deities of Canova.

"Three years I remained in Italy, seeking for eminence, and in some degree—in a degree which gave me a proud and happy consciousness of having succeeded in my endeavors—I obtained it. Yet Laura was never absent from my remembrance. I fed my heart with hopes of creating a name and fortune worthy her acceptance. I yearned for distinction, only for her sake. I was happy with the world and all around me. I had obtained honors and rewards above my expectations, and I looked forward to the possession of Laura as the crowning gift which would give a value to the rest. She was present with me at all times, and in all places, and shed a line of beauty and excellence over all I did. If I wanted to design any figure possessing extraordinary grace, I thought of her, and creations of more than earth-born loveliness rose upon the canvass. It was her to whom I looked for inspiration; and all bright thoughts and glorious imaginings were centered in her remembrance. Visions of beauty thronged upon my mind, freshly bathed in the sunshine of her delicious smiles, or newly glorified by the soft brilliance of her enamoured eyes.

"The time drew near for my return to England, and I busied myself, during my voyage home, with delightful anticipations of my coming felicity. I thought of the joy with which she would welcome me after so long a separation, and seemed to behold the lustre of her dove-like eyes dwelling fondly on my own. I hailed the white cliffs of Dover, shining through the mist, for bringing me nearer to her presence. My fame had travelled before me; and I discovered when I landed, that I was in as high estimation among my fellow-countrymen, as had followed my efforts in Italy. At the first opportunity I made inquiries for Laura and her family. I found that her father had died during my absence, leaving an immense fortune to be divided amongst his widow and children, who, with the exception of the son, had retired into the country. It was sometime before I found out her residence, and when it was discovered, I had still greater difficulty in seeing her. At last I met her by accident in town. She appeared glad to see me, pressed my hand with ecstasy, and looked up into my face with all her usual tenderness; yet, afterwards, she blushed, hung down her head in silence, and seemed fearful of being seen in my company. I would not leave her until she had given me permission to write to her, and had received her promise to answer me. I was too much wrapped up in the happiness I felt in her society, short as the period was in which we were together, to observe, at the time, those signs of estrangement, which afterwards came before my memory with all the bitterness of disappointment. My friend—it was the last time we met!"

In the few last sentences his voice faltered, and as the conclusion it was so broken as to be scarcely audible; but, with a supernatural energy, he struggled

with his feelings, and, in a few minutes, resumed his narrative with apparent composure.

"I wrote,"—he continued—"yes, I wrote to her; I told her how long I had loved her—how faithful had been my affection, and that my attachment could only cease with my existence. That to me all the glory I had obtained was worthless, unless she for whom only it was sought made it valuable by sharing it with me: and I implored her, by all her gentle endearments, and by all the happy moments we had passed in each other's society, to assure me, at once, either of the certainty of my happiness, or of my misery. I waited long and anxiously for an answer. When any suspicion entered my mind of her inconstancy, I thought of all she had endured for my sake. I recalled to mind the letter she had written to me from the country, where she had been sent by her friends for the purpose of preventing any communication between us, in which she stated that the persecutions of her relations had become quite insupportable, and the waters of a lake, round which she was in the habit of walking, looked so clear, so tranquil, and so beautiful, that she had been tempted to put an end to her misery and her existence at once; but that the thoughts of possessing my love held her back, and she felt that she could not give up my affection, even to possess peace and happiness, and heaven. Yes, I thought of these things, and my heart smote me for suspecting her of deceit. I waited without a murmur; laid the fault of the delay on a variety of different causes, and felt assured of my coming happiness. My friend! imagine my feelings when I received this letter."

With a trembling hand he gave me a note which appeared much crumpled, and felt damp to the touch; it was dated more than three months back, and I read as follows:—

"You have, perhaps, before this, accused me of neglect for not having answered your note before, but I have been unable to do so. Your letter was what might have been expected from you—noble and disinterested. I am grateful for your kind affection for me, though I can never repay it as you merit. Forget me, Arthur—I ask you to forget me; I am still your friend, and shall never cease to be so, but you will meet with those more likely to make you happy; you can then remember me as the friend of your adversity, and as one who would never have forsaken you in the day of trouble.

"Your sincere well wisher,

"LAURA."

I was wondering, within myself, at the extraordinary fickleness of this girl, when my friend, with more composure than I could have expected from him, proceeded:—

"When I had perused that letter," he continued, "its meaning came with such a sudden shock upon my brain, as to derange, at once, every faculty it possessed; I was sensible only of a sudden and intense pain about the region of the heart. The rest I heard from my attendants; they were alarmed by hearing a noise in my room; they rushed in and found me extended on the floor. For several months I was delirious; my life was despaired of; but I recovered to the state in which you now see me, to linger by a painful and declining death. What are to me fame, and name, and honor, and glory, now, she for whom I sought them requires them not? What are to me the riches of the world, now her for whom I struggled to obtain them, refuses to share them with me? I have no occupation, I have no incentive to occupation. The world holds out to me no prize worth struggling for, and the stimulus of earthly passions has no power over me. I am wasting away, gradually, but surely; all the functions of the body have lost their energy, though the soul still lives in the immortality of its youth."

I went home in a most melancholy state of mind from hearing my friend's eventful history. The next morning I called upon him at an early hour. I had left him tranquil and resigned; indeed, I felt surprised and delighted at his composure. When I was taking my leave, he pressed my hand with more than his usual kindness of manner, while the tears were tracing their way along his haggard cheeks. I knocked at the door as I recalled these things to my mind; the servant opened it, his look alarmed me; I rushed up stairs into my friend's bed-room, and there I beheld the unhappy man extended lifeless on his bed! On the table, near him, lay a small bottle, which had contained poison of the deadliest nature. I saw how bitterly I had been deceived by his composure of the previous evening; he had evidently premeditated self-destruction, and had assumed tranquillity to avoid suspicion. He seemed to have died without a struggle. As I was examining the corpse, I observed something glittering between its bony fingers; it was a gold locket, containing her hair, and on the back of it was engraved the name of Laura. He died as he had lived.

I witnessed the last honors paid to his remains, and then proceeded to examine his papers. He left his pictures to be sold for the benefit of his relations, except a few, which he bequeathed to me as a testimony of his friendship; and one, which was "the Veiled Picture," he begged me to take to Laura after he was buried, and to give into her hands at the same time, the following letter:—

"I do not write either to complain or to reproach; I am as much above the one, as I am superior to the other. Before these lines meet your gaze, the hand which now traces them will be cold, and the heart from whence they spring will have ceased to hold communion with the world: the dead complain of no injuries, and feel no wrongs. I write to assure you of my forgiveness, and that my last words may express, with heart and soul, and in spirit and in truth—God bless you!

ARTHUR."

With some difficulty I discovered her dwelling, and I learnt that she was going to be married the following week. After asking for the young lady, I was told by the servant she would be with me immediately, and was desired to walk into a handsomely decorated room. I placed the picture in the most advantageous light, and awaited her coming. In a short time she appeared. She was fully as beautiful as she had been described; but there was a trace of melancholy in the features of the original, which the portrait did not possess. I wondered not at the infatuation of my unfortunate friend, as I gazed on the charms with which this Circe had bound his existence in her love. I said nothing to her, fearing to trust my voice in her presence, but gently undrew the curtain of the picture.—As soon as she beheld it, a flood of sweet recollections seemed to rush upon her heart, and her whole soul appeared absorbed in the scene before her. As she gazed upon it, she drew in her breath eagerly, so as to make her respiration distinctly audible, and her looks were expressive of the most intense interest. I gently put into her hand the letter; she took it almost mechanically, but without taking the least notice of my presence; her eyes fell upon the characters, which she recognized and read. As soon as she had perused it through, she turned her gaze upon me with a glassiness of eye that riveted me to the spot. Her beautiful mouth became momentarily distorted; her lovely features underwent a sudden and complete transformation, expressive of deep and silent agony—she dropped the letter at my feet—uttered a long and horrid laugh, and sunk down upon the floor in violent hysterics.

For several days she was in a state of raving madness; and though the fit left her in a precarious state of weakness, on her first return to sensibility she sent for me. She bade me relate to her all I knew of her

lover. I did so; and she continually interrupted my narration with execrations on her cruelty and falsehood. After she had heard me out, she told me she was the victim of her mother's ambition. During Arthur's absence, she had tried every scheme to thrust him from her affections, and to bring about a marriage which she considered more advantageous. She had succeeded but too well. Laura's heart had been humbled by threats, and her life had been rendered miserable by unkindness. Receiving no intelligence of her lover,

in a moment of weakness she agreed to all her mother proposed. She now exclaimed against her inhumanity, her falsehood, and her treachery, and accused herself of being the murderer of her lover. Although great attention was paid to her by her friends, she received a shock from which she never recovered; and before the day arrived which was to have seen her a bride, the grave possessed all that remained of one of the loveliest forms that ever death had disrobed of beauty.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook—

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook—

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions,—conscience—*my* conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well;—but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook—

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tipoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underling menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ankle of his partially efficient leg;—the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tipoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion!—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort*: still it has its advantages—and why neglect them?—Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed—

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really—

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense;

but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing: but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native-servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?—

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanours—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—

And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repulsive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his *ci-devant* cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—I couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the-way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out:—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Caesar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval*

glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid, *billowy*, rufous, the red sea in a storm; now it was stony, pale, implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye, usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge, was cold, clear, icy; his look froze me, I had seen him thus before, in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet: where could Plinth have picked him up!

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Moccasin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend, as we had fought and bled on the same fields; as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave; as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology: with any other man than Major Moccasin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession, remembering my precautions, and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself; I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card: nothing further could be done: he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified, that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Moccasin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand writing?"

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—"Yours, ever, JOHN MOCCASIN!"

NOTE.

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Moccasin, a few hours af-

ter Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelope appears the following:—"Tis now midnight; Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction: we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall—"

After considerable research we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which form valuable appendages to Major Moccasin's document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

No. I.

"Yesterday at his own residence in Wimpile St. by special licence, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B, to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The Gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling,—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Moccasin."

No. II.

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant Major's more fortunate rival."

SCRAPS FROM A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

WHOSOEVER has black frizzly hair and beard, will put his barber to much trouble, and will be liable to scratch his head often, unless he makes great use of a comb.

He who has a low forehead, full of wrinkles, will look like a monkey, ten to one.

He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it and live all the days of his life. This is infallible.

A great mouth from ear to ear signifies much foam and no bride. These are not hard mouthed but all mouth.

A little mouth, drawn up like a purse, denotes darkness within, and hides a bad set of teeth.

He that has great hands will have large fingers; and if he strikes hard it will fall heavy.

Sparkling eyes will be almost certain to shine.

Whenever you see a man that has but one eye, you may certainly conclude he has lost the other.

Those who squint will put others to much trouble to decide which way they look.

Left-handed men are very ignorant, for it seems they don't know their right hand from their left; since the one has the office, the other the place.

Never have any thing to do with a crooked man, for he never can be upright so long as he goes bowing.

Those who have little or no noses, will chance to look like death's heads while living. They will scarcely ever be detected in sneezing, because it will puzzle them to take snuff.

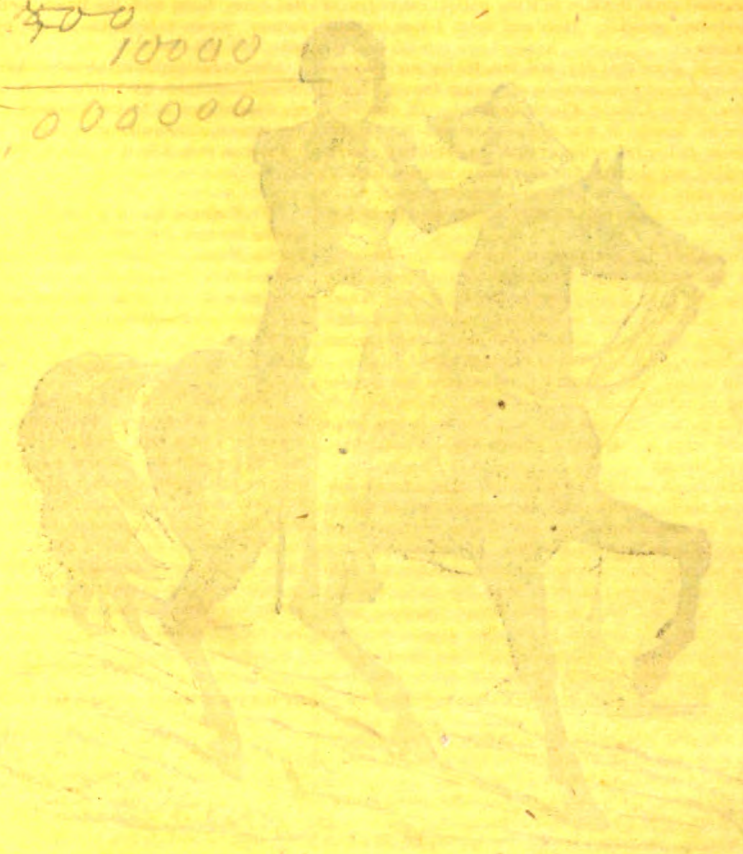
Much rain is a sign of wet weather.

The full moon signifies she can hold no more, and this may be reckoned for certain.

If you are going to buy any thing, and when you should pay for it, cannot find your purse, it is the worse thing that can happen, and unlucky for your marketing.

500
10000

15,000,000





LOUIS PHILIPPE.

LOUIS PHILIP, KING OF THE FRENCH.

SCLDOM indeed has fortune exercised her dispensations more capriciously than in directing the existence of Louis Philip, the present king of the French, through its various phases. A prince, a conqueror, a refugee, a martyr, an exile:—a lieutenant general to-day, a king to-morrow! His triumph, now a trophy to the country—and now, his exile an exultation: his name, now an abomination; and now, his assumption of royalty the very safety of “*le grand nation*.” Once the most remote aspirant to the throne of his ancestors; now, enjoying what was sacrificed by the imbecility of Capet, and the ambition of Napoleon; now content with the simple security of a republican asylum, and now dispensing the fortunes of a monarchy.

Louis Philip, the eldest son of the unfortunate Egalite, by Marie Adolphe de Bourbon Panthievre, was born in Paris on the 6th of October, 1773; so that he is now in the sixtieth year of his age. Louis Philip first bore the title of Duke of Valois, but on his father's accession to the title of Duke of Orleans, he became the Duke of Chartres; and in the enjoyment of this title all his subsequent sufferings commenced and progressed. In the year 1778, he was placed under the tutorage of De Bonnard, where he remained until the year 1782, when his tuition was confided to the surveillance of the celebrated Madame de Genlis; under whom he obtained no inconsiderable portion of that philosophy which distinguished his subsequent career. When he had attained his 18th year, a decree was issued by the constituent assembly, requiring all proprietary officers to surrender the military profession, or immediately and effectually to join their respective regiments. He, true to the glory of his country, and possessing the abstract ambition to serve her reputation and her interests, placed himself at the head of the 14th regiment of dragoons, which he joined at Vendome, where it was stationed. Here his humanity and courage, in saving a nonjuring clergyman from the violence of the populace, and an engineer from drowning, obtained for him from the city the offer of a civic crown, and the entire respect of the inhabitants. In the month of August 1791, he went with his regiment into Valenciennes, where he wintered and performed the duties of the oldest Colonel of the garrison. In the year 1792, when he had attained only his 19th year, he received from the celebrated Kellerman, who had been just reinforced from the army of the Rhine, the honour of the command of twelve battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of cavalry, at whose head he fought in the battle of Valmy, plucking laurels from the brows of veterans, and astonishing the experience of age with the daring chivalry of youth; and rendering his bravery not more remarkable for the perseverance with which it was exercised than the judgment with which it was directed. He shortly after accepted the offer of a command in the army of Dumourier, who was about to proceed to Flanders to undertake the invasion of Belgium: little, at that time, was his present important connexion with that nation anticipated; a connexion which, notwithstanding the amicable relations of other interests, is pregnant with most important consequences. On the 6th of November he distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes, and contributed to the triumph of the French on that day under Dumourier. When the decree of banishment was passed by the Convention against the members of the Bourbon family, Louis Philip was at Tournay; and became desirous that his father and family should emigrate with him to the United States; but before he could complete the necessary preparatory arrangements the decree was revoked. In February, 1793, he was re-

called to the army, and served at the siege of Maestrich under Miranda; when too openly manifesting his hostility to the revolutionary excesses in France, he soon saw that a decree had been hurled against himself, and immediately resolved on quitting both the army and the country. He accordingly went to Mons, where he obtained passports for Switzerland, whither he went in the year 1793; and there, passed as a fugitive, through the countries which, a short time since, he passed over as a conqueror; and here he first became acquainted with his family's arrest. In September he arrived at Basle, and finding no place safe for him, he was advised, by the refugee, General Montesquion, who lived in Switzerland, under the name of Chevalier Rionel, to wander in the mountains, but not to tarry for any considerable time in one place; until the progress of time would tame the aspect of political severity. This advice he adopted, and travelled into the interior of Switzerland and the Alps; and under these circumstances exhibited a philosophic courage in contending against misfortune and poverty, which would have been worthy of the most stern of the stoics. In a short time he was recalled to Brengarten by Montesquion, who provided him with a professorship in the college of Richenan, for which he was examined and appointed under a fictitious name. In this college Louis Philip, the King of the French, taught for eight months, his name and his rank equally unknown; and here he first became acquainted with the fate of his unfortunate father. Some political changes having taken place in the Grisons, Montesquion deemed it no longer hazardous to give the ducal pedagogue an asylum; and consequently invited the Duke to his dwelling, who left the college with the regret of the professors and pupils, and repaired to Brengarten, where, under the name of Corby, he remained until the decline of 1794, when, his retreat being no longer a secret, he again resolved on quitting Europe for America; and went to Hamburg, as the most convenient and agreeable place of embarkation; but not having sufficient means to sustain his intentions, he procured a small letter of credit on a banker at Copenhagen, with the intention of visiting the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in getting him passports from the king of Denmark, as a Swiss traveller; and Louis Philip forthwith travelled through Norway and Sweden; journeyed on foot with the Laplanders, passed along the mountains to the gulf of Tys, and reached the north cape on the 24th of August 1795, where he remained for a few days situated at 18 degrees from the Pole: he then repassed through Finland to Torneo, and thence to Abo and Stockholm. In the month of August 1796, he received a most admonitory letter from his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, requesting him to leave Europe and take up his residence in America; he accordingly sailed from the Elbe in September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia in the October following. In the course of the year 1797, he was joined by his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and, accompanied by them, set out for Baltimore; he passed from thence into Virginia, where, according to an invitation given before the expiration of his presidency, they had the honour of meeting General Washington at his Mount Vernon residence. Here the Father of his country and his amiable consort treated the princely wanderers with their characteristic kindness and hospitality; and they, after a short stay, proceeded southward; they thence returned northward, and visited the falls of Niagara, and in July 1797, returned to Philadelphia during a fearful prevalence of the yellow fever. It was their desire,

but not their ability, to leave this city. They, who had been born princes and educated to their birth, had not the trifling means of removing from their pestilential residence, and they must have severely felt the mutability of fortune's favours. In the following month they received from their mother a remittance which enabled them to proceed to New York, from which place they went to Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. On their return to Boston, they received the mortifying intelligence of their mother's banishment, and immediately returned to Philadelphia, with the intention of joining her in Spain, the place of her exile. In the month of December, 1797, they left Philadelphia; and, travelling down the Ohio and Mississippi, reached New Orleans, where they sojourned for five months, at which time, tired of the expectation of a Spanish ship, they went on board an American one, which was captured by an English frigate. The Duke now discovered himself to the captain, and he and his brothers were landed at Havana on the eleventh day of March, 1798. Here they in vain attempted to procure a passage to Europe, and though regretting their exile, were at last contented in obscurity, if they could obtain an honourable livelihood.

The hopes which their reception at Havana inspired, were disappointed by the Court of Madrid, by which they were forced to leave Cuba; and an order was received by the Captain General of Havana, to send the three brothers to New Orleans, without providing them with any means of support. They, however, refused to go, but went to the English Bahamas, where they were received by the Duke of Kent in the kindest manner. They sailed thence for New York, whence they sailed for Falmouth, and arrived in London in February, 1800. He took up his residence at Frickenham, and visited every thing curious in Great Britain, and attentively studied the political economy, and laws and manners of the country. In the month

of November, 1809, he was married at Palermo to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily. On the fall of Napoleon he repaired to Paris, where he remained until the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he sent his family to England, and joined them there in March, 1815. After the final overthrow of the Emperor, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., the Duke returned to France, and took his seat in the chamber of Peers; where he distinguished himself by the liberality of his sentiments and the purity of his principles. In the year 1824, he received the title of *Royal Highness*, and in 1830, after the events of the revolutionizing, *trois jours*, he was invited to assume the executive power, under the title of Lieutenant General of the kingdom: this invitation he accepted, and immediately issued a proclamation in that capacity.

On the 3d of August he opened the Chambers, and announced the abdication of the throne by Charles X. and his son. On the 6th and 7th of that month he was invited by the Chamber of Deputies to fill the throne which they had just declared vacant, and under certain conditions, which he accepted, he assumed the title of King of the French. On the 9th he took his oath to the new charter as Louis Philip I., and in a short time the new dynasty received the acknowledgment of all the foreign powers. Whether the French nation gained by the accession of this new dynasty, comes not within the proposed limits of this article; but the affirmative is very generally questioned. The object of this memoir was to exhibit the mutability of fortune, to which all hold an equal inheritance; and with a perfect confidence in the truth of the introductory sentence, we in conclusion repeat that "seldom, indeed, has fortune exercised her dispensations more capriciously than in directing the existence of Louis Philip, the present king of the French, through its various phases;" to-day the protege of an individual, and to-morrow the crowned choice of a nation.

BALLAD ROMANCE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

THE lady sat in her lonely bower,
When the glitt'ring stars shone bright;
And the dew fell soft, on each folded flower,
That slept 'neath the moonbeams' light!
But her bower was sad, and her heart was drear,
For her lover's step she did not hear!

"He comes!—ah! no!—'twas the nightingale
Breathing her plaintive song;
Or the last faint sigh, of the dying gale,
That murmurs the leaves among!"
Still her bower of love is sad and drear,
For no lover's voice salutes her ear!

"Again! 'tis the tramp of his gallant steed,
The promised hour is past!
And he urges his course with a lover's speed,
And a bridegroom's ardent haste!"
Ah! lady! the faithful steed draws near,
But his master lies sleeping on death's cold bier!

He knew each path, of the forest's way—
And the hour that path was trod;
And he broke from his stall and trappings gay
And bounded the well-known road!
Else, none in the halls of pride and power,
Had guess'd of the bride, in her lonely bower!

WHEN ROSY MORN, &c.

AIR—"Pensez a moi,"

WHEN rosy morn her grateful beam
Is shedding o'er the freshened earth,
Why do I chide the sunny gleam
That wakens me to pain or mirth?
'Tis that in dreams of ecstasy
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie!"

And oft at twilight's placid hour,
While gazing on the evening star,
My thoughts, despite its witching power,
Will turn to something brighter far—
Thou art that brighter light to me!
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie."

And, if when hopes of storied name
Urge me to seek proud learning's prize,
(Pale watcher at her holy flame,
Should then a thought of thee arise,
Lost in the maze of memory,
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie."

But fare thee well! thou must not know
The curbless thoughts that fill my heart—
Though still in sickness, weal or woe,
Of all those thoughts art thou a part,
Ever! in joy or misery,
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie!"

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

SIR EMERIC DE PAVIA, a valiant Lombard, whom King Edward the Third had made Governor of Calais, was walking moodily on the ramparts of that town; his step was hurried and impatient. He often raised his hand and passed it rapidly across his brow, as if he would by that act wipe away some torturing recollection from his brain. Sometimes he stamped furiously on the ground, and at others sat down on the battlements; and while he leaned his head on his clenched hands, the sweat poured from his brow and his whole frame shook convulsively. At times he looked towards the sun, which had nearly attained his meridian height, and was gilding the broad of ocean, the town and castle of Calais, and the distant plains of Picardy, with the full effulgence of his beams. At others, he stretched his eye across the Channel, and looked wistfully, yet fearfully, towards the white cliffs of Dover. So entirely absorbed in his own reflections was the governor, that he did not observe a person near him wrapped in a long black cloak, who seemed narrowly to watch his motions. The stranger's face was enveloped in his cloak. At first he seemed to avoid coming in contact with Sir Emeric; afterwards, however, he crossed his path repeatedly, evidently intending but not being able to attract his notice. At length, during one of the most violent of Sir Emeric's paroxysms, the stranger approached him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a low distinct tone of voice, "Then the tale that was told to me is true."

"Ha!" said the governor, starting and grasping his sword, "who and what art thou? What is the tale that has been told thee?"

"That Sir Emeric de Pavia is a traitor!" said the stranger.

"Dastard and liar!" said the governor: "who and what, I say again, art thou that darrest to call Emeric of Pavia a traitor?"

"Behold!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle and exhibiting the fine majestic features of a man about thirty-five years of age, which were well known to Sir Emeric. The latter fell on his knees, and in a suppliant tone exclaimed, "Guilty, my most gracious liege, guilty; pardon, pardon!"

"Emeric," said King Edward, for it was he, "thou knowest that I have entrusted to thee what I hold dearest in this world, after my wife and children,—I mean the town and castle of Calais, which thou hast sold to the French, and for which thou deservedst death."

"Ah! gentle king, have mercy on me!" said the governor; "all that you have charged me with is true, most true; but there is yet time to break the disgraceful bargain. I have not yet received one penny of the filthy lucre for which I agreed to deliver this town and castle to your grace's enemies."

"Emeric," said the king, raising him from his suppliant posture, "I have loved thee well, and even from a child have loaded thee with marks of my favour. Your plot, well and secretly contrived as it was, could not be kept hidden from me. I had certain intelligence of it a month ago. News were then brought to me at Westminster, that thou hadst sold this place to Sir Geoffrey de Charni for twenty thousand crowns, and that this day he is to proceed from St. Omers with his forces, and arrive here at midnight, for the purpose of receiving possession from thee. Was my information true or false?"

"It was most true, my liege," said Emeric, again attempting to throw himself at the king's feet.

"Listen to me," said the king, preventing him: "it is my wish that you continue on this treaty. When Sir Geoffrey's forces arrive, lead them to the great

tower; and on this condition I promise you my pardon. I have just arrived from England with three hundred men-at-arms, and six hundred archers; but have arrived so privily, that no one but thou knowest that I am here. The Prince of Wales and Sir Walter Manny are with me. Go with me, that I may give you directions for placing the men in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle. Sir Walter Manny shall conduct this enterprise; and my son and I, who would at present remain unknown, will fight under his banner."

Again did the repentant governor throw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and again did the latter raise him from his suppliant posture, and assure him of his pardon and of his entire oblivion of the intended treason, if he remained faithful to him at the present crisis.

Sir Geoffrey de Charni, accompanied by the Lord of Namur, the Lord de Crequi, Sir Odoart de Reny, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the French lords and knights, arrived from St. Omers, with all the forces he could collect, crossed the bridge of Neuillet, and sat down about midnight before that gate of the castle of Calais which is called the gate of Boulogne. Here he halted, to give time for his rear to come up, and here he found Sir Emeric de Pavia anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"My gallant Lombard," said Sir Geoffrey, "is all well, and are you ready to deliver up possession of the castle?"

"All is well, Sir Knight," said the Lombard, "and the castle is yours on payment of the twenty thousand crowns."

"Then Sir Odoart de Reny," said Sir Geoffrey, addressing that knight, who stood by his side, "take with you twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms, and possess yourself of the castle. That once in our power, we shall soon be masters of the town, considering what strength we have with us—that strength, should it be necessary, may be doubled in a few days. Myself will remain with the rest of the army here in silence; for I mean to enter the town by one of the gates, or not at all."

Thus saying, he delivered to Sir Odoart the twenty thousand crowns in a bag, with instructions that he should give them to the Lombard as soon as the French forces had crossed the drawbridge.

"Thou art a very knave, Sir Emeric," said Sir Odoart to the governor, as they rode together towards the drawbridge, "to turn recreant to so gallant and chivalrous a king as thine. Thou hast earned the crowns, doubtless, but Heaven save me from entitling myself in the like manner to such a booty."

"Thou art marvellously honest on a sudden," said the Lombard; "but to a plain man's apprehension, there seems to be no such wondrous difference between the tempter and the tempted, the briber and the bribed, especially when the former is breaking a solemn truce, as should entitle him to plume himself on his superiority to the latter."

"Lead on, lead on, Sir Emeric," said his companion, "we are e'en haggards, and thou art but a coystrel; so, as thou sayest, we need not quarrel as to which soars highest."

At a sign from the Lombard, the drawbridge was let down, and one of the gates of the castle opened. Sir Odoart, having entered with his detachment, placed the bag in Sir Emeric's hands, saying, "The twenty thousand crowns art, I believe, all there. I have not time to count them, for it will be daylight presently."

Sir Emeric, taking the bag from his hand; flung it into a room, the door of which he locked.

"Now, Sir Odoart," he said, "follow me, and I will

conduct you to the great tower, that you may sooner possess yourself of the castle. Behold it there!" he added, pointing to a door before them. "Push back the bolts and enter." Thus saying, he disappeared. Sir Odoart and the French advanced: the bolts gave way at their touch, and the door of the great tower flew open.

At that moment, a cry of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" rang in their ears, and above three hundred men, armed with swords and battle-axes, rushed upon Sir Odoart and his little band. They seemed to be commanded by a knight in green armour, who advanced before them.

"What!" said he, to Sir Odoart, who, seeing the impossibility of resisting so disproportionate a force, had given up his sword to him, while his followers imitated his example; "do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?"

"Sir Knight," said Odoart, "that double villain, the Lombard, has betrayed us, or the standard of King Philip of France had floated on the towers of this castle ere now."

"The standard of King Edward," said the green knight, "King of France and England, floats there now, and ill betide the hand that shall attempt to pluck it down. But let us onward to the gate leading to Boulogne—guard well the prisoners. Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" Thus saying, the captives were shut in the tower, and the English, mounting their horses, made for the gate of Boulogne.

In the mean time, Sir Geoffrey, with his banners displayed, and surrounded by his forces, was awaiting at the Boulogne gate, with some impatience, the return of messengers from the castle. "If this Lombard," he said, to the knights who stood next him, "delays opening the gate, we shall all die of cold."

"In God's name," replied the knight, "these Lombards are a malicious sort of people; perhaps he is examining your florins, lest there should be any false ones, and to see if they be right in number."

The day was now breaking, and the gate of the castle was distinctly visible to those outside, when on a sudden it burst open, and amid deafening shouts of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" a numerous troop of armed warriors, well mounted, galloped towards the French forces. The Green Knight led them on, preceded by the banner of Sir Walter Manny; and numerous other banners, such as the Earl of Suffolk's, the Lord Stafford's, and the Lord Berkeley's, were seen among the English troops.

"Betrayed! betrayed!" said Sir Geoffrey de Charni, to those who stood about him. "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all; it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, in the hope that the day may be ours."

"By St. George!" said the Green Knight, who had approached near enough to hear De Charni's words, "you speak truth—evil befall him who thinks of flying!" Then, retreating a little, the English dismounted from their horses, and advancing on foot, for the most part armed with battle-axes, they attacked the enemy.

The battle was short, but desperate and sanguinary. The English, incensed at the treachery of the French, and the latter infuriated at the unexpected opposition which they encountered, vied with each other in the fury and zeal with which they contested the victory. Six banners and three hundred archers left the main body of the English army, and made for the bridge of Neuillet, where they found the Lord Moreau de Fiennes, and the Lord de Crequi, who guarded it. The cross-bowmen of St. Omer and Aire were also posted between the bridge and Calais, and met a furious assault from their enemies. They were immediately discomfited and pursued to the river, where more than six hundred of them were drowned. The knights of Flanders for a long time maintained their post against

very superior numbers; but reinforcements still pouring in to the English from the town, the French were at length obliged to surrender, or seek their safety in flight.

The Green Knight performed prodigies of valour. He was frequently seen surrounded by the enemy, but hewing his way through them with his battle-axe. Sir Geoffrey de Charni, Sir Henry du Bois, and Sir John de Landes, were all made prisoners by him; and scarcely had one knight surrendered to him, before he was seen attacking another, or defending himself from the assault of numbers. He had many times, during the engagement, attempted to come in contact with a French knight, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whose extraordinary prowess struck as much terror among the English, as that of the Green Knight's did in the opposite ranks; they were scarcely able even to exchange a blow, before two large bodies meeting where they were fighting, compelled them to break off the engagement. At length, however, the Green Knight and his opponent met without the intervention of any obstacle. The conflict around them was suspended, as if by the mutual consent of the combatants, and the two armies stood by and gazed at the contention between their respective champions. Twice did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont fell the Green Knight to the ground; but he rose, like another Anteus, from his fall each time, apparently with renewed strength and vigour. Their battle-axes were struck from each other's hands; their spears, which were then resorted to, shivered into a thousand splinters; their swords were the only weapons left to them. With these they held for a long time a doubtful conflict, until at length that of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont broke against the shield of the Green Knight; and the latter, pressing irresistibly upon him, threw him to the ground, and planted his knee upon his breast. A tumultuous shout of applause immediately burst from the ranks of the English; and the French, who had already, although fighting with the utmost valour, been defeated at every point, threw away their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

"Brave knight," said Sir Eustace to his conqueror, "I yield to your superior prowess, nor blush to be overcome by strength like yours."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, raising his fallen antagonist and returning him the sword which he presented him, "you of all men have least cause to blush for the events of this day. By St. George! I have encountered many a tall and stalwart knight in my time, but never one who gave me so much trouble as you have done."

"May I crave your name, courteous knight," said Sir Eustace, "that when the friends of Eustace de Ribeaumont learn that he has been vanquished, they may know that it was by the hands of one who has doubtless distinguished himself in many a fiercer field than this."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, "fear not that the most fastidious of your friends will think your fame for honour or valour tarnished by surrendering yourself to me. As for my name," he added, lifting his beaver, "when next you see these features, you will know it. Shall you remember them?"

"They are features, Sir Knight," said De Ribeaumont, "which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten; but I would speedily pay my ransom money and regain my liberty—when, therefore, I pray you, shall we meet again?"

"To-night at supper, in Calais castle," said the Green Knight; and as he spake, the conquerors and the prisoners simultaneously moved towards the gate of Boulogne.

That evening a superb banquet was given in the castle of Calais, to which the the French and English knights were alike invited. There was no distinction

made between the guests of the two nations, except that the tables of the prisoners were more superbly decorated and more profusely supplied than those of their captors. A table was placed on an elevated platform at the end of the room, the seats at which were not occupied at the time that the principal part of the company was assembled; but the astonishment of the French knights was extreme when the doors were thrown open and the King of England, the Prince of Wales, and a numerous train of the most distinguished barons and warriors of England, entered the room. As yet they had imagined that the most eminent person in the ranks of their opponents had been Sir Walter Manny. The wonder and interest of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont were, however, the most intense of all; for, as he gazed on the features of him who wore the crown and held the sceptre, he recognized the Green Knight, and perceived that he had been opposed in single combat to the King of England.

The banquet passed off cheerfully, with many expressions, on the part of the Frenchmen, of wonder and delight at the distinguished rank of the persons to whom they had been opposed, and the courtesy with which they were treated. At its conclusion, King Edward rose from his seat, and having laid aside his crown, advanced bareheaded, except that he wore a chaplet of fine pearls around his head, down the hall, attended by his son and the lords who sat down at the table with him, for the purpose of retiring from the assembly. As he moved down the hall the knights rose up, and he entered into familiar and courteous conversation with them, especially with his prisoners. As he approached Sir Geoffrey de Charni, his countenance altered and assumed a severe expression.

"Sir Geoffrey," he said, "I have but little reason to love you, since you wished to take from me by stealth last night, and during the continuance of a solemn truce, what had given me so much trouble and cost me so large a sum of money to acquire. I am, however, rejoiced to have detected and frustrated your attempt. You were desirous of gaining Calais town and castle at

a cheaper rate than I did, and thought that you could purchase them for twenty thousand crowns; but through God's assistance you have been disappointed."

This rebuke was given with so much dignity and feeling, that Sir Geoffrey was unable to utter a syllable in his defence, and the king passed on unanswered. The last person whom he addressed, was Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, who stood at the hall door through which the monarch was about to make his exit, and fell on his knees before him.

"Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont," said the king, extending his hand to him and raising him, "of all men living you are the knight whom I have found most valiant, as well in attacking his enemy, as in defending himself. I never found any one in battle who gave me, body to body, so much to do as you have given me to-day. I adjudge the prize of valour to you, above all the knights of my court, as what is justly due to you."

The knight would have expressed his sense of the honour conferred, but the king stopped him by taking the chaplet of pearls, which was very rich and handsome, from his own brows, and placing it on Sir Eustace's head—"Sir Eustace," he added, "I present this chaplet to you as the best combatant this day of either party, whether French or English; and I beg you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake. You are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted among the ladies; wherefore, if you will only wear it at all public balls, and declare un to them that the King of England gave it to you as the reward of your valour, I will now release you from your captivity, quitting you wholly of your ransom."

Thus saying, the king left the hall, after the knight, whose feelings could not find utterance, had knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of gratitude and acquiescence. Not only did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, as long as he lived, wear the chaplet in remembrance of the gift of so renowned a prince, but his family ever afterwards bore for their arms three chaplets garnished with pearls.

LIBERTY.

Oh, Liberty! thou plant of fickle birth!
Cradled in storms and nursed upon the wild!
Oft in their prime thy blossoms fall to earth,
Like early violets sensitive and mild;
Which if they miss the gale, when snows are piled,
On peevish April's shy, uncertain hours;
Their blossoms, by drenching rains and floods defiled,
Die ere the green leaves thicken in the bowers—
Yielding their fair abodes to more enduring flowers.

Thy tender lineaments are seldom seen;
And, like the meteor, beautiful and brief!
Man just beholds thee in thy dazzling sheen,
And thou art gone, and he is left in grief!
Say, does the monarch find thee? or the chief,
To whom dismembered nations bow the knee?
Thou fallest from their grasp as falls the leaf,
When Autumn winds assail the bending tree—
Scattering its fading robe in fragments o'er the lea.

Crowds have possessed thee for a little space—
Brief hast thou been by multitude adored!
Soon has licentiousness usurped thy place;
And then has sunk beneath the uplifted sword.
Man must be virtuous, ere thy smiles afford
Nerve to his arm or counsel to his mind;
Then shall the tyrant sicken at the board,
Like proud Belshazzar, when Heaven's hand design'd
The scroll upon the wall—the mystery undefined!

LILLIAN MAY.

Oh, where is Lillian May,
With her eye of bonny blue,
And her lip like op'ning rose,
Giving odours to the dew.
Why comes she not to greet me,
Upon my homeward way.
Oh, where is Lillian May?
I see the well-known spire,
That crowns her peaceful bower;
Why hear I not the swelling peals,
That tell of happy hours?
The path is here—the path of all
Who meet on Holy-day—
But where is Lillian May?

Her step was like the fawn's,
And as she tripp'd along,
The very birds would welcome her,
So thrilling was her song.
That fairy foot is laggart now,
And silent is the lay—
Oh, where is Lillian May?
And tell me, oh, ye sad ones,
Who point amid the gloom,
To where those offered flowrets lie,
And where this grassy tomb;
Be still my heart, poor Allan sigh'd—
Thy rest is here for aye—
For here lies Lillian May.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year ——, there lived at Cologne a rich burgo-master, whose wife Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety, the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the line to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Balthasar—the third black, for Melchir. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness, to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to show their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and, where Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a-year, and shows the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the

It was a stormy November evening, when Peter Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favourable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend no monish on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall; and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-top presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then, a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour! He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could, with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress, wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow-bar to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried the consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key—he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropped down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought, and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eye fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces—a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he startled round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that when he found that this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—oh no!—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger: but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp!—his hand was clutched—aye, firmly clutched,

though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a death-like swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view, he hurried across the market-place to the burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window, and inquired who it was that disturbed him at so late an unseasonable hour?

"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.

"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.

"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."

Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to admit Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.

"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.

"I would rather," he exclaimed—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead."

This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the

influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty, with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed?" said the Burgomaster. "Do you, then, think that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"

"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans—"not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.

"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"

"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night; it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window."

"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."

"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps, but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections, so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent," replied Adolph: "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his

odd, wayward habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass, without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humours of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbled with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master: "I see nothing—hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man: "there sits our deceased lady on the altar, in a long white veil, and drinks out of a sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand, he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.

"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph, I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—
THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

NAPLES.

THE ocean-wave's innumerable smile
Glow'd with th' invigorating beams, which fell,
Like golden shafts, from heaven's blue citadel:
The winds were sleeping in their caverns, while
Sky, air, earth, ocean, summer's garment wore,
From the resplendent sands upon the shore,
To distant Capren's purple blooming isle.
The lagging ships seem'd the voluptuous spoil
Of the soft air, whose radiant censers spill'd
Odours on earth, and earth with incense fill'd.
Naples! my heart shall in its depths retain
The passing splendour of that summer day;
Like light from love's sweet grave it shall remain,
When love has pass'd, with all its dreams, away.

THE OLDEN TIME.

YE reminiscences of olden time,
Ye dwell upon my memory like a dream.
Ye come and go, like bubbles on a stream;
Or like those clouds that float around the moon.
I listen—for to me there comes no chime
Without its echo; and all voices seem
To speak in words of some familiar rhyme
I listened to of old.—Ah, me! as soon
Shall winds forget their minstrelsy, the trees
Forget the sunshine in the month of June,
The tranquil waves forget the stormy breeze,
And the cold lakes of mountain-tops to freeze,
As the unhappy one, while life may last,
Shut from his heart the memory of the past.

THE JILTED.

"Beware how you loiter in vain
Among nymphs of a higher degree."

MARK ANTHONY SNUBBS was the youngest son of a respectable butcher in Leeds. Even in childhood, young Snubbs was remarkable for an ambition, which soared beyond the narrow sphere to which his birth threatened to confine him. He disdained to associate with the young butchers of the neighbourhood, and attached himself to the genteeler society of attorneys' clerks and mercers' apprentices—a circumstance which excited the indignation of his father, who threatened to disinherit him, on pretence of his being too fine a gentleman to do credit to an honourable calling. But, fortunately, the young man's maternal uncle, a silk weaver in the place, viewed his character in a more favourable light, he admired his nephew's spirit, and, resolving to encourage it, obtained for him the place of a shop-boy with an eminent haberdasher in London. In this situation, young Snubbs neglected no opportunity of cultivating the graces; and as he, at the same time, had tolerable parts, a modest assurance, and a ready tongue, he rose so rapidly in his master's favour, that he was appointed to travel for the house to the north of England, and to Scotland. This appointment had long been the aim of our hero's exertions, and the object of his ambitious wishes; and Alexander of Macedon felt not greater pride, when he had first tamed the fierceness of Bucephalus, than did Snubbs, when he found himself master of a stout hackney, trotting on the high-way to happiness and Carlisle. It was here that he met, for the first time, the accomplished Miss Geraldine Snooks, the daughter and heiress of a rich attorney. He had the honour of dancing with her at the charity ball; he afterwards met her at a tea party, and took the liberty of offering to accompany her next morning to a concert. His attention now became more particular; he visited her at her father's house—stole her fan—wrote verses upon her French poodle—and, in short, had made a strong impression upon her affections, when he was discovered, one morning, kissing his mistress's hand, and trying to prevail with her to accompany him upon his northern excursion, as far as Gretna Green, by old Snooks, who kicked him down stairs, and forbade him his house for ever. This was a severe blow to his hopes; and Snubbs, in the height of his indignation, meditated claiming satisfaction from the attorney, either by the duello or an action for assault. Upon further reflection, however, he adopted the more prudent and Christian resolution of overlooking the affront, in consideration of his love for the fair Geraldine.

He immediately quitted Carlisle, where he had lost his heart, and, we are sorry to add, his book of patterns: the latter loss, however, was scarcely felt before it was relieved, by the restoration of the article, with a hastily written and indifferently spelled note from Miss Snooks, expressing sympathy for his sufferings, and swearing unalterable attachment to his person and fortunes. The truth is, the patterns had slipped from the pocket of Mark Anthony's inexpressibles, during his somewhat precipitous retreat before the enraged Octavius Snooks. The constancy of his mistress greatly consoled our hero under the indignity he had just experienced, and he comforted himself with the thought, that "the course of true love never did run smooth"—a truth which was farther confirmed in his own experience, by his horse stumbling on a piece of new-laid road, and depositing the unhappy lover in a dry ditch. Snubbs did not allow this accident to ruffle his lately recovered equanimity; on the contrary, as he disco-

vered that his nag had lost his shoe, he led him, with much tenderness, to a neighbouring smithy; and while the grim master of the forge was performing his office, our lover availed himself of the unavoidable delay to pen a few stanzas to his mistress, in imitation of Shensstone's "Pastoral Ballad." In this piece he paints the pangs of absence, threatens to break his pipe and crook, and pathetically recommends his sheep and his goats to the care of his brother swains, as he is entirely occupied with his passion for the divine Snooks. After despatching this effusion by a ragged little cyclops, whom he bribed with a sixpence and a glass of purl, he resumed his journey, and arrived safe in Glasgow; where he, for a time, forgot his love, in transacting the business of his employers. But a short excursion which he had occasion to take into the Highlands, effectually recalled his attention to love and the muses. During his passage by steam, from Balloch to the head of Loch Lomond, he composed a long elegy, of which the following stanzas are a fragment:

"While hapless exile, on a distant shore,
I wander far from joy and Geraldine:
Still mid the torrent's rush, the tempest's roar,
Angelic Snooks! my heart is ever thine.

Ah! should my bark, when winds too rudely blow,
Be doom'd to perish in this boundless sea—
Wilt thou, my Snooks—I know thou wilt—bestow
A tear for him who died for love of thee!"

It does not clearly appear that Mr. Snubbs was entitled to consider himself as dying for love of Miss Snooks, even in the event of the catastrophe which he here contemplates, seeing that the exclusive object of his excursion on Loch Lomond—which, by the way, he somewhat absurdly mistakes for boundless sea—was to make a descent on Glenfalloch, and thence pass to Inverary, for the purpose of collecting certain sets of tartan. But poetical license must be allowed to a bag-man and a lover. On his return from this highland excursion, Mark Anthony had a short satisfactory interview with his mistress, who gave him a lock of her hair, which we may here mention was of that shade of red which is commonly called *randy-colour*. In return, Mr. Snubbs presented her with an elegant tweezer-case; vows of the most lasting attachment were mutually pledged between the lovers, and a day fixed for their elopement. In the mean while, Mr. Snubbs considered himself bound, in honour, to return without delay to London, and give his employers an account of his northern journey. This account was found to be highly satisfactory; and the manager of the commercial house to which he was attached, was so pleased with his diligence and success, he promoted him, from a trotting galloway and ninety pounds per annum, to a higher salary, and the luxury of a gig.—Greatly elated with his promotion, our traveller lost no time in writing to his inamorata an account of his brightened prospects; nor was he long in receiving an answer, as warm as he could have wished, and earnestly pressing him to return immediately to Carlisle, where his anxious Geraldine was expecting him with open arms. But the gifts of fortune are not only fallacious in their own nature—they are also very apt to exert a mischievous influence on the character and feelings of individuals. We cannot say that Mr. Snubbs' love was now less warm than when he was

less favoured by the capricious goddess; but finding himself more flush of ready money than usual, he resolved to make the most of his bachelor liberty, by mixing freely in the gaieties of the metropolis. He spent much of his time at Astley's, the Hay-market, and even ventured once or twice to the Opera. Such a life of pleasure could not be expected to last, and Mark Anthony's superfluous funds were soon exhausted. But in proportion as his finances began to be impaired, his love revived; and he was seriously meditating a northern excursion, with the intention of acquiring a husband's claim over the person and fortune of his Geraldine, when, fortunately, his employers resolved to send him thither on commercial business. Hitherto we have contemplated Snubbs as the *enfant gate* of fortune; but the mutability of human affairs extends to bagmen as well as to kings and heroes; and Mark Anthony Snubbs, like his great namesake, the triumvir, was destined to be the sport of a woman. Though naturally sanguine, and free from superstition, he felt oppressed with a presentiment of evil as he approached the ancient city of Carliale. It was night before he arrived at his inn; yet the anxiety which he felt would not permit him to call, as usual, for his slippers and night-cap; he, therefore, hurriedly discussed a pound and a half of minced collops, with a cut of salmon, for his supper; and having swallowed half a quart of distilled waters, by way of security against the night air, he sallied forth to reconnoitre Mr. Snooks' premises, and obtain, if possible, an interview with his mistress. The wealthy attorney's house, with the retiring modesty which is supposed to characterize its owner's profession, stood a little back from the line of the street, and was surrounded with a small, but neat orchard. An iron gate, which was secured only by a latch, afforded ready access to this second paradise, and Mr. Snubbs succeeded in stealing round to his mistress's window unobserved. Here, however, he tapped and whispered in vain; he even ventured to hum, in a disconsolate tone, the words of a Scotch song:

"This ae night, this ae night,
O rise and let me in."

Still no Miss Snooks echoed back the cadence of his song. In a fit of desperation, the love-sick bagman now approached a window, through which streamed a flood of light. The shutter was only half closed, so that our traveller could easily perceive what was doing within; but what pen can describe the horror of the unfortunate bagman, when he saw, in Mr. Snooks' best parlour, which was splendidly lighted up for the occasion, with wax tapers and argand lamp, Miss Geraldine Snooks in her bridal dress, and smiling from ear to ear, leading down a dance with an elderly gentleman in tights, with huge golden buckles, and a George the Fourth wig, and whom he readily recognised as old Oroonoko, the rich tobaccoist, for whom the fickle Miss Snooks had often expressed a particular aversion. At this unexpected sight, Snubbs could not suppress an audible groan, which instantly interrupted the festivities within. The attorney, snatching a horse-pistol from the mantelpiece, rushed to the door, followed more leisurely by the bridegroom, armed with the fire-shovel. Our hero now endeavoured to effect his retreat, but unsuccessfully, as one leg was caught in a man-trap, which Snooks had placed near a favourite apple-tree, and the other was held fast by a large house dog, who had rushed forth upon the first alarm. The bagman's cries guided the company to the scene of action. Lights were procured, and poor Snubbs was at last rescued from his perilous situation. He had fortunately received little bodily harm, but his fright was excessive, and his clothes were torn. He was speedily recognized, and his sufferings excited rather merriment than sympathy; but what affected him most was, that his mistress, instead of showing any signs of remorse or pity, joined very heartily in the mirth which his deplorable plight had provoked. Old Snooks, indeed, threatened a prosecution for trespass; but the good natured tobaccoist interfered, and even Mrs. Oroonoko joined in interceding for her unfortunate lover.

The jilted bagman is now a respectable mercer in his native town of Leeds, and, in the arms of an affectionate wife, has forgotten the disdain of Miss Geraldine Snooks.

VISIT TO THE CAPOUDAN PACHA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I had heard of the external beauty of Constantinople, yet fatigued and nerve-worn as I was after passing five days and nights in an open boat in traversing the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, my anticipations were fully realized on approaching that ancient metropolis. It was midnight, and a broad autumnal moon bathed sea and city in a flood of light; her beams were thrown back from many a mosque and gilded minaret, emerging from the impenetrable gloom of the dark groves of cypress trees which stand like giant watchmen round the Turbehs* of the departed saints of Islamism. The plaintive cry of the stork, and the deep voice of the Imam calling the faithful to the last Namaz, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night.

As the city gates are closed an hour or two after sunset, it was impossible to land, and the caikgee moored his little vessel under the wall of the Serari to wait the morning. I thank my kind fortune for

*Turbeh is a magnificent building appropriated exclusively to the reception of the remains of a sultan or a saint.

† There is a very strict police in Constantinople; no person is allowed to walk the streets after sunset without a lantern.

thus prolonging to me the beautiful vision which the moment I set foot on shore disappeared forever, giving place to the disgusting realities of narrow alleys rendered almost impassible by dogs and dirt. I landed as soon as it was day, and without obstruction of any kind I got my passport *vise*, and my kit inspected by the proper authorities, a ceremony which I believe is only gone through for the purpose of demanding a fee, for I never heard of any exception being taken to a passport, or of any duty imposed upon luggage. The Turkish officials are at their post a little after daylight, and in this respect set an example which might be advantageously followed by some functionaries nearer home.

Having dismissed my boatman, I made a sign to a Hamal † to take my luggage and follow me, and being on the city side, I crossed the Golden Thorn, and landing at Topkhana, (the cannon foundry,) directed the Hamal to lead the way to Pera. "Upon my head be it," said he; and notwithstanding the load that actually was upon his head, in addition to the moral responsibility he had taken upon himself, he climbed up one of the steep lanes leading to the European suburb of Pera—or, as the Turks call it, the "deurt

† Hamal, a porter.

you," literally the four ways—with a rapidity that put me to considerable pain to keep up with. I was in some trepidation lest he meditated a sudden disappearance, which he could have accomplished with the greatest facility. Having however reached the Galata Serai, the palace of the Sultan's pages, where there was a fountain, he very unceremoniously threw down his load, and exclaimed, "This Inghilis Giasour has his sanduki full of gold."

"What is the matter?" said I, as soon as I could speak.

"You put upon the back of a man a load that would squeeze the hump of a dromedary into paras.* You may carry your yoke yourself—I will go no further with it."

"My good friend," said I, "you mistake; the chest is not so heavy or you could not have mounted the hill so fast with it; but come I am in a hurry, an extra grush will lighten the load."

"Gently, gently," said he, waving his hand to and fro, to stay my impatience, "there is no hurry. If it please Allah there is time enough. The Deurt Yol is but a five minute piece from hence." I thought this was cool enough; but so it is in Turkey. A Mussulman when serving an infidel always does it at his leisure; and so my Hamal, after taking some powdered coffee,† which he washed down with a draught of water from the fountain, drew forth his tchibouque, and striking a light with a chakmak and a piece of kav,‡ an apparatus the Turks always carry about with them, sat himself down on the marble basin of the fountain, and with an air of most imperturbable gravity began to ply his pipe. He was a grim-looking, well-made vagabond, with huge naked legs, bearing a *dolphin saillant vert*, which shewed him to have been a Galionghi—a sailor in the Ottoman fleet. As I saw there was no chance of frightening him into compliance, I had recourse to a *ruse*—"Come," said I, "you must be quick—I am the bearer of despatches for the English ambassador."

"Masballah," said he, "will you throw dirt in my eyes? Is the Inghilis Eltgee like this saccal § that he shall rise at this hour?" The individual to whom he pointed was toiling up the hill with a curiously shaped leather-bottle on his back, capable of containing four or five gallons of water.

"Salam al hakim," said the Hamal, as the water-carrier arrived; to whom the latter responded, "Al hakim salam."

The Turks have almost invariably fine voices, and they are never heard to better effect than in the deep tones in which they are accustomed to pronounce their saluta. Whenever the vowel *a* occurs, it is produced a *gorge deployee*, rich, deep, full, and harmonious; and amongst the causes of the contempt which the Turks feel—from the Soldan to the meanest of his subjects—and seldom fail to express for the "*Frenk kepeclerri*," that is to say, Frank dogs—may be reckoned—next perhaps to our dress, which puts them in mind of a pair

* Para is a small copper coin so thin that the lightest wind will blow it away.

† Coffee to a Turk is absolutely indispensable—rather than not have it at all, he will take it in powder. The Turks have a saying, that a cup of coffee and a pipe form a complete entertainment. Some of the religious contend that both are constructively forbidden by the Koran as coming under the ban pronounced against intoxicating drugs.

‡ Chakmak and kav, a flint and steel, and a very peculiar kind of touchwood.

§ A water-carrier. The water-carriers, as do also the porters, form a very numerous class in Constantinople. Each has its Bashi, or chief, and in cases of emergency is called upon to act as police under his orders.

of scissors—the hissing, whistling, and fazing of our pronunciation. I have heard the vaunted "*lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana*," and from a very pretty "*bocca Romana*" too, but the Turkish, with the same advantages, is a thousand times before it. The "*Al hakim salam*," which may be translated "peace be with thee," is never used but to the faithful. If a Turk salute a Frank, it is "*Sabahnes hierolsun*," (good morning), or "*Akahnnes, hierolsun*," (good evening), as the case may be.

The water-carrier filled his bottle, and imitating the example of my friend the Hamal, sat down to his pipe. They then entered into the most friendly communion together, in the course of which the saccal reproached his friend for doing any service at all to a Frank. "Wait a while," quoth the latter, "I carried the Giasour's accursed sanduki with my left hand." "That," interrupted I, is the reason you found it so heavy." Upon which the saccal interfered, and after lifting the trunk, began to revile me for placing on the shoulders of a Mussulman a load only fit for the back of a camel.

"Allah is great," said he, "but he is gracious; I wonder Moustapha is not dead. I advise him to go to the Cadhi and see if he will allow a Frank dog thus to treat a greenhead!"—for Moustapha pretended to the green turban, for which, in all probability, he got well thrashed every time he met another greenhead either stronger or richer than himself.

Heaven knows how this controversy might have ended, had it not been for the arrival of an individual of an anomalous appearance, who immediately addressed himself to me in the following terms:—"Nom de Dieu! what has brought you to Constantinople?"

It was not without difficulty that I recognized my friend Captain S—, of the Greek regulars, clad as he then was in the costume of the Nizam djedid:—a large red cloak reaching from his neck to his ankles; blue jacket, braided with silver; blue pantaloons, tight to the knee, but very capacious upwards; red morocco hessians; an Egyptian riding whip of Hippopotamus skin, and, to crown all, a red quilted caouk of the form an dimensions of a pint basin. "What harlequinade is this," inquired I, "and how comes it that you have abandoned the cross for the crescent?" "Oh," said he, "those ungrateful scoundrels, the Greeks, would have starved me; but here I am well paid, and generally speaking, well treated. I hold the office of military instructor to the new troops in the household of the Capoudan Pasha, *qui, entre nous, est un imbecile*; but nevertheless, the third subject in the empire; and on state days is allowed the honour of kissing the Sultan's slipper. But come," said he, "I see you are just arrived. Moustapha, take the gentleman's trunk to my konak."

Greenheaded Moustapha, to my utter astonishment, put both hands to the sanduki, and turning to Captain S— exclaimed, "By my eyes," and darted off alertly. The water-carrier had already disappeared.

"What," said I, "does this mean? I have been endeavouring to persuade this rascal to go on for this last half hour, and just now he was talking of taking me before the Cadhi for overloading him."

"Oh," said S—, "he knows me; and, moreover, do you see those two solemn looking gentlemen with white sticks in their hands? Moustapha is very well

* This renders the service less odious in the eyes of Mahomed.

† An Emir; wearing light green is the peculiar privilege of the descendants of the prophet of which they are exceedingly jealous. It is not long since the lady of an English ambassador was knocked down and beaten by some Yenicheris, for wearing a green veil.

‡ New institution. The regular troops of Sultan Mahmud are so called.

acquainted with their summary method of settling disputes of this kind. Let us go into Kafphene and make our keff, and then, if you like, as I am going to the morning drill, at which the Pasha is always present, I will present you to him."

I very gladly assented to his proposal, and after having passed under the hands of an Armenian barber, we adjourned to a coffee-house. Here were a number of Osmanlis reclining on cushions and otherwise enjoying themselves; that is, smoking their pipes, drinking coffee, stroking their beards, playing with their beards, and maintaining a profound silence. On our entrance, one meagre, sallow looking fellow, clad in a loose, drab coloured benesh, or gown, and wearing a curiously stamped felt cap, in shape exactly resembling a gigantic extinguisher, got up, spat upon the floor, and rushed out of the apartment. I afterwards ascertained, that he had a great character for sanctity, and belonged to a Mehdreseh* of Spinning Dervishes,—gentlemen who, on stated days, entertain the public by turning round with a wonderful rapidity, "a qui saieuz" for hours together, or, till they actually faint away, a most execrable din being kept up the whole time by tom-toms and other abominable instruments; the greater the spinner, the greater the saint.

We took our places in the divan, and S—— commenced a conversation with an aged respectable looking Turk who sat next him.

"Is your keff † good?" "So, so; and the keff of your worship!—" "Very pretty keff."

"This gentleman," said S——, pointing to me, "brings news that the Roumelie Gisors have been cut into cabas‡ by the wonderful Reschid."

The old Turk laid down his pipe, raised himself on his knees, and slapping both thighs, exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah! how many heads have they taken?"

As this was the first I had heard of the victory, I was rather puzzled for a reply, but my inventive friend S—— extricated me from the difficulty, by saying that the slain were so numerous they could only take the ears, some bushels of which were on their way to Constantinople, and would be found, in all probability, nailed to the walls of the Sultanum Serai on the following day. This news immediately set the whole conclave in motion, and S—— being pestered with questions, found it prudent to beat a retreat, pleading his duty at the Capoudan Pacha capuri, that is to say, the Captain Pacha's gate, by which name the palace of that dignitary is known. We descended to Topkhana quay, and getting into a yeutch-chifflee—a wherry rowed by three pair of sculls—directed the boatmen to the tersana, the arsenal, in the neighbourhood of which is the residence of the Captain Pasha.

I was surprised to find the dock yard a scene of considerable bustle and activity; there were several magnificent vessels on the stocks, and artificers busily employed about them. It was a scene that accorded ill with all I had heard of Turkish apathy and indolence.

On our arrival at the divan, we found the Capoudan Pacha impatient for the presence of his instructor. He was seated in a small keschk,* overlooking an in-

* Mehdreseh is a college or monastery. The one here mentioned, is a beautiful building in Galata, said to be richly endowed. On Friday, one of the spinning days, infidels are admitted on condition of taking off their shoes.

† Keff may, perhaps, be translated "comfort." A Turk who has not had his pipe and coffee in the morning, under which circumstances he is very ill-tempered, is excused, because he has not made his keff.

‡ Cabas are pieces of roast meat, cubes of about an inch square.

* Keschk, is a light, airy, summer apartment, generally very fancifully painted in arabesque.

ner court of the palace, in which were about two hundred lads in military uniform, that might be called European, if we except the caouk and red morocco papouches, or slippers. The Pacha was a little, round, fat, fiery-looking personage; and his appearance would have been contemptible, but for his very handsome, jet-black, curly beard. Altogether he looked not very unlike a butcher—which epithet was neither unfrequently nor undeservedly applied to him. He wore on his head a crimson cashmere shawl; and although the day was warm, he was wrapped up in a superb caftan, lined throughout with sables. He looked hard at me, but took not the slightest notice of S——, till the latter presented me to him as an officer, late of the Greek service. I am free to confess that I thought this was a piece of intelligence not at all necessary to be communicated to his excellency; and I felt that I held my head by a very precarious tenure, being no other than the will and pleasure of the Pacha, about whose humanity I had some scruples.

"He is welcome," said the Pacha; "bid him sit; and say we are glad he has left those infidel dogs, the Greeks. He is now in Istanbul, and when he goes home to his countrymen, he will be able to tell them the difference between true Musslemen and those Roumelic pesivencklerri."

Having made this speech, he ordered his Dragoman to be summoned; and while S—— put his Asiatics through their evolutions, the Pacha entered into a conversation with me—the object of which was to prove that one Turk was more than a match for ten infidels of any denomination; and that Sultan Mah-moud would inevitably make those red-beards, the Russians, eat dirt.

As I took good care to assent to all his proposition he gradually became familiar, and told me several tales of a former Vizier, renowned alike for his gallantry, and his wonderful despatch of business. I made the best comments I could; but the interpreter, who was evidently a wag, took the business into his own hands, and so diverted the Pacha with his interpolated translation of my replies, that he almost laughed himself into convulsions. He made me sit next him, and ordered me sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee; swore I was a merry fellow, and said what a pity 'twas, I was an infidel. Having exhausted his stock of anecdotes, which, in truth to say, abounded more with obscenity than wit, he turned his attention to S—— and his recruits.

"Bismillah Bre Capitan," said he, "in the name of Allah, what are you doing there? I am tired of this. Can you not invent something new?" "Please your highness, I am teaching them the manual exercise." "What an eshec!—what an ass thou art!—I tell you I want my Cheris to amuse me—I do not want them to fight." "Please your highness, it is my business to form soldiers for the field—not for the parade." "Bakallah, we shall see. Inshallah shalla, I will command them myself." And then turning to me, "Sit you there," said he, "and I will shew you a thing." So saying, his highness jumped up, and putting on his slippers, he hastened down into the court.

"Now," said he to S——, "form them into two columns—you lead one and I will lead the other—you march round that way, and I will march this;—and when I order the clarinet to play, let them march as solemnly as they can; but at the sound of the tom-tom, let them run like greyhounds. Let it be done. Give me a sabre."

His highness placed himself at the head of his column, and having ordered the clarinet to play, the two parties marched round like mourners at a funeral; but when the tom-tom sounded, "sauve qui peut," the devil take the hindmost! The only thing that impeded their progress, was the person of their august chief, who, enveloped as he was in his caftan, and incumbered with slippers, in spite of his prodigious exertions,

was evidently unable to keep up with his "beau ideal" of double quick time. The alternations of *massoso* and *presto prestissimo*, were continued for some time, till the Pacha, getting tired, seized upon an unfortunate—who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had outstripped his fellows, and so got clear of the ranks—and ordered him to be tied up to one of the pillars which supported the *keschk*. This being immediately done, he took a ramrod, and, with his own hands, beat him over the calves of his naked legs till the blood ran down from them: the poor wretch uttering all the while the most agonizing cries: but the Pacha only seemed to enjoy his amusement the more, and continued to strike till fairly exhausted. I was so wrought upon by this inhuman exhibition, that I dared not again trust myself in his highness's presence. So I took my departure without ceremony; leaving S—— to make what excuse for my absence he might think fit. And so ended my visit to the Capoudan Pacha.

ARCHERY.

ARCHERY!—there is something peculiarly joyous and spirit-stirring in the word,—it revives the memory of bye-gone pleasures, of the exploits of our youth, of friends and associates in whose society we practised this excellent and fascinating exercise, within the sunny glades of one of the most romantic glens of which merry England can boast. The prospect is still before me in all its original freshness. It is a scene, *Namnyth* would have delighted to paint.

The manly and truly princely amusement of archery has, in all ages and nations, attracted the notice and engaged the support of the highest order of men. The celebrated Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, wrote an express treatise on the practice of shooting with the long bow, and enumerates many emperors and kings who were proud of exhibiting their skill in the art. Among other great personages, he particularly praises Henry VIII. of England who took every opportunity, and used every means to encourage archery, himself affording an example of great skill. *Hollinshed* observes, that this prince shot as well or better than any of his guard; and *Monfaucon*, the French chronicler, says, in his description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, "Après, ils allerent tirer de l'arc, et le Roy d'Angleterre luy-même, qui est merveilleusement bon archer et fort, et le faisoit bon voir."

To young persons, Ascham strongly recommends the practice of archer, not only as a happy and honorable substitute for many unworthy amusements and expensive follies, (particularly gaming, the great bane of the age in which he lived,) but also on account of the manliness of the diversion, and of the share it may fairly claim in the preservation of the health. For this exercise evidently tends to raise the spirits, to invigorate our nerves, and to increase our bodily strength; while the gracefulness of the attitudes, and elegance of the implements of the archer, furnish additional inducements. Indeed, of so much importance to youth was deemed the exercise of the bow, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that in the "orders and statutes" for the government of Harrow School, it was a condition that every child should be allowed by his parents, at all times, a bow, three arrows, bow strings, and a bracer. In consequence of this regulation, there was, till within the last three or four years, an annual shooting with the English bow for the prize of a silver arrow.

This dreadful weapon, in the hands of the English yeomen, was used with a dexterity and skill truly astonishing. The extreme range of the ancient war bow, may be estimated at about four hundred paces; and an arrow, at that great distance, would often inflict fatal wounds. When in closer contact with his enemy, the archer was of course still more formidable.

The strongest and best tempered armour was pierced like paper by his steel-headed arrow. Neither shield nor breast-plate could resist its force, nor flight avail to protect the fugitive from the winged death that pursued him. At the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, ten thousand bowmen overcame an enemy six times their own number, slaughtered the whole of the French cavalry, the flower of their knighthood, who were protected by coats of Milan steel, the best armour of the period.

In the destruction of wild animals, and in the chase, the Bowman was of course equally skilful. The ancient archer would pierce a deer in his swiftest flight, at the distance of two hundred yards.

As regards the modern practice of shooting, the most magnificent bow meetings in England are those celebrated at Eaton Hall, the seat of Earl Grosvenor, where meetings are held at intervals during the whole summer. The arrangements are of the most splendid description. Several pairs of targets are erected in the park, and all the fashion and beauty of Cheshire, and of the adjoining counties, assemble to contest the prizes awarded by the noble host on the occasion; consisting of gold arrows, medals with suitable inscriptions, superb jewellery, &c. The ladies tastefully attired, like the gentlemen, in a uniform of archer's green, with caps adorned with eagles' plumes, contend at separate targets, and are, at these, as at all other bow meetings with which I am acquainted, by far the most dexterous and successful competitors.

There is, besides, a vast number of archery societies in other parts of the kingdom; among these, the Royal Edinburgh Bowmen, now styled "the King's Body Guard," from their having acted in that capacity when his late Majesty George IV. visited Scotland, are pre-eminent. They claim by ancient charter, the privilege of guarding the King whenever he comes within a certain distance of Edinburgh. The society consists of at least eleven hundred members, comprising in its list of names, those of the chief nobility and gentry of the kingdom. The costume is very picturesque and elegant, and their shooting reminds us of the best days of archery.

"The Woodmen of Arden," as they romantically and appropriately term themselves, are a society of great celebrity in Warwickshire, patronized by the amiable Earl and Countess of Aylford. His lordship handles the bow with astonishing strength and dexterity. At their grand annual meetings called *wardsmotes*, he has repeatedly shot into the centre of the target, at the distance of twelve score paces. This was the usual distance at which the marks were placed when the stout yeomen of England practised for the purpose of acquiring dexterity in war, as will be seen in the following quotation from Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*

"*Shallow.* Is old Double, of your town, living yet?"

"*Silence.* Dead, sir."

"*Shallow.* Dead!—see, see—he drew a good bow. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head—Dead! he would have clapped into the clout (white mark) at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft, a fourteen and a fourteen-and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see."—*Act III. Scene 2.*

TRAVELLING to boobies is of great use. It changes them from stupid blockheads into prating coxcombs; it improves them as bottling does small beer, which then becomes brisk without growing stronger. On the other hand, it gives an ease and polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment.

THE SMILE SO SWEET,

A SONG,

SELECTED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK—COMPOSED AND ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY W. W. WADDEL, M. D.

8va.

pp

ADAGIO—con Anima.

LOCO.

ff

The smile so sweet, the soft dark eye, On which I hung in ec - sta - sy, in

ec - sta - sy, Oh! I re - member yet, Oh! I re - mem - ber yet, Oh! I re -

mem - ber yet, The waving ringle's graceful twine, The blushing lip's

deep carmine, I never can for - get, No, no - vor can for -

get.

II.

Though brighter stars are in her sky,
 And softer strains of minstrelsy,
 Than one perhaps forgot;
 No look is there, no silvery tone,
 No love wreathed smile though she is gone,
 "Which I remember not."

III.

My bosom's charm when others sleep,
 Is one to smile, is one to weep,
 In love's deep, holy spell;
 And she, perhaps, thinks not on me,
 Whose soul was all too much her own,
 But yet farewell, farewell!

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

BY MRS. HERRANS

Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
Sustain—*Thou* only can'st—the sick at heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto *Thee* and *Thine*.—*Wordsworth*.

NIGHT—holy night!—the time
For Mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
Night!—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
Woke all my kindled soul,
To meet its revelations, clear and high,
With the strong joy of Immortality!
Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and
deep—
And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
Far beyond Earth's control.

Wherefore is this?—I see the stars returning,
Fire after fire in Heaven's rich Temple burning,
Fast shine they forth—my spirit-friends, my guides,
Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
Oh! in the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays!
They from whose glance my childhood drank delight
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine
Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
And to the pilgrim, toiling for his shrine,
Through some wild pass of rocky Appennine,
And to the wanderer lone,
On wastes of Afric thrown,
And not to *me*?
Am I a thing forsaken,
And is the gladness taken

From the bright-pinion'd Nature, which hath soar'd
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?
And now an alien!—Wherefore must this be?
How shall I rend the chain?
How drink rich life again
From those pure stores of radiance, swelling free?
Father of Spirits! let me turn to *Thee*!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,
Hath stood without *Thee* on her Hill of Power—
A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—
And therefore from that radiant summit's crown,
To dim Desertion is by *Thee* cast down;
Behold! thy child submissively hath bow'd,
Shine on him thro' the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd Heaven
Back to his vision with *Thy* face be given!
Bear him on High once more,
But on *Thy* strength to soar,
And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look with chasten'd
sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting place,
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
In the responsive bosoms of my race,
And back return, a darkness and a weight,
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate;
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd
To solemn service high;
And shall the spirit, for *Thy* tasks endow'd,

Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,
Because no human tone,
Unto the altar-stone,
Of that pure spousal Fane inviolate,
Where it should make eternal Truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way!

Oh! be the whisper of thy voice within,
Enough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
A more deep-seeing homage for *Thy* name,
Far, far beyond the burning dream of Fame!
Make me *Thine* only!—Let me add but one
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled
Thro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, low,
For mounting to *Thy* throne!
And let my soul, upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own deep recompense.
The dimness melts away,
That on your glory lay,
Oh! ye majestic watchers of the skies!
Through the dissolving veil,
Which made each aspect pale,
Your gladdening fires once more I recognize,
And once again a shower
Of Hope, and Joy, and Power,
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes,
And, if that splendour to my sobered sight
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light;
Something, tho' beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
With more that pierces thro' each fold of thought,
Than I was wont to trace,
On Heaven's unshadowed face;
Be it e'en so!—be mine, tho' set apart
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart;
Bow'd before *Thee*, O Mightiest! whose blest will
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

Is not woman's fond heart a fathomless mine,
Affection's securest, her holiest shrine?
There it blooms in its beauty, luxuriant and free,
As a flowret of fragrance, though lowly it be.
The blast may be bleak, and bitter the storm
Of adversity's wind sweeping over its form;
It can ne'er be destroy'd, but its beauties will fade,
If aside as neglected it ever be laid.

If the hopes that have nursed it should wither and
die,
The stream that refreshed it prove shallow and dry,
Warm sighs will oft fan, and tears will bedew
The cherished exotic, in hopes to renew
The fragrance, and beauty, the heart-thrilling glow
That o'erspread every sense when it opened to blow:
Then the thorns were unseen, unlooked for the
blight,
For the dazzling of hope hid the future from sight.

Though the chill of unkindness should rob it of
bloom,
Or the frailty of life lay it low in the tomb;
Then the past that is human will moulder and die,
But the *brightest* and *best* will ascend to the sky;
For e'en *woman's* affection would be robbed of its
worth,
Were its joys and its fears alone centred on earth.
It must rest upon *God*—then will all be secure,
And the love of *His* creatures be constant and pure.

HENRIETTA OF FRANCE.

"MARKED you the handsome Englishman, maidens?" said a lovely female, suddenly raising her form from the velvet cushions on which she had been reclining, to a small coterie of young women, one of whom immediately replied—

"By 'r lady an' I had not, the description these silly maidens gave of him, one to another, would have moved St. Bridget herself to love."

"Peace, Maguire," replied the same silvery tones that had first spoken; "know you who he is?"

"Noble lady, I do not; but a knight of no small degree, for he hath a marvellously noble smooth-spoken squire with whom I held a trifling converse this evening: he would, no doubt, remove the fair Henrietta's ignorance. By my troth, the squire might be Prince Charles himself."

"Tush, Maguire! dismiss these maidens; I would be alone with thee," responded the Princess.

The maidens had scarcely retired, when Henrietta, leaning back on her couch, whispered to the arch-looking, but silent Maguire—

"Maguire, should you meet the squire, again question him of his master's rank; but you need not mention who willed you to do so."

"No, lady. I had promised to listen to a few words from him to night. I will then question him, as well concerning his master's as his own rank."

"Maguire, be wary of this man's conversation."

"Lady, I will only question him of his master; you know that cannot be wrong," said Maguire, her bright eyes dancing with mischief under her raised brows, speaking truths themselves, and drawing truth from the now blushing Henrietta.

"Wild, silly girl, touch thy lute. That romantic mind will lead thee astray."

Maguire instantly swept the strings of her lute to a merry tune of chivalry and love; but her fair mistress's mind was not attuned to mirth, and she turned pettishly to her, saying,

"Cease thy trifling; I like not such childish ways." Then quickly recovering her usual urbanity of manner, she smilingly continued—"But, go; thy mirthful strains, and witching eyes, are sadly wasted on our presence; and by the Holy Virgin I will arraign this said squire for depriving me of my minstrel."

"Then fare thee well, royal lady; doubt not my abilities in cross questioning, till I return to thee without the wished-for news."

"Farewell! summon my tire-women: I will to my couch, for I feel sadly fatigued."

The tire women were summoned: and Maguire, casting one more laughing glance on her loved mistress, disappeared through the long door into a garden, humming the tune she had begun to the fanciful Henrietta; till at length she was answered from one of the portals of the castle in the same strain, only in a gruffer voice.

"Here, by the holy saints! I began to curse my believing heart, when the promised hour struck, that had made me vain enough to think those mischievous eyes had told truth, when they looked on me with favour."

"Looked on you with favour—on a stranger? No, marry, if you would be looked on with favour, I must know thy name."

"And so you shall; but I must breathe it on those ripe lips;" and he proceeded to put his promise in practice; but Maguire, with one bound, was some yards from his outstretched arm, when she replied, firmly—

"Come not near me! keep thy distance, bold one, for as this is our first meeting, it shall be our last. One step nearer, and I am gone."

The cavalier's almost contemptuous curl of the lip, and licentious glare of the eye, did not bespeak him to be the unassuming character his first speech would have made him. But the curled lip and the glaring eye were quickly repressed, as he again spoke—

"Nearer I must come, for my name is not to be proclaimed in this place, but must be whispered even in thy ear, nor go beyond it—yet glance not again such lightning; by 'r lady it hath searched my heart. but tell me first, hast thou not a name?"

"I need not fear to tell thee mine, since shame has never yet touched it. 'Tis Maguire."

It would have been difficult to define the expression of the features, as she concluded this last sentence; but it seemed to be a compound of triumph and doubt, if she might be able to say this long. However, be it as it may, his voice had still the same insinuating tone as before, when he exclaimed,

"Now, by my soul, I know not if I ought to tell thee, but—" he drew close to her and whispered the remainder. Maguire started as he did so, threw her cloak close round her, as though with an intention of departing; yet she still lingered, her voice trembling as she asked—

"Then, whom is it you call master?"

"That, sweetest, is not mine to tell."

"Farewell then; we meet not again; if I had known to whom I had given my word to meet at this hour, we had not met."

"Nay, we do not part thus. The fairest of England's dames do not scorn me; yet, believe me, I would not have done as much for them. I will tell thee whom I call master; but, mind, it goes not beyond you. Question for question, you know, is all fair; tell me, then, is it for your fair mistress, the lovely Henrietta, you ask?"

"Can you not answer a fair lady's question, but you must be paid for it? I will not answer thee, dallier."

"Yet, 'tis said a woman cannot keep a secret; if 'twere not dark, I would read it in thine eyes. But thou shalt know his name, too, and then, mayhap, thou wilt not be so chary of thy words, sweet one." And again he drew nigh her, and whispered, and again she started, and exclaimed,

"Ah!"

"'Tis even so," he replied, to her exclamation; "and now wilt thou not let me press thy sweet cheek? and I will tell thee, too, that it is not only thy lady that loves; it is returned."

"Then, our Holy Lady bless thee for that news," replied the affectionate hearted French girl; and she held towards him "the prettiest hand," as he said, "he had ever pressed to his lips."

"And now, Monsieur, we part—"

"To meet again; when?"

"I know not;" and away she bounded, light as a fairy, to her mistress's room.

"By —, this girl hath moved me to some purpose. Why, what a poltroon am I turning to—a blabber too—but I am deceived if those black eyes do not love mischief too well to tell Henrietta what she knows; an' if she does, what matters—only 'twill spoil all his plans; and to a love-sick, romantic boy, this would be veracious—let it go as it will, I care not, so I can still make women believe themselves angels, while I know them to be fools."

Thus he soliloquized, as he turned towards the gay city, in a jeering, self-satisfied tone, and stopped at a dirty, low looking house, which from the number of voices, and lighted windows, seemed to be an hotel; and as he ascended the narrow creaking stairs, and

opened the door of a room at their head, he chuckled to himself, and even when he had entered it, and stood before a second person, he was minutes ere he composed his features to their usually sly, daring look.

"Ay, dallier, is it you? where hast been, now, hunting out the prettiest damsels of merry France? You look merry—canst thou not pour the mirthful subject into our ears?"

The speaker appeared of noble birth and handsome person, and there was a sort of mournful persuasiveness in his eyes and manners, that made him still more interesting to the beholder. A smile of the sweetest meaning curved his cheeks, and lighted his deep blue eyes, as his companion, in a half audible whisper, communicated his news.

"Sayest thou true?" he exclaimed; "then by my hopes of heaven, we will no further."

"Stay," replied his companion; "that will not do—we must finish our journey."

"Well! be it as thou wilt," said the other mildly, and they separated.

When Maguire entered the palace, she found her mistress had retired; but morning had scarcely lifted her dusky eyelid, when she was summoned to the side of her couch. She entered with the same sweet laugh dancing in her eyes, and dimpling her cheeks, and the same arch elevated brow, but she spoke not.

"Maguire!"

"Yes, Madam!" answered that lover of mischief.

"Last night—"

"What, lady?"

"Provoking girl! you know for what purpose you left me. Explain, then, what you learnt."

"Royal Henrietta, I grieve to tell, I cannot give you his name, but—"

"How, Maguire—so taken up with thine own silly fancy, that thou couldst not do this little errand? By the Holy Virgin we must part."

"Oh, no, lady!" replied Maguire, as she stood weeping at her mistress's side; "no, you took me because I was an orphan, keep me then for the same cause; whither should I go, were I to leave you? Forgive me!"

"Tush, Maguire, I did not mean it, thou weak hearted girl; but tell me what thou learnt."

"I cannot tell you more than that he is of noble birth, and untarnished courage."

"Dost thou know his name?"

"Lady, I do, but I gave a promise not to reveal it."

"Then, what use was the learning it, girl?"

"I could then tell you if you might receive his advances as a true knight—and, lady, thou mayest—"

"Tush! I wanted not to know that—did you learn the 'squire's name?"

"Yes," exclaimed Maguire, her face and neck blushing a scarlet that seemed to dry her tears, for her eyes were again flashing mirth. "Yes! and by my troth, he might be Prince Charles himself," she continued, casting a keen glance on her mistress, but she read nothing there.

"What makes thy silly head run on Prince Charles, thinkest thou he would come in disguise to woo our maidens?"

There was a tone of pique in her voice, as she said so, which Maguire easily discovered.

"No, lady, but I had hoped his master might have turned out some such person," she replied.

"And he is not? Maguire, this was one of your romantic moments; how could you imagine Prince Charles would be here, when he is contracted to the Infanta of Spain? an' if he were, would he come disguised to our court, when his own rank would insure him a welcome? This time, Maguire, thou seest how silly thy fanciful head makes thee; but I hope yet I may know the rank of this unknown knight. Yet I would not have thee break thy promise."

"I cannot, Madam."

"I would not wish thee, Maguire, but thou wilt yet see thy favourite 'squire again—thou must then see what thou canst do."

"Lady, I will. I wish thee pleasant rest," said Maguire, and proceeded to her own room; but, as she closed her lady's door, she heard a deep-drawn sigh.

"Ah! is it so?" she murmured, as she crossed the winding galleries.

"Is what so, sweet one?" exclaimed a rough, yet fine voice.

"But—"

"No names!" said the same voice. It was the same 'squire Maguire had met in the palace yard.

"How came you here?" she asked, timidly, and shrinking some distance from him, as for safety.

"How came I here? Why, then, as you have made me confess before, I will tell you; 'squires know 'squires, you know, and I made bold to be seeking another word or two from you, when I heard you had been seen in the Princess's room." If he had told truth, however, he might have said, "He had won favour in a lower part of the palace, but not from 'squires."

"Be brief!" replied Maguire. "Say, then, does your royal lady know whom she favours?"

"She does not; but I should have sought you to request I might be allowed to tell her. Have I leave?"

"If there were only my word depending, sweetest, you should have it; but you know there is another, and that one I cannot obtain. I have sought thee to have thy promise renewed, and thou must do it. We go hence to-day, and I would not leave without a promise of thy favour."

"Waive that subject, Sir Knight. Thou wouldst not look honourably on a poor maiden like me, and otherwise I scorn thy love. I know whither you go—where thy master and thyself will forget they loved, or thought they loved, in France."

"By my soul no!" exclaimed her companion; if thy royal mistress and thyself love but as true as we do, a few months will prove it. But now farewell; if that silly boy had not set his mind on this journey, not one inch farther would I go," said the deceiver, hastily snatching the same little hand to his lips, that had suffered the same penance on the previous evening—

"Farewell, till we meet again on more open terms?" and he bent a deep scrutinizing glance on her blushing face, and moistened eye, and with a conscious glance of triumph left the palace.

"Is he gone?" she thought, "is he true? his words say yes! but there is something in his glance that makes me shrink—and his name—oh no, Maguire, you must not think of him. And my poor mistress, how shall I satisfy her? she has not the high spirit that will make me forget—I can, I know it—I would not have spoken but for my mistress's sake."

Yes! thus reasoned Maguire, the tears coursing their way on her velvet cheek all the time. Yet, when she next sought her royal lady, her cheek was dry, and her eyes brilliant as ever; but a close observer might have traced something within, that sometimes dimmed her eye and made her lip quiver. She had mistaken her mistress, for she did not even question, or reply to a word that Maguire had told her of their interview. She seemed, indeed, to struggle a little with her pride, when, after a long silence, she said—

"Maguire, you did not say I loved, or I had asked those questions?"

"No, fair mistress."

"Then all is well. Ay, wench, let them go. The proud Englishman shall not say—let him be whom he may—that the Princess of wide spreading France loved an unknown knight. Yet, Maguire, my affectionate girl, I will own, if ever there were man I could love, it is he. Rank cannot alter that, Maguire. But enough

of this. I will to the King. Let this be the last time our converse turns this way."

"Even so," replied Maguire, and attended her mistress.

Months had sped quickly by, and Maguire and her mistress had kept their resolution not to speak of the absent; but they were continually reading each other's looks, and with woman's lynx eyes they saw what each termed weakness in the other, and prided herself that she was free from.

It now, however, began to be rumoured in Henry's court, that the young Prince Charles was gone to Spain, to ratify the contract with the Infanta; then, that it was broken off; and many were the surmises as to the reasons, but few came near the fact.

Henrietta had been sitting with Maguire one morning, listening to the merry strains she could not but smile at, and then dropping a tear when Maguire altered the tune to a sad strain, for she had lately learned to sweep its strings slowly, and even to let her eyes fill with tears at her own minstrelsy. She had scarcely changed it to a soft strain, when a maiden entered to bid Henrietta to the King's presence.

"I come," she said; then, as she leaned on Maguire, and proceeded to the presence chamber, she softly whispered—"Maguire, I know not what hangs over me, but I feel strangely at this summons. I fear I have imbibed thy romantic disposition. Wait me here," she said aloud, as she entered the room and closed the door.

Maguire had been waiting nearly an hour, when the door again opened, and an officer of state ushered out the pale, weeping Henrietta. She took her arm in silence, and gained her apartments; then, throwing herself on the couch, burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Lady-mistress, what has happened? Let me weep with thee," said the already tearful maiden.

"Oh, Maguire! I have been deceiving myself—fancying I loved not—but, girl, look well into your own heart, and tell me, have you quite torn him you favoured from your heart? If you have, I do, indeed, envy you. Ah! thou art even as weak as I am, else why that crimsoned cheek? Maguire, that Prince of whom thou thinkst so much, hath made proposals for me, and the King, my brother, hath said yea! and I was sent for to ratify the word—and then, girl, I found—I knew my heart—I have said no! but it will not avail me: how happy art thou, that canst say yes or no, as it wills thee. Smile you when you see me thus? Then, indeed, I am deceived." Thus spoke the distressed Princess, her whole frame shaking convulsively, and her tears dried in the burning glance she threw on Maguire, as she now smilingly answered—

"No, I smile not because thou art unhappy; that is not Maguire—but thou wilt yet be happy—think, royal lady—Queen of England!"

"Girl, thou dost not love, or if thou dost, 'tis for gain. Begone! I will not listen to thee. Ah! art thou weeping? I am passionate, girl. I did not mean what I said. But you know not how I love."

"Yes, yes! I know thou lovest; but wilt thou not then go to England? And where art thou more likely to meet him thou lovest than there?"

"Aye, girl, to my sorrow. You form conclusions without thought. Should I not then be another's bride?"

Maguire seemed to struggle with some powerful inward feeling, and did not answer.

"Ah! I see you think I should love the empty title of Queen! but you are deceived. Say, girl, what would you do—would you wed one man when you loved another?"

"No, lady, no, that I would not; but I prophesy you will love the Prince, and—"

"You might as well think to put fire in water, and make it retain its heat." And thus the conversation terminated.

It was renewed almost every day, for on no other subject could the mind of the Princess turn. Maguire thought she was composed, and consented to the match readily; but she was deceived again, it was pride—wounded pride, that caused the eye of the Princess to be tearless; not that she felt less; no, her heart was full to bursting, "but should it be said she loved one who scorned her?—no!"

The time was now quickly approaching that was to seal her fate; 1625 had already begun its course; the splendid presents of the Prince were come, and several of the English nobility had arrived, to witness her nuptials.

"And I am to be married by proxy, Maguire! Not even to see my future husband. Maguire! Maguire! I cannot but envy thee," she said, as the eventual day approached.

It came; and, pale and trembling, Henrietta stood, surrounded by her maidens, in the chapel of the palace. Maguire stood nearest her, and her English attendants ranged behind her. Her royal brother, Louis XIII., graced the nuptials. At length the Prince's proxy entered, attended by Buckingham, and several 'squires, who bowed lowly to Henrietta, and took their respective places.

Maguire turned from pale to red successively, and grasped the altar for support as she recognized Buckingham, but as quickly recovered herself at a glance from his eye.

As Henrietta went through the ceremony, the bold glances of Buckingham made her tremble, and when the service was concluded, and she was hailed as the Prince's wife, she took Maguire's arm, and followed by her attendants left the chapel.

"Maguire, 'tis done! the trial is over; but did you observe that bold man they called the Duke of Buckingham? Tell me, is it not him of whom we have heard so much of his gallantry? I mean? But you tremble, Maguire—are you ill?"

All this was whispered, and Maguire, in the same manner, answered—

"Royal Princess, I am well; but I did not notice him much—he is that same man of whom you have heard so much licentiousness;" and she thought, "I fear, lady, we shall prove it ere we reach England. How much fitter he looked for her bridegroom, than mine. Yes! lady, you think your fate hard—then what would you think of mine? But he will not dare offer the wife of his Prince any indignity!"

That night neither Maguire nor her mistress slept much. Each pondered on their relative situations; one, indeed, was splendid; but how was its splendour increased when the morning brought despatches from England, and she learned that, through the death of her father-in-law, James I., she was Queen of England, and she would in a month be in her husband's court! Yet she felt not pleasure; and, when Maguire entered the room, she had knelt to pray that "God would make her to love the King, her husband, as she ought to love."

Buckingham waited on her each day, and his disgusting attentions increased. Maguire he still flirted with, but she saw through him now, and despised him with the same ardour that she had loved him.

The ship mounted her gayest colours, when the Princess, weeping from the last embrace of her royal brother, stepped on her deck. Maguire accompanied her, but she left not any one in France she would have cared to take with her; she loved only her Queen, and with her she was. It was true, Buckingham was in the ship; but he was hateful to her, and he, piqued by her scorn, treated her as one beneath his notice.

Henrietta landed amidst the cheers of her subjects, and her mild, pale face increased their love for her, and she was followed to the palace by rich and poor.

Yet, that woman's foible, vanity! made her seek her

bridal dress to appear in, for she knew its spotless white became her.

Buckingham gazed a long look on her as he led her to the presence of her husband. She trembled violently, and buried her face in her veil, as though to hide her husband's face from her view till the last minute; but, as she approached closer, her knees refused to support her, and she sank trembling into outstretched arms, and those arms were King Charles's!

"Henrietta, our consort, look up!" said a voice that seemed to act as magic on her; for she opened her eyes, and fixed them, 'midst the sweetest blushes, on him.

She looked from Buckingham to Maguire, and then on her consort; and tears, but different from what she had lately shed, fell thickly from her eyes, and they were kissed away by her disguised lover, Prince Charles, and King Charles I.

"Maguire, thou naughty one! I will punish thee: tell me, now, where is thy lover?"

"That was him, my Queen; but I throw him from me: I would not now accept him;" and a tear trickled from beneath her long silken lashes.

"Right, right, girl!" said Henrietta; but Buckingham, the usual haughty smile curling his mouth, repeated—"Right," and turned on his heel.

Charles was not in the humour to sue for an explanation, and the scene passed.

"We will be crowned to-morrow, Buckingham," said he; and he sealed the promise on the lips of his wife. Maguire soon after became the bride of one of the King's gentlemen, and continued in her loved Queen's train; and her simple, light-hearted manner soothed the unfortunate Henrietta's soul in more trying moments than had yet passed over her youthful head.*

* It is in the recollection of every reader of history, that at the period in which the above little sketch is laid, Prince Charles and Buckingham travelled through France in disguise, under the names of Jack and Tom Smith—that they went to a ball at Paris, where the Prince first saw the Princess Henrietta—that they were received at the court of Spain with all possible demonstrations of respect—and that Buckingham filled the whole city of Madrid with adventures, serenades, challenges, and jealousy. D'Israeli, in his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First*, throws considerable light on the secret history of the proposed Spanish match; and also on that of the courtship and marriage of Prince Charles with the royal Henrietta. D'Israeli, too, is, in some respects, an apologist for Buckingham. "A royal favourite," he observes, "whatever he may be, has the two great divisions of mankind arrayed in hostility against him: the great, into which class he has been obtruded; and the obscure, which he has forever abandoned—and still his most formidable enemy has usually been found in himself. Many have been torn to pieces by the triumphant people; for whether the unhappy man be a *Sejanus*, a *Marshal d'Ancre*, or the *Pensionary De Witt*, the populace in every age, agitated by the same hatred of the abuses of power, imagine that they are satiating their vengeance on the single state-victim which has been cast out to them. We may, however, be struck by this curious fact, that there is hardly one of these renowned favourites but has found an unimpassioned apologist: and on a calmer investigation than their contemporaries were capable of exercising, they have been considerably exculpated from the errors, the crimes imputed to them, and some better designs have been manifested in these condemned men, than the passions of their enemies could discover.

Good manners is the art of making easy those people with whom we converse—whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

HINDOO PASTIMES.

AMONGST the various pastimes resorted to for the purpose of wiling away the hours which the sultry heats of Hindoostan doom the inhabitants to pass, in what might otherwise prove wearisome confinement, within doors, there is none of which the natives, particularly of the higher classes both male and female, Mussulman and Hindoo, seem more fond than that of listening to entertaining stories. Of these, under the several names of *Charitra*, *Keest'hee*, and *K'haurie*, many are legends of the devout lives, austere practices, and instructive discourses of celebrated *Durweish*, *Fakirs*, and other religious characters; many relate the adventures of the most remarkable personages—rulers, warriors, and statesmen—who figure in their annals; some partake of the romantic cast, which distinguishes the well-known "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," while others are simple fables, or mere tales, which serve the purpose of lighter amusement. Scarcely is there a zennanah in which one or more women companions are not entertained, whose chief business is to tell such stories and fables to their lady employer, while she is composing herself to sleep; and, among persons of rank and opulence, the males also pretty generally indulge in the same practice, of being talked to sleep by their male attendants; and it is a certain recommendation to the favour of the employer, of either sex, when one of these dependants has acquired the happy knack of "telling the k'haurie"—fable—with an agreeable voice and manner. There are, also, many individuals who practise this species of story-telling as a profession, deriving their means of subsistence, principally from the exercise of their powers of amusing in this way, parties assembled on festive occasions, in the private residences of persons in easy circumstances, or in the inns, and places of entertainment for travellers, or at the great public fairs: and the more they embellish the narrative with brilliant flights of their own creative genius, the greater their merit in the judgment of their hearers."

GROTTO OF SAHOUN.

Nor far from Mansfaut, and towards the end of the long marsh which closes Upper Egypt, on the plateau of the Arabic chain, and close to the surface of the ground, is the entrance to this grotto, still but little known to Europeans, and excavated in the centre of the mountain by the unaided hand of nature. It consists of a suite of vast and lofty saloons, connected with passages so narrow, that you are forced to crawl on your knees, and separated from one another by partitions of stalactites, which are now blackened by the smoke of the torches, and the soot which accumulated during a long conflagration; but which originally must have shone with all the brilliancy of crystal. It is a serious and profound retreat, of which the termination, after a four or five hours' investigation, has not yet been discovered. At a period too remote to be known, the mummies of crocodiles, of all sizes, have been carried into this gloomy cavern; the largest are ranged in successive layers, from the ground to the roof of the immense halls; those of middling size in separate packages of fifty and sixty, intermingled here and there with human mummies which were once gilt, and large strata of rosin, in which are piled up, in all directions, millions of small crocodiles. A curious circumstance is the enormous quantity of linen in which these animals are wrapped; several vessels might be loaded with it. These melancholy remains are clothed better than the Egyptian peasantry of our days. Whether from accident or design, fire was set to these dried linens, and burnt slowly for several years. At the sight of the heap of ashes which the fire has left, we conclude all has been destroyed; on looking at what remains, we imagine that nothing has been lost.

THE FIRST ROMANCE.

SOLYMAN, the emperor of the Turks, surnamed by his subjects, *Ranani*, or *Institutor of Rules*, and by Christian historians. The Magnificent, ascended the throne in the year 1520, from which time, until the period of his death in 1566, he continued the terror of Europe. In execution of his avowed purpose to overturn the German empire, he opened a way into Hungary by the capture of Belgrade, totally defeated the army of the Hungarians, (whose young King Lewis fell in the retreat) and subsequently took Buda, Pest, and other important places. After the death of Lewis, the *Waywode* of Transylvania, prevailed by intrigues with the Hungarian nobility, to get himself elected king; but his title was disputed by Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, who claimed the crown in right of his wife Anne, sister of the late king, and putting himself at the head of an army in assertion of his rights, marched into lower Hungary, and invested Buda.

Among the feudatory chieftains whom the Archduke had summoned to his assistance, was *Casimir*, Margrave of Brandenburg, in whose ranks there served, as a private soldier, a native of Anspach, named *Leopold*, not less remarkable for his personal strength than for his dauntless intrepidity. Leopold distinguished himself during the siege of Buda, and when that place was taken in a desperate night assault, he was one of the first who escalladed the walls, and entered the city. Finding all further resistance useless, the mass of the Turkish garrison made their escape by one of the gates, but several detached parties, being intercepted in their retreat, hurried tumultuously about the streets. A band of these fugitives burst into the noble palace built by *Matthias Corvinus*, a former king of Hungary, and rushing into the chapel, clung to the altar, imagining that no Christian soldier would violate so holy a sanctuary. In this, however, they were wofully mistaken. Leopold and some of his comrades followed close upon their heels, and without staying to expiate the desecration by any more lengthened process than that of kissing the cross hilts of their swords, assaulted the wretched Mussulmen, put them to death without compunction, rifled their persons, and then dispersed about the palace in search of other plunder.

Treasures of art and literature, which even the ignorant Turks had respected, were now doomed to be rifled and destroyed by still more ignorant Christians, if that name could be justly applied to the rude and infuriated soldiery, who were making havoc of every thing in the palace. It had been the pride of its builder to import from Italy for its decoration, not only the most precious statues, vases, and antiques, but the rarest books and manuscripts for the formation of an extensive library. In the confusion of indiscriminate pillage, many of the former were overthrown and broken, but the ravagers had not yet made their way to the library, which was detached from the main building, and approached by a corridor. Along this, Leopold was the first to pass. It was terminated by a closed door, which, with the assistance of his sword, he wrenched open, hoping that he had stumbled upon the treasury of the palace. Not less to his disappointment than surprise, he found himself in a spacious apartment, stored from the floor to the ceiling with books and manuscripts, surmounted by busts, vases, and *patere*. Lifting up his torch, he made a hasty survey of the library, which he was about to quit, as containing nothing of sufficient value to tempt his cupidity, when the light flashed upon the cover of a book richly decorated, emblazoned with gold, and fastened with clasps of the same costly metal. Our soldier could not read, nor would his scholarship have availed him in this instance,

even had he received the rudiments of education, for the work was a Greek manuscript. Estimating its value by its costly exterior, he thrust it into his half-armor, and hastened to the other rooms of the palace in search of further and more attractive plunder. How far he succeeded in this object we have no means of ascertaining, but it appears shortly after the capture of the city he sold his manuscripts to *Vincent Obsopæus*, of Basle, who published it in 1534, and in his dedication to the senate of Nuremberg, briefly related the foregoing circumstances.

The work thus singularly rescued from destruction, proved to be a romance, composed by *Heliodorus*, bishop of *Trica*, in the fourth century, of whom *Nicophorus* relates, that a synod having given him his choice either to burn his "love story" or to renounce his bishoprick, the paternal regard of the author for the offspring of his brain, prevailed so far over his sense of episcopal duty, that he chose rather to lose his mitre than to throw his romance into the fire. It bore the title of *Αἰθιοπικὰ*, or the *Ethiopics*, and contained "the adventures and amours of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*," by which latter title it is generally known to modern readers.

Many writers doubt the fact of *Heliodorus* having sacrificed his bishopric rather than his book. Whether or not their suspicions be well founded, we may conclude that, at the decline of literature, when the Greek language fell into desuetude, controversial theology superseded every other reading, the work in question was consigned to a long oblivion on the dusty shelves of some monastery, where it slept all through the dark ages, until in the fifteenth century, it was rescued from oblivion by some agent of the Hungarian king, *Matthias Corvinus*, who it is known, despatched emissaries both to Italy and Greece, for the purchase of curious manuscripts and rare works of art. In the library of its new proprietor at Buda, though doubtless known to the few literati who had access to that collection, and were masters of the Greek tongue, it might still be said to have been buried in a comparative obscurity. On the capture and pillage of the city and library in 1526, most of the other works were dispersed or destroyed; but the loves of *Theogenes* and *Chariclea*, snatched from the general doom, and given to the world in a variety of translations, were destined to enjoy a subsequent celebrity, which might well atone for their long previous oblivion.

Who would have thought that the volume thus casually preserved by a succession of lucky chances, should be the primary source of those innumerable and redundant streams that are fed by the romances and novels of modern literature? The mighty waters of the seven-mouthed Nile seem less disproportioned to the insignificant Abyssinian springs whence they proceed, than does our present wide world of fictitious narrative to the little *Ethiopic* volume of *Heliodorus*: yet from this must all our novels be deduced. Bishop *Huet*, a contemporary and admirer of the *Scuderis*, and too apt, perhaps, to judge after the models of that time, pronounced the work in question to be the most ancient monument that has reached us, of adventures, suppositions and yet probable, conceived artfully, and written in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader. A Latin translation, by *Stanislaus Warszewicki*, a Polish knight, was published at Basle in 1551; since which time, versions have been made in most of the modern languages.

Opening in a very striking and spirited manner, the incidents of the romance succeed one another with rapidity, and the interest of the first part is tolerably well sustained: but the second is somewhat tedious and

wire-drawn. The unexpected meetings of the lovers after their separations, though by no means deficient in the marvellous, cease to excite or surprise us; and we feel far from dissatisfied when their long desired nuptials terminate the work. Is it to be presumed that the romance of real life always ceases with marriage? Our novelists seem to think so—for the great majority have, in this respect, been imitators of Heliodorus.

In the Ethiopic romance there are observations that evince a considerable insight into human nature, generally viewed; but there is little attempt at that marked and faithful portraiture of individual character which constitutes the charm of modern fictitious narrative. As in the Arabian and other Oriental tales, the parties introduced are rather distinguished by their professions and stations in life, than by personal and peculiar traits. Heliodorus, and the other ancient tale writers, described with tolerable accuracy the different divisions of mankind; but they had no idea of isolating a member from his class:—they attempted no idiosyncrasy. This is the great distinction between the ancient and the modern schools.

From internal evidence, it might be presumed that the Ethiopic romance was written not only before its author obtained the mitre, but even previously to his being converted to Christianity: for it is composed throughout in a Pagan spirit, though free from indelicacy, and often affecting a high moral tone. At the conclusion of his work, the writer informs us that he

is a Phœnician, a native of the city of Emessa, and a descendant of the sun, as, indeed his name implies, although it is a boast which a Christian would hardly make. Bayle, however, pertinently remarks, that this vaunt is by no means conclusive evidence of heathenism, since it might be merely adduced to establish the honorable antiquity of his family, just as St. Jerome makes St. Paul a descendant of Agamemnon; and Bishop Iguenius was proud to reckon Hercules among his ancestors. There must be something natural to men in this family pride, absurd as it may appear to philosophers, when we find saints and bishops referring with such complacency to their progenitors among the Pagan heroes and demigods, and thus obliquely admitting the heathen Polytheism, even while they claim to be the champions of Christianity.

Some writers assign a more ancient origin to Romance than the age of Heliodorus, and refer to the Milesiads of Aristides, a collection of short licentious tales, which found imitators among the Greeks and Romans, more especially in Apuleius and Lucian, who flourished in the second century. Their compositions, however, were rather tales and allegories, than romances. Macrobius has allotted, The Golden, Ass, and all such rhapsodies, to the perusal of nurses; and the emperor Severus expresses great indignation that the senate should bestow the title of learned upon Claudius Albinus, who had only stuffed his head with idle tales taken out of Apuleius.

OPHELIA.

A DIRGE.

SOFTLY to the earth restore
One whom for an hour she gave;
With gentle steps, as though ye bore
Virtue's self unto the grave;
In this darkness cold and deep,
Lay her silently to sleep.

Pilgrims to a vacant shrine,
O'er the desert slow we toil;
Busy workers in a mine,
Reaping but the barren soil;
Care and grief besiege the breast,
Motion ever—never rest.

But this fairest girl hath won
Sleep that breeds no troubled dream,
And the earth we heap upon
Her virgin bosom ne'er shall teem,
However bright before it fade,
With sweeter flow'r than here is laid.

Water blind and brooding ooze,
Which, in silent death, conceive,
Yielded back what now we lose,
In the dumb chill ground to leave;—
Never more while Time shall be,
Earth, must she be rais'd from thee!

All the pleasure thou cans't give,—
All the bliss thou tak'st away;
Springs still flowing while we live,
Lie frozen in that heart to-day.
Cold and dry may be their bed,
Yet warm as sunshine to the dead.

For virtue shall the mould perfume
With odour of her sacrifice,
And love shall shed his softest bloom
On the verdure where she lies,—
And peace, the child of hope and pray'r,
Shall bend the knee, and worship there.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ah! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do they return?

Joanna Baillie.

Come home! there's a sorrowing breath
In music, since ye went:
And the early flower-scents wander by
With mournful memories blent;
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word, Brothers, makes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

Oh, ye beloved, come home! the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
And deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee?
Untamed beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid sea?
Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful—
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I KNEW, I knew the end would come,
 And thou hast willed, and we must part,
 But, oh! though banished from thy home,
 Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.
 No; vainly wide with all its storms,
 Between us rolls the distant sea,
 Though many a mile divide our forms,
 Thy *soul* shall still be full of me!

When the glad daylight shall arise,
 And wake to life thy troubled breast;
 Oh thou shalt miss the laughing eyes
 That hung enamour'd o'er thy rest;
 When from the midnight blue and deep,
 The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
 The night-winds in their rushing sweep
 Shall bring thee back the thought of me.

And thou shalt shrink before my name,
 And sigh to hear the lays I sung;
 And curse the lips that dare to blame
 Her, whom thine own reproaches wrung.
 Thy life is charm'd! a weary spell
 Shall haunt thy spirit day by day;
 And shadows in thy home shall dwell
 Of scenes for ever past away.

Years—chilling years—shall slow glide by,
 And find thee lonely, joyless, still;
 And forms *more* fair shall charm thine eye,
 But have no power the heart to fill.
 Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
 The sudden pang that none may see,
 Shall darken on thine altered brow,
 Thou'lt answer *them*—but think of *me*.

When languid sickness numbs each limb,
 Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,
 And weary eyes, with watching dim,
 To visit thy forsaken bed.
 Go, rove through every clime on earth,
 And dream thy falsehood sets thee free;
 In joy, in pain, in love, or mirth,
 I still will haunt thy memory.

INFANCY.

How beautiful is Infancy!
 The bud upon the tree
 With all its young leaves folded yet,
 Is not so sweet to me.
 How day, like a young mother, looks
 Upon the lovely thing,
 And from its couch at her approach,
 How rosy sleep takes wing.

O this makes morning's toilette-hour
 So beautiful to see;
 Her rising wakens all young things,
 The babe, the bird, the bee.
 The infant sun-beams from the clouds
 That curtain their blue bed,
 Peep forth, like little ones that fear
 Least darkness be not fled;
 Till morn assures them, and they waive
 Their saffron wings and take
 The rapture of their rosy flight,
 O'er lea, and lawn, and lake;
 Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies
 That float about like flowers,
 And the bee abroad on busy wing
 To seek the budding bowers;
 And breezes upsprung from the sea,
 And hurrying o'er the hills,
 Brushing the bright dew as they pass,
 And rippling all the rills.

But Infancy! sweet Infancy!
 Thou'rt sweeter than all these,
 Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,
 Or bower, or beam, or breeze;
 Far sweeter is thy blooming cheek,
 Thine eyes all bland and bright,
 Thy mouth, the rosy cell of sound,
 With thy budding teeth all white;
 Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,
 Thy gushes of glad mirth,
 The clapping of thy rosy hands,
 Thou merriest thing on earth!
 Thou gift of Heaven—thou promise-plant—
 On earth, in air, or sea,
 There's nothing half so priceless, or
 So *beautiful* as these!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

PASTIME is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away.

When the tax on newspapers, proposed by Mr. Pitt, in 1789, was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Drake said that he disliked the tax, and would oppose it from a motive of gratitude. "The gentlemen concerned in writing for them had been particularly kind to him: they had made him deliver many well-shaped speeches, though he was convinced that he had never spoken so well in his whole life."

The general principles of urbanity, politeness or civility, have been the same in all nations, but the mode in which they are dressed is continually varying. The general idea of showing respect, is by making

yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of your dress, or taking away the lower, is a matter of custom.

The news of the declaration of war, in 1812, did not reach Michilimacinae under two months. The journey is now performed in nine days.

One would suppose that bigamy might have escaped the lash of the law, since it is a crime that always carries its own punishment with it.

Correction may reform negligent boys, but not amend those who are insensibly dull. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent: nothing good, for that is *vanity*; nothing bad, for that is *affectation*; nothing indifferent, for that is *silly*.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions: when they establish their fortune on the ruin of others—when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection—when they expect to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure—when they seek friends without making advances of friendship—and when they are unwilling to succour their friends in distress.

Next within the entry of the gate,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To die by death, or 'venge'd by death to be.

It was said of a rich miser that he died in great want—the want of more money.

In the year of Rome 695, the Roman senate decreed that Ptolemy, King of Cyprus, should be publicly sold as a slave habited in his royal robes.

The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

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.

Where the sympathies of the heart have not been encouraged to expand, no cultivation of the understanding will have power to render the character eminently great or good.

Artificial wants are more numerous and lead to more expense than natural wants; for this cause, the rich are often in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competence.

In every situation of life there are comforts. Find them out, and enjoy them.

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valour limited: she sits serene
In the deliberate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Some men of talent and merit are only pleased with the society of their inferiors, where they find it easiest to shine. This is to calculate very foolishly; since, in striving with a man of ability, we sharpen our own powers—but always degenerate in exercising ourselves with fools.

Coffee, first brought into England by Nathaniel Cowpeas, a Cretan, 1651.

Recipe for being universally beloved.—Lend, and never ask to be paid; make presents, give treats, bear and forbear, do everybody a good turn, hold your peace, and suffer yourself to be cheated.

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 of show.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

All the worth of some people lies in their mighty names; upon a closer inspection, that which we took for merit disappears. It was only the distance which imposed upon us before.

Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he *may* be governed by motives beyond your apprehension; it is the *final result* that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy discover evils which dullness and insensibility would escape—and delicacy of feeling nurs that pleasure which thoughtless vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

'Tis not the wholesome, sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort, and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author,
To his particular and private spleen.

Temperance indeed is a bridle of gold; and he who uses it rightly, is more like a man than a man; but the English, who are the most subject to melancholy, are, in general, very liberal and excellent feeders.

Pleasure is no rule of good; since when we follow pleasure merely, we are disgusted and change from one port to another; condemning that at one time, which at another we earnestly approve; and never judging equally of happiness whilst we follow passion and mere humour.

Laziness beget wearisomeness—and this put men in quest of diversions, play and company, on which, however, it is a constant attendant; he who works hard, has enough to do with himself otherwise.

RECIPES.

FOR DISCHARGING COLOURS.

The dyers generally put all coloured silks which are to be discharged, into a copper in which half a pound or a pound of white soap has been dissolved. They are then to be boiled off. The copper beginning to be too full of colour, the silks are taken out and rinsed in warm water. In the interim a fresh solution of soap is to be added to the copper, and then proceed as before till all the colour is discharged. But for those colours that are wanted to be effectually discharged, such as greys, cinnamon, &c. when soap does not do, tartar must be used. But for slate colours, greenish drabs, olive drabs, &c. oil of vitriol in warm water must be used; if other colours, roche alum must be boiled in your copper, then cooled down and your silks entered and boiled off, recollecting to rinse them before they are again dyed. A small quantity of muriatic acid, diluted in warm water, must be used to discharge some fast colours; the goods must be afterwards well rinsed in warm and cold water to prevent any injury to the silk.

HOW TO DISCHARGE CINNAMONS, GREYS, &c. WHEN DYED TOO FULL.

Take some tartar, pounded in a mortar, sift it into a bucket, then pour over it some boiling water. The silks, &c. may then be run through the clearest of this liquor, which will discharge the colour; but if the dye does not take on again evenly, more tartar may be added, and the goods run through as before.



THE UNCLE SURETY FOR THE RESTORATION.

Engraved for the Lady's Book, Published by T. A. Cooley & Co. Philadelphia

THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1838.

THE UNLOOKED-FOR RETURN.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

It would appear that nothing but the heavy progress of time—nothing but the selfish torpor of middle age—enables us to calculate the mighty ebb and flow of our spring-tide of life, or analyze the clouds and sunshine of “the April climate of our years.” How little do the young appreciate the value of youth!—that brief season of vivid impressions, when mind and heart and body are alike healthy—alike untouched by the corruptions of mortal nature;—when the eye sees with its own sight—the bosom swells with its own emotions;—when the love of God and of his creatures is warm and bright within us—when the scorn of the scorner has not reached our ears, nor the iron of adversity entered into our soul. Rumours of wrong and evil and suffering assail us; but we reject a lesson that finds no echo in our experience. Nay, so unreal is the picture of human affliction, that we look forth and hail those shadows imparted to the imaginary landscape of life by the homilies of the old and the still more frigid lessons of written wisdom, as only intended to set forth with brighter lustre the glittering points of joy and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its surface. “Despair” seems a mere figure of speech; “anguish” a poetical expression; and “woe” the favourite rhyme of a plaintive stanza. Ah! bitter experience!—gnawing, clinging, cleaving curse of mortal sorrow!—wherefore must thou come with thy realities of the grave and the worm, the pang of absence, the sting of disappointment, to prove that the sun can shine in vain, and the spring breathe forth its heavenly breath only to deepen the winter withering within our heart of hearts!

Caroline Wyndham at seventeen was the happiest creature in the world: the buoyant spirits that brightened the lustre of her beauty were the result of health, prosperity, and good humour. Her father had died so early in her own life that the deprivation was unfelt; and her mother (herself a creature of impulse) was consoled for the loss by the endearments of this only daughter, a girl of singular loveliness and promise. Caroline had therefore as fair a chance of being spoiled, as too much tenderness and tending usually afford to a human “angel,” with blue eyes, glistening ringlets, the foot of a fairy, and the voice of a siren. The only child of a widow in easy circumstances is predestined, indeed, to darlinghood. The same passionate tenderness that clings to its infancy for consolation, watches over the gradual unfolding of the bud, the luxuriant bloom of the perfect flower, as if no other blossom grew amid the gardens of earth; and if ever an all-engrossing partiality were excusable, it was in the instance of Caroline, who was as variously and lavishly endowed as the princess of a fairy tale. Even the one thing wanting (a deficiency calculated to waken all a mother’s anxieties) passed unregarded amid the multitude of her good gifts:—she was portionless. Mrs. Wyndham was aware that a rapacious heir-male was looking eagerly to her jointure, derived from an estate rigidly entailed which she had brought forth no son to inherit; and that a paltry pittance of

two thousand pounds, the savings of her frugality, was all the dowry of poor Caroline. But what signified this want of fortune to a girl so fascinating, so admired, so courted;—whose smile was “an India in itself,”—whose price “above rubies.”

It is true that more than one manly cheek was already seen to flush, and more than one manly voice heard to tremble on the approach of her light footsteps; and Mrs. Wyndham, self-secure of a rich and illustrious son-in-law whenever it might suit her to relax the tenacity of her maternal embraces and part with a companion so beloved, abstained from the lessons of worldly wisdom bestowed by modern mothers upon their children. She was rather anxious to delay than hasten Caroline’s choice, in order that she might keep her a few years longer wholly her own;—steal by night like a miser, and gloat upon her treasure when all other eyes were sleeping;—watch every passing cloud upon her countenance, to secure her from the trivial vexations of life;—guard her, pray for her, idolise, adore, caress—luxuriate, in short, in all the raptures of a mother’s fondness. At best it is a grievous trial to relinquish to another’s guardianship the sole object of our tenderness.

Caroline’s heart, meanwhile, was of too pure and delicate a texture to be easily excited. She had already frowned upon the suit of one titled admirer; and was readily induced to accede to her mother’s opinion that Sir William Wildair was a mere fox-hunter, and Lord Martingale a man of unsettled principles. But, alas! when Arthur Burlinton arrived with his regiment at Dover, where the Wyndhams were passing the bathing season, and, having contrived to be presented to their acquaintance, professed a sudden faith in the infallibility of the mother, and bent a knee of adoration to herself, Caroline began to conceive the possibility of a second object of attachment. She was still submissive, still dutiful, still tender to her mother; but, in spite of remonstrance and prohibition, made no secret of her growing predilection for the handsome young devotee. At first, indeed, the prohibition was moderately expressed. It appeared impossible to the doating parent that *her* Caroline could cherish a wrong thought or blameable inclination; and the acquaintance was suffered to proceed from liking to love, from love to infatuation, ere she uttered a decisive negative. Conviction, loud words, angry admonitions, and harsh menaces came together;—but they came too late.

“Arthur Burlinton has not a shilling,” exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham. “He has a liberal mind,” rejoined Caroline. “Arthur Burlinton has not a grain of interest to push him forward in his profession,” said the mother. “He has talent and energy,” observed the daughter. “Arthur Burlinton is a man of low connexions.” “He has the feelings and sentiments of a man of honour.” And the spirited girl blushed while, for the first time, she ventured to oppose a mother’s authority.

Mrs. Wyndham now attempted a different mode of

persuasion. "My child," said she, "you have been tenderly and delicately reared. Think what it would be to me to leave you exposed to the privations of penury, to the uncertain destinies of a soldier's wife!" But Caroline's heart was bright with the sunshine of youth; and though, at her mother's bidding, she looked forth into futurity, she could regard no privation as afflicting connected with the fortunes of the beloved Arthur. Penury was a mere word to a creature reared in the lap of luxury; economy a pleasing branch of minor morals; and as to the perils of a military career, her notion of warring armies was purely historical;—the dragoons of that epoch seemed made to grace the splendid pageantry of reviews and parades. In short, her heart beat so quick whenever Arthur Burlington's name was mentioned, that she had but little philosophy at her disposal for the consideration of their mutual prospects. She wept, indeed, while listening to her mother's appeal; and Mrs. Wyndham augured wonders from her tears, without suspecting that they flowed from the consciousness of having already entangled herself in a solemn betrothment with the object of her mother's repugnance. Dreading a still more express and sacred prohibition, she even consented to fulfil the engagement by a secret marriage: Arthur having assured her that the mother who had dealt towards her with such undeviating indulgence, could not and would not withhold her benediction from a vow already solemnized. And so far he was right in his calculations; Mrs. Wyndham *did* consent to bless the penitent bride; she *did* extend her hand in pledge of peace to her unwelcome son-in-law; she *did* even hasten to slay the fatted calf, and make merry in honour of these ill-omened nuptials. But there was a touch of bitterness in her voice, and a glance of anguish in her eyes throughout all these rejoicings:—it was plain that she was only labouring to spare the feelings and the good name of her rebellious girl. Within a few weeks she sickened, died, was buried, without any ailment beyond the secret pang, betraying—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Perhaps of the three, Arthur Burlington was most to be pitied. He knew himself to be the active cause of Caroline's disobedience, the passive cause of Mrs. Wyndham's untimely end; and whenever he sat watching the tears that stole down the cheeks of his wife, seemed to note anew that mournful waive of the dying mother's head, which was ever present in the daughter's memory. His means were too small to afford to the delicate Caroline those luxuries or rather necessities of her station, which the loss of her cheerful home now rendered doubly necessary; and, worse than all, his own parents were still living, and far more bitterly incensed by his improvident marriage than the mild and affectionate woman whom it had hurried into the grave. The letter in which they acknowledged the avowal of his rashness was, in fact, of too harsh and sordid a nature to be shown to his wife. She was aware that her Arthur's father was a man of mean extraction, engaged in commercial life in a manufacturing town; that he had placed his handsome son in a hussar regiment in the hope that he would achieve greatness and have greatness thrust upon him, both professionally and matrimonially; but she did not know that on learning Arthur's alliance with a portionless girl instead of the heiress anticipated by his cupidity, he had rendered a curse for a blessing, and forbidden the young couple his house.

For some time Captain Burlington managed to persuade his wife that the peremptory nature of his military duties alone prevented him from introducing her to his family; and she, who was so accustomed to the endearments of family affection, vainly sighed after

those unknown parents who, she trusted, would some day or other deign to replace her own lamented mother. But she was not yet fully sensible of the importance of that bereavement. It is in the day of our humiliation, rather than in the triumph of our pride, we turn our hearts to God; it is in our season of sorrow, rather than in the fulness of prosperity, we miss the tender hand that sheltered our infancy from harm, and wiped away the transient tears of youth. When herself on the eve of becoming a mother, when "fear came upon her soul," she recollected the possibility that the little being about to see the light might see it motherless; and wept anew for that kind parent who would have loved and sheltered her babe for her sake. "Then, for the first time, a terrible sentence seemed whispered in her ears—"That tender mother is in her grave;—and thou, even thou, didst lay her there!"—

Fortunately, her evil auguries were premature; she survived to press a living child in her living arms. But even the joy of that most joyous hour was damped by the same morbid self-upbraiding. While she listened in ecstasy to the feeble wail of her infant, and felt her heart grow big with rapture beyond the relief of tears, beyond the expression of words—the thought glanced into her mind that—"Even so *thy* mother rejoiced in thy birth; thy mother, whom thou didst hasten to the grave!"

It was in vain that Arthur attempted to combat this afflicting notion. Whatever evil awaited her, Caroline's first impulse was to recognise the blow as a chastisement for her disobedience; and from the period—and it came but too soon—when poverty made itself apparent in their little household, she seemed to feel every privation and every humiliation as a sacrifice due to the memory of the departed. She struggled, indeed, against such evils as operated against the comforts of Arthur and his child as well as against her own; laboured diligently, and laid aside all the dainty repugnances of her gentle breeding. She felt that no task could be degrading to the hand of the mother or the wife; learnt to limit her hours of rest, to habituate herself to activity; and, but for that one corroding reminiscence of filial rebellion, would have been happier than in the days of her more brilliant fortunes. Arthur was a man of simple tastes, of high honour, of intellectual pursuits, of equable temper; and above all, of the most generous and ample devotion to herself; and with such a companion, how could his wife be otherwise than happy, and proud of her destiny?

A second year brought a second child, to diminish their stock of comforts, and amplify their sense of happiness. But although Caroline was patient and cheerful throughout all their domestic vexations, her husband had no longer fortitude to mark the waning of her beautiful form, the sharpening of her lovely features. He saw that she was overtasked, feeble, and sinking under the excess of her exertions; and hastily penning a letter to his father, described in vivid colours the weakness and sufferings of his wife, and asked but for as much pecuniary aid as would afford her an additional servant.—*He was refused!* "A woman who could break the heart of her mother to gratify her own selfish predilections, deserves to reap the punishment of her disobedience," wrote Mr. Burlington to his son. "And he is right!" ejaculated Caroline, who was not only present at the arrival of the letter, but as usual too near her husband's heart to be kept in ignorance of its contents. "My mother forewarned me against the miseries of poverty and want. It is but just that I should fulfil the denunciation incurred by my ingratitude.—He is right."

In one point, however, poor Mrs. Wyndham's prophecies proved utterly erroneous. She had foretold that amid the humiliations of poverty, domestic dissension would be engendered; that Arthur, deprived of the diversions and enjoyments of his bachelor life,

would become discontented and fractious; that love would be embittered into hatred by the potent drug of disappointment. But of this, at present, no symptom appeared; and it was perhaps the deep humility of poor Caroline, the touching and gentle penitence with which she kept holy the memory of her mother, and amid all her trials preserved the reminiscence of her filial rebellion as the darkest and worst, that rendered him doubly apprehensive of inflicting a single thorn upon a heart already deeply lacerated. His tenderness, so far from abating, increased with every comfort he was compelled to renounce for her sake; and a stranger might have detected each additional mortification by the augmented vigilance of his attention to her wishes.

"We must be cheerful, love!" Caroline would exclaim, suddenly rousing herself from a reverie of deep despondency in which the brilliant picture of her prosperous youth had arisen like a phantom from a tomb: "we must not wither the hearts of our girls by the premature spectacle of affliction. The eye of a child should gaze upon nothing but gladness; its ear should drink in none but joyous sounds; its little heart should not be chilled under the shadow of sorrow. Arthur, do you remember how gay I was when you first knew me?—do you remember how impossible I found it to believe in the reality of misery!—My mother (my poor mother, whom I destroyed) suffered no trouble to approach me. She chose that my youth should be bright as the summer sunshine; that my heart should cherish her image connected only with remembrances of tenderness and enjoyment. Let it be so with our children, Arthur. Let us shut up our miseries within our own bosoms; let them not already suspect the existence of grief and pain. Smile, dear Arthur, smile;—in spite of all our trials, we have riches and joys and compensations beyond the common lot of men;—strong mutual affection, unswerving mutual confidence, and fervent trust in the mercies of Heaven. So long, dearest, as I can hold your hand in mine—so long as I see those approving eyes bent upon all my doings—so long as I can lay down my head to rest and hear your breathing in the dead of night, mingled with the murmurs of my children—I dare not commend my destiny to the interposition of Providence. I have still blessings to be thankful for, of which I must not peril the loss by seeming thanklessness. Let us be cheerful, Arthur; let us smile and be cheerful!"

But the period now approached in which to smile or be cheerful was beyond the efforts of a father and a husband. War was declared!—and, just as habits of strict economy enabled them to limit their wants within their narrow income, and provide for the necessities of four living beings out of a pittance that had barely sufficed the luxuries of one, the prospect of leaving three of the number friendless and destitute, darkened for the first time the hopes of professional advancement. The big, round drops rose on the forehead of the father of the little family, when he contemplated those perils which could only abbreviate for himself the bitterness of a blighted career, but which might render his wife a widow—his children fatherless. His two girls were now old enough to comprehend and report the rumours of the barracks; and it was not many days after intelligence arrived that the regiment was among the first destined to foreign service, that little Caroline echoed the dreadful tidings in her mother's sick room. Mrs. Burlington had been for some weeks an invalid, and this blow was too much for her enfeebled frame. Delirium was added to indisposition; and the gallant soldier, who felt the impossibility of turning a deaf ear to the summons of honour, even though it claimed him from the bedside of a dying wife, had the misery of imprinting his parting kiss on lips unconscious of his departure; on lips which, amid all their feverish debility, refrained not

from incoherently repeating, "Even as she threatened, so let it be!—The curse is upon me.—No parental blessing hallowed our union. She said it would destroy her, if I wedded with a soldier.—I murdered my mother;—and now I must die broken-hearted, and atone the crime."

She did not, however, die;—no, not even when, on the gradual restoration of her reason, she found she could no longer clasp that hand in hers—no longer sun herself in that approving smile—no longer, in the stillness and the darkness of night, listen for the light breathing of the bosom she loved, and feel that a strong arm of defence still secured her against all earthly enemies.—Now all was silent—all blank—all chill—all hopeless. She had nothing left but two helpless children weeping for their father, and the bitter memory of her own filial ingratitude.

"I must struggle against this overpowering weakness," faltered poor Caroline, when she remembered how ill she had been—how friendless and destitute she was. And she rose from her sick bed and wrestled with her despair; and by dint of fixing her eyes resolutely and trustfully upon a single bright speck far in the gloomy distance—upon the blessed moment of Arthur's return to her arms after the long desolate period of absence—she managed to keep the life-blood warm within a heart which sorrow had well nigh transfixed to marble.

Children are sorry comforters in the house of mourning. They ask for the dead—they ask for the absent; they recall the past, and conjure up endless associations which wound as with an unseen weapon. Caroline could no longer endure even the mention of her husband's name; and yet there was no hour of the day in which these unintentional tormentors did not hazard some conjecture respecting "poor papa," or an inquiry into the nature and dangers of military duty. "Mother, mother!" the helpless mourner would murmur amid her prayers, "very heavily do I atone my disobedience to thy will;—very bitterly do I experience the 'anxieties of a soldier's wife.' Intercede for me, mother, that I may be released from this one overwhelming trial!"

Ill indeed can we appreciate the ordering of our own destinies! A time was approaching when she would look back upon that period of suspense as one of comparative happiness; when the bitterest struggle of her terrors would seem preferable to the dull, dead, sullen torpor of her despair. Despatches came which set every heart in motion throughout the kingdom; many with the convulsive throb of affection—few with a tremor of emotion equal to hers. The blow was decisive;—the worst was over at once. Captain Burlington was reported among the slain. Her mother's manes were fully appeased—she had nothing more to suffer. Arthur was gone—KILLED—dead! Oh! could he indeed be dead—that bright, that buoyant—animated—noble soldier? Yes; many an officious voice already hailed her as a widow;—she, who had so rejoiced, so gloried, so triumphed in the name of wife!—Poor—poor Caroline!

The rich have hosts of comforters. Watchful eyes surround the silken canopy, and sympathising hearts wait on the affliction of the prosperous. Burlington's widow and orphans wept unheeded. A surly landlord alone intruded upon their wretchedness; and, in the depth of her despair, the mourner found that it was by her own exertions her children must be arrayed in the outward tokens of sorrow. There was an officious murmur buzzing in her ears of "respect to the memory of the dead;" and she recollected that the world demanded vain formalities of attire in evidence of that hallowed feeling.

"Behold now and see!—was there ever sorrow like unto her sorrow?"—Her own—her only!—he for whom she had sacrificed her earthly prosperity, her self-re-

spect, her first and paramount duty of filial obedience—gone—gone for ever! dead—in the crush of battle, without one tender word from those he loved, without the consolations of religion—the hallowing blessing of his parents. His very grave was amid those of undistinguished multitudes—unconsecrated by priestly prayer—by the still more holy tear of kindred affection! “Surely I have now expiated all,” said she, meekly folding her hands upon her bosom. She was too woe-struck for tears, too friendless to look for human consolation.

Yet Caroline dreamed not of death as a refuge from her miseries. She knew that she had no right to long for the quietude of the tomb; that her children called upon her, with an unsilenceable voice, to arise and gird on her strength, and fight for them in the harsh warfare of the world; and, moreover, she had recently become aware of a startling fact—she was about again to become a mother. A shiver of agonizing delight agitated her whole frame at the thought. Julia and Caroline were the images of herself, and had been doubly endeared to their poor father by that resemblance. But the little being still to come, might perhaps resemble *him*;—perhaps recall in its living features that beloved countenance which she now wasted hour after hour in striving to recall in unimpaired lustre to the eye of memory, and which some busy fiend seemed intent on obliterating from her recollection. The first tears that burst from her eyes after reading that dreadful gazette, sprang forth at the hope thus mercifully presented.

The new trials and duties by which Mrs. Burlington was now unexpectedly surrounded, inspired her with a desperate resolution. She determined to throw herself on the mercy of Arthur's obdurate father and mother, lest she should die, and leave his children homeless and helpless pilgrims in the wilderness. She went to them—humbled herself before them—appealed to them as from her husband's grave; confessing her own fault and praying that it might be hers to atone it by the utmost anguish of mortal suffering, provided her innocent childre were exempted from the sentence. The hearts of the two old people relented; they consented to receive the friendless creature beneath their roof. At first, indeed, they bore her presence with reluctance; but there was no resisting her silent, patient, unrepining sorrow. It was useless to upbraid her. They saw that her self-recrimination was severe and unceasing; that two only thoughts occupied her mind—the memory of her offence towards her mother, the memory of her tenderness towards her husband. She had no longer any care for her children. Their destinies were secured: she had solemnly bequeathed them to the protection of Arthur's parents;—to the still holier keeping of their heavenly Father and her own.

It is written, that there shall be joy in the darkened chamber of travail “when a man-child is born into the world;”—eager congratulations are heard—and even the mother's feeble voice has an inflexion of triumph. But there were deep sobs by Caroline's couch when the grandmother, in broken tones, announced that a son was added to her orphans; and her own accents had a sort of stern solemnity in them when she replied—“Let his name be called Arthur, in memory of the dead.”—

From that hour, however, her strength strengthened, and her courage grew firmer. “I am now the mother of Burlington's boy,” she would sometimes say, in an exulting voice. And then her exultation melted into tears, as she hung over the nestling infant, and strove to trace its father's features in its face; and unconsciously looked round, as if expecting to meet the triumphant smile of fatherly tenderness with which the gratified husband had greeted the birth of his elder children. “He has no father!” ejaculated the poor

heart-riven widow, as she clasped the little tender being closer into her bosom; “but I will love him so that he shall never feel himself an orphan. And *who*—who will love and cherish *me*? I destroyed my own fond mother; and Arthur was taken from me in retribution of the crime.”

Let no one presume to say “I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs:” dark as the night may be, the avenger has storms in his hand to deepen a thousand-fold its murk obscurity. The chances of war, which deprived poor Caroline of the father of her children, now began to operate fatally on the fortunes of the elder Burlington. The branch of commerce in which his funds were vested was affected even to utter ruin; and he and his aged wife, now reduced to a narrow provision, were chiefly dependant on the labours of the daughter-in-law so long rejected, so humbly submitted to their arbitrary will. A nursing mother, a grieving widow, she still found leisure to supply to them the ministry of the servants they could no longer command; and to bear un murmuring the utmost irritation of their peevishness. “They are Arthur's parents,” whispered she to herself; “to work for them is a duty he has bequeathed me. Other duties I have outraged—let me not be remiss in this!” If her spirit flaged in the execution of her task, it was enough for her to contemplate awhile the sweet face of her boy, and it seemed as if her husband's soul were shining out from his eyes, and inciting her to industry. “God will at length forgive me,” thought poor Caroline. “If I labour diligently to honour *his* father and his mother, my days will be long in the land, to watch over my orphan children.”

The summer came again;—the second that had put forth its unheeded blossoms since Arthur last culled and placed them in her bosom; and Caroline persuaded the old man, whom bankruptcy had now released from his duties, to remove with her to a small cottage on the coast, near to the well-known spot where she had first beheld his son. They dwelt there together, if not without repining, without upbraiding. The old people blessed her with their tenderest blessings; and the children grew and grew, and promised to do honour to their father's name.

One evening, a glowing afternoon in June, when the beauty of the earth seems shining on the eye of affliction as if in mockery of its tears, the little family was assembled in their one lowly apartment; Caroline with her infant on her knee, the elder girl rehearsing in the ear of her grandfather one of those beautiful lessons of scriptural wisdom to which the bereaved turn yearningly for consolation. It was the Raising of Lazarus!—and when the gentle child came to the words, “Lord! hadst thou been here, my brother had not died,” the scalding tears dropped from the widow's eyes upon the little face that smiled up into her own. A strange object had attracted the infant's eye;—even the figure of an officer who stood transfixed at the open door.—A cry of madness burst from Caroline's lips.—The girls called loudly on the name of their dead father.—The aged people alone were self-possessed to see that it was no apparition, but a breathing form of flesh and blood that stood before them.

“Caroline, my blessed wife!” cried the hoarse voice of the happy Arthur. “My wounds and imprisonment alone caused me to be reported among the slain. I have returned to you rich—promoted!—Nay, turn not your face from the infirm veteran who comes to be nursed and caressed among you, and to leave you no more!”

It were vain to describe the delicious agony of that meeting;—the transition from such sorrow to such joy is not a thing for words. Even Caroline could only murmur in thanksgiving, “My prayers are heard!—Heaven and my mother have accepted my sacrifice, and pardoned my transgression.”

JEANNIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way:
But never, never can forget
The luv'e o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luv'e grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langyane.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeannie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think!
When baith bent down ow'r ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We clee'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June!

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luv'e!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luv'e, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowle abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!

That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unryllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeannie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee,
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine?
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne!

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luv'e o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

THE VOICE OF THE TIMES.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

A VOICE has gone forth o'er mountain and river—
The sounds of foreboding, and wrath, and dismay—
As the blasts on the face of the waters which quiver,
Ere the tempest sails dense o'er the sunlight of day.
Aroused are the hopes of the ruthless and daring,
And the arm of the spoiler the blue steel is baring,
And the monarchs of earth, at the signal preparing,
Are gathering the ranks of their banded array.

There is strife in the city—the swart brow of labour
Frowns stern through the smoke-drift of death on its foe;
The serf has arisen with his grasp on the sabre;
The cannon yawns dark by the ford's guarded flow;
And the steed starts from rest at the trumpet's shrill
warning,
And the drum blends its note with the breezes of
morning;
And the sails of proud fleets, the hoar sea-wave adorn-
ing,
Gleam pale o'er the arming of hundreds below.

Wild spirit of hate and unchecked desolation!
The fields, where thy standards unnumbered were set,
When nation came forth in its might against nation,
And earth was one battle-plain—who may forget?
Asperne, thy dim turrets—Eylau the pine-crested—
And Leipzig's gray wall, with its dim mist invested;
And the strife, at whose closing, war's eagle arrested,
Sank scorched on the dust where his legions were met.

Yet, scorning the past, with its lesson of sorrow,
Though tenfold the waste, and as deep were the wo,
Still seeks the blind impulse of frailty to borrow
New strength for its scourge, and fresh powers to be-
stow:

Morn smiles on the harvest of peace freshly springing,
Noon's warmth round the ear its bright influence is
flinging;
But eve the loud storm and the whirlwind is bringing,
And who the sealed scroll of to-morrow shall know!

HAVILAND HALL.

The baron stroked his dark brow's face,
 And turned his head aside,
 To wipe away the starting tears
 He proudly strove to hide.

"Here, take her, Child of Elle," he said,
 And gave her lilly white hands—
 "Here, take my deare and only child—"

Child of Elle.

THE experience which Henry the Seventh had acquired in his youth, whilst in England and during his exile abroad, from observing the proud and factious spirit of the English nobility, taught him, as the first step towards securing a quiet possession of the throne, to curb that turbulent disposition which existed among the powerful barons, and which had been so fatal to the peace of the nation during the reigns of his predecessors. Disdaining all control, these feudal lords maintained a number of followers, and encouraged all the needy and mercenary who could boast of any skill in arms; an accomplishment surpassing all others in those days, when might so frequently triumphed over law and justice. The sanguinary and devastating wars of the rival roses had created a spirit of disaffection and rebellion throughout the land. Travelling was at all times dangerous; and, even in London, though surrounded with walls, the lives and properties of the citizens were not always secure. During the reign of this crafty and politic prince, the arts were encouraged, commerce revived, and the carriages lately employed in the service of the contending parties, were now laden with merchandise; the many villages, and even some towns in England, first arose; and the gloom and desolation which had overspread the kingdom gradually dispersed. The people, tired of a long and sanguinary civil war, gladly hailed the return of peace, and were not to be easily roused again into rebellion, as may be seen from the failure of the two attempts of Simnel and Warbeck.*

During the time of the violent struggles we have alluded to, there stood between the town of Fairford and the little village of Marston Maisey, in Gloucestershire, a castellated building, held by Sir John Haviland, a knight of an ancient and honourable family, whose ancestors had dwelt there from the time of the Norman conquest. He was devotedly attached to the house of Lancaster, and when an appeal to arms was made by the two factions, he sold the greater part of his estates, and joined the standard of Henry, with his two sons, who were destined to return no more. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Robert, the eldest, was slain by an arrow, and the youngest fell at Hexham, while bravely defending his father from the attack of a band of spearmen, led by Sir William Maltravers, a knight of gigantic stature, who savagely slew him, after he had been beaten down and disarmed. In this battle, Sir John himself received several wounds, some of which were too serious to admit of his ever taking the field again. A cross-bow bolt had shattered the bone of his left arm so dreadfully, that it was rendered entirely useless.

Vexed at being thus incapacitated, and inwardly

* The adventures of this youth far exceed the wild-est fiction, and his untimely fate cannot but excite our commiseration. His real pretensions are to this day a subject of dispute, for we are told that the confession extorted from him by Henry was so full of contradictions, that it raised doubts in the minds of some, who were before disposed to consider him an impostor.

vowing to be revenged on the destroyer of his son, the bereaved father returned to his home almost heart-broken. Perhaps he would have sought his own death by rushing into the midst of his enemies, had not the recollection of his daughter, now fast growing up to womanhood, withheld him. Who would protect her in those unsettled times, if he should fall? It was the gentle Agnes who made his life supportable, and in her society he sought to bury, for awhile, the recollection of his loss. But there were times when the remembrance of his sons' death flashed across his brain, and made the unhappy father curse the faction that had torn asunder the ties of friendship and kindred. Robert had died in his arms, as he vainly endeavoured to pluck the arrow from his breast, and Edward was struck, mangled and bleeding, to the ground before his face.

The remembrance of those scenes would often recur, when the pain of his many wounds had occasioned a temporary delirium; and nought but the attentions of his beloved child could soothe his mind, and make existence endurable. Beautiful she was—fit subject for a poet's pen, or painter's pencil: and her mind was fitted for such a shrine. Although she had numbered scarce twenty summers, there lacked not wealthy suitors for such a perfection.

Her father was a man of great learning for that rude age, when some of England's stoutest knights could neither read nor write; but he was not the less skilled in warlike exercises, and had done good service on the part of the weak-minded Henry and his Amazon queen—indeed this had considerably reduced his possessions—and, when he returned home, the coldness of those of his neighbours who had not taken part in the quarrel, stung him to the quick. But he concealed his indignation, and appeared but little abroad, seldom venturing to leave his estate, unless upon particular occasions.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his sons, during which time the deadly feuds of the Roses had raged with unabated fury. At length the Yorkists prevailed, and Henry was in their power, but not long after, queen Margaret landed in England, accompanied by her son, resolving to try the issue of another battle; and, encamped near Tewksbury, she waited the approach of Edward.

Sir John had heard of the landing of the queen, and although he forgot not the heavy losses he had sustained by espousing her cause, he would have gladly joined her standard, had not his wounds rendered him incapable of bearing arms. The knight was well aware that a battle must be fought as soon as the two armies met each other, and he anxiously awaited the result of the combat.

One evening in the month of May, Sir John sat in a small room, which he used as a study: he had once or twice attempted to read, but the agitation of his mind would not allow him. His jewelled fingers held down the leaves of a splendidly illuminated book, but his eye wandered from the page and glanced sorrowfully on a suit of battered armour which stood in one

corner of the room. A lance, a sword, and a mace hung against the wall; they had been once wielded by a vigorous and skilful hand, but were now to be used by their possessor no more! He thought on the time when he had vaulted on his horse amidst the shouts of his retainers, armed in that harness which he was never to fill again: he thought, also, on the fate of his two sons, and then on his only remaining child, his beautiful and virtuous Agnes.—no marvel that his book was unheeded. He sat for some time in this mood, until night had closed in, when the clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear. He listened attentively. Had the battle been fought?—It might be a party of the conquerors come to burn and spoil his dwelling—no, it was a single horseman. Scarcely had the thought risen in his mind, when a servant entered, and informed him that a traveller, who waited without, required a night's shelter under his roof, having been attacked by a band of men, who had slain his servant. The knight commanded them to show the stranger every attention, and, having descended into the hall, welcomed him with much courtesy.

In answer to Sir John's inquiries, the stranger, in a few words, informed him that his name was Godfrey Maltravers, and that he was on his way to Cirencester, when he was waylaid by a party of men, who killed his only attendant, and that he had escaped through the fleetness of his horse.

"Ay, ay," said Sir John, "some of the cursed fore-riders belonging to one of the armies which must now lie in the neighbourhood; but, I hope, sir, they have not despoiled you of any valuables?"

"No, nothing, save a jerkin and hose, which my poor knave had strapped behind him."

"'Twas lucky that you escaped with your life, sir; these are unseated times, and the strongest arm takes most. What ho! Will, a fagon of Malmsey and a pasty, for my guest."

In a few minutes a table was spread, and a venison pasty, together with a large gammon of bacon, and a fagon of wine, were set before the stranger, who eat heartily. Having finished his repast, he begged to know the name of his entertainer.

On the Knight's replying to this question, the stranger's face was flushed for a moment, and then turned deadly pale; but Sir John noticed it not, and desired a servant to bid the Lady Agnes attend him. She shortly entered, and was introduced by her father as his daughter,—his sole remaining child. The breast of the stranger heaved, and a burning blush passed across his fine and manly countenance, but the Knight attributed this to bashfulness; his guest was but a youth, and had, perhaps been little in the company of females; but Godfrey's emotion was occasioned by a far different feeling. He knew that his father, Sir William Maltravers, was the man who had slain the sons of his kind and hospitable entertainer, whose hall now sheltered him in a time of danger and uncertainty. It was fortunate that sir John knew not the name of the destroyer of his son, or his dwelling might have been a scene of violence, perhaps of bloodshed, but he had never learnt the name and title of the man who had done him such an irreparable injury.

The beauty of Agnes made a strong impression on young Maltravers, who more than ever regretted the fierce rashness of his father. He saw clearly that there was little hope of a union with the family who had suffered such a loss by the hand of his parent; and when night arrived, he retired to rest, his mind disturbed by a multitude of painful reflections. Sleep fled his couch, and when morning dawned he arose unrefreshed. After dressing himself, and preparing for his departure, he passed out from his bed-chamber, when the first object he beheld was Agnes.

Great was his astonishment on perceiving her at so early an hour; but ere he could utter a word, she

moved softly away on tiptoe and waved her hand.—Godfrey followed her until she had descended into a lower apartment, when the maiden, while her heart throbbed wildly, said—

"Fly from this place if you value your life, Sir! you are known to one of my father's men."

"Known, dearest lady?" faltered young Maltravers.

"Ay, known as the son of the fierce man who destroyed my poor brother," replied Agnes, while her blue eyes swam with tears; "but fly, if you would not suffer a dreadful death. My maid told me yesterday, that our falconer, who was with my father at Hexham, swore that you are the son of our enemy!—'twill soon reach my father's ears."

"Oh, dearest lady, how shall I express my gratitude—but believe me I had no share in your brother's death."

"Talk not of that now—quick, to the stables, and ride hard, for my father will soon be stirring."

"But how shall I pass the gate?"

"I have the keys here—haste, or you will be lost."

She led the way to the stables, and Maltravers, with all haste, saddled his horse. The gates were cautiously unlocked. He pressed the hand of Agnes to his lips, while his sobs impeded his voice; but the danger was great, and vaulting on his steed, he faltered, "Farewell," and soon left the hall behind him.

Leaving Godfrey Maltravers on his way, we must return to Haviland Hall.

As the morning advanced the knight arose, and breakfast being laid in a small room adjoining his study, he waited the presence of his guest. Agnes shortly entered, pale and dejected.

"Why, what ails thee, my child?" enquired Sir John, as he kissed her pale cheek, "thou hast been weeping." Agnes pleaded illness, and took her seat by her father, who wondered at the absence of his guest. After waiting for some time, a servant was sent to rouse him from his slumbers, when it was discovered that he had fled.

The old knight was astonished beyond measure at the disappearance of his guest, and concluding that he was some adventurer who had paid him a visit with a sinister intention, desired his servants to look to the plate and other valuables; when in the midst of the confusion, the falconer came, and informed his master that he had entertained the son of his deadly foe.

Words cannot paint the astonishment and chagrin of Sir John upon his receiving this intelligence. He stood for some moments as if paralyzed, then, stamping furiously on the floor, he desired that his park-keeper should attend him, and striding into his study, slammed-to the door with great violence, while Agnes, alarmed for the safety of the fugitive, to whose flight she had been a party, flew to her chamber to conceal her agitation.

In the mean time, her father paced the room with hurried step; at times stopped and looked on his battered harness, then struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and vented his rage in a low half-stifled voice, by excitement rendered inarticulate, and resembling the growl of an angry wolf. A tap at the door of the study roused him.

"Enter," he cried; and a man strode into the room, cap in hand. He was rather under the ordinary height, but broad shouldered and muscular; his face was full, but distinctly marked, and his hair was cut quite close to his head; his neck was bare and brawny, and his face by constant exposure to the weather, had become of a dark brown. His dress consisted of a coarse tunic of green, with trunk hose of red serge, and buskins of buff leather. A short sword hung at a belt, which was buckled tight round his body. His whole appearance bespoke the perfect woodman.

"Wat Stapler," said the knight, "thou hast been a faithful follower of mine for these twenty years—"

Herke, I have need of thy assistance; quick don thy jazerant?"

"I have left it with Will the armourer, at Fairford, to be mended," said Wat.

"Take this, then," reaching a jazerant from the wall: "haste and on with it; and look ye, get your bow and three of your best shafts; begone! and come to me as soon as thou art ready."

Wat left the room, but in a few minutes returned, armed with the knight's mailed coat, and a sallet or light iron cap. He carried his bow in his hand, and bore on his elbow a small target or buckler, like those worn by the archers of that period.

"That's my nimble servitor," said the knight; "and now saddle Cob, my gelding, take the bloodhound, and ride after the fellow who left here this morning—and herke, Wat," in a suppressed voice, "see that he travel no more—thou knowest what I mean? thou hast sharp shafts, and a trusty bow—give him not the same 'vantage as thou would'st thine own enemy—he is mine! shoot him from his horse, ere he know that thou art near him!"

Wat stopped not a moment to question this command: it was enough that it was given by his master, whose word with him was law. In less than five minutes he passed out on the knight's own horse, at full speed, followed by the hound. After riding a short distance, Wat distinguished the marks of the fugitive's horse's hoofs, and the dog was immediately laid on. He well knew that Maltravers would find it difficult to pick his way over a part of the country with which he was unacquainted, and he doubted not that he should come up with him before he had got far.

Godfrey Maltravers was at no great distance. He heard the yelp of the dog, and a cold tremor ran through his frame, as he discovered that he was pursued. Wat, though he could not see his victim, knew well that he was not far off, he therefore increased his pace, and moved on rapidly. In the mean time, the object of his pursuit had struck out of the road, and galloped across the country. It was not long before a brook stopped his progress: he beheld it with joy, as he well knew it was the only refuge from the enemy that tracked him.

"Now, my good steed," said he, "bear thy master through this trial, or he will never press thy trusty sides again."

He plunged into the brook as he spoke. The stream was swollen, but the noble animal swam with its master for several yards, when the water became shallower. Fearing to land again, Godfrey dashed down the stream, which ran through a wood at a little distance, and arrived there just in time to escape from the view of his pursuers, who came up to the brook as he entered the wood. Wat swore deeply on finding that he was baulked.

"Ah! 'tis of no use, Fangs," said he to the hound, as he saw the animal run snuffing up and down the bank of the stream. "We have been tracking an old hand; let us both return and prepare our backs for the cudgel!"

After several fruitless endeavours to regain the scent, Wat turned his horse's head towards home. He soon reached the hall, and having replaced Cob in the stable, he repaired to Sir John's apartment.

"Well, Wat," said the knight eagerly, "hast thou revenged me?"

"No," replied he, sullenly, scarce knowing what to say, "he has 'scaped."

"Ha! thou knave!" cried Sir John, starting on his feet, "escaped, did'st thou say? Then am I foiled,

* JAZERANT.—A frock of twisted or linked mail, without sleeves, somewhat lighter than the hauberk worn by the knights.

and through thy mischance—there, villain, take with that thy master's maulion!"

As he spoke, he struck Wat a violent blow on his broad chest, which, spite of the jazerant he wore, made the woodsman stagger, and proved that the knight had one powerful arm left. The blood mounted in Wat's dark face—his eyes flashed fire, and with a thrust of his hand he sent the knight reeling to the wall—then grasped the handle of his short sword, which he half unsheathed; but it fell back harmlessly in its scabbard; its wearer's head sunk upon his breast—a tear fell on the floor, but the foot of the woodsman was quickly drawn over it, and he stood motionless for several moments without speaking.

"Wat," said the knight, after a long pause, "thou hast raised thy hand against thy master."

"I have," interrupted Wat, "and will not the poor worm turn on the foot that treads it down—I am your vassal, 'tis true; I have eaten of your bread these twenty years, and never received a blow before. You are my master, or your blood should wash this floor!"

"These are high words for one of thy stamp," said the knight, in a tone of remonstrance, fearing to anger the resolute woodsman, whose temper was always mild and gentle, except when roused. "A rope and a swing from the wall would have been thy fate, if thou had'st some masters; but thou hast served me faithfully——"

"And been struck like a dog in return," said the woodsman.

"Nay, nay, Wat, dwell not on that—but how came the springald to escape?"

"He made for the brook, and baulked the hound—'twas no fault of mine."

"Well, well," continued the knight in a calmer tone, "it can't be helped now; but I am vexed at his escape. His father slew my Edward when the poor boy lay on the ground disarmed and wounded."

Sir John drew his hand across his face as he spoke, and wiped away the tear which hung on his eyelid. Wat's rude nature was softened.

"My honoured master," said he, "would I had known that yesternight—you should have been revenged."

"I know thee, Wat—I know thee," said the knight, "and methinks thou hast had time to know thy master, and bear with him when he speaks thee harshly. Here, let this make amends."

He placed several gold pieces in Wat's hand. The woodsman received the money on his broad palm, looked earnestly at it for several moments, then let it slip between his fingers, and it fell on the floor.

"I will not take it, Sir John," he said, "my master's love and protection is the only wage I crave."

He then abruptly left the room, before the knight had time to reply.

"Strange fellow!" exclaimed the knight, "there's not a pampered knave on my poor estate who possesses half thy feeling—thou, at least, art faithful."

We must now return to Godfrey, whom we left, after he had baffled his pursuer. He held on his way at full speed until he had quite cleared the wood, when he resolved at all hazard to inquire of the next person he met, the way to the town of Tewkesbury. It was not long before he obtained the necessary information, and found that he had deviated considerably from the right road. After an hour's hard riding, he came in sight of the town, and beheld the tents of the Lancastrian forces spread over the fields; while from one of the largest, the Queen's banner floated in the breeze. Various bodies of soldiers were in motion, and their armour and weapons flashed brightly in the morning's sun. The host of figures which dotted the landscape added to the beauty of the scene, above which rose the Cotswold hills covered with the ver-

ture of spring, while ever and anon the hum and "note of preparation" came borne upon the gale.

It was not long before a body of mounted soldiers appeared advancing rapidly into the plain. The Lancastrians perceived their approach, and a large party of their fore-riders pushed forward to attack them. They met in a narrow lane, and in an instant a wild shout arose, and a cloud of dust obscured the combatants. Godfrey raised himself in his stirrups for a moment, then driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, rode hastily towards them. As he approached, he could easily perceive his father's pennon floating over the heads of the party, while cries of "a Maltravers! a Maltravers!" were echoed by upwards of two hundred voices. Though armed only with his sword, he dashed boldly forward, and struck down a rawboned figure, who had engaged his father.

"Thanks, my boy," cried Sir William, as he clove the head of his nearest foe, "thou hast arrived in time. Ha! these rogues give ground! upon 'em knaves!—Hurrah!"

The knight spoke truly:—the Lancastrian soldiers were broken by the charge of the remainder of his followers, who had now come up, and fled precipitately. To have pursued them, would have been to rush upon the main body of the Queen's army, which was now drawn up.

"Ay, there they go, helter-skelter, as if the devil drove them!" said the Knight, as the scattered troop scoured back; "we must not follow them."

He wiped his bloody sword as he spoke on his horse's mane, and sheathing it, received his son in his mailed arms, with an embrace that made Godfrey writhe with the violence of the pressure.

"And now, my boy," said he, "let us return, or we shall have a fresh body upon us—see the King is approaching:—I have a suit of harness ready for thee."

The party galloped back to some distance, and waited the arrival of Edward's army, which approached slowly. First came a troop of light horsemen, armed with jack and iron pot, and carrying long lances; then followed a band of archers, covered with dust and sweat, and greatly exhausted by their long march, their bows strung, and an arrow ready in the hand, while their leaden mells were slung at their backs. A body of men-at-arms came next, and then several pieces of artillery drawn on clumsy and unwieldy carriages. The King followed, surrounded by his friends and brothers, arrayed in a suit of polished steel; his rich surcoat, emblazoned with the arms of England and France quarterly, soiled with dust and dirt from the toilsome march. A page rode by his side, and carried his gilded helmet, which was ornamented with white plumes. A large body of spearmen and billmen to the number of several thousands came next, then another band of archers, and then a horde of ragamuffins, who followed the army in the hope of obtaining plunder. Arriving on a more open ground they began to form, while the King's brothers, Clarence and Gloster, left him, and took their respective posts.

The Lancastrian force immediately moved forward, and prepared for battle. In the mean time, Sir William had procured a suit of armour for his son, who now rode by his side. The fight soon commenced with great fury, but the particulars have so often been described, that it would be unnecessary to repeat them here. The Lancastrians, as it is well known, suffered a signal defeat, and were chased off the field with great slaughter. Many noblemen fell in the unnatural combat, and the Queen's son* was most barbarously

murdered by Edward and his brothers, after he was taken prisoner.

The news of the battle soon reached the ears of Sir John Haviland, who foresaw the danger he was in from the marauders, who had been introduced into the neighbourhood, and who now, under pretence of taking vengeance upon those who were hateful to the House of York, prowled about the country, committing all sorts of disorders. He therefore kept his gates closed, and summoned his servants together. His worst fears were realized; for on the following morning a party of men arrived at Haviland Hall, and demanded admittance. In answer to the knight's questions they informed him that they were Lancastrian soldiers, who had escaped from the battle, and begged that he would assist them with food and money. Not doubting the truth of this story, Sir John desired his servants to admit them, when they threw off the mask, and gave the signal for plunder. The most costly tapestry was soon torn from the walls. The plate and other valuables were seized, and the knight himself treated with the greatest indignity. Sir John was unable to resent these outrages; his household were too weak to make resistance, and he retired to one of the remotest apartments, with his daughter the Lady Agnes, in the hope that the villains would depart after they had been satiated with plunder.

The leader of the band was a man of great stature and strength. A frock of mail over a leathern jerkin descended as low as his knees, his head was defended by a scull-cap of iron, and from a belt with which he was girded hung a ponderous sword and a long dagger. Walter Harden had been engaged in, and had shared in the plunder obtained in the various battles between the rival houses. His undaunted bravery made him a great favourite with the desperate band he led, who were inured to every kind of hardship and danger. He was now most active in encouraging his fellows to plunder, and in a short time the place was stripped of every thing valuable. Several pipes of wine had been brought from the cellars into the hall, and their contents had rendered these marauders still more wild and boisterous. In the midst of the uproar Walter Harden thought of Agnes.

"Comrades," said he, "we have wine, but where is the beauty who fled from us when we entered?—shall we not have her here to grace our carousal?"

A loud roar of assent rose from the band; and Walter rising from a bench on which he had been seated, staggered out of the hall in search of the lady, followed by three or four of his comrades. After searching for some time in vain, they came to the room into which the knight and his daughter had retreated. The door was fastened on the inside, and resisted the efforts of all but Walter himself, who with his foot dashed it into the middle of the apartment, and discovered Sir John, his daughter, and Wat Stapler. The marauder reeled towards the maiden, when Wat interposed, but was desirous by his master to remain quiet.

"Fair mistress," said Walter, "we have much need of your company below, for we find your sex passing scarce in this country. Prythee give me thy hand."

He took the hand of Agnes as he spoke, and threw his arm around her waist, when Wat suddenly started forward, and stabbed the ruffian with his short sword.

was not ended when he was brought before the conquerors. Of all the domestic troubles under which England has suffered, the wars of the Roses stand pre-eminent for ferocity. There fell on either side during these sanguinary and unnatural conflicts, which may be said to have ended only with the death of Richard the Third, three Kings, a Prince, eleven Dukes, a Marquis, seventeen Earls, a Viscount, and twenty-four Barons, besides many Knights, and a countless host of common men!

* The murder of this prince is a foul stain upon Edward and his brothers, although it could hardly be said to have been done in cool blood, as the pursuit

So deadly was the thrust, that the weapon passed through his neck, and came out on the other side full a hand's breadth. Walter Harden fell to the ground with a gasp and expired, while his companions sprung upon Wat Stapler, and though he wounded one of them severely, disarmed and bound him. He was instantly dragged below with fierce oaths. Loud were the execrations of the band, when they heard of the death of their leader, and they held a council how they should punish the slayer, who was brought before them. Some advised that he should be hanged, others that he should be thrown headlong from the walls, while a third party proposed that he should be roasted over a slow fire. Several archers begged that he might be made a target of, and bound to a tree as a mark for their arrows. The latter proposition received the assent of the greater part of the band, and Wat was led forth to death.

Sir John and the Lady Agnes were shut up in another room, and one of the band was placed as a guard at the door. The knight's fears for his own safety, were forgotten, when he thought on the treatment his child would probably receive from the ruffians, after they had wreaked their vengeance upon Wat. He buried his face in his hands, and remained for some moments insensible to the entreaties of Agnes, who besought him not to despair. At length a flood of tears came to his relief.

"Alas! my child," cried he, "'tis not for myself that I grieve, I can but die—while thou wilt be given up to the brutal violence of these demons."

As he spoke, a hollow sound, like the noise of horses' hoofs was heard, and the next moment a wild cry of alarm sounded without, mixed with the clash of weapons, and cries of "Maltravers! Maltravers! to the rescue!" The name acted upon Sir John like an electric shock—

"Ah!" he exclaimed, while every limb was palsied with emotion—"my enemy is come to look upon my ruin, and strike the last blow!"

"Dearest father!" said Agnes, "if it be Sir William Maltravers and his son, we may yet hope——"

But the knight heeded not what she said. The noise without increased, and blows and shouts were distinctly heard, while the man stationed at the door of their prison forsook his post, and ran down stairs. In a short time the noise became fainter, and sounded more distant, while footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; the bolts which fastened the door were withdrawn—it opened, and Godfrey Maltravers entered, his drawn sword in his hand, and his right arm splashed with blood.

"Sir John Haviland," he said, sheathing his sword, "you are free; the hell-hounds, who have plundered you, are scattered by my troop."

"Oh! youth," cried the knight, in a half-stifled voice, "I did thee wrong; but forgive me—thy father——"

"Fell at Tewkesbury," said Godfrey. "Let not your wrath descend into his grave: believe me, he sorely repented him of your son's death."

"Then may Heaven pardon him, as I do!" ejaculated Sir John, emphatically; "but how shall I find words to thank thee, gallant youth! I am poor in worldly goods."

"Oh, say not so," interrupted the young soldier, "while so fair a maiden calls you father." Then turning to Agnes, whose face was suffused with blushes, he said, "Dear lady, to you I owe my life—say, can constant love requite you?"

Agnes spoke not; she placed her small hand in the gauntleted palm of Godfrey, while the old knight pronounced his blessing on the pair. The union of the lovers took place after Godfrey's term of mourning had expired. His timely arrival had rescued Wat from his perilous situation, and the sturdy woodsman forgot not the service. Sir John lived to behold a group of chubby grandchildren smiling around him, and died at an advanced age, after seeing the factions of the Red and White Roses for ever extinguished.

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIA STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now.

The colonists themselves were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then humane, temperate, independent people; on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste, who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly acquired property. His name was John Vivian.—He came of a tolerably good family in —shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demarara, and from his father, a small farm in

his own country, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries,) he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, *our* humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woolens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious

groups which distinguished our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which, we will unfold for the reader's benefit.

"Well, Dick—here am I, thy friend John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago I would have ventured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England; but the unkenning a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeiras—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter.—But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable.—I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds—I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I'faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side—and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloe and cocoa-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pineapples, grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and whitey-brown people, sangarees and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr. John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, merchant in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protegee of Messrs. Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however, for the sea-port of a West India colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negroes and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrow for sixpence, and the aid of a do-

zen Sambo for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home, having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the handwriting of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents.—These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new comer (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation.—"As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter.—He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction, and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his comate Sambo," who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment leeringly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of Mynheer Schlachenbruchen. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had been the plague, (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance;) and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded, and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way, and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much

their superior. At last the truth came upon him; she was the child of—a *quadron*! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European; and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"But she *shall* be my friend," was Vivian's exclamation, "my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein!" said Vivian to her one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito: "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sand-hills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory; but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think, Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No." "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbor was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter whom I have spoken of had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought, that, if the parent was ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West India colony. Well, sir, to end this tedious story—"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and ear-

nest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir, the end was, that Morson advanced the money, that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and, finally his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man—(Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation)—the old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread. This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr. Vivian's property; perhaps the other (she spoke this with some acrimony) is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton? Did he urge his suit?"

"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is essentially the master. In the absence of Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master;—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"You!" exclaimed our hero; "are you the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour, my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime, had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, needs not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-confidence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed; but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm,) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and, turning to the merchant he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person;" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily; "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more, "I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This—gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means, by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal Vivian."

"Bah, man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and——"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rang a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton; "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic; "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek——"

"Ha!" said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are, take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves——"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom, if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtfully and humbly), he will win—for *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more, seize upon her men; and seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries; "he is here, he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look slaves, I AM Vivian, your master! Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant; and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant.—Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this!" inquired the merchant; you ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves (which from this moment is all your own), you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is——!" said Miss Halstein inquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein, gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other.—"Yet would I wager a grosschen, that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynstein flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

"After all—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "in *conferring* pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow men."

HAPPINESS.

THERE is nothing in nature more worthy of our attention than the art of happiness. In the common occurrences of life, it often depends upon the slightest incidents. Taking notice of the bad weather, an easterly wind, the approach of winter, or the most trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, will insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and give every member of it the blues. If, therefore, we would be happy ourselves, and are desirous of communicating happiness to all around us, these disagreeable incidents, in conversation, ought always to be avoided. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, frequently carries with it a turn of social and happy conversation. Good manners and a regard for the happiness of others, always require of us this caution whenever we are in company. The clown may re-pine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunderstorm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower. Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by this practice, every person may arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never failing fruit is happiness.

THE STORM AT SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

LONG weeks had passed since land was seen to smile;
Again they swept the world's ideal line;
And slowly neared Cyngola's* lovely isle.
As land arose, the sails appeared to pine
For freshening gales; the broad sun's glaring shine
Sate on the stirless deep. Becalmed they lay,
While heavily the thunder-clouds gave sign
That God rode on in storm's most dread array,
And o'er the shuddering world would scatter wild
dismay.

Hark! hark! those bursting peals the clouds have
shaken:

See how devouringly they sweep the sky;
Now nearer roll, while big lone drops awaken
The awful quiet of the seas—on high
The sun one moment gleams in agony,
Then like the dolphin yielding up its life,
With every rainbow colour seems to die.
Big rain, with thunder's roar and lightning's strife,
Rouses the slumbering deep—with dancing tumult
rife.

And now a pause—a sullen dreary pause,
The raging waters for a moment's space
Are still: but nearer, and more frowning draws
The work of ruin; and upon the face
Of the hushed deep, is seen the distant trace
Of rushing windst—they come—great God, that
clash!

Again the tempest howls—the lightnings chase
The foam-wreaths o'er the sea—flash follows flash,
Till all is lost in one dread agonising crash.

'Tis past! and oh! the change, how heavenly fair!
The sun no longer on the waves is seen
To glare with fury, and the loaded air
Hath given place to all that's fresh and green;
Winds the most gentle from that isle serene,
O'er the lulled bosom of the rippling deep,
Come, fresh with earthy scents; and far between
The spicy groves, whose dewy branches weep,
Calmly the sunset smiles—like a young child asleep.

Now, on the deck where, but a short hour since
The rush of waves a habitation found,
The crew again their busy life commence;
The flooded planks are dried—the hatch unbound,
The canvass swells, and shrilly pipes resound.
Hark! to the boatswain's call, "all sail to make,"
And music's cheer as trampling feet go round,
The rustling rope flies swift as hands forsake,
And smooth beneath the prow the crystal waters
break.

Moored by the shore they lie. Ah! not for long
Amid those groves their lingering feet may stray:
Ere half the wonders may be seen, which throng
Cyngola's isle, the signal ropes convey
The fluttering blue,† which will not brook delay;
The vessel lifts and spreads each snowy sail
Seemingly conscious that she must obey,
Swells her full bosom in the freshening gale,
And distant shouts from shore, return the seaman's
hail!

* *Cyngola*; the Indian name for Ceylon.

† The sight of the wind thus *walking the waters*, and, as it were, rousing them to destroy, is one of the most sublime and terrific objects in nature.

‡ The flag called "The Blue Peter," which is the signal for the ship's departure from her station.

STANZAS.

'Tis for thee, my love, I raise the cup, for a parting
health to thee,
And my sweet babe, thy image fair, who are so dear
to me;

To this loved home, wherein my heart in fancy oft
did dwell,
Ye cherish'd three, to all and each, a tender fare-ye-
well!

And yet, my Mary, first to thee my fondest thoughts
are giv'n,

Nor can fate more than part us thus, whose hearts are
one in heav'n;

But God will cheer and comfort thee, when I am far
from hence,

He knows thy gentle nature well—our child's pure
innocence!

Oh! thou art fair as Beauty's self, thou hast its beam-
ing eye,

Its chasten'd flush upon thy cheek, to shame the rose's
dye;

Its parting lips, its polish'd brow, with cluster'd ring-
lets fair,

Its jimpy waist, its angel form, its meek retiring air.

But these are graces which by mind's pure worth are
far surpass'd;

I met thee as an angel first, as such we'll part at last;
Each faultless feature, Love, was thine, but all I felt
was giv'n,

In these were traces of the earth, which kept thee
back from heav'n.

Farewell once more! I dare not think, and only know
that I

Must court this worthless world's false smile beneath
another sky;

But though my steps be chain'd, my love, my fancy
will be free,

And oft will visit in its dreams this home, my child,
and thee.

My Mary, couldst thou see this heart, thou'd'st find
engraven there,

An image of thy gentle self; a fond, fond husband's
prayer:

The world is harsh, and thou art kind—is rude, and
thou alone,

And thou, I fear, must weep, my love, must weep
when I am gone!

But heaven will guard thee; and this pledge, our
young and beautiful boy,

Will serve to lead his mother's heart by tender hopes
to joy;

And a time is coming yet, when I will strain thee to
my heart—

An hour when we will meet again, and never more
to part!

Yes, Mary, ev'n through my tears, methinks afar I
see

A quiet spot 'midst our native hills, a cottage on a lea:
The broiling of a stream is heard, the noise of hum-
ming bees,

The laugh of happy voices, from a clump of neigh-
bouring trees!

A halo hovers o'er that spot—there's peace around,
above;

Contentment there is join'd in joy to ever faithful love;
There all they sought is found at length, and all they
hoped is giv'n,

They live for mutual bliss alone, and only wait for
heav'n!

APPEARANCES;

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music-book, and entwining of voices, and melting away in harmonies! The German waltz is nothing to it.—Washington Irving.

"So it appears we are to be fellow-travellers," observed a tall, well-built gentleman to a little dapper personage in a snuff-coloured coat, drab small-clothes, and ditto gaiters; as they stood side by side under the eaves of the Fox and Crown Inn, to shelter themselves as well as might be from a heavy shower of rain, whilst some luggage was being packed on the roof of the Whitehaven coach, which had stopped to take up passengers on its way through Leicester to London.

"All appearance, sir; never trust to appearances," returned the little dapper man, smartly; "I'm about to travel, it is true, but not in this coach."

"Indeed!" remarked the first speaker, taking a cigar from between his lips. "I thought this was the only coach that would pass to-night."

"It is, and it is not," said the person addressed, with a smile. "No more will pass from, but two or three will to Whitehaven; therefore I argue that as you are journeying to Leicester—"

"I am not journeying to Leicester," interrupted the tall stranger.

"You are bound for Melton Mowbray, mayhap?"

"Precisely so."

"Then that confutes my argument," said the little man, giving to the word *my* its due pronunciation and emphasis, as if it implied a person of some consequence. "Now I myself am going to Whitehaven so soon as I have seen my daughter into the coach, which will carry her to the same place you intend stopping at."

"Your daughter! Is she old enough to travel alone?" asked the stranger, with some surprise, as he glanced at his new acquaintance, who did not seem more than thirty years of age.

"Alone!" cried the dapper man, closing his mouth, shaking his shoulders, and laughing inwardly till his cheeks swelled: "she's eighteen years old, man."

"Oh! a daughter-in-law, then, I should surmise?"

"Yes," resumed the little man, whose tongue, as if by its own volition, ran on for some minutes without cessation in a brief and rapid history of its owner. "I married her mother, sir, five years back, (though she's dead, poor soul! now,) who was widow to Dick Wentworths, a gentleman farmer of these parts, (mayhap you have heard of him: he was related to the Wentworths, of Parlut, in Lincolnshire.) I was his attorney, and managed to ogle the widow while reading his will: she, however, appeared to take no notice, but I, Jeremy Lunnun, never trust to appearances; so I persevered, and prospered at last. I buried her two years ago, and am now in full cry after Miss Wilkins, of Whitehaven. Determined to try to the last. Obligated, though, to leave to-night in order to send Elizabeth, my daughter-in-law, to meet her cousin, Genevieve Byfield, who unexpectedly returns with her mother from the Continent to-morrow morning. Great expectations there! Must show them every respect. Be there, myself, to-morrow."

"Indeed!" said the tall stranger, slightly yawning; "but I perceive the coach is ready for starting—I deem myself fortunate in having secured an inside place this wet night," (he added, as he emerged from his place of shelter.) "The rain pattering on the roof will lull me into a comfortable nap."

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth, my love!" cried Lunnun to

a young lady, who speedily made her appearance from the inn, closely muffled up in a travelling cloak.

The stranger, who had already placed his foot upon the steps to the coach, drew back, and made way with a natural grace and courtesy for the young lady to precede him.

"I thank you, sir," said Miss Wentworth, timidly, and shrinking as the rain fell in torrents upon her slender form, "but I am to travel on the roof?"

"Good God, madam, it is impossible! you would be drowned were you to go outside!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Needs must, for she has no choice, sir," said Lunnun. "You are aware that places can't be booked here—there being no dependence on the number of passengers which the coach may contain. 'Tis a pity to be sure; yet she *must* go to meet her cousin."

"Then I must beg the lady to change places with me," said the stranger, in a firm but gentle tone.

"But you will, in that case, expose yourself to the very inconvenience from which you would so kindly shield me," returned Miss Wentworth, venturing a bright glance from beneath her hood at the light frock coat which the stranger wore, and which seemed but an inefficient screen from the wet.

"I am an old traveller, madam, and shall not heed it," replied the stranger, respectfully taking her hand, and gently forcing her into the vehicle.

All this passed in a much shorter time than has been occupied in narrating it, amid the "Now, sir, if you please," of the guard, and the reiterations of "Whoa! gently! steady there!" of the coachman.

"Sir, I am your most obedient and obliged servant for this," cried Lunnun.

"Pshaw! it is not worth a thank," said the stranger, mounting the coach.

A delay of another minute took place, owing to the guard having left a parcel in the house, during which Lunnun stepped upon the wheel, and asked the gentleman, in an under tone, if he knew any thing of the Trelawney family, formerly of Melton Mowbray.

"I am a Trelawney, myself," was the reply.

"I thought so, from your features," said Lunnun, in a musing tone; and, after a moment's pause, added, "it's a celebrated name in English history, and flourished before the conquest; though it was then pronounced Treleon, and—"

Here he was cut short by the motion of the wheel beneath his foot as the coach started forwards, which caused him to skip from his perch, and after cutting a very magnificent caper in the air, he alighted amidst an adjacent puddle, to the discomfit of his own person, and the terror of half a score ducks therein dabbling, who, no doubt, looked upon this miraculous addition to the shower as an inauspicious omen.

The fellow-travellers of Miss Wentworth were two gentlemen and an elderly lady. The former maintained a truly English taciturnity, an example which the latter did not seem inclined to imitate; but finding that Elizabeth replied not to the observation which she made concerning her being on a visit to a relation afflicted with a *paralytic* stroke, she muttered something about the *caprice* of some folks, and resigned herself to the care-soothing arms of Morpheus! At about two o'clock the coach stopped before a large

gateway by the road-side, where Miss Wentworth alighted, and rung a bell which was suspended above it. At the same time Trelawney left the coach, as it appeared he, too, had reached his destination. Thus were our travellers placed in a similar situation to the lady and Yorick at the Remise door—accident having thrown them together. There was a moment's pause, when Miss Wentworth, thinking it a duty incumbent on her to return thanks for the courtesy which Trelawney had shown her, ventured to hope that he would experience no serious consequences from his exposure to the inclement weather.

"None whatever, rely upon it," replied the gentleman; "but I fear, madam," he added, as she was again about to ring, "that your servants will be unable to hear the sound of the bell, as it is carried in an opposite direction by the howling wind."

Had Trelawney been able, through the surrounding darkness, to observe Elizabeth's cheek, he would have seen it suffused with blushes, as she informed him that she could admit herself through a small wicket by the side of the gate—a convenience which she certainly might have availed herself of in the first instance. He immediately proffered his assistance in supporting her across the lawn which fronted the house, and to hold her umbrella, as a screen alike from wind and rain. Elizabeth possessed a heart that knew no guile itself, nor suspected it in others, and at once passed her arm through Trelawney's.

Will Miss Wentworth acquit me of rudeness," observed the latter, as they picked their way along the saturated path, "if I remark that it is singular her father should entrust so young a lady to journey alone, in a stage coach on such a night as this?"

"It was a case of necessity, sir," replied the gentle tones of Elizabeth; "I have been on a visit for some days past at a friend's near Whitehaven, as my father-in-law is unwilling to leave me at home when he is abroad, lest—lest—"—here the young lady coughed, and added—"but being informed by an express that some relations would be at Lawn House early this morning, it became necessary to send me by the first conveyance, to be in readiness to meet them—which he could not do himself from pressure of business at Whitehaven."

They had now reached the house, the door of which was speedily opened by a maid servant, and Elizabeth found herself placed in a new dilemma, for, as she turned to reiterate her thanks to Trelawney, she perceived the wet streaming from his apparel, yet maiden delicacy would not permit her to ask him in. He, however, instantly relieved her by uttering, emphatically "Farewell!" and, departing with hasty step, soon became lost in the darkness.

It was about twelve o'clock at noon when the expected visitors arrived in a postchaise at Lawn House. Elizabeth flew to welcome them, and the greetings on each side were affectionate and sincere, particularly between the young ladies, who, having been brought up together, entertained a sisterly regard for each other, although a wide dissimilarity existed between their dispositions and appearance. Elizabeth was fair as the lily, slender in form, mild in deportment, with long flaxen hair, which luxuriated in natural curls about her brow and neck; and all her features were so perfectly formed, so faultlessly beautiful, that the face might have wanted expression, had it not been for the vivacious blue eyes which sparkled bewitchingly there, and imparted to the whole an animation and cheerfulness which evidently sprung direct from the heart, where mirth, innocent and joyous, dwelt without alloy. Miss Byfield was taller than her cousin, (though a year younger,) and although equally sylph-like in form, possessed a certain degree of elegance and dignity that added to its beauty, while it would have deteriorated from the easy and graceful

charm which Elizabeth's boasted. Her complexion was dark, and her features prominent and speaking; her hair like the raven's wing in colour, and like the turtle's down in silkiness; this she wore in large fashionable French curls, that tastefully shaded her pure and polished brow. She had received the last finish to her education at a convent in France, and the doctrines there taught had been productive of a serious and reflective turn of mind, which was tempered by calm and contented feelings, and a something of natural gaiety inherent in her composition. Her reasoning powers were strong, and, as her opinions were never given without mature deliberation—not often exercised by girls of her age—they consequently carried with them a depth of understanding, and a correctness of judgment, which commanded the admiration of all who knew her.

Genevieve Byfield had lost her father some years before the time we are treating of, who directed, by will, that should his widow again marry, she should immediately place her daughter under the guardianship of Mr. Jeremy Lunnun, a person who contrived, in spite of his eccentricities, to ingratiate himself with most who had dealings with him. Mrs. Byfield had now left the Continent to obey this injunction, being about to bestow her hand upon a French Marquis, who had won her heart—and her purse. The girls, therefore, looked forward with an almost infantine delight to the hours they were to pass together, and before half the day had worn to a close, had formed plans which would have taken weeks to execute, and talked over, almost in a minute, those little delightful adventures of childhood which had occupied years of their early spring.

The remainder of the day, as also the one following, continued gloomy and showery; the fair cousins were, consequently, constrained to remain beneath their own roof; but the morning of the day after burst upon them like an illuminated scene at the termination of a dark walk. All was bright and exhilarating. The sun shone with Italian brilliancy, and awoke into beauty and life the still wet face of Nature, which seemed to smile upon the god who thus chased away her tears. Such a scene formed a powerful inducement to tempt the young ladies abroad, and with youthful eagerness they prepared to prosecute their walk across the country. Lawn House was situated on the road-side, about midway between Melton Mowbray and "Leicester town," and it was towards the former place that they bent their footsteps.

"Really," exclaimed Elizabeth, as she proceeded arm-in-arm with Genevieve, "were I inclined to indulge in similes, I might compare the present scene to many fashionable ladies, who will one day be dull and unlovely in their appearance, and the next come blazing forth in all those charms of beauty and ornament which enable them to please and to captivate."

"Or rather, my dear Eliza," said Miss Byfield, "I liken it to the influence of education upon the vulgar mind; making that, which was before dark and unseemly, not only refined but charming. However, in either case the metaphor is far-fetched."

"Be that as it may," cried Miss Wentworth, laughing, "your's is by no means tenable; for the human mind, in either exalted or humble life, is equally delightful to the contemplative eye, and possesses the same essence in each sphere—the one boasting the charm of refinement, and the other the still more delightful one of simplicity."

"So say your romance writers, coz; but remember that the very simplicity which you so much admire is nothing more than a veil thrown over ignorance. It is education which teaches us to know ourselves and others; and, believe me, nothing recommends itself more than a cultivated understanding, which, however powerful it may originally be in its rude state, acquires

a greater, and a far more engaging force, when enriched with the arguments of learning and reflection. Does not the breeze which wafts hither the perfume of you briar affect the senses more pleasingly, than that which flew across the stagnant pool we passed a minute since? Yet both possess the same essence, as you term it, and were called into existence by the same convulsion in the air from which they commonly sprang."

"You are a casuist, Genevieve," observed Elizabeth, gaily; "I must borrow a leaf from Locke and Bayley ere I venture to argue with you."

"A fine morning, young women," interrupted a rough voice directly behind the ladies, who, drawing down their veils, quickened their pace in some alarm, not daring to look round. "Stop, not so fast!" exclaimed a man, starting forward, and obstructing the footpath. "Didn't you hear me speak? It's a fine morning, I say!"

"In Heaven's name, what would you?" cried Miss Wentworth, timidly, as she shrunk back, and glanced, with fearful eye, upon the man, who was clad like a sailor, and wore large, but evidently false, mustaches.

"Nothing particular," replied the fellow; "only being ignorant of the time, I wish to borrow your watch, madam."

"Do you intend to rob us?" cried Miss Byfield, with trepidation.

"Fie, madam! I said *borrow*," returned the man, insolently seizing her veil, and snatching it from her bonnet.

At this moment some one in an adjacent meadow cried, "Hold, ruffian!" with a voice that made its hearers start, and instantly afterwards bounded across the intervening hedge, and rapidly advanced to the trio; the robber waited not his approach, but took to his heels and fled at the top of his speed.

"I trust the scoundrel has not hurt you, ladies?" said the gentleman who had so fortunately arrived upon the scene, and in whom Elizabeth immediately recognized Mr. Trelawney.

"No more than the fright has occasioned," replied Elizabeth, blushing, she knew not why; "and I have again to express my obligations to one who seems so ready to aid the unprotected in every variety of distress."

"A sweet duty, which ever bears its own reward, Miss Wentworth," said Trelawney, in that grave, yet bland tone, which Elizabeth had noticed as so impressive; and as he raised his head after the graceful bow which accompanied his words, he fixed his dark, piercing eyes, with a steadfast and somewhat embarrassing gaze upon our heroine, as if surprised and pleased at the innocence and beauty which he saw depicted upon her countenance.

This action, though it lasted but a moment, gave the ladies an opportunity of observing the appearance of the stranger. He was tall, being nearly six feet high, and elegantly formed; a noble yet stern cast sat upon his features, the complexion of which was a clear olive; an eye "like Mars", born to threaten and command," was softened by long jet-black lashes, and surmounted by eyebrows that for slenderness and beauty of curve might have graced a woman's brow. His hair was of the darkest brown, and worn thinned and shortened at the temples. His dress was green, and cut in a military fashion. A foraging cap, and gold-mounted fowling-piece, will finish the description. Miss Wentworth was again about to speak, when a loud cry prevented her, accompanied with the exclamation of "This will never do—we must have no sharers in the exploit." The party turned round, and beheld two men, (one of whom was the recently discomfited robber,) armed with bludgeons, and advancing at a rapid rate. Trelawney flew to meet them, and, with a well-aimed blow, felled the foremost with the

butt-end of his gun. The other, on perceiving this, stopped short, turned upon his heel, and plunged into a neighbouring copse, followed by Trelawney, who was, in his turn, pursued by the man whom he had treated so unceremoniously a moment before.

Agitated and alarmed, the maidens shrunk close to each other; when a fresh cause of terror appeared. This was a swarthy, stout man on horseback, who, with loud shouts, galloped up; again, however, Trelawney "advanced to the rescue," and, seizing the bridle, suddenly dismounted this new comer; the horse loosed itself, with a violent plunge, from our hero's gripe, and, with a contemptuous snort, cantered off, dragging his master, whose foot was entangled in the stirrup, after him.

"There, my fine fellow, how like you that?" cried Trelawney, laughing. "Egad, if ever I did a thing more neatly in my life!"

Here his eye met the fair pedestrians, and, instantly relapsing into somewhat of his former gravity, he stepped up and apologized for his ill-timed mirth, he not being aware, he said, of their immediate vicinity at the time.

"Pray, sir, offer no excuses," said Miss Byfield, "but rather allow us to congratulate you on your success against such formidable odds."

"Odds! odds life, I was even with the rascal at all events," said Trelawney.

Elizabeth felt surprised at this light strain from one whom she had imagined to be of a rather gloomy disposition than otherwise, and hesitated a little as she renewed her thanks for his timely assistance.

"Really, madam, I must run away if you overwhelm me thus," he exclaimed; "and see, here you stand shaking with fear, and I ungallant enough not to offer you my arm; pray, ladies, use no ceremony, but allow me to conduct you home."

With the ready confidence of innocence, Miss Wentworth at once passed her arm through his, but Genevieve, with rather a distrustful look, endeavoured to decline, saying, in a hesitating tone, that they had not far to go.

"Oh! this gentleman is no stranger to the distance, coz," said Elizabeth, "for he has once before done me the honour of conducting me in safety to Lawn House."

At this speech Trelawney started back with a sudden movement, and, withdrawing his arm, gazed in evident astonishment at Elizabeth, whilst a laugh seemed trembling upon his lip as if anxious to escape: he, however, instantly resumed his former situation, and extending his other arm towards Genevieve, said, with all that suavity which before had pervaded his tone and manner, "You hear what your fair friend says, madam; pray, then, be not so cruel as to refuse my assistance, for it is not impossible but that the dogs may again attack you." This was enough for Miss Byfield, and without further ceremony she took the proffered arm.

During the walk Trelawney launched into a gay and animated conversation, very different from the style he had previously assumed. It consisted of pointed yet playful animadversions upon society and its characteristics, interspersed with anecdotes in support and elucidation of his opinions. Some of these were interesting and melancholy; others light and humorous; and as he capriciously wandered "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," the hearts of his fair auditors insensibly followed, as though spell-bound to the words. Miss Byfield, in particular, was attracted by his polished language; but, with that prudence which formed a distinguishing feature in her character, she noted every syllable he uttered with the cautious care of one who examines a coin which he suspects to be a counterfeit; but no—the metal of Trelawney's sentiments, as he dilated upon his subject,

sounded and sparkled in token of its being sterling gold! The refined and elegant girl was, therefore, satisfied that it was to an equal, if not a superior, to whom she listened; and suddenly, though insensibly, her warm heart made a transit from her own bosom into his. The walk home appeared to be much shortened by Trelawney's entertaining conversation, and when the ladies had arrived at the door of Lawn House, they secretly wished the distance had been double.

"By my life," said our hero, taking a hand of each as he prepared to depart, "I wish that robbers were more numerous."

"And wherefore, may I ask?" said Genevieve.

"Because, madam, in that case you might daily stand a chance of being molested, and I, by each time coming to your rescue, would be fortunate enough to have a diurnal repetition of the last half hour's happiness."

Poor Miss Byfield was completely at a loss for a reply to this flattering remark, and stood blushing and stammering, when, to relieve her confusion, Mr. Lunnun, mounted upon a little grey mare, galloped up to the door.

"Ah, girls!" he exclaimed, as he dismounted, "glad to see you. What! and Mr. Trelawney, too?"

"Yes, sir; he has just rendered us a most essential service by affording us his safe protection against the assault of robbers," was Elizabeth's rejoinder.

"Eh! robbers in broad daylight? Pooh! all appearance, my love: never trust to appearances."

"I'faith, sir," said Trelawney, rather eagerly, "I saw them myself; and could show you a bruise or two to make good my words."

"Then that confutes my argument," said Lunnun.

"However, pray walk in; our conference the other evening was broken upon rather suddenly, (confound all ducks and poodles say I,) and I wish to have some chat with you."

Trelawney bowed, and at once followed; but there sat an expression of perplexity upon his features which, had it been observed, would have created surprise. On entering the house, Lunnun bustled about with an air of importance, and made fifty inquiries in a breath without awaiting a reply to any. At length he settled himself in his easy chair, and ordered a luncheon to be prepared, declaring at the same time, that he cared not what they gave him, "as he had a most adventurous appetite!" Accordingly the tray was brought with a cold fowl, and a variety of grateful *et ceteras*. Of this Trelawney was invited to partake, but he declined, and so Mr. Lunnun, *sans ceremonie*, seated himself solus. Meantime our hero zealously exerted himself to detain the ladies in the apartment, and recommenced the conversation which had been suspended at the termination of their walk. Lunnun, notwithstanding the important task in which he was engaged, occasionally threw in a remark, or asked a question, by which he greatly contributed to lengthen Trelawney's stay. "You have travelled, I perceive," he observed, during a short pause.

"Not much," returned Trelawney; "my rambles have been chiefly confined to the Archipelago."

"I don't much wonder at your not going further then. The famous beauties of Greece are enough to cure any man of truantism."

"I'faith, I cannot agree with you there, sir. The men are certainly models of masculine grace and beauty. But as for the women," continued Trelawney, turning to Miss Byfield, "give me an English fair, in preference to Helen of Troy herself."

"Spoken like a man of gallantry," said Lunnun, with a comical expression of the eye. "But a truce with compliments; I have a more serious subject at heart. May I ask from what branch of the Trelawneys you are descended?"

Trelawney paused, and seemed staggered by the question which was so unexpectedly put: he, however, after a moment's hesitation, replied—"I am descended from the late Sir Rowland Trelawney."

At these words Lunnun dropped his knife and fork as if they had been red hot, and thrusting back his chair, half raised himself upon his elbows, and stared with all his might and main. "Son to Sir Rowland?" he at length exclaimed. "Pooh! Sir Rowland's son was shot at one of the Ionian islands, during the struggle of the Greeks with Turkey!"

"However that may be, he now stands before you!" rejoined Trelawney.

"This may be all appearance, and I never trust to appearances; but if you can bring proofs in support of your allegation, (to use a newspaper phrase,) you may hear of something to your advantage."

"We are in the presence of ladies, sir," said Trelawney, warmly, "otherwise I might call you to account for thus doubting the word of a Trelawney. Besides, I would ask what benefit I can possibly derive by producing the required evidence, when I well know that my father's entire property has devolved, by will, upon his nephew, Mr. Atherstone?"

"All ap— But no matter," said Lunnun, checking himself. "Please to walk with me into the library, and I will converse with you."

Trelawney obeyed, and, on seating himself in the sanctum of his trim and dapper host, learned with surprise, that Lunnun was his late father's solicitor and agent, and the very person whom he had been in search of since his arrival in England.

"And may I ask why you left England? Your explicit reply is all I require to establish your identity," said Lunnun.

Trelawney, in answer, related that in consequence of a few boyish irregularities, heightened by the calumnies and misrepresentations of his cousin, Mr. Atherstone, Sir Rowland Trelawney, in a moment of passion, banished him from home. "Since then," he continued, "I have wandered from place to place like an unquiet spirit. I have taken up arms for the Greeks, shed my blood in the sacred cause of liberty; still I have felt a loneliness at my heart. My eyes were turned towards England; I wrote letter after letter, petition after petition, to be recalled, without receiving a single reply until my return to Athens, when I found a letter, which, I now recollect, bore your signature, informing me of the death of my father. I immediately returned to this country, but judge of my surprise when I learnt of Mr. Atherstone's accession to my fair estates. Yet, if I deem aright, foul play has been used."

"Mayhap you suspect me? No matter. I'll shortly bring incontestible proofs that I am incapable of such flagitious conduct. In the interim, rest assured that Mr. Atherstone is by no means your friend, for he was perpetually earwigging poor Sir Rowland. Don't bite your lips now. I will supply you with means of revenge, as I am entirely satisfied with regard to your identity. Indeed I little doubted it at first, but I thought it best to put off any disclosure of my plans until I had carefully considered them."

Much conversation now ensued. Trelawney wished to be let into the secret of Lunnun's plan, but the latter, assuming a mysterious tone and manner, requesting him to wait till the following day. Trelawney mused for a short time, and then smiling, as if some pleasing idea had crossed him, exclaimed, "I will await your pleasure; so until to-morrow, farewell."

On the succeeding day our hero was early at Lawn House, according to appointment, and on being shown into the parlour he greeted the fair cousins, but in a manner altogether at variance with the gaiety which had sat upon him at their last interview. He was

grave, but mild and engaging; and the inquiries which he made concerning Elizabeth's health were so tender and earnest, that the anxious feelings of the heart might plainly be detected as accompanying them. To Genevieve he was polite, but reserved, and whenever a symptom of his former volubility appeared, it was only in reply to some observation made by Miss Wentworth.

"You perceive we have kept ourselves close prisoners to-day," said the sweet tones of Elizabeth, after adverting to the recent occurrences.

"Perhaps you acted wisely; yet, as I passed the meadow, I almost expected to have seen your light form crossing it."

"You have marked the spot, then," said Mrs. Byfield, who was present, and to whom Trelawney had been introduced.

"Aye, madam," said Trelawney, without noticing the arch look with which her words were spoken, "Nature painted the landscape on my heart, and I shall bear it with me to the grave." His eye rested upon Elizabeth as he spoke, and he appeared to identify the innocent girl with the goddess whom he had named. But she observed it not, and only replied by saying, that she should never again pass the place without trepidation. After some further conversation, Trelawney inquired if Mr. Lunnun was aware that he was in the house, when to his dismay, Mrs. Byfield informed him that her brother had departed from home early in the morning, and would not return before the next day. The following day arrived, and with it our hero—but not Lunnun. Letters were received by Mrs. Byfield, bidding her expect him daily, but a fortnight passed away, and still was he absent. Trelawney grew suspicious at this delay, yet he was far from displeased at it, as, under colour of making inquiries respecting the attorney, he daily visited the place, and generally spent some hours in the ladies' society, which he was permitted to do with security, as Mrs. Byfield was mostly present to guard the Hesperian fruit. Gradually these visits were extended until the shades of evening closed upon the day, and then would the maidens, at his request, blend the melody of their dulcet voices to that of the piano, or harp: sometimes, too, he would join his rich mellow tones to their sweet and thrilling notes, and a passer-by might have fancied that the sounds he heard were the united out-pourings of a flute and bugle. Never, perhaps, were hours whiled away more happily, or by three more happy beings. Miss Wentworth was the Euphrosyne of the party, and Genevieve the Minerva, whilst Trelawney alternately reflected the qualities of each—now light and playful, at another time grave and philosophical. He seemed the child of waywardness, and his heart, like a mirror, appeared capable of receiving the image of whichever of the cousins chanced to be nearest him. At one time would the unaffected innocence of Elizabeth enchant his every sense; then was he serious, yet affable—dignified, yet courteous. At another time Genevieve engrossed all his faculties. Then would his lively sallies, his fund of anecdote, his inexhaustible store of remark, arouse to the utmost the interest of his hearers, and so rivet their attention that hours flew as unheeded by as moments to a lover at his betrothed one's feet. It has been remarked that a light heart loves beat the gravity which tempers its mirth: whilst the less cheerfully-toned mind delights in that quietude which tends to disperse her gloom. The youthful cousins established this fact, as it is observable that Miss Byfield affected Trelawney most when he appeared in smiles, and Miss Wentworth when he was otherwise. However—to reveal what is no doubt already guessed—in all times and moods he was beloved by both.

The existence of this passion was nevertheless unsuspected by the beings who felt its sway—but their

every action betrayed it to him who had inspired it, and he seemed as anxious to cultivate the affections of each, as would a florist to mature the beauties of a tulip and a rose. Yet was no jealous feeling aroused, for our heroines seemed to consider Trelawney in his different humours as different beings, and scarcely suffered a thought of his fickleness to disturb them.

One day, when he was in his liveliest mood—by turns chatting with the laughing Elizabeth, or listening to the silver tones of her grave cousin—Mrs. Byfield asked him if he intended to patronize the ball which was shortly to be held at Melton Mowbray.

"I really cannot tell, madam; for, to confess the truth, I was ignorant that any such important event was about to occur," replied Trelawney.

"Indeed!" returned the lady; "then, to dispel your ignorance, I must inform you that a school for orphan girls is projected, and this ball is adopted as a first step towards raising funds."

"Then I will be there—in charity's cause I am an enthusiast; and I hope ladies," added Trelawney, "that you are retained in the same suit."

"We certainly are," replied Miss Byfield.

"Then I will be intrusive enough to request that I may act as your chaperon," returned our gallant hero. The ladies accepted his services without hesitation, and on the appointed evening the party set off in high spirits to the scene of amusement. Nothing connected with our narrative occurred until late in the evening, when, as Trelawney was leading his fair charges to a seat, a young man, fashionably attired, stepped forward, and, abruptly seizing Miss Wentworth's hand begged that she would be his partner in the next dance, adding, that he had long sought an opportunity of again beholding her, and was resolved not to miss the one now afforded. As he spoke, Trelawney fixed his dark eye full of fire upon him, and, after suffering him to conclude, said in a low tone, "You had better depart from hence, sir; you are known."

"Known, sir!" echoed the intruder, "I know that—none better in the county—I should like to know you, sir!" The loud and boastful tone in which this was spoken, attracted a portion of the company to the spot, who eagerly demanded what was the matter.

"Quite sufficient to excite the indignation of all present—a common robber has been admitted into this assembly!" exclaimed Trelawney.

"Who is he? where is he?" resounded immediately through the room.

"Here!" cried Trelawney, grasping the stranger powerfully by the collar.

"Good Heaven! you are surely under some strange mistake. That is Mr. Athorstone, your relative," exclaimed Elizabeth, in an alarmed tone.

"It is impossible—this is the man whom I threw from his horse not a month since, when he was about to commit a highway robbery," cried Trelawney, still retaining his hold. The person, however, by a vigorous effort, succeeded in releasing himself, whilst several of the party assured Trelawney that Miss Wentworth was right. "Then Mr. Athorstone, if it be he, is a scoundrel!" interrupted our hero, unable to master his passion, on discovering that its object was he whom of all men he most hated. Words ran high, and eventually the incensed pair quitted the room, followed by most of the gentlemen. All was now confusion and alarm—the ladies crowded together in anxious suspense—questions were asked without a reply—until, in the midst of every thing, the report of pistols was heard, and word shortly afterwards brought that Athorstone had fallen severely wounded, and that Mr. Trelawney was taken prisoner. Never was scene of pleasure more abruptly terminated. Some of the ladies fainted, others wept, and many joined in exclaiming against Trelawney's hasty conduct. In the meantime, Mrs. Byfield, with her niece and daughter, contrived

to escape, and returned home with feelings of mingled astonishment, distress, and perplexity.

On the following morning the young ladies rose, as if by mutual consent, at an early hour. The heart of each beat in anxiety to learn Trelawney's fate, and, after a short desultory conversation, they with one accord walked into the meadows, although they had not done so since their rencontre with the robbers. The morning was serene, the holy stillness of Nature was uninterrupted, save by the warbled hymn of the lark, as he shot upwards to sun himself in the orb of day. A soft melancholy sat upon the hearts of the cousins, and even the sportive Elizabeth sighed as she broke silence, by saying that she thought the goddess of Nature had put on mourning from the gloom which prevailed.

"Ah! Elizabeth," said Genevieve, "that expression tells the state of your own bosom, through the feelings of which you scan the landscape, and not with the naked eye. Too often do we look upon Nature, and cry, 'This is fine,' or, 'That is unsightly,' without reflecting that the beauties or defects most frequently exist in the medium through which we view them. Were a traveller to entertain me with a description of the countries he had traversed, I should endeavour to learn the state of his mind at the time he witnessed them, ere I gave implicit-credence to the picture he drew."

"I believe you to be correct," returned Elizabeth; "for till now I always considered the landscape before us as beautiful——" here the rustling of a footstep amid the unmown grass caused her to raise her eyes, when she beheld—Trelawney. Both ladies started with surprise. "Good heaven! are you at liberty?" was the simultaneous exclamation.

"To attend you to the Poles, if necessary," answered Trelawney.

"Indeed, indeed I am happy to hear you say so," ejaculated Elizabeth, with artless energy, her light and fragile form bent in an attitude of thankfulness, and her blue eyes, in each of which trembled a single diamond, upturned to heaven. Trelawney looked with delighted gaze upon the girlish enthusiast, and tremblingly taking her hand, he said in his richest tones, "That a seraph like yourself should thus express such anxiety for so worthless a being, thrills my poor lone heart with ecstasy.—But what is the occasion which at present calls it forth, I must own myself wanting in penetration to discover."

Miss Wentworth looked surprised, and after a moment's hesitation, reminded him of the circumstances of the preceding evening. Astonishment was now in turn depicted on Trelawney's face, but suddenly chasing it, he hurriedly said that the magistrates awaited his attendance, and without further apology left the ladies to resume their walk alone, and puzzle themselves with the mystery of his conduct.

Mr. Atherstone's wound was not, as at first supposed, in any way dangerous; he was therefore enabled to attend in person to give his evidence. From his statement it appeared that some officious friend had furnished the pistols with which the parties fought, and the most strenuous endeavours of the gentlemen who were present were insufficient to bring about a reconciliation.

"So far you are correct," cried Trelawney, "but remember that you, like a coward as you are, fired before my weapon was even cocked."

"In the event of that being proved," said the magistrate, "I can see no reason for your further detention."

"But I insist upon it," shouted Atherstone, with fury; "he assaulted me in the public assembly, and I demand justice for that."

"Calm your passion, sir, and it shall be awarded you," replied the magistrate; then turning to our hero, he inquired his name.

"James Trelawney," was the reply.

"What! my cousin of old!" cried Atherstone in a tone of exultation and acrimony, "this joys me.—Now shall I triumph over the sneers you bestowed upon me during boyhood—but *that* I have done already by inheriting the gold which you coveted, and to render my revenge still more complete, a portion of that very property shall be expended in prosecuting you to the last, for yesternight's assault."

"It's all appearance, your worship, never trust to appearances," exclaimed a little personage bustling through the crowd, and who proved to be our old friend Lunnun.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the magistrate.

"Why, that I intend to confute his arguments: and to begin with the assault—he is the assailant. You needn't frown, Mr. Atherstone; I am an attorney, and don't care a button for black looks. I can bring his own dependents to prove that some weeks ago he had recourse to the mean, hackneyed, worn-out device of bribing them to terrify my daughter under the appearance of robbers, that he might come up and pretend to save her; and had it not been for Mr. Trelawney's bravery the plot would have succeeded."

"But what end was to be answered by this trick?" inquired the justice.

"Miss Wentworth's love. He has for a long time pestered her with his addresses, inasmuch that whenever I left town I have been obliged to take her with me to avoid him, as she absolutely hates him, and declined from the first to listen to his importunities."

"Well, fellow," interrupted Atherstone, with ill-disguised wrath, "this is all foreign to the matter, and what the deuce has it to do with my property?"

Lunnun, upon this, shrugged his shoulders till they shook with laughter. At length, when his mirth had subsided, he exclaimed, "I'll soon confute that argument.—See," and he drew a paper from his breast pocket, "here is a will drawn by Sir Rowland five days posterior to the one in your possession, and the purport of it is that the whole of the Trelawney estate, real and personal, without the reservation of a single shilling, was to be inherited by his son and rightful heir, James Trelawney, and only in the event of the vague report of his death (and that too without issue) being indubitably and satisfactorily proved to be correct, was the property to be enjoyed by you. But this is not all, Mr. Atherstone. In the last and true will I am left sole executor, and you are trustee of the estate until Mr. James Trelawney shall appear. You will, therefore, have the pleasure, not only of yielding up the property to the rightful owner, but of refunding, out of your own private fortune, all such sums as you may have drawn from it during the few months you have been in possession. What do you think of that, eh? And to add to your chagrin," continued little Lunnun, rubbing his hands with glee, "learn, that insignificant as you are pleased to consider me, I was the sole cause of all this—it was through my representations that old Sir Rowland was induced to make this grand alteration, and restore his wronged son to his inheritance by this last act of justice."

"This is a serious affair," said the magistrate, "and belongs to another tribunal. Yet I cannot refrain from asking you, Mr. Lunnun, why you have kept the matter so long a secret?"

"Because I hoped to make a profitable client of Mr. Atherstone, and as the property was in reality left to that person in the event of Mr. Trelawney's demise without heirs, I thought there was no harm in concealment until the appearance of the real Simon Pure. However, I have now made amends for all faults. I have brought the witnesses from Whitehaven, and am prepared to act upon the true document with all legal expedition."

The shock of Lunnun's unexpected expose threw Atherstone into a fit, and he was obliged to be immediately removed. Trelawney was of course dismissed, and, after bowing to the magistrate, he left the court, accompanied by the eccentric attorney who had proved so serviceable to him. It would be impertinent to tire our readers with a repetition of Trelawney's acknowledgments; suffice it to say, that, after expressing his gratitude, he implored Lunnun to lay him under a yet deeper obligation, by allowing him to address Miss Wentworth in the language of love. The lawyer, after declaring that his daughter-in-law was too highly honoured, yielded a willing consent, and Trelawney, with a throbbing heart, quickened his pace towards Lawn House. On arriving there, Lunnun inquired for the ladies, and finding that Elizabeth was alone in the parlour, he hinted to our hero that he was at liberty to visit her. Trelawney seemed agitated for a time, but collecting himself, he bowed, proceeded along the passage, and tapped at the door which bounded it. A soft voice gave permission for entrance—he went in—he took Miss Wentworth's hand—his eye beamed, and the hue on his cheek freshened—he spoke—each feature bore testimony to his words, and in an hour he was at Elizabeth's feet.—She had consented to be his.

Trust me, dear reader, I would gladly dwell upon the scene which ensued between the lovers—had there been one; but, unluckily, no scene occurred, as, not a quarter of an hour after his addresses had been accepted, Trelawney was seen to ascend a rising ground which lay at the back of the house, and from whence a pathway led to a beautiful hermitage which had been erected as a retreat from the warmth of a summer's day. The door of the grot was open, and discovered to view the elegant form of Miss Byfield reclining upon a rustic couch. She held a pencil in her hand, which she listlessly employed in tracing some letters upon a card. T, R, E, were already neatly executed when Trelawney approached, and she hid the writing in her bosom.

"Pardon this intrusion, madam," said he, drawing back, "I thought—I hoped——"

"Pray, sir, offer no apology," returned Miss Byfield, rising in some confusion, "rather exert your kindness to relieve my anxiety and suspense with respect to the magistrate's decision upon the unfortunate altercation of last evening, but——" Here she paused, with a blush upon her brow—she had gone too far, and suffered her eyes to reveal more than it was possible for her tongue to retract, and Trelawney, taking her hand, said, in his softest tone, "And does Miss Byfield—does the sweet Genevieve indeed take an interest in the fate of one so undeserving of it?—Ah madam! too, too happy should I be, could I for a moment believe such to be possible."

Genevieve's head drooped, and her cheek whitened;—but she uttered not a word, nor did she withdraw the hand which Trelawney had taken. Our hero gazed upon her seraph-like features with an expression of delight, and when he again spoke, the music rung in so captivating a strain, that the polish of his language itself was scarcely more attractive. His theme was love, and his words were so winning, so ardent, so wild and passionate, that ere the agitated girl had time for reflection, she suffered the sentence to escape her lips—"that she loved." Trelawney caught her to his heart, and after impressing one kiss upon her now crimsoned forehead, flew from the place, unable to sustain the delirium of joy which fired every fibre of his frame.

Genevieve was now alone. She had sealed her fate for ever; and reflection busily strayed through the labyrinths of futurity to make a note of all the obstacles which she might meet with, when herself pursued the same track. In the midst of her meditations

she was startled by the rapid, yet light approach of her fair cousin, who, flying to her side, exclaimed, in tones of rapture, "Joy, joy, Genevieve! all doubts and fears are now at an end!—Joy, joy!"

"How!" said Miss Byfield, in surprise, "have you already seen Mr. Trelawney?"

"How apt a guesser you are, coz!" returned Elizabeth, colouring; "but to confess the truth, I have—and he has made the sweetest confession!"

"Oh, the betrayer! he ought to have waited a *little* longer first," said Genevieve, crimsoning in her turn.

"Not when his promptitude afforded so much happiness. But now, my dear, dear cousin—sister I shall call you—do pray grant me one favour."

"To select you as my bridesmaid, I suppose," interrupted Genevieve, smiling.

"What an odd mistake!" cried the laughing, innocent Elizabeth. "Transpose the pronouns, and the version will be correct."

"Impossible! for when—when Mr. Trelawney makes me his—his bride——"

"You!"

"Me."

Need we say that the mystery was now unravelled, and all Trelawney's perfidy laid bare? The deceived ones stood for a time motionless; the dews of sadness dimmed the lustre of their eyes, but not a word—not a sound escaped their lips. The dreadful, torture-wrung resignation of despair, quelled all sounds of woe in Elizabeth; whilst the throbs of wounded pride and mortification kept the more dignified Genevieve silent. Suddenly their glances met, and rekindled life in their apparently inanimate forms. "Take him to yourself, he shall be yours, Genevieve," cried Elizabeth, with a wild burst of sorrow.

"No, no," exclaimed Miss Byfield, "he shall mourn over my grave first——" Their anguish could now allow no more, they threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept in all the bitterest agonies of grief.

"Heyday! is this all appearance, or are you really crying in earnest!" said Lunnun, who now entered upon the scene. It was long before he could gain a coherent reply; but when he did, and the circumstances which we have narrated were unfolded to him, his passion knew no bounds, and he would have inevitably lost his wits, had not the unexpected entrance of Trelawney afforded a vent for his rage. Lunnun greeted our hero with a torrent of invectives, until his breath was completely exhausted, when the object of his vituperation said, in a calm, placid tone, "In Heaven's name, sir, what has thus raised your cholera?"

"Zounds, sir, your conduct would put Patience herself in a passion!" exclaimed Lunnun. "Have you not decoyed and duped these poor trembling girls? But I stand forth the champion of injured innocence, and insist upon ample satisfaction."

"Which I am ready to afford to each of the ladies," said Trelawney, quietly.

"Impossible, sir," returned Lunnun; "I tell you it is impossible!" he added, with vehemence.

"It may appear so; and (to quote your own oft-repeated remark) you should never trust to appearances. I again say I will make peace with both."

"And I again affirm that it is beyond your power—unless, indeed, you split yourself in two."

"Thus then I confute your argument," said Trelawney; and stepping out of the grotto, he in a moment returned, leading by the hand as perfect a resemblance to himself as though a looking-glass was by, and reflected his own image. "Allow me, ladies," he said, with a bow, "to introduce my twin-brother to your notice."

Conceive, fair reader, if possible, the surprise of all present, and then accompany me to the end of my tale. Trelawney explained at full length the circumstances that had transpired; but, as brevity is the soul of wit,

I shall condense his narrative, and relate it in my own words.

James and Arthur Trelawney were the twin-sons of Sir Rowland Trelawney; and bore so close, so astonishing a likeness to each other, that their parents could not distinguish which was which (to employ a homely phrase) when asunder. The similitude, however, extended but little beyond the outward man, both were alike brave, courteous, and generous; but in the first-born these qualities were chastened by gravity of demeanour, and in Arthur they received an additional sparkle from his inherent good flow of spirits. The best of us go astray at times, and our heroes were not without their foibles. These were magnified to Sir Rowland by young Atherstone, who then formed a part of the family, amongst whom he was detested as a mean-spirited and cunning mischief-maker. The consequences of his misrepresentations have been already seen; the young men, at the age of seventeen, were exiled from home, and they shortly afterwards enlisted in the Greek wars. During their stay at Athens, Arthur was attacked by an epidemic, then raging, and in one stage of the disorder sunk into a state resembling death, which so alarmed James, that he immediately wrote word home that his brother was dead. Subsequently the complaint took a favourable turn, but the vessel containing the intelligence of that event was lost in its passage home, so that Sir Rowland remained in ignorance; and this accounts for his not naming Arthur in the will which Lunnun persuaded him to make. The baronet, on hearing of his son's supposed death, despatched a letter for the immediate return of James; but which letter was intercepted by Atherstone, who hearing that his cousin was wounded in a rencontre with the Turks, caused it to be reported that he was killed.

At length the brothers returned to England, and

James, (now Sir James Trelawney,) encountered Mr. Lunnun as narrated in the commencement of our history. It was the young baronet who first came to the rescue of our heroines, but it was Arthur who saw them home; and he thought it so rare a joke to be mistaken for his brother, that he persuaded James to assist him in carrying on, what he conceived, the harmless deception; and he offered a wager of fifty guineas that it was possible to be done without a discovery: the latter accepted the bet, and fortunate was it that the heart of each was not given to the same lovely girl; but no—James fixed upon Elizabeth, and his brother upon her cousin: hence the apparent fickleness which the girls had so often remarked.

After this the reader need not be told which of the two acted principal in the different scenes we have described. The brothers now approached their respective mistresses, and in their own characters requested them to ratify their former promises in the presence of Lunnun. The ladies gave their hands in silence, for their amazement would not allow them to speak, and Sir James Trelawney instantly announced his intention of dividing his unexpected fortune with his brother.

"Nobly done!" said Lunnun; "and now is one of my grand arguments confuted—no, *confirmed*—never trust to appearances! Miss Wilkins of Whitehaven, said she did not like me, but *that* was all appearance, for next week we are to be married. The baronet here thought I was playing him false; that, too, was an appearance, as I have recovered him an estate. Mr. Atherstone deemed himself possessed of a large fortune—all appearance—for it belongs to another! Lastly, these simple girls fancied they loved the same man, when lo! a counterpart steps forth, and says it is all appearance! In short, APPEARANCES are deceitful—never trust to them!"

Original.

BEAUTY AND FASHION.

SAID Beauty to Fashion, as they sat at the toilette,
 "If I give a charm you are certain to spoil it,
 And really, dear madam, you often resort
 To such very odd fancies my work to distort,
 I hope you won't think me ill-natur'd or vain,
 But I scarce know my own, when I see it again."
 Thus Beauty ran on—and thus Fashion replied—
 "Who does most for the sex, Miss, shall fairly be tried;
 For my claim to their gratitude can't be denied.
 Your nymphs, with their forms, their complexions, their
 features,
 What are they, without *me*, but poor awkward creatures?
 But for my assistance, I pray you to tell
 If you ever could make your most favoured a Bolle?
 Besides, Miss, in spite of the favours you boast,
 How scarce are your blessings, how scarce is a Toast!
 A complexion, a shape, you confer now and then,
 But to One that you give, you refuse it to Ten;
 Now I am impartial, and but for my aid,
 Both Venus and Cupid might throw up their trade,
 And even your Ladyship die an old maid."
 With a toss of disdain, and a look in the glass—
 "Ah! Fashion," said Beauty, "that vaunt may not
 pass.
 The most that your vot'ries can ever obtain
 Is the heartless regard of the Light and the Vain;
 They may sparkle, 'tis true, for a while in the King,
 But soon pass away—quite an unnotic'd thing,
 Like the fast-fading hue of the Butterfly's wing.
 The nymph that's indebted to you for her power,
 Will find it can only endure in the hour
 When Love, and when Reason desert their domain,
 That Folly and you for a moment may reign."—W. R.

NO MORE OF GRIEF.

No more of grief, no more—
 As o'er the spring-day, bright and brief,
 Steals the dull cloud—as in the leaf
 Corrodes the canker—so comes Grief;
 O root it from the heart's deep core,
 No more of Grief—no more.

No tears can win them back—
 Clasp'd in their cold and clammy bed;
 Remorseless Death will keep the dead,
 Though tears of blood the mourner shed,
 Wrung by Woe's agonizing rack—
 No tears can win them back.

Avaunt, then, idle Sorrow!
 Fate still her awful web will weave,
 Though dark her threads, 'tis vain to grieve,
 Then why should harrowing Sorrow leave
 On the time-separated brow of youth its furrow?
 Away, away with Sorrow!

Ho! brim the bacchant bowl,
 The sullen eyes of Memory blind,
 And indurate the brooding mind!
 What Pean's this of frantic kind?
 Sink not the heaven-aspiring soul,
 Spurn back that Pagan bowl!

God's will be done for ever!
 No more sad tears must now be flowing,
 No more life-ming anguish growing,
 The same dark way we all are going:
 The binding hand may surely sever—
 God's will be done for ever!

LATE HOURS.

"Whether have I piped to shake of an intolerable yoke."
Hamphrey Clinker.

THERE was no contending against it. A fixed displeasure was seated on her countenance, while at intervals she bent her brows firmly, still keeping her eyes riveted on the fire; a slight convulsion of the upper lip plainly showed she was labouring under the influence of some deep mental misery. This is an odd reception thought I, after frequent attempts to draw my aunt Ursula into conversation; my uncle had been snoring on the other side of the fire place for an hour.

It was my first visit. My uncle Benjamin and aunt Ursula were brother and sister, and had lived together on a comfortable scale of independence some thirty years. My uncle becoming childless and a widower early in life, had retired from business and taken up his abode with his sister "for better for worse." My aunt Ursula had never married, she might have done so,—she had refused the best offers, and broken the hearts of many,—she was the belle of every ball-room,—she might have kept her carriage. All these facts I have gathered from her own lips.

A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my nearest relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my return, and ready to answer the thousand and one questions I expected to be asked.

Judge, then, my surprise when, after a slight salutation, and the tea things were removed, my uncle rubbed his back against his easy chair and fell asleep, and my aunt sunk into the sullen mood I have endeavoured to describe. I began to fear some heavy calamity had befallen my family, which she was unwilling to break to me, but to all questions on such points I received satisfactory answers. Something was wrong—something had happened to sour my aunt's temper; but my uncle seemed to sleep happily and good-naturedly enough—it was a matter that evidently had not reached him. I had a right to feel disappointed, and was getting into rather a dignified humour, when I heard my aunt muttering something to herself which ended with "Confound him!" As she said this, she stirred the fire vigorously, and in replacing the poker misplaced the shovel and tongs, which falling with a splutter and clang awoke my uncle.

"What's the matter!" cried he.

"The matter, brother! the matter!" replied my aunt, fiercely, "here's the old story again: three nights last week did I have to sit up for my gentleman! and its the same to-night;—but I knew how it would be;—I could see it as he went out of the gate: but if I don't find out his tricks—"

"Its very tiresome," said my uncle, and he fell asleep again.

Poor aunt Ursula relapsed into her former apparent agony of spirit, and refixed her eyes on the fire, occasionally ejaculating, "I'll be a match for him—deuce take him—not a morsel of supper!"—and so on.

I remembered to have heard, while abroad, of a certain cousin who had been adopted as darling by my aunt, and who, like many other darlings, had run his own course, and turned out no credit to her rearing up; I naturally concluded he was the aggressor, and that I could not mend the business by inquiring into it.

"Pray!" said my aunt, after suddenly ringing the bell, "Pray!" said she, as Sally entered the room, "what is the clock?"

"Nine, if you please ma'am."

"And is Jerry come in?"

"No ma'am."

"Bother him," replied she bitterly: "I thought so;—bring up the tray."

The jingling of the supper again awoke my uncle, and he bustled towards it with the good humour of a kindly host willing to do the honours of the table; but my aunt moved slowly, and dragging her chair after her said, as she advanced,

"It's my firm belief, brother, that those Misses Jones encourage him."

"I think it very likely," said my uncle Benjamin.

"Then what is to be done?" said she, "am I to be deprived of my natural rest, night after night?"

"You have your own remedy," replied my uncle, "get rid of him!"

"Brother! brother! are you mad?" cried my aunt; "are you at your time of life a sufficient guardian to a house like this? No, no, if Jerry has his faults, he has his merits also."

"Is it usual," said I seeing my aunt softening, "is it usual for him to treat you in this way? have you never reasoned with him?"

"Reason, indeed—the brute!"

"Why it may not be too late to reclaim him, and the pleasure of doing so would amply repay—"

"Bah!" said my uncle.

At this moment there was a low growl at the outer door, followed by a clear, boo, woo, wooh!

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed my aunt, rising from the table, "there he is!"

In a few seconds the parlour door opened and in rushed a fine black-tan terrier dog; his tail fell as he caught my aunt's eye, and he crawled imploringly towards me as she reached a little stick from the top of the looking-glass.

"And is this the culprit," said I, on the servant's closing the door, "I expected to have seen my cousin Stanley."

"Alas!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and looking mournfully at the dog, "He has been dead these four years."

I afterwards learnt that Jerry had been the favourite attendant of my unfortunate cousin in his nightly rambles. My poor aunt Ursula who had loved her nephew, loved his dog also; but Jerry still clung to the old habits of his master. A chain and collar would have done the business, but my aunt was a lover of liberty, and would not hear of such a thing; she bore with Jerry as long as she could, but at last felt compelled to get rid of him on account of inveterate predilection for late hours.

J. W.

 THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.

THE following beautiful and eloquent extract is from the "Village Grave Yard," written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood of Boston.

"I never shun a grave yard. The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses, is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there; but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity are all gone. Men are there; but the passions are hushed, and their spirits are still. Malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is satiated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended; and revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried; and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thickly piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God."



PAGANINI.

AMONG the many wonders of this wonderful age, the original of the preceding embellishment is probably the greatest. The English language has been searched thoroughly for its most expressive terms of praise, and these have been repeatedly and in every possible form of style, applied to him; and yet his genius soars far above the reach of their impotent expression. His predecessors were, compared to Paganini, mere evidences of their imperfection, or perhaps rather of the extreme difficulty of becoming *perfect* violists: it was by no means unusual for the most distinguished of them to say that a man may spend his entire existence in the study of that most difficult of instruments, and still be but the best among imperfect performers. Of this Paganini seems well aware: and he accordingly places his avarice on a level with his musical reputation.

The amount of money paid to this man is almost incredible; and yet, scarcely any person ever thinks of the expense; or if he do, it is but to congratulate himself on its application. Paganini did not advance by the usual slow progress into his present popularity. The world knew nothing of his existence; the various capitals of Europe were perfectly contented with the brilliant performances of continental artists; and to these did the royalty and nobility of Vienna, Milan, Berlin, Paris, London, &c. &c. pay the most willing honour. All at once came forth this musical wonder: the world echoed his praises; audiences were entranced, and every thing like instrumental competition vanished before this unparalleled enchanter. It is said that his execution, wonderful as it is, is not so much the result of deep and continued study, as of a discovery made by himself, by which he can render the most *mediocre* performer, a finished one: and that this discovery he will at some future time disclose. When this time shall arrive it is to be hoped that the later Paganini's will be more beneficent than the present one; who on his recent visit to Dublin, refused to play for a charitable institution there, for a less sum (which was tendered to him) than he received for his theatrical engagement. This is characteristic of him; and must considerably lessen the intense interest with which he has ever been regarded. He is represented as a man of not the tenderest heart, as indeed his face indicates; and no less singular in his physical structure than in scientific superiority. He is now performing at the King's Theatre, London, where the frequency of his appearance has not in the least lessened his great attractions. We hope the tide of theatrical emigration will yet bear him over to us.



MRS. NORTON.

OUR generation is remarkable for an increase of female talent, which authoritatively demands our care in its cultivation. Indeed the superior degree of literary ability recently exhibited by the gentler sex, has placed the "lords of creation" in the shade, or at least successfully claimed an equality of *eclat*. Among those who have thus distinguished themselves is the Hon. Mrs. Norton; who but a short time since flashed upon us "like unexpected light." Miss Landon, of course, gave way before her; for Miss Landon had, in our opinion, no right to praise, except as the *avant courier*—the pioneer of female poetical literature. Mrs. Hemans was in the ascendant: but her muse, ever since the publication of her beautiful poem on Greece, became tame and monotonous: there are scarcely two of her poems which possess a distinct thought; they displease with a continued sameness: and rely upon the gallantry of the press for the hydraulic power with which they are pressed into popularity. But in Mrs. Norton we have a specimen of what may be expected from the female mind, when duly cultivated. Her poetry is full of delicate passion; produced by the philosophic temperament of her thought; and there is a firmness and an originality in the construction of her versification, and the direction of her mind, which are truly delightful. Nor is Mrs. Norton's mind set in an unworthy casket. The jewel is certainly invaluable, but the casket is a Golconda to its proprietor. She is a lovely woman; and most happily combines the rare and enchanting recommendations of talent and beauty. This lady has undertaken to edit the *Lady's Magazine*, which under her *surveillance* must increase in popularity, as she possesses all the means of advancing its interests; for to mental and personal attractions, Mrs. Norton adds that of high and distinguished station; it is also said that she has in contemplation the superintendance of *La Belle Assemblée!* This additional undertaking is altogether unsuitable! it may prove to the world the superior literary tact of Mrs. Norton; but it is too severe—too physically as well as mentally severe an exertion; and, in fact, cannot but be injurious to a reputation which could be sustained by one work, but divided between two, must become weakened, and, probably ultimately destroyed. Parcelling out the mind is very injurious to fame: it must be condensed, or rather concentrated upon one object, and then according to its power, all that power will be apparent, and exemplified in its application: but to cut it up into samples, which can never exhibit the *effect* of the entire, is very injudicious: a decided injury to individual reputation, and no inconsiderable loss to society.

Original.

A SKETCH OF FASHIONABLE LIFE;

A TALE.

"WHAT a miserable state of existence this is," said Isabelle Selwyn, "I am sick of the world, there is nothing to enjoy, nothing to live for!"

"You of all people to say that," said Alice Jones, "you who have every thing you want, and every body at your command! Who has been so much admired as you this evening? you had half a dozen invitations to dance every cotillion, and kept the floor the whole time."

"And do you think that is any happiness?" said the young beauty, scornfully.

"I think," replied Alice, "it is very pleasant when you go to a ball to be asked to dance."

"I hope you have enjoyed the evening," said Isabelle, recollecting that her guest was entitled to some courtesies.

"Yes," said Alice, "it was happiness enough for me to look on."

"Did not you dance?" enquired Isabelle.

"No," replied she, "I was not asked."

"Abominable! but, at least, you escape the tired, fagged feeling I have. I would have given all the world to have sat down, after the four first sets of cotillions."

"Why did you not then?" said Alice.

"Because every body would have thought I could not get a partner; but I am determined I will go to any more balls. I hate dancing, and I hate people, and I hate iced creams and oysters, and, what under the sun is there to go to parties for, when that is the case?"

"I don't know," said Alice, laughing; "I confess I like all these; and, if I could have danced once or twice, I should have been quite happy; as it was, I had a very pleasant evening, and I consoled myself for not dancing, because my white kid gloves are not the least soiled, and, perhaps, I shall have better luck another evening."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Isabelle, "what different scales we are graduated upon! I could not have conceived of greater misery, than to be obliged to look on and see others dance a whole evening and not be asked once myself."

"You forget," said Alice, "that it is all new to me. I never was at a real ball before; at B——, we never mustered more than nine or ten couple, and the whole pleasure consisted in dancing; but, to-night it was like going to the theatre; such beautiful dresses, such—"

"Don't trouble yourself to enumerate your pleasures," said Isabelle, peevishly; "I am glad you found enjoyment in any thing, it was more than I did; but do for heaven's sake, let us go to bed, I declare I am so tired that I can't undress."

"Let me help you," said Alice.

"No, thank you, I'll ring for Becky." Becky came at the summons, looking quite as tired and sleepy as her mistress.

"Get me a glass of water," said Isabelle. Becky went at her command.

"Only think of poor Becky's being up so late," said Alice; "it is after two o'clock."

"Well," returned Isabelle, "and a n't we up late?"

"O yes," said Alice; "but then it is very different with us; we have been all the time enjoying ourselves, and she has had nothing to do but try to keep awake and wait for us. I know from experience it is the hardest thing you can do to sit up very late, waiting

for any body, and yet obliged to keep awake, as you said just now," added Alice, "I can't conceive of greater misery."

"As for that matter," said Isabelle, "it is not our look out; she is paid for her labour, and if she don't like her work she can quit; it is a voluntary matter with her, but it is not voluntary with us; if we once get into a ball-room, there we must stay."

"At least," said Alice, "our going is voluntary."

"I ask your pardon," said Isabelle; "your going might be voluntary, but I went quite against my inclination, and I always have an awful time when I do."

"I hope," said Alice, "you did not go on my account—"

The entrance of Becky with the glass of water, relieved Isabelle from a reply.

"Here, Becky," said the young lady, "unclasp my bracelettes, take off my necklace, take these flowers out of my hair. O, for mercy's sake don't pull so, take care, you'll break my pearl sprig. O, gracious, this string has got into a knot!"

Alice stood patiently looking on, while the waiting-maid went through her operations; at length there was a pause, for Isabelle threw herself back in her chair, shut her eyes, let her arms fall, and declared she was positively dead!

Alice now modestly requested Becky to untie the upper string of her gown, which she could not get at herself; it was all the assistance she required, and in a few moments she was ready for bed.

"Which side shall I sleep on?" said she.

"Just which you please," replied Isabelle, "I usually sleep on this."

Alice, with a light step, sprung into the opposite one, and before the weary beauty had taken off her dress, was in a calm and tranquil slumber.

Not so Isabelle: clad in her cambric night dress, with flushed cheeks and a disturbed brow, she took her place by her side, but not to sleep; her own reflections "murdered sleep." It was true, she had been *the belle*, a distinction that can belong only to one on the same evening, which gives a peculiar zest. Every beau, of any pretensions, had asked her to dance; no, not every one; Frank Moreton had stood aloof, and alas! Frank had been the Mordecai that had destroyed her enjoyment for the evening.

Isabelle was not only a beauty, but the actual possessor of ten thousand dollars, which was magnified by a liberal public, to whom the multiplicand costs nothing, into three times ten; her father died when she was about nine years old, and left this only daughter, with an only son to the care of a doting mother; the son went through the usual routine of a boy's education, first of school and college; studied law, and prevailed on his mother to furnish him with funds for travelling. As for Isabelle, it must be acknowledged that her mother had the strongest desire that she should be accomplished and well educated, but then it must be done without giving the poor thing much trouble; she could not get *long lessons*, that was out of the question. She had a mortal aversion to geography, and as for grammar, her mother assured her instructors that it was wholly unnecessary to trouble her about that, for she had a natural propensity to speaking good grammar. Certain it is, she worried through two years at one of the most celebrated Lyceums; carried Latin,

Italian, and French books in her satchel; took two quarters instruction in music; painted flowers in the *Honfleur* style; and then was announced to the world as the beautiful and accomplished Miss Selwyn. Her dancing was the only "branch of her education" that had been thoroughly attended to; for Mrs. Selwyn said, "Nature seemed to point out dancing, and she always thought nature ought to be consulted; that there could not be any thing more unnatural than the branches of education that were usually taught; but Isabelle never objected to dancing, she was always willing to begin a new term." And the truth was, she excelled in this accomplishment; she could waltz till her partner grew giddy, turn pirouettes to the astonishment of all beholders, and dance the shawl dance to a charm; as to her exterior, her eyes were celestial blue; her hair, and she was extremely particular that her curls should match it, a golden auburn, her figure fine, and in short nothing wanting to make a belle—and a belle she was.

There were circumstances that made it "highly proper," we use her own words, for Mrs. Selwyn to invite Alice Jones to pass several months with them. Her parents resided in the obscure little country town where Mrs. Selwyn was obliged to acknowledge, when questioned, she herself was born; their attention had at that time been important to her; and Mrs. Selwyn was actually married from their house. They had kept their place of respectable intelligent citizens; had brought up and married a large family; and Alice, their youngest, only remained; on her, they had lavished every advantage of education within their means; and Mrs. Selwyn felt as if it was "highly proper" to cancel her early obligations, by inviting her to come and receive the last polish that fashionable society gives. The invitation was accepted. Isabelle was sure she would be a bore; what could she do with her! but there was no help for it. Alice came, and the evening which introduces our story was her first appearance at a ball. She had seen Isabelle decked with jewels and her fine form set off by the elegance of fashion and dress without one pang of envy; her own simple wardrobe was according to the humble fortune of her father, and it must be confessed, did no great credit to the mantua-makers of B——; as there was no pretension, however, there was nothing ridiculous, and it may be safely said she excited no observation. The evening, to her, had been full of expectation, and it had passed without disappointment; she had made up her mind that nobody would speak to her, for she knew nobody, and it turned out just as she had predicted: but she was blessed with eyes and ears, she could stand without fatigue four or five hours, she had drunk lemonade, and eaten cake and ice cream to her heart's content, and had come home full of satisfaction, and just enough fatigued to lay her head on her pillow, and drop asleep in her little mob night-cap, her face looking as innocent and tranquil as an infant's. It would seem as if Isabelle's lace cap and plaited ruffles were inimical to sleep, for she in vain resolutely shut her eyes and tried not to think. It is very annoying to have a sleeping partner when we are keeping our night-watch. Isabelle worried through one long hour, sometimes turning, sometimes sighing audibly, sometimes pressing her elegant gold repeater, and, at last, exclaiming, "Alice, are you asleep?"

Alice started up; "Did you speak?" said she.

"I only asked if you was asleep."

"I believe so," said Alice, and again seemed ready to resume her slumbers without demonstrating any curiosity in her turn to know if Isabelle was asleep.

"I have not closed my eyes to-night," said Isabelle, unwilling to lose the advantage thus gained. "Come, Alice, do wake up, and let us talk." Alice, with a good-natured effort roused herself.

"Did you see any body that struck you particularly to-night?" said Isabelle.

"O yes, a number; there was that lady with the gold and scarlet flowers—"

"Poh, I mean gentlemen; did you observe that one that stood by the pier-table while I was dancing there?"

"The one with a bald head?" said Alice.

"A bald head! no; what do you think I care for a bald head? I detest bald heads, they ought to be turned out of company."

"O, Isabelle," said Alice, "don't say so."

"I suppose," replied Isabelle, laughing contemptuously, "you are afraid of being torn to pieces by wild bears, like the little children in the primer, that said, 'go up, thou bald head, go.'"

"No," said Alice, "I am not afraid of that."

"What then?" enquired Isabelle, struck by the emotion of her voice.

"I was thinking of my father, his head is bald."

"Well, my mother's is not," said Isabelle; "so I can't be expected to reverence all the bald heads I see for her sake; and as for her gray hair, we are not called upon now a days to pay honour to it; for the dear old souls are ashamed of it themselves, and cover it up as carefully as if it was something wicked. I can always frighten mamma out of her wits, by only telling her that there is a lock of her gray hair got down."

Alice made no reply.

"I suppose," said Isabelle, "you think it is not pretty to talk so; well, then, answer my question; did you observe a young gentleman that stood on the left by the pier-table, not with a bald head or white hair, but with locks black and glossy as the raven's wing?"

Alice confessed she did not observe him. "What is his name?" asked she.—"Moreton, Frank Moreton," replied Isabelle.

"That is curious," said Alice; "he was the only gentleman that spoke to me."

"What did he say?" said Isabelle, raising herself on her elbow.

"I stood near the window, and some of the ladies asked him to open it, and he said, offering his arm to me, 'Let me first find this lady a place where she will be less exposed to the air.' There was something so kind and friendly in his manner, that when he was out of hearing, I asked his name, and they told me it was Moreton. I shall always remember it."

"You amuse me, Alice, when you say 'kind and friendly,' you should say *polite*, that is all that is meant by such things."

"I suppose it is," said Alice, in a sleepy voice.

"Well, now," continued Isabelle, "I am going to tell you all about him—you must promise not to mention it again—you will promise, won't you?"—"Yes."

"Well, then, you must know he is by far the most elegant young man in company, and mamma thinks he is the only suitable match for me, and his sisters the only good matches for my brother; they are all as rich as Croesus, and one of the first families—you are awake?"

"Yes," replied Alice.

"Well, he has been very particular in his attentions to me. I can't say that he has actually offered himself, but we understand each other, and would you believe it, he took exceptions at some trifle, and never came near me this evening, nor asked me to dance! Are you awake?"

Alice made no reply. "Do you hear?" said Isabelle, laying her hand on her shoulder. "Yes," said Alice.

"Now, don't you think it is rather a proof of interest, than indifference?"

"Yes," again replied Alice.

"Of which?" asked Isabelle; "do you think it is a proof that he is indifferent to me? Speak!"

Once more Alice compelled herself to say "Yes," but it seemed as if her good temper was unable to

content any longer with her drowsiness, for Isabelle in vain urged for an answer beyond the provoking *yes*, and that became so very malapropos, that Isabelle ceased to converse, and made up her mind that Alice was the most stupid ill-natured creature that ever existed, and as her thoughts were diverted by her resentment from the cause of her wakefulness, she soon followed the example of Alice, and dropped asleep.

Morning brought no increase of serenity to Isabelle. "I know," said she, "the first question mamma will ask me, is who I danced with." She was mistaken, however. Mrs. Selwyn saw something was wrong, and was careful not to add any new cause of disturbance. The breakfast was joyless and silent; at length the fond mother could no longer suppress her curiosity, and with many a fond endearment she enquired if she enjoyed the evening. "No, I'm sure I did not," said Isabelle, "it was completely stupid, parties are detestable. I never desire to go to another."

"And you, Alice? are you too sick of parties?"

"Me? O no, I enjoyed the evening very much."

"If I have such a stupid time this evening, I am determined I never will go to another party," said Isabelle.

"Don't say so, darling," said the fond mother, "you know Alice depends on seeing a little of the world."

"Then you must show it to her yourself," said Isabelle, sullenly.

"It is out of the question for me to go into company, the doctor has forbid my taking the evening air."

"Don't think of me," said Alice; "it is all new to me, I can be happy any where."

"But, I know," said Mrs. Selwyn, "how young people love dancing; did you get as much as you wanted last night, Isabelle?"

"I never sat down once," said she, in a sullen tone.

"You are always in luck," said the satisfied mother. "I suppose Frank was as devoted as ever; and you, Alice, was you fortunate in partners? did not you sit down neither?"

"I did not sit," said Alice, "for I saw no seats. I stood and looked on all the evening; nobody asked me to dance, but I could not expect that they would, for I was not acquainted with any body, and I had as much as I could do to see others dance."

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Selwyn; "it is a little strange that you should have enjoyed the evening so much!"

It may be doubted whether she drew any inferences, for her mind was not calculated for much reflection; perhaps, however, she did wonder that Alice without a single fashionable advantage should have returned so happy, and Isabelle with all so miserable.

When Alice left the room, Mrs. Selwyn said, in a conciliating tone, "Perhaps, Isabelle, your dress did not suit you; is there any thing you want?"

"It was not that," said the young lady.

"At any rate, love, you must go to-night, it wont do to send an apology."

Isabelle had no serious thoughts of not going, but she now perceived she might make a merit of the matter, and strenuously protested nothing should induce her to go.

"Why, how singular it will look," said the mother; "and then there is your new blond gauze, you would be sorry if any one came out in just such a one before you wear it."

"If they did," said the young lady, "I never would wear it."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Selwyn, "the wisest way is to go to-night, and then you will be, at least, among the first that get the pattern."

At length, Isabelle was persuaded to consent, with a bad grace, to what she had all along intended to do; at the same time, she assured her mother that if she

had as stupid an evening as the one before, Alice must get somebody else to wait upon her.

Again evening arrived, and the two young ladies went through the process of dressing for the ball; Isabelle in her blond and white satin, made in the newest taste, and admirably suited to her fine figure; while Alice meekly unfolded her white muslin dress, shook it, and begged Isabelle to observe how nice she had kept it; "It really does not look as if I had worn it." Isabelle could not resist a glance of intelligence at Becky, who simpered in return. Mrs. Selwyn entered when they were drest, and put a little morocco case into Alice's hand, containing a pair of neat pearl ear-rings; but alas! her ears had never been bored, and they could not be exhibited; the pin, however, that accompanied them was placed in her bosom, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Mrs. Selwyn, and perfectly contented with her own dress, because hardly bestowing a thought upon it, she entered the splendid drawing-room of Mrs. Wood.

Perhaps, owing to the charm of novelty, there was something really attractive in the simplicity of Alice's appearance; at least, so thought Moreton, who was one of the gentlemen ushers, and offered her his arm when she entered, hoped she took no cold the evening before, and then turned to Isabelle, who received him but half graciously. As a fashionable, however, his attentions could not be dispensed with, and she so far compromised her resentment at his neglect the evening before, as to engage herself to him the first cotillions.

"Who is that pleasant looking girl you have with you?" said Moreton.

"Her name is Jones," replied Isabelle; "she is a protegee of my mother's, fresh from the country as you perceive; I don't know where she picked her up, on the way side I suppose, where she was growing among brambles and bushes. I brought her with me last night, but I imagine nobody even thought her *pleasant looking*," as she was not invited to dance all the evening, and not a gentleman spoke to her; perhaps, you will be knight errant enough to ask her to dance this evening."

"I have, already," said Moreton, "she is engaged to me the next cotillions."

Isabelle looked surprised; but immediately added, "How considerate of you; mother will be much obliged."

Moreton not only danced with Alice himself, but introduced others; and, to her surprise, she found herself engaged again and again. Who that has been initiated in fashionable circles is ignorant of the power of patronage; from the first moment of Moreton's taking Alice out, her fortune, for the evening, was made. She had none of the awkwardness of a rustic-reading, and a good education had given her a proper reliance on herself, and the confidence and good will of her family, and circle of friends, had led her to expect kindness from others.

This happy reliance, which may be truly said to be the birthright of the young and innocent, had protected her from many an offensive weapon, hurled at her by Isabelle. She sometimes thought her blunt, but she could not, for a moment, believe that she designed any rudeness; and what confirmed her in this belief was, that she often replied to her mother just as she did to herself.

The morning after *this* ball was a cheerful one. Isabelle confessed that she enjoyed the evening. "I knew you would," said her mother; "tell me, Alice, how did Isabelle look after she got there?"

"Very well," said Alice, "she always looks well."

This *very well* could not satisfy a beauty, and she said, "I presume Alice was too much taken up with herself to admire me."

"You are laughing at me," replied Alice; "no, I was not taken up with myself, but, as I danced several

times, I could not give you my undivided observation, as I did the evening before."

"I am glad you found partners, Alice," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"I took care of that," said Isabelle, consequentially. "I spoke to Moreton when I first went in; indeed, I made it a condition, if I danced the first set of cotillions with him, he should dance the second with Alice."

"It was very good of you, Isabelle," said Alice, colouring a little; "but I am really disappointed, for I thought his asking me proceeded from his own kindness."

"You strangely mistake terms, excuse me," said Isabelle; "instead of kindness, you should say politeness."

"I should apply that term to my other partners," said Alice; "but there seems to be such gentleness and good will in Mr. Moreton's manner, that I thought—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you thought," interrupted Isabelle; "however, I told him my mother would be much obliged to him for any attentions he paid you; and I should set them down in my memorandum book as paid to myself."

The animated pleasure with which Alice had begun to talk of the evening, appeared to be somewhat clouded by this conversation, and she remained silent till Mrs. Selwyn said, "Were you introduced to many ladies, Alice?"

"A number," said Alice; "Mr. Moreton introduced me to several ladies as well as gentlemen."

"I dare say that was your *doings*, Isabelle," said the smiling mother.

"Moreton is a man of the world," replied Isabelle, shrugging her shoulders, "we had had a little fracas, but it is all made up now. He knows how to make his peace."

Evening after evening came, and Isabelle still condescended to go to parties and balls. Alice went through the ceremony of having her ears bored, and sported her pearl ear-rings. She had much to endure from the caprice and ill-humour of her companion, to which she could be no longer blind, and she sometimes sighed for her own tranquil home, and the tenderness of her parents. There is a charm, however, in gay and fashionable life that the young cannot be expected to resist; it was all new to Alice, and, if for a few moments her serenity was clouded, it soon recovered its usual brightness. But a new source of vexation had arisen to Isabelle; it became evident that Alice was growing popular; her conversation seemed to have a charm that collected the young people round her, and her gay and happy voice, and her innocent laugh, fell on her ear with a jarring sound. Some of her visitors had so little tact as to say they thought Miss Jones really handsome; and, strange as it may appear, Isabelle began to look on her with jealous eyes; and yet, she acknowledged it was incredible that without fortune, dress, fashion, or beauty, she could ever be formidable.

"Pray," said Isabelle, when she happened to be alone with her mother, "how long are we to be favoured with the immaculate Miss Jones' company? I conclude you asked her for a stipulated time; your debt, I suppose, may be nearly cancelled now; at any rate, I don't see why the weight of discharging it should come upon poor innocent me."

"O, my love," said the mother, "you must not be impatient; you know I have told you that Alice's parents were really very kind to me, when"—and she hesitated—"I had no home."

"And so," said Isabelle, "to perpetuate that agreeable remembrance, you have invited their daughter here; it is certainly not the most pleasant memento to me; but, I suppose it is according to scripture, that the sins of the parents should be visited upon the children.

But, I wish to know how much longer she is to stay?"

"I can't exactly say; but, what hurt can she possibly do you? it is your own choice having her in your room; and, to be honest, I think it is rather an advantage having her to go about with you, she is a complete foil."

"Thank heaven," replied the young lady, tossing her head, "I want no such foil."

"How go on your affairs, love, with Moreton? is he as devoted as ever?" said the mother, glad to change the subject.

"He is so overbearing," said Isabelle, "there is no getting along with him."

"But, he has positively offered himself, has he not?"

"He has not said 'will you have me?' if that is what you mean, which I suppose was the delicate way of managing love affairs in your day; but, we understand each other."

"You know, Isabelle, I have promised you the handsomest set of pearls that Marquand's shop affords, for a bridal present."

"O, as for that matter, I intend Moreton shall give me my pearls."

"My own opinion is," said Mrs. Selwyn, "that Moreton wouid choose you should wear any ornaments but diamonds."

"If he does not mind his P's and Q's," said the young lady, "I shall turn him off."

"I must say," said Mrs. Selwyn, with more spirit than usual, "if you do, you will never have such another offer; but no, you can't be so unwise. I saw the Misses Jenkins go from there, yesterday; they are charming girls."

"Charming fortunes, I suppose you mean; I think them very ordinary looking girls."

"As to external appearance, you must not make yourself the standard, Isabelle; but as girls go, they are quite tolerable."

"Well, I must dress," exclaimed the young lady, "for Frank, and poor Ann Moreton, are coming this morning to look over my new collection of pictures that my brother sent; I wish to heaven there was any way of getting rid of Alice; she will engross the conversation; I shall not be able to get a word in edgewise. Can't you go and ride this morning, mamma, and invite her to go with you?"

Mrs. Selwyn opened the window and put her hand out; "It is an east wind; you know I am forbid going out when the wind is east; but I can ask her to come and sit with me in my room."

"That will look too particular," said Isabelle; "but it is very provoking to have any body always in the way."

"So it is," said Mrs. Selwyn; "but why don't you tell James not to ask her to come down; she never comes down without she is sent for."

"Because they will ask for her; and then, Ann made the appointment with her."

"That alters the case," said the mother, and the conversation ended.

Nothing could be more *stylish* than the room into which Mrs. Selwyn's visitors were ushered; the splendid pier-glass, the damask sofas and curtains, gave an air not only of luxury, but comfort and sociability. In the centre stood a mosaic circular table, covered with annuals, and the popular works of the day; the Edinburgh, North American, and Quarterly Reviews; the various magazines, volumes of poetry, albums, engravings, caricatures, and lithographs.

It would seem as if a modern room could hardly fail of creating intellect; a lady has only to enumerate her articles of furniture to be classical. Her Etruscan vases, her Grecian lamps, her mosaic tables, her bronzed candelabras, her gilded ottomans, her porcelain and marble antique specimens from Herculaneum.

Meagre indeed must be the brain that does not shoot forth into some luxuriance among such an assemblage of exciting objects. At least, so thought Alice as she stood looking over the newly arrived prints, and occasionally talking with Moreton. "What could our poor grandmothers," exclaimed she, "have done for conversation! only think how they sat all round the room, pinioned to their high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs, that could hardly be dragged from their position, looking at the sprigs on the carpet, and listening to an old-fashioned clock that stood, audibly ticking the hour, in one corner; and was probably the noisiest of the company."—"One would think," said Moreton, "from the minuteness of your description, that you were one of these venerable grandmothers, come back to see the change one or two hundred years has produced."—"I almost wish I were," said Alice, with glee, "it would be such real delight; but I can account for the accuracy of my description without going so far back. Our room at B—— is furnished just as I tell you, and remains just as it was a hundred years ago; you cannot imagine what a still, tomb-like looking place it is, when it is in order, but I'll take good care that it shall look as if it was inhabited."

"I should like to see that room, Alice," said Miss Moreton, who had become quite familiar and well acquainted with her.

"So should I, too," said her brother.

"O," exclaimed Alice, "I have not told you half it contains yet."

"I hope to heavens," said Miss Selwyn, we are not to be regaled any further with an inventory of your grandmother's furniture."

"No, certainly," said Alice, her face and neck blushing the deepest scarlet; "I ought to ask pardon for what I have said; but the thought of home, of my parents— She stopped, attempted to laugh, and burst into tears.

"My dear Alice!" said Ann Moreton, with a voice of sympathy.

Alice, however, with her handkerchief to her eyes, made her way to the door; it was closed, and Moreton passed her and opened it. When he returned, there was a cloud upon his brow, and no one spoke. At length, Isabelle said, "Who would have thought of such an affair! if there is anything on earth I hate, it is scenes. Miss Jones has a great fondness for them; she is a complete actress."

"There was no acting here," said Moreton, "it was pure nature."

"I dare say," said Ann, "she is a little home-sick."

"If she is," said Isabelle, "I don't know of any force that compels her to stay."

The conversation took a different turn; Miss Selwyn exerted herself to be agreeable; and, before they separated, Moreton had almost forgot her sin against Alice. Not so his sister. She said, in a gentle tone, as they walked home, "Frank, are you too much in love, to see any faults in the woman you admire?"

"No," replied he, "I almost wish I were; for there is no misery like loving what we are daily compelled to disapprove."

"That is all," said Ann, "I have nothing more to say; all will go right at last."

"Yes," said Moreton; "she has so much natural good sense, that I am convinced she will do that for herself that she never had a judicious mother to do for her."

"I have only one question more to ask," said Ann, "are you irretrievably engaged?"

"No," replied he; "I must feel more confidence; this horrible warfare must cease between my judgment and affection, before I commit myself. But, how beautiful she is, and so full of spirit and animation! there is no still life about her; she has the keenest feelings, the most irritable sensibility."

"Let us not talk on this subject, brother," said Ann, "you have already relieved my heart of a burden."

It would have been difficult, perhaps, for Isabelle to have defined her own sensations; but, every day her dislike to Alice increased; not a word she uttered but seemed full of design; if she spoke to Moreton on any subject, Miss Selwyn was sure to perceive that she was trying to ingratiate herself in his good opinion. With all the enjoyment that Alice derived from other society, and the apparent kindness of Mrs. Selwyn, Isabelle's conduct became quite insupportable, and she wrote to her mother to request she might return home. "I have had just enough experience," said she, in her letter, "to convince me that there is no place like home. It is all elegant and splendid here; but I want those good offices that arise from affection; let me once more be with you and my father, and in the midst of my family; once more hear my dear little nephews and nieces call for Aunt Alice; once more feel that I am beloved, with all my faults, and I shall be happy." But, though Mrs. Selwyn did not dare confess it to her daughter, Alice had been invited for a stipulated time, and all the advantages represented, of society, acquaintance with the world, &c. to induce her parents to consent. The arrangement was for six months, not much more than half that time had expired, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jones thought it was a fit of home-sickness that would pass away; they, therefore, merely replied, that they were as impatient as herself, for the period to arrive when she might return; and, in the mean time, begged her to improve every advantage that her situation afforded, as it was the last time they could part with her for such a visit.

When Alice received the letter, it was a heavy disappointment; but she felt the folly of repining at what was unavoidable, and determined to make the best of her situation. "Advantages," thought she, "I certainly have, that I cannot obtain at home, though not just what my mother means. I might live there a thousand years, and not go through one day of such discipline as I constantly endure here." She laid down, for herself, her rule of conduct, and while she meant carefully to avoid giving Isabelle any unnecessary cause of irritation, she also determined to act naturally, express her own feelings and opinions, converse with Moreton or any one else that she was disposed to, and on those subjects most congenial to her taste and education. Hitherto she had been restrained by the sarcasms of the young lady from indulging the full flow of her own mind; but it seemed as if a new era had taken place in her character; when called upon for her opinion she gave it fearlessly and with promptitude; and Isabelle's natural good sense led her to discover that Alice was much better informed than herself.

Mrs. Selwyn, Isabelle, and Alice, were one day sitting at the dinner table, when letters were brought. Isabelle opened hers, read a few lines, and exclaimed, "O, mother, what joyful news! Charles has arrived, and will be here on Friday!" The delight of the mother may easily be imagined; he had been absent three years. Alice partook of their happiness from sympathy; made numerous enquiries, for she perceived they were glad to talk of him, and as soon as dinner was over, left them to the free communication of their feelings. She was scarcely out of hearing, before Isabelle exclaimed, "Only think, mamma, what a scrape you have got yourself into!"

"A scrape!" replied Mrs. Selwyn; "I don't know what you mean!"

"O nothing at all, if you are willing your son should form a connexion with Alice Jones, the daughter of a country trader!"

"Nonsense! he knows too well what is due to himself."

"I don't know, mamma; perhaps he may choose to

assist you in paying off the family debt. And, considering how heavy it weighs upon you, it must, upon the whole, be an agreeable circumstance."

"How can you talk so, Isabelle? you know I have set my heart upon his marrying one of Moreton's sisters; they have wealth and fashion, and are of a highly respectable family, which is a great object with me."

"I think, mamma," said the dutiful daughter; "my grandpapa kept a livery stable."

"It is no such thing," said Mrs. Selwyn, highly incensed. "It is true, your grandfather was remarkable for his horses, but they were race horses. I really don't know, Isabelle, where you pick up such nonsense."

"Nor I, neither, mamma; but it seems we all come honestly by our taste for hobby-horses. However, I must take this opportunity to tell you that you are entirely deceived in the fair Alice. You think she is an innocent, undesigning country girl. I could tell you, if I pleased, of things that would astonish you; she is a complete flirt; Moreton knows this as well as I do; if she does not draw my brother into an engagement before one month is at an end, I am much mistaken."

"What shall I do!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking perplexed; "the best way will be to tell her before he comes that he is engaged."

"The best way is to get rid of the young lady at once."

"That is out of the question."

"Very well, then, manage it your own way."

"At least," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you will not contradict what I say; promise me that."

Isabelle finally gave her assent. Mrs. Selwyn took the earliest opportunity to inform Alice, that her son was secretly engaged to Miss Ann Moreton. "It is a profound secret," said she, "her brother knows nothing of it, and, perhaps, would disapprove of it on account of her ill health."

In the evening, Moreton, as usual, came. They were going to a party, and took tea before they went. Alice was dressed and below when he entered. Mrs. Selwyn, too, was present; but, Isabelle who made dress a study, was yet at her toilette. The conversation was animated and agreeable. Mrs. Selwyn bore her part, for Charles was the subject. Alice spoke of his letters; said, next to going abroad was the pleasure of receiving accounts from friends, written on the spot. "Mr. Selwyn," said she, "brings every object before you in the easiest and most natural manner imaginable; he has the true art of letter-writing."

"Then," said Moreton, "he is a correspondent of yours!"

"Of mine! O, no, indeed," said Alice; "Mrs. Selwyn and Isabelle have let me read his letters."

Simple as these observations were, the mother added them to her daughter's intimations, and grew more anxious.

"Have you never regretted not going abroad with Charles?" said Mrs. Selwyn.

"No," replied Moreton; "I made my decision after well considering the subject. My sister's health at the time was so feeble, and the doctor considered her life so uncertain, that I could not have left her."

"But, you see," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you might just as well have gone as not. Miss Ann has recovered her health; as to her being a little lame, she has learnt to manage her crutch so well, I don't think any thing of it."

It was evident Moreton recoiled from the mention of his sister's misfortune. "It has turned out happily as it is," said he; "I have no regret that I did not go. I was able to devote a great deal of time to her, and to alleviate her sufferings."

At this moment Isabelle entered, dressed for the evening, and never looking more resplendently beau-

tiful. A little haste had given an unusual colour to her cheeks, while the news she had to announce or at least talk over, of Charles' immediate return, threw an unusual air of tenderness and expression over the perfect symmetry of her features. All gazed upon her, Mrs. Selwyn and Moreton, probably with unqualified admiration; but, Alice thought to herself, if there was only a heart worthy of that exterior, he could have nothing more to wish. She held out her hand to Moreton as she entered, it was unglowed, and soft and white; could he help pressing it to his lips! when he relinquished it, a sparkling diamond was added to the rings that already glittered on her fingers. Happy mother! might have ejaculated Mrs. Selwyn, what canst thou ask for more! But, she prudently forbore expressing her rapture by words; though her face gave evident signs of delight.

"You have come early," said Isabelle, "to congratulate us on the good news we have heard; we are all so happy! and even Alice is full of anticipation and projects." To the three to whom this sentence was addressed, it conveyed to each a different meaning. Mrs. Selwyn saw in it treasuries, and stratagems; Alice that it conveyed sarcasm, though she knew not why; but, Moreton saw in it only that sunshine of happiness which reflects its own brightness on all around.

"We have taken our tea," said he, "while you were admiring yourself at your mirror, and now you must receive it at my hand;" and he brought her a cup from the waiter. "Is it sweet enough," said he, as she tasted it.

"O yes," replied she, looking up at him with that beaming expression that painters give to St. Cecilia. "You all know well how to sweeten our cup before we drink it."

"Dear Isabelle!" said Moreton; and he looked as if he could have knelt and offered incense.

"We were talking about Mr. Moreton's not going abroad with Charles," said Mrs. Selwyn, "when you came in. You know he did not go, on his sister's account. I was just saying that it was most a pity, as Ann has recovered her health; and, as for her lameness it is just nothing at all."

"It is possible," said Moreton, "that I may go abroad under much greater advantages for happiness; at least, I will think so this evening;" and he looked expressively at Isabelle.

Isabelle looked down and turned her new ring; could a lover that had not actually put the question, ask for more encouragement.

"It might be of great service to Miss Ann, to go to Europe," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"Perhaps so," said Moreton, and a cloud came over his fine face.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Selwyn, "of very surprising recoveries by travelling. If your sister should be well married, her husband might take her abroad."

"If going abroad could restore my sister's health," said Moreton, with energy, "I would go to the end of the earth with her; there is no sacrifice I should think too great."

"I think it very likely it would," said Isabelle, a sudden change taking place in her expression. "I would advise you by all means to go."

"There is little chance of it," said Moreton, in a melancholy tone. "I have consulted various medical gentlemen, they give no encouragement. I am afraid my poor Ann must be a cripple for life."

"If she should be," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you must not let it distress you; there are much greater evils; she may yet be well settled in life."

Moreton seemed to writhe under this mode of consolation.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Selwyn, "I am perfectly serious. If I was a young man, there is no lady I know of, that I would sooner select than Miss Moreton."

"Mother!" said Isabelle, who began to tremble for her discretion, while Alice rose and took a book, and seemed to be intently reading.

"When we talk," said her mother, mistaking her daughter's meaning, "we always except the present company; but, though Miss Ann is a little lame, she has so many other advantages; and, in my own opinion, if she was married to a man a good deal taller than herself, by taking hold of his arm, she could walk without a crutch."

For once let our readers sympathise with poor Isabelle; knowing precisely her mother's projects, and that this tall man that was to supply the place of a crutch, was her brother Charles; wholly unable to controul her emotions, she leant back in her chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief, yielded to an ungovernable fit of laughter.

Moreton started from her as if stung by a scorpion. His first impulse was to seize his hat and rush out; but, recollecting himself, he took a seat on the sofa where Alice was sitting, her head so intently bent over the book that her face was not visible.

A profound silence followed. Mrs. Selwyn was shocked at her daughter's *impoliteness*; and Moreton held his hand to his forehead as if to controul its beating pulses. The image of his sister was before him, with all her once brilliant prospects; then came her slow, torturing disease; her nights of anguish rose to his mind, her patience and gentleness; and now, to see that calamity heaven had sent upon her, ridiculed, scoffed at—it was bitterness insupportable. Isabelle's paroxysm of laughter, it must be confessed, did not last long; she composed her features, and said, "Moreton!" in a soft voice. "Did you speak to me," said he, looking coldly at her. She arose and came behind him, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and leant her face so close to his that her breath played on his cheek, as she said, "Forgive me!"

"I will," said Moreton, in a low voice, "if you can forgive yourself."

"You cannot know what diverted me, nor can I explain it to you," replied she, in an imploring tone.

"Don't try," said Moreton, "the explanation might be as painful as the cause."

Mrs. Selwyn could not well comprehend what was going on; she saw Moreton was offended, and Isabelle trying to appease him, and she would not be wanting in maternal efforts.

"You must excuse poor Isabelle," said she; "she never can help laughing when any thing diverts her. I sometimes tell her she has got the hysterics."

Had Mrs. Selwyn understood all the intricacies of the human heart, she could not have given Isabelle a happier clue.

Quick as lightning she seized upon it. "Mamma is right," said she, in the same low whisper, and still hanging over him; "it is too true; there are times when my feelings are too deeply affected for self command. I must laugh or weep;" and she looked as if she were trying to do the latter.

Alice laid down her book, and said, "Isabelle, I am going for my shawl, shall I get yours?"—"Do, dear Alice," exclaimed she; "and, mamma, will you have the goodness to lend me your blue and white smelling-bottle." Mrs. Selwyn followed Alice, to get it, happy to contribute to her darling's comfort.

When they returned, harmony was apparently restored; the carriage was at the door. Moreton put on Isabelle's shawl, and then turned to assist Alice; perhaps, it was merely her own idea, but she thought he looked at her with peculiar *kindness*.

Alice, from her first acquaintance with Ann, had felt disposed to love her; what often repels the young and happy, had called forth her sympathy, and though she was careful not to mark any feeling of compassion, her voice was more gentle when she spoke to her and

her attention more undivided. And how could it be otherwise? Who would not wish to alleviate the disappointment that blighting disease brings with it? who would not mourn to see the pale and sickly hue of her complexion, so little corresponding with the opening prospects of life. For three years Ann had endured excruciating pains; her brother had been her solace and her support; at length, the disease wore a milder form, she gradually recovered a degree of health; but, only recovered to be a cripple! Isabelle fully believed that her blandishments had atoned for her offence. Moreton was as devoted as ever, and all seemed forgotten.

The next morning, Mrs. Selwyn said, "Alice, you must amuse yourself this morning without Isabelle. I have preparations to make for Charles, and must take her with me; we must new furnish his room. I would not have him return, and find things just as he left them."

Alice begged they would not think of her; at the same time, she thought how disappointed she should be when she returned home, to find any thing altered in her own room.

They had scarcely been gone an hour, when the servant came up, and said Mr. Moreton was below.

Alice immediately went down. "I hope," said he, as she entered, "you were not very seriously engaged, for I came to request half an hour's conversation with you." Alice seated herself with some trepidation; there was a seriousness that embarrassed her. "You must have thought me," said he, "unnecessarily sensitive, perhaps, irritable, last evening."

"No," replied she, "I did not; I could not be surprised at your feelings; and yet," added she, speaking with effort, "to Isabelle, who sees just as clearly as a stranger, the imperfections and follies of those around her, there is certainly something very trying in the ludicrous efforts that her mother often makes to be agreeable."

"It is not of Isabelle, or her mother that I want to talk with you; but, of my sister. The sympathy you have felt for her did not want words to express it; and, I am confident that the subject will not be tedious to you."

"O no," said Alice; thinking he meant to talk with her about the secret engagement with Charles, which he had probably discovered, and perhaps regretted.

"I want you to know Ann better than you can possibly do from seeing her here or in company; when she first grew up, her prospects were as fair as those of Isabelle or yourself; there was a gaiety and playfulness about her that led her sometimes into danger, particularly as I was her constant playmate and companion; and, the sports of boys are often beyond the strength of girls. Perhaps, she early received some injury; we were not sensible of it, however, at the time; alarming complaints came on, we consulted the most approved and skilful practitioners; the remedies were as torturing as the disease; at that time Charles Selwyn wished me to accompany him abroad. I resolutely declined, and spent my days and nights by the bedside of my sister; for hours she was compelled to lie in one posture; when she was free from extreme pain her mind was bright and clear, and she enjoyed hearing me read; but, there were times—God of heaven! what have I not seen her suffer! It was a hard trial," said he, after a pause, "for a creature so young, so full of life, so ardent in pursuit, to learn submission. It was not the least of my sufferings to see her mind labouring to break the chains that bound it; the strife was long and fearful; at last, however, it ceased, and, my poor Ann was restored to what you see; never shall I forget the first spring morning that she was permitted to breathe the open air. I carried the dear invalid in my arms to a little arbour in the garden, where we used to resort in earlier days. She stood leaning on my arm

and gazing on every object round, with an intenseness that alarmed me; there seemed something unearthly in her pallid face and sparkling eye; 'Let us return,' said I, 'to the house.' She raised her finger like one in the act of listening; I partook of her emotions, and listened with her. I will not dwell on the moment; I could not now make myself understood. I knelt and clasped my arms around her; I held her as if she was about to be taken from me." Again the brother paused.

"She reclined on the sofa that was placed in the arbour for her; I left her to give vent to my emotions; they were overpowering. When I returned she lay sleeping as tranquil as an infant; her emaciated and almost transparent fingers, slightly pressing a pencil she still held, and her little memorandum book lying open by her side. I transcribed from it the lines she had just been writing." He took them from his pocket-book and gave them to Alice. "I have never shown them to any one before," said he; "Ann is no poet; but, they explain the state of mind that had so deeply affected me, and therefore are most dear."

"I feel the breezes round me play,
Like morning dreams at break of day,
Methinks the long, long night has past,
And peaceful slumbers come at last!
The fleecy clouds, how calm they lie,
On the blue ocean of the sky;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Seems born to welcome this glad hour!
Why stand I here in silence bound,
And listen to the music round,
As if there fell upon my ear,
A voice that others cannot hear—
It comes, it comes, I hear it say,
'Anna, thy griefs have passed away!'"

"Perhaps, you will not be surprised when I now say, that this dear sister's happiness and comfort is nearest my heart. Isabelle, in all her brilliancy and beauty, has never for a moment weakened the tie; it is this that must account to you for this conversation. Ann, who is feelingly alive to any sympathy, already loves you; cherish her friendship, and give yours in return; the affection of two innocent and youthful hearts will receive the blessing of heaven."

Alice's tears had hardly ceased to flow, when the sound of Isabelle's voice was heard on the stairs. She started up alarmed. "Why should you go?" said Moreton, calmly; "sit still, I pray you." She seated herself, and took up the book that she had left on the sofa the evening before.

Isabelle entered and looked unaffectedly surprised. "You here?" said she. "I passed you in the carriage; did not you know I was out?"—"The servant told me so," replied he, "and I enquired for Miss Jones."

"Indeed!" exclaimed she, throwing herself into a chair; "I dare say she was happy to entertain you; Alice is a sentimentalist; she looks sentimental this morning; have you been reading to Mr. Moreton?—what book have you there?"—"It is Briant's Poems," said Alice opening it. "Miss Jones is a great admirer of poetry," said Isabelle, in a sarcastic voice.—"I certainly am a great admirer of poetry like this," said Alice, with spirit.—"Don't you like it, Isabelle," said Moreton.—"I don't know any thing about it," replied she, "I believe somebody copied the Water-fowl into my album."—"In my opinion," said Alice, with enthusiasm, "it is such poetry, that ought to be a model for our writers; it is not merely its beautiful and natural imagery, but, its high strain of moral sentiment; its elevation and power of thought; who can read the *Thanatopsis*, and not wish to live, that he may approach his grave, 'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

"Upon my word," said Isabelle, "you are a real blue stocking. I think Mr. Moreton can do no less than get up a blue stocking club, and make you presidentess."—"I never understood that epithet exactly," said Alice, "though you have often honoured me with it; pray, explain it to me."

"It means," said Moreton, "to designate literary ladies."

"O no," exclaimed Isabelle, "not really literary ladies, only pretenders to literature and the fine arts."

"If Miss Jones is to be Presidentess of such a club," said Moreton, "I hope she will make me her Secretary."

"You certainly deserve to be prime minister," said Isabelle, rising, "and I will leave you to settle preliminaries."

"You are not going," said Moreton, laughing, and perhaps a little flattered at her evident jealousy, "this is too unjust both to Miss Jones and myself;" and he turned to Alice, but, she had disappeared.

We will not say that he preserved the exact line that justice prescribed; perhaps, when he found the fair idol could not be appeased without a sacrifice; he might have tacitly admitted or rather did not contradict her assertion that Alice was a blue stocking.

Moreton, however, was not a man to be enlaved; he admired the beauty of Isabelle, and felt the fascinations she could at times exert. He certainly had all proper encouragement, but he still pondered and doubted, and said to himself, "When a man marries, it is for life!" The diamond ring, however, appeared to be a decisive proof of what his intentions were.

When the two ladies again met, Isabelle said, "Indeed, Alice, you are unreasonable at the hint I gave you on the subject of blue stockings. Moreton, as well as every other gentleman, has a perfect abhorrence of this class of females. He told me so, after you left the room."

"It is perfectly indifferent," said Alice, with a heightened colour and a voice of emotion that expressed any thing but indifference, "what Mr. Moreton's opinion may be."

"That's naughty, my love, as mamma says; it is important to a young lady to be well thought of, if she ever expects to connect herself eligibly; every gentleman thinks, and Moreton among them, that making a judicious custard is more appropriate to a female than a judicious observation."

"And pray, Miss Selwyn," said Alice, with something of the same spirit that animated her opponent; "does not Mr. Moreton think good temper even more necessary than either?" There was a pointedness of manner, that, for once, levelled Isabelle with her own weapons, and she was silent.

It must not be supposed that this state of warfare was perpetual. Youth has its gay and generous feelings with every character; its seasons of confidence, when the heart seeks to communicate its overflowing happiness. At such moments Isabelle could be amiable and kind; and Alice, who only desired kindness, forgot the acrimony that too often preceded it. There was a piquancy in Miss Selwyn's character that gave peculiar zest to her good humour; it must be acknowledged that it was fitful and rare, and flashed like the aurora borealis; every one feared to destroy this brightness, which experience taught them was transient; and the feeling spread an apprehensiveness on all around. Her sunshine formed a striking contrast to that unclouded ray which illumined the mind of Alice. Often, by a sudden reverse of temper, Moreton was thrown upon Alice for conversation, while Isabelle answered only by monosyllables.

But the day anticipated at length arrived, and Mrs. Selwyn had the happiness of embracing her son. He returned improved in his appearance and polished in his manners, and even Mrs. Selwyn doubted whether

she could consent to his marrying Ann Moreton; but, then, her fortune, her family, the double connexion; yes, she really wished it might take place.

"Alice," said Isabelle, "tell me honestly, how do you like Charles?"

"He is handsome; but, how can I judge by only seeing him once."

"Take care of your heart; I warn you not to be too much captivated with this brother of mine."

"There is no danger," said Alice; "your mother has already let me into the secret of his engagement."

"What do you think of the match?"

"I think," said Alice, "if he marries Ann Moreton, he will prove his own disinterested love of excellence."

"Including her splendid fortune—"

"I did not think of that," said Alice:

"My mother does, I imagine," replied Isabelle.

"Do you think her brother has any idea of the engagement?" asked Alice.

"Not the least," said Isabelle.

"What a shock it will be to him!" said Alice, involuntarily.

"Then you think," said Isabelle, "he feels pretty sure of her fortune if she does not marry?"

"No, indeed, that was not my meaning."

"What was it then?"

"Really, Isabelle, I wish you would not cross question me, as if I were in a court of justice. I only speak from my own impression of character, and it may be very erroneous; but, I shall be surprised if Ann marries at all."

"You think engagements, then, may be easily broken?"

"I think there are circumstances that may dissolve them; and it seems to me, that in this case—however, I will not hazard an opinion."

"Remember, Alice," said Isabelle, "this is a secret—you are not to hint it to a human being, not to the parties themselves, or to acknowledge you ever heard it before."

"Only think of my being seized with such a fit of laughing, the other evening," continued Isabelle, who was in a happy humour; "didn't you pity me, Alice?"

"I was extremely sorry."

"So was I; Moreton was in a rage; for once, mamma hit the right nail on the head, in her hint about hysteria; but, the idea was extremely ridiculous, was not it, of turning poor Charles into a crutch?"

"I thought only of poor Ann," said Alice; "and I felt no disposition to laugh."

"I am sure," said Isabelle, "I am as sorry for her as any body can be; but, as for ever taking any pleasure in her society, I never can; it is always disagreeable to me to be with her; the truth is, I don't like the society of unfortunate people; and I believe it is the case with every body else, only they have not independence enough to own it. Now, honestly Alice, don't you think so?"

"I think you are about half right," said Alice; "that is, it is unpleasant to be with people whose misfortunes we cannot alleviate, and stand a chance of making more uncomfortable by some unlucky observation, that we are always sure to stumble upon. But, Ann Moreton is wholly the reverse of this; she speaks with frankness of her situation; converses cheerfully on every subject; enjoys society, and is grateful for every attention and every act of kindness. However, I think Ann communicates much more than she receives, for the powers of her mind are in perfect exercise; and, I cannot but believe that Providence permits the good and patient to suffer, as examples to others."

"How presumptuous you are," said Isabelle, turning up her eyes with mock gravity, "to tell what Providence means. But, a truce to this; remember you are not to hint about the engagement."

"I am sure," thought Alice, "there never was a secret more unthought for or unwished; would I had never heard it; it is all that makes Ann seem to me like a mere market; but, that she should engage herself without her brother's knowledge, and such a brother! and persevere in her concealment; even now, if she dissolves the engagement, she will recover more than half of my good opinion."

Charles Selwyn possessed a large share of his sister's beauty; with less pride, but not less irritability. Indeed, their education, or, perhaps, it were more just to say, their want of education, had wonderfully nurtured the faults of their character. They were equally self-willed, and resolute in their own purposes; their mother had managed them by stratagem and bribes; and she still continued her operations, though they had outgrown the petty deceptions her mind was ingenious enough to suggest. The double marriage of the Moretons with her own children, had long been a favourite project; nor was there any thing improbable in this event, while Ann was blooming and gay. Little attentions had passed between the young people, and, M^{rs}. Selwyn had confidently said, "We shall one day have a double marriage;" but, the idea had long passed from Ann and her brother's mind; though, as her health gradually returned, the hope still tenaciously clung to the mother's.

The evening of Charles' arrival was pleasantly passed by the family circle; Moreton, perhaps, from the fear of intrusion, did not join them; indeed, Alice could not but observe he was less constant in his visits; and, it sometimes occurred to her that Isabelle might draw the ligature so tight that it would break asunder. The young traveller was full of information; he had passed the preceding winter at Paris, and had all the usual topics of interest to Americans. Alice joined in the conversation, and seemed to attract him by the spirit of her observations. When she retired, he was left alone with his sister.

"Who is this little Alice?" said he.

"She is a protegee of my mother's; I know as little of her as you do as to origin."

"She is one of the prettiest little daisies I have seen a long while," said he.

"You don't think her handsome?" asked Isabelle.

"No, not actually handsome, but something more taking than beauty. She is just the kind of woman I like: bright and animated, yet calm and tranquil. I long to lay my head in her lap!"

"Yes, and I can tell you," said Isabelle, "you would be shorn of your locks Samson-like. These placid women are the most dangerous in the world!"

"I have no doubt of it," replied he, laughing, "if they ever explode. Now you, Isabelle, are like one of the burning mountains that are all the time threatening; but upon my honour," added he, seeing her colour rising, "I think you are ten times handsomer than when I went away—what a sensation such a woman as you are would create abroad!"

"Are you serious?"

"No doubt of it. You would set crowned heads by the ears!"

Isabelle looked as if she was doubtful whether he was laughing at her or not; but he did not give her time to solve the matter, as he added,

"How go on your affairs? Is Moreton to be the happy man?"

"I presume now you have come home," said Isabelle, "we are to have a double wedding."

"What do you mean," said Charles, "by that?"

"Why, mother has set her heart upon your marrying Ann Moreton."

"You are not serious?"

"But I am, though."

"Did not you write me that she was at the point of death?"

"True, but she did not die."

"Then you wrote again that she would be lame for life."

"It is all true," said Isabelle, tittering; "she can't walk a step without a crutch."

"And what, in the name of common sense, does my mother mean?"

"Why, that is the very thing," said Isabelle. "It is because she wants a crutch that she is to take you—the matter is all settled—mother proposed it to Moreton the other night, and so you have only to be a good boy, and do as mamma bids you. But the droll part of the business is, that mother has confided the secret to the *daisy* in strict confidence."

"Do speak plain English, for I really can't tell what you mean."

"Then in so many words: when she found you were coming home, she took it in her head that her protegee might lay plans to entrap you, and so she just told her of the secret engagement."

"What a silly plan!"

"As to the folly or wisdom of it, I have nothing to do with either. You know mamma has been all her life contriving. But now tell me who is this young Frenchman that you say you must notice——"

"Is that your sort," said the brother, laughing: "take care, Isabelle—he is a gay, pleasant fellow, but a mere flirt-stick to Moreton!"

Such was the first hour's communion of the brother and sister, after a three year's absence!

There is nothing that oftener defeats its own purposes than cunning. As all vices contain the seeds of physical and moral decay, so every obliquity of principle and design, eventually consummates its own failure. Mrs. Selwyn's secret had taken from Alice a very natural reserve. She conversed with Charles with more ease, from knowing the circumstances of his engagement; his letters had made her acquainted previously to their meeting, and they entered at once on an intercourse frank and cordial. The young man found a resource in Alice, for the want of intellect in the mother, and the want of good temper in the sister.

A new character had been introduced by the return of Mr. Selwyn to the family circle. This was a young Frenchman, Mons. Renard. No one could have come more opportunely to relieve the ennui that constantly took possession of Isabelle. She possessed not one resource that she could positively turn to account; her reading was confined to novels; she had gone through the really interesting ones that are to be found in a circulating library; had read the Waverly novels till she could almost say them by heart, and had taste and intellect enough to be disgusted with the trash that forms the list of a catalogue. Renard united in himself various talents: he could write verses and charades; fold billets into every variety of form: build card houses till they rose like a second Babel; danced superbly; was an excellent judge of female costume; possessed a little wit, a little sentiment, and a great deal of gallantry. Moreton could not possibly cope with such a competitor—not that Isabelle did not mean to bestow her hand upon him eventually, but her time, her thoughts, and her smiles were for the present conferred upon the Parisian. Moreton beheld this coalition with more philosophy than might have been expected from a lover; and often, when Alice passed an hour with Ann, seemed perfectly indemnified for the mortification he experienced with Isabelle, by joining their innocent and tranquil pursuits.

It is not easy to carry on any combination without giving visible signs of mystery. Charles's imaginary engagement with Ann Moreton was a constant source of amusement to himself and sister. Isabelle often led her mother to the subject, and she never failed to observe how slight an objection her present state of health was to forming an eligible connexion. Charles inva-

riably assented, and the sister exerted all her powers of ridicule (and they were not slight) to make the subject a source of diversion! and, at the same time, led her mother to suppose the match was in forwardness. The consequence was, that whenever Ann's name was mentioned, glances were interchanged, and often a half suppressed smile passed between them. Moreton, tremblingly alive to all that concerned his sister, at length detected one of those glances; he would not, however, he could not, believe that any one could be so barbarous as to make her an object of ridicule; and he rejected the suspicion as unworthy of himself. Soon after Ann observed,

"How I long to see Alice Jones; are you going this evening, brother, to Mrs. Selwyn's?"

"Yes, I am," replied he—"the weather is pleasant; why won't you go with me? I will order the carriage, if you are not disposed to walk."

"No," answered she; "I cannot go there; but if you could spare enough time to bring Alice to see me, it would give me great pleasure."

"That I will willingly do," said he; "only that I think the excursion might be of service to you; you will probably find a pleasant circle; and the young Frenchman, Charles's friend, is very amusing."

"No," said Ann, in a melancholy tone, "I had rather not go there!"

There was an emphasis laid on the word *there* that struck her brother.

"But why, my dear Ann," said he; "they are always happy to see you. Mrs. Selwyn certainly is as eager in expression of interest as you can desire. Isabelle gives you all the time she can spare from her own charms; Charles is frank hearted and cordial, and Alice—but I need not say to you what she is."

"Indeed, you need not," said Ann, with energy, "I love her like a sister. I have an idea, brother, she is not happy at Mrs. Selwyn's. I know she only remains there because her parents think she is under great advantages. Don't you think it would do for me to invite her to come and make me a visit?"

"To be honest, Ann, I think it would occasion unpleasant feelings in the Selwyn family."

"Then I would not do it for the world, brother, for your sake."

"Thank you, Ann,—but come, dear, put on your shawl and go with me."

She still declined, with so much pertinacity, that Moreton became convinced she had reasons beyond mere disinclination to going out.

"If you will not go," said he, "I will bring Alice to see you; I am sure she will come—but to be honest, I shall lose half of my attraction."

"What would Isabelle say if she heard that speech," said Ann, her eyes sparkling with pleasure: "It is so selfish in me to refuse going when you urge it, that I am tempted to tell you my reasons."

"No, Ann, don't tell me; you may have 'reasons as thick as blackberries,' and yet not think any of them worth mentioning. I will go this minute."

"Stay, brother," said Ann; "it is such a trifle that I don't like to mention it, and yet I had better, or you will think it more than it is. Sit here by me, and let me talk."

"When I first recovered health and freedom from suffering, I felt no sensation but happiness. I forgot my altered appearance; I forgot—I may as well learn to speak it—my deformity; the world was full of gladness; I saw beauty and proportion in every object; all seemed to me fair; all created in the image of its maker; the gnarled and withered oak added beauty to the landscape; my heart was full of rejoicing!"

"I remember it well, Ann," said Moreton, putting his arm round and drawing her close to him.

"O!" exclaimed she, "it was like that glorious moment when the sons of God rejoiced, and the stars about

ed aloud and sang for joy! But when I began to mingle with society, I felt that I was changed; strangers gazed on me with curiosity; friends with compassion:—there was a deep and deadly struggle, but that, too, passed away, and I grew resigned. I think, brother, I have never repined, or indulged a suspicious temper."

"Never, Ann, never."

"Then you will not suspect me of it now, brother, when I say that I am fully convinced my misfortunes are, for some cause or other, a source of amusement to Isabelle and her brother."

Moreton hastily arose; the perspiration started from his forehead; he recollected his own suspicions—the deepest anguish was depicted on his countenance.

"Dear brother," said Ann, "you feel this much more keenly than I do; it does not make me unhappy, but for their sakes, as well as my own, I will not obtrude myself into their presence. God has seen fit to send these calamities upon me; to convert this once goodly frame into what it now is; yet still it is the temple of his spirit; as such I will reverence it; I will protect it from indignity, and when dust returns to dust there will be no distinction between that and Isabelle."

"Ann, my dear Ann," said Moreton, gazing upon her with an expression of love and reverence, "I solemnly declare I would not exchange you as you are now, for Isabelle with all her pride of beauty."

"Then I have nothing more to ask for; and now go, brother, and bring Alice."

When Moreton entered the drawing room at Mrs. Selwyn's, he found Charles and Alice conversing by the window which opened upon the piazza, and Isabelle and Renard seated on the sofa cutting paper into every variety of form.

"I am glad you have come," said Isabelle. "We are inventing mamnets—is not that quite enchanting," added she, holding up a feathered arrow. "How is dear little Ann this evening?"

Moreton often used this epithet when speaking of his sister, and it was rather one of affection; but in the present state of his mind it added to his irritability, and he coldly replied, "She is as well as usual."

"I declare, Mr. Moreton," said Isabelle, "you are so altered of late that I don't know you. Do, Alice, come and tell me if this is really Frank Moreton."

"I hope," said he, "Miss Jones will have no doubt on the subject, as I am commissioned by my sister to run away with her. She sent me to ask you to pass the evening with her?"

"I will go with pleasure," said Alice, promptly.

"Moreton," said Isabelle, "do you know to-morrow is my birth day?"

"I did not know it," replied he.

"It is," said she, "and the very last I ever mean to celebrate—it is sweet nineteen; then comes the dismal twenties, and they must take care of themselves; I shall do nothing for them."

"Come, Mr. Moreton," continued she, assuming a smile and expression that she had often found irresistible, "what are you going to do for me? Mr. Renard has promised me a madrigal, and I must have something appropriate from you."

"I can think of nothing more *appropriate* at present," said Moreton, "than a paper of bon-bons!"

From Renard such an offering would have been perfectly in character; but Isabelle understood the sarcasm intended.

"Upon second thought, I can't admit such a gloomy looking gentleman to my fete. I shall depend on Monsieur Renard for my amusement."

Moreton bowed in token of submission, and Renard in token of delight.

Isabelle felt vexed because Moreton discovered no vexation. She set it down, however, to self-command.

"My sister will be impatient for you," said Moreton,

addressing Alice. "May I hope you will go now." She immediately arose.

"Stay where you are Frank," said Charles, "and I will wait upon Miss Jones."

"Excuse me," replied Moreton, "I received my commission from my sister, and I prefer executing it."

Alice went to equip herself for the walk—Isabelle sat whispering to Renard.

"What right," said Charles, in a half angry tone, addressing Moreton, "have you to rob me of my fair Alice?"

"Your Alice," repeated Moreton; and then recollecting himself, said, "none, except by the right of her own will."

"You promise," said Isabelle to Renard. Renard answered in a low voice. "Adieu, then," said Isabelle, who had collected a few phrases from her French grammar, "jusque au revoir;" and she presented her fair hand—he bowed low upon it, and disappeared.

At this moment Alice entered. As they left the room, Isabelle said, "Mr. Moreton, shall we see you again this evening?"

"I believe I am engaged," replied he.

"O, so am I, upon second thought;" and she turned haughtily away.

Alice tried to converse cheerfully on their way, but Moreton appeared to have an unusual weight upon his spirits. Once or twice he was on the point of mentioning the conversation he had just had with his sister, but there was a sensitiveness in his feelings that made him shrink from making her misfortunes the subject of discussion. At length he said, "Do you think Miss Selwyn will be at home this evening, if I return?"

"I believe so," replied Alice.

"And alone?" added he.

"I know of nobody that will be there," said she—"Charles's friend mentioned that he was going to the theatre this evening."

"I think, then," replied Moreton, "I will leave you at the door, and return again. I wish to see Isabelle alone; it is time we understood each other. I will be back in season to see you home."

"Don't let it be late then," said Alice, "for I have promised Isabelle to do something for her before I go to bed."

They parted at the door, and Moreton returned; he entered Mrs. Selwyn's house without ringing, and went into the room where he had left Isabelle; the lamps were burning, but no one there; the sound of voices on the piazza attracted his attention; and, fully determined, if Isabelle was not alone, to retreat unseen—he listened to ascertain. Isabelle was speaking:

"It is really disinterestedness in me," said she to urge you to comply with mamma's plan, for you know if Ann don't marry, in all probability, Frank will have the whole of her fortune."

Moreton stood nailed to the spot.

"Poh! Isabelle, it is too ridiculous; it may do for a joke," said Charles, "but you can't seriously suppose I would marry a woman that is not only a cripple, but deformed!"

"I should perfectly agree with you," said Isabelle, "if you were obliged to comply with mamma's idea, and turn into a crutch; but the truth is, you may furnish the fair bride with two crutches, and scamper away on your own legs as fast as you please—one thing you are sure of," added she, laughing, "she can't run after you."

"As to what you say of Alice,"—at her name Moreton started; there was a strange confusion in his thoughts; his first idea, however, was to quit the hated spot; he rushed down the stairs, and left the house unseen; his blood was boiling; the image of his gentle, suffering sister, only served to increase the tumult of his spirits; he entered a hotel near, called for a pen and ink, and wrote a note to Charles Selwyn, requesting to see him immediately on business. The note found

him still on the piazza, full of the reckless gaiety of health and spirits, planning with Isabelle ambitious schemes for the future. As soon as he read the note, he repaired to the place appointed, wholly unconscious why he was summoned. Moreton met him with every feature convulsed with anguish.

"When I tell you," said he, "that I have accidentally heard the conversation that took place on your piazza this evening, which related to my sister, you may perhaps comprehend why I wished to see you."

"And what right," said Selwyn, "had you to listen to that or any other conversation which was meant to be private!"

"The right it is not now a time to question: it is an explanation I demand, and a promise that you will never again insult her by using her name."

"My dear fellow," said Charles, "you take this matter much too seriously. I am truly sorry you overheard our foolish jesting, because I know, with your quizzical feelings, it must have given you pain; but upon my honour I have the highest respect for your sister. All our bantering arose from a foolish plan of my mother's, that Isabelle communicate to me when I first returned. Now don't look as if you would eat me alive—it was merely that we should make a double marriage in the family, and exchange sisters."

"Mr. Selwyn," said Moreton, "there can be no better opportunity than the present to inform you, and through you, your mother, that from henceforth, I have no claims whatever on Miss Selwyn."

"You are not serious?" said Charles; "you surely do not mean to break your engagement with her?"

"I am perfectly so: I shall immediately write to Miss Selwyn, and relieve her from all engagements, if, indeed, she fancies any exist between us."

"If she fancies!" exclaimed Charles, vehemently. "Let me tell you, sir, such conduct is not to be borne. You must not hope to escape in this way: if you have been trifling with my sister, you must answer it to me."

"I will voluntarily explain to you," said Moreton, with calmness, for they appeared now to have exchanged situations, "what my feelings have been towards Miss Selwyn: When I first became interested in her, I fully believed we were congenial to each other. I am now fully convinced we are not."

"And you think it honorable to engage a young lady's affections, and then find out you are not congenial?"

"No, if I had succeeded in gaining her affections, I should feel myself bound even though I was perfectly convinced we were uncongenial. But my conscience acquits me on that score. Monsieur Renard has the same claim that I have."

"Ah," said Charles, his countenance brightening, "I begin to understand this matter: it is jealousy, my dear fellow, jealousy that has taken hold of you; a disorder more fatal in its ravages than the cholera; but I predict that you will recover from it: Isabelle is merely amusing herself with the agreeable Frenchman."

"You are mistaken," replied Moreton; "I tell you honestly, that, before your arrival, I had nearly come to this conclusion. Renard has nothing to do with it."

"Then I tell you as honestly," said Charles, "that you are——"

"What?" said Moreton, looking steadfastly at him.

"It is boish to call names," replied Charles; "you must settle this matter with me in another way."

"If you mean by fighting," said Moreton, contemptuously. "I tell you truly, that when I first summoned you to this spot, it was with the idea of washing out with your blood or my own, the unprovoked indignity offered to my sister; but my views have changed on this subject; what I at first thought atrocity in you, I perceive was heartless levity. I know my sister's principles, and love her too well to inflict upon her pure and elevated mind a wound like this. If we fight, either you or I must fall, or our contest may justly be

derided as boys' play. I have subdued my indignation so far as not to fight for my own sister, and you may depend upon it," added he, a slight expression of contempt passing over his face; "I shall not for yours."

"Then," exclaimed Selwyn, "I will post you as a coward!"

"You will not," said Moreton, calmly.

"What shall prevent me," said Selwyn.

"Your own conscience," replied he, with firmness. "You know to the contrary. Look at this scar," added he, baring his temple."

Charles gazed for a moment; a sudden revulsion of feeling came over his versatile mind. "I remember it well," said he. "Yes, Harry, I never shall forget how courageous you stepped forward when an impertinent Frenchman, whom I meant to chastise, had laid me prostrate. He was twice as strong as you were, but you fought like a Dragon. It is the scar of a brave man," added he, bowing low, but in a playful manner—"I honour it. Upon the whole, Moreton, we had better make the best of this matter: forgive and forget. Isabelle is a little of a coquette, I grant; but she is a fine girl, and will not go a begging; she is able to maintain her ground, and need not interrupt our long friendship;" and he held out his hand.

Moreton drew back. "No," he replied; "the unfeeling manner in which my sister has been treated, I never can forget. It is not merely the conversation I have overheard to-night to which I allude: her gentle spirit has long silently borne the meaning glance, the ironical smile, and allusions that added poignancy to the calamity that heaven has laid upon her. Because she did not resent, perhaps you and your sister imagined that she did not feel; but it was for my sake that she bore all! No," added he, striving to suppress his emotion, "I cannot accept your offered hand. Farewell—when we meet it must be by accident."

He turned hastily away, and left Charles standing alone. That night Isabelle received the following letter.

"To Miss Selwyn—When you are informed that I was the unwilling auditor of a conversation that passed between your brother and yourself this evening, you cannot be surprised that I withdraw all claims, if you have considered me as having any. I deem you perfectly free as relates to myself. You are at liberty, should there be any surmises injurious to a lady's pride, to represent this matter as is most agreeable to your feelings. Let me request of you when some other plot is formed for the amusement of your family, to choose some other name than
MORETON."

"What a hardened villain!" exclaimed Isabelle, trampling the letter under foot. "I have long seen he wished to get off—what a mean, low way he has taken!"

"Brother," said she to Charles, who at that moment entered, "read this precious epistle."

"It contains nothing new to me," said he. "I have had an interview with Moreton."

"I hope," replied she, "you treated him with the contempt he deserved."

"Why, yes," said Charles, "I believe I did; but some how or other I don't think I made any great figure, and yet I offered to fight him."

"Did you," said Isabelle, her eyes sparkling; "you are a dear soul. What did he say?"

"He said he would not fight for you."

"A coward!" exclaimed she.

"No! Isabelle," said Charles, "he is no coward! I have known him from a boy; he is no coward! even his eye pierces like a dagger. But never mind; you are a fine, dashing girl, let him go, you will find enough other admirers."

"Oh, brother," exclaimed she, "I hope you don't think it is because I have any fear about that, that I am so provoked, or because I have any regard for him."

I have long been convinced there was no congeniality between us."

"Then, after all, Belle," said Charles, bursting into a laugh, "you both agree, for he used the same expression, or one much like it."

"I shall give mamma to understand that I have dismissed him," said Isabelle, "for there is no necessity for entering into particulars. What shall I say about the *crutch affair*? She will immediately begin to talk about his *idol*, and it must be confessed, in figure, Ann does resemble some of the South Sea deities!"

"For shame, Isabelle," said Charles, his colour rising. "I am truly sorry for the whole of that affair. I recollect Ann Moreton when she had the lightness and grace of a Sylph, and her hair curled in ringlets round her face which was full of health and gaiety. She was the loveliest child I ever saw; and I could almost shed tears when I think of her." And his eyes actually filled at the recollection.

"Well," exclaimed Isabelle, "I could cry, too, if it would do her any good, and if Moreton had behaved properly; but now, I declare, I hate them all, every one of them, and Alice Jones into the bargain."

Isabelle found no difficulty in persuading her mother that she had dismissed Moreton. She did not, however, receive this information with her usual acquiescence, but made a spirited remonstrance upon the difficulty of pleasing her, and ended by saying, if she did not take care, she would "go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last."

The termination of Alice's visit was much hastened by these events. Isabelle no longer disguised her aversion; but even this was less disagreeable than Charles's gallantry, and the consequent anxiety of Mrs. Selwyn.

She wrote to her mother, and hinted that she had evidently become an unwelcome guest, and in a few days she was sent for home.

Isabelle had a natural shrewdness of character, which led her soon to detect, under her brother's assumed indifference, a strong interest for Alice. To combat this, she exercised all the sarcasm of her powers: sneers and inuendoes were not wanting. About six months after her departure, he frankly told Isabelle that he was going to see the *little Jones*. "I am sick of style and fashion," said he; "you dashing girls frighten a man out of matrimony."

Isabelle communicated this intelligence to her mother. The following letter was immediately despatched.

"My Dear Mrs. Jones—I write a few lines wholly unknown to my son. Isabelle thinks he intends visiting your daughter Alice. She also thinks he has some design of marrying her. I think it but right to tell you that he has other engagements, and that neither Isabelle nor I can consent. I shall esteem it a great favour if you will not let him know of this letter, but act accordingly. With great regard, your's

MARY SELWYN.

P. S. Best remembrance to Mr. Jones and dear Alice."

In a few days the following answer was returned:

"Dear Madam—Should your son visit us, I shall receive him with that politeness which is his due. As to any apprehension of his breaking (on my daughter's account) his engagements, you may rest perfectly easy. Mr. Moreton and his sister have been with us the past week. You will see by the public prints that the former was united to Alice last evening. We all return your remembrances, and wish you and your son and daughter every happiness. ELIZABETH JONES.

Original.

LINES,

Written in the Album of a very young Lady.

SWEET Lilly! soon to other climes,
Perchance forever, I depart;
But ere I go, these idle rhymes
Bear the best wishes of my heart
To thee and thine. Perhaps thou hast
Forgotten that we ever met—
But bright as when I saw thee last
Thine image is before me yet.

So full of childhood's winning grace—
Thine eyes, thy smile, thy playful air,
In my heart's depths, have yet a place;
And dearly are they cherish'd there.
Oft when I hear the merry tone
Of children, in their hours of play,
I think how joyous rung thine own,
Heard, as it seems, but yesterday!

But time has wrought some change, I trow—
Thy doll already's thrown aside;
And four years more upon thy brow,
Will give thee all a woman's pride.
Ah, Lilly, may'st thou never see,
As years roll on, the moment when
Mid the world's heartless revelry,
Thou'lt wish thyself a child again!

Could I, by wishes for thy weal,
Make thy path ever bright as now,
No tears from those glad eyes should steal
No cloud should dim thy gentle brow—
But time, upon his rapid wing,
Should lend thy hopes a purer ray—
And sorrow's hand forbear to fling
A shadow o'er thy joyous way. Z. B. S.

LINES,

On passing the Lake Thrasimene.

PALE, silent, and unruffled lake,
Tell me a tale of other times;
I've hied to thee from distant climes,
And now in wild and foreign rhymes,
Would fain thy echoes wake!

The genius of the lake is fled,
Its echoes have forgot to sigh;
The breezes steal in silence by.
Heard I the raven's warning cry
O'er precincts of the dead?

What doth thy mirror-wave reflect?
The mountain's height, the forest's green?
The dappled cloud which oft is seen
Quick passing o'er the blue serene?
Thy banks in beauty deckt?

Yes, now—but once, ah, once, the brave,
Dimmed with their gore thy mirror bright!
'Twas then the Roman eagle bright,
Crest-fallen stooped in Afric's fight;
Speak on, historic wave!

Recount, how Romans rushed to fight,
And how the quick surrounding foe
Hath laid each gallant hero low,
Who felt, who dealt, the deadly blow—
Who sunk in endless night!

Dismayed the very sun grew pale;
Thick mists and vapours dense and gray
Arose to shroud, to veil away,
The deeds of that disastrous day—
That day of death and wail.

Original.

IRENE.

BY JOSEPH T. GILLMER.

Thou fairest flower,
Why dost thou fling thyself across my path;
My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,
But cannot pause to pity thee.—Mahomet.

MAHOMET the Second, surnamed the Great, was the seventh sultan of the Turks. He was brave, ambitious, and cruel, and possessed all the energy and decision of character necessary to a great conqueror.

He delighted in music, sculpture, and the polite arts in general, and was as remarkable for his beauty of aspect as for his manifold acquirements.

Had Mahomet possessed a compassionate heart, with some other qualities which distinguished him, his name and achievements would have been blazoned forth with those of Richard coeur de Lion, and like the lion-hearted king he would have shone a conspicuous hero in the pages of history and romance.

Cruelty was a prominent feature in Mahomet's character,—as the cloud that obscures the sun, it threw a shade over his brightest actions. This execrable propensity appeared to be a constitutional defect, and not the result of circumstances;—it had evinced itself in early youth, and some of his juvenile pranks were marked by a refinement in cruelty that (had he existed in the reign of the Inquisition) would have qualified him for an exalted station in that body.

With all his faults, and they were many, Mahomet was not entirely destitute of every thing bearing the appellation of humanity—his generosity and munificence knew no bounds—his friendship, though obtained with difficulty, was unalterable and clung to its object as the needle to the pole—these, with a love for moral truth and freedom from simulation, were the redeeming points in Mahomet's character.

His fierce and intractable spirit was unsusceptible of the powers of love—certainly he had never known the genial influence of this passion. He was a veritable Mahometan; and regarded the finer part of creation with sentiments peculiar to the race of Islam. He anticipated and waited patiently for perfect happiness in the society of the beautiful girls of paradise, called from their large dark eyes, Hur al oyun; these celestial beings recline in the shade of the tree Tuba—they “say that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the faithful not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride upon already saddled and bridled and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruit.” This tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in one hundred years. As plenty of water is a great addition to the pleasantness of any place, the Koran often speaks of the rivers of paradise as a great ornament. Some of these rivers, they say, flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey, all taking their rise from the root of the tree Tuba.

The winning graces and enticements of the resplendent beauties who composed Mahomet's retinue were lost on one who had ever gazed with apathy on those assemblages of charms which are fascinating to the eye alone. Regularity of feature, unless illuminated with the rays of genius and intelligence, were to him objects of indifference rather than love. It is little wonder that Mahomet with these sentiments avoided the soci-

ety of his illiterate and insipid countrywomen. The conquest of his proud heart (if admiration without affection deserves the name of love) was reserved for the beautiful and unfortunate Irene.

At the capture of Istambul by the Turks, in 1453, Irene became the captive of Mahomet. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments had been the prolific theme of many a Grecian bard, and had reserved her for a fate more dreadful than death. She was the antithesis of the Turkish ladies in every thing but beauty, and in this and love, she shone the peerless queen. Her form is described as a perfect model of symmetry—there was the lofty brow of her race, the beauteous casket that told of the transcendent gem within; the eyes of life and light which, as the rays of Cynthia, hallowed every thing they shone upon. She was the Venus de Medici, animated by the fire of Prometheus.

“Her cheek all purple, with the beam of youth
Mounting at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning.”

It is not surprising that the unrivalled beauty of Irene, whose countenance beaming with love and innocence, should, when contrasted with the inanimate features of the Turkish ladies, inspire Mahomet with admiration. He regarded the mind as the standard of superiority, and with this criterion he viewed Irene as the only terrestrial being that could bear a comparison with the black-eyed houris of paradise. * * * *

The seraglio at Constantinople, at the time we write, was delightfully situated between the Archipelago and Black Sea: it extended out on the promontory Chrysocerus, and commanded a magnificent view of one of the finest harbours in the world. Its form was triangular, and, comprising the gardens attached to it, covered a surface of three miles in circumference. Although within the city it was remarkable for its exclusiveness. Externally, the seraglio was a jumble of various orders of architecture, without any regard to method or arrangement; consequently it had an irregular and unpleasing appearance to a classic eye. The Turks, however, viewed it as a paragon of architectural beauty.

The apartments were capacious, and adorned with oriental sumptuousness; the drapery of the walls was composed of the most splendid and costly materials; silks of gold and purple pending in the most profuse and exuberant folds; couches of down, whose voluptuous appearance invited to repose, were disposed throughout the apartments; carpets of gorgeous dyes, on whose buoyant surface a steed might vault without waking an echo in the canopied ceiling; even the light of heaven was mellowed and softened before it found admission into this fairy abode; it beamed through lattices of stained glass, shedding a glow around, which gave the place the appearance of enchantment rather than that of sober reality.

Then the view—on one side the expanse of ocean studded with innumerable islands; the barks, seeming like things of life, gliding over the undulating wave;

appeared to this—the gardens of the seraglio, filled with colossal trees that had been ages in attaining their towering altitude; whilst indigenous flowers of every hue and fragrance delighted the eye and loaded the air with odorous sweets. As if Flora had been niggard of her fairy gifts in this sunny clime, and that nothing should be defective, Mahomet had augmented the train of Flora with exotics from every land. Flowers were transplanted from the wilderness, and blossomed as freshly in their new abode as if they had never known the officious care of man. Birds of gorgeous plumage warbled forth their intrusive melody from many an orange bough, and in the gushing fountains the Lydian bird,

"With arched neck

Between her white wings mantling, proudly row'd
Her state with oary feet."

The pellucid rill, murmuring soft music o'er its pebbly bed—the solitude—the balmy air surcharged with fragrance from a thousand incense-breathing flowers—all contributed to render the gardens of Istampol a fairy spot on earth, and a meet resort for the Fays and Naiades with which oriental superstition had invested them.

On a couch of cygnet's down, sat, or rather reclined the undisputed lord of the enchanted palace and gardens of Istampol. He was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the presence of his trusted slave, who stood before him in an attitude of the deepest humility.

"If one of the humblest of thy slaves," said he, "be permitted to speak and live in the presence of the commander of the fa——"

"Speak, and let thy words be brief," exclaimed Mahomet, suddenly interrupting his follower's ceremonious address. Thus reprimanded, the slave stated as concisely as possible, that the Grecian whom he had preserved from the swords of his soldiers, and had ordered to be conveyed to the seraglio, awaited his pleasure.

"Ha," cried Mahomet, rising from his recumbent posture, "conduct her hither without delay—my fair Greek, how could I forget the vision of beauty that moved as an angel of paradise amidst the carnage and slaughter which surrounded her!"

Mahomet gazed with tumultuous delight on the beautiful being who bent her knee before him in all the majesty of youth and loveliness—in a voice whose every accent was music, she supplicated his protection.

"Arise, fair being," said Mahomet; "you petition where it shall be your immunity to command. Give me the light of thy countenance, and Mahomet will be proud to execute thy behests."

"Alas! sire, you add irony to misfortune;—restore me to my friends and my unceasing orisons shall attend you."

"You do me great injustice, fair Greek: when Mahomet says ought to injure one so fair and pure as thou, may the tongue that gives utterance to the foul detraction be quite forever. You may confide in one whose actions have ever been conformable to his words."

"I may trust in thy kingly faith," replied the too confiding Irene. "Something tells me that thy noble nature would disdain to trample on one whose adverse fortune has reduced to wretchedness! Deal with me, great Sultan, as if misfortune and thyself may be acquainted."

"By the living waters of heaven!" exclaimed the impassioned Mahomet, who was completely charmed with the trusting temper of his fair captive, "thy confidence shall not be betrayed: transcendent Irene, thou art dearer to my eyes than light; ambition and renown are as nothing compared with thy love;—say that I am not hateful to thine eyes, and I will praise and

adore thee. You shall be to me the crescent moon; no clouds shall dim thy radiance; you shall ever be the soft and tender shrine at which I worship."

Mahomet's fine countenance was lighted up with a glow of enthusiasm which much enhanced his striking appearance; he was irresistibly fascinated with the beautiful Irene. Although astounded at this unexpected burst of feeling, Irene was not insensible to the handsome form and commanding mind of the ardent Sultan. The various reports that she had once given credence to, of Mahomet's austere and inhuman temperament, she now fully discredited. Love had usurped the place of reason, and in her prejudiced view, the infatuated Irene saw nothing to execrate, and every thing to admire in the avowed and relentless enemy of her race.

Irene was happy in the favour of the Sultan, and Mahomet was blessed with the undivided and boundless love of his willing captive. War, ambition, and conquests were thrown aside; shut up in the depths of the seraglio, he consumed his time in effeminacy and uxoriousness; his closest and most disinterested adherents were denied access, although affairs of vital importance to his safety demanded his attention.

Joyous and free, their lives were one uninterrupted chain of enjoyment: the bird of night sang them to repose, and they awoke but to quaff again the cup of joy replete with bliss. Aurora's crimson blush, and Cynthia's silvery rays beamed for them; the flowers bloomed; the rill murmured; the birds carolled—but for them alone.

They rose at one instant, played, eat together, and wherever they went, like Juno's swans, still they went coupled and inseparable.

Alas! alas! pleasure never comes sincere to man, but lent, by heaven, upon hard usury. Like rain-bow's hues, when brightest, it is still the fleetest—just as the flower had bloomed, and all its fragrance felt, a blighting storm arose and crushed it in its zenith.

The soldiers of Mahomet at length began to murmur at his inglorious inactivity into which their once martial leader had plunged. This indolence was attributed to the agency of the Greek slave, Irene, who was said to be a sorceress, and had by magical spells and incantations, involved their general in her accursed toils. What gave plausibility to this opinion was, that Mahomet had not been visible to his followers since his first interview with Irene. They were incensed beyond measure at the innocent cause of the Sultan's seclusion. From discontent and insubordination they began to exhibit evident symptoms of a general revolt. To such a phrenzy had the excitement arisen, that it became apparent that nothing but the life of the fated Irene would pacify the multitude.

Nothing could equal the infatuation of Mahomet—the sedition of his followers acted as a chain to bind him still closer to his fascinating slave; but the chord had been strained to its greatest tension; it at length broke, and ruin and desolation followed its division.

It was one of those mellow evenings peculiar to tropical climates—the softened sun, shorn of his fiery beams, shed a golden shower over tower, wave, and grove; not a cloud was in the amethystine arch of heaven; not a zephyr undulated the placid boom of the Archipelago, which lay like a sheet of fluid gold in the mellowed blaze of the setting sun—deceitful wave, as the breast of man, its very calmness is the treacherous precursor of evil. A nightingale had perched upon an orange bough, and made the grove resound with his enchanting melody.

"See," said Mahomet, to his ever-present Irene, "the bulbul has commenced his premature song. By heaven, he mistakes thy glowing lips for his vesper blooming Sultana!"

"There is the last we shall behold of the glorious sun," exclaimed Irene, unheeding the flattering com-

pliment; "but to-morrow," continued she, "the god of day shall shine anew, with bright effulgence, reviving with his crimson blush each drowsy bird and languid flower. But whence comes that dreadful sound; it is borne on the tranquil air like the wailings of an angry spirit—the gods are just; may these prophetic sounds presage no evil."

A low, rushing noise was now apparent; it sounded like the gale blowing rudely over the boisterous sea.

"This must be the evening breeze sweeping over the Archipelago," said Mahomet, approaching the lattice which commanded a full view of the ocean. "'Tis strange," continued he, "that not a single wave or falling leaf gives token of its near approach."

The sound still increased, yet the broad expanse of wave lay as placid as if bound by the icy chains of winter. Not a zephyr moved the foliage in the grove.

Mahomet, for the first time, felt some forebodings of evil; he had a presentiment that the unaccountable sounds without would terminate in a manner disastrous to himself. He had just taken a retrospect of the impolitic course he had pursued, when his thoughts were disturbed by the sounds of horses' hoofs. A single rider was now seen approaching with the speed of light; as he neared the seraglio, Mahomet at once recognized the features of his general; in another moment he was in his presence.

"Speak," vociferated Mahomet, in evident excitement; "whence proceeds this tumult? Have the Greeks collected their scattered forces and surprised the city; or, has the breath of hell, the accursed Simon blown desolation over us?"

"May Allah protect thee sire," replied the general. "The soldiers of the prophet have rebelled, and now approach the seraglio in countless numbers. They seek the blood of the enchantress who has bound the commander of the faithful in her toils."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mahomet, "are the knaves dissatisfied with their furlough? I've held the reins too slack of late. Let them look to this;—by heaven! they hold their lives of small account thus to thrust themselves on danger!"

Irene trembled at the altered mien of the Sultan, whose every feature was flashing with passion. Ma-

homet gazed at her with tenderness and pity. By a sudden and powerful effort he succeeded in bursting the silken chord that had bound him in the toils of love—in an instant the soft and effeminate lover was changed to the cold, calculating, and politic soldier. The tumult without had now increased to a perfect din; the seraglio was surrounded with the infuriated multitude, whose clamorous outcries rose with deafening violence on the still night.

"This must end," said Mahomet, conducting the unresisting Irene forth into the midst of the enraged throng. She looked in vain for the expression of tenderness and love that had ever played round his countenance. In its place was a callous and fixed expression which chilled her to the soul—to whom was she to look for sympathy? The veil was raised, and oh! how passing fair was that sweet face! She was too fair for earth; she breathed an angel of light among the dark and fearful forms who encompassed her; there was an awe in the homage which she drew; the multitude shrunk back at the sight of so much beauty and innocence.

"Here," shrieked Mahomet, "here is your victim! take her, and let her life's blood quell this tumult."

One of the soldiers, more daring than the rest, with scymeter unsheathed, drew near the spot where stood the hapless Irene; he was in the act of seizing her—

"Perdition seize the wretch!" cried Mahomet, "approach another step, and thy foul soul shall wing its way to eblis." And then, addressing Irene, "sweet flower," said he, "I may not save thee; my cruelty to thee will be a blessing; thy pure and faithful spirit shall find its way to paradise. Ah! why dost thou thus soothe me with forgiveness; would that thou hated me, the separation then would be less painful."

The soldiers, resenting the defeat of their comrade, now rushed en-masse upon their victim. The forked lightning flies not quicker from the clouds than the scymeter of Mahomet from its sheath; it glittered an instant in the air, and then descended upon the helpless form of Irene. The veins spouted their rich crimson on the arid soil; the eye closed calmly on that countenance, beautiful even in death, and the spirit left the precious clay without a pang.

THE VIOLET.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves from white to jet;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the violet!

I love, how much I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the south wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the violet!

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere winter's star has set:
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
So, love—the violet!

What modest thoughts the violet teaches,
What gracious boon the violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget,
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
"Long live the violet."

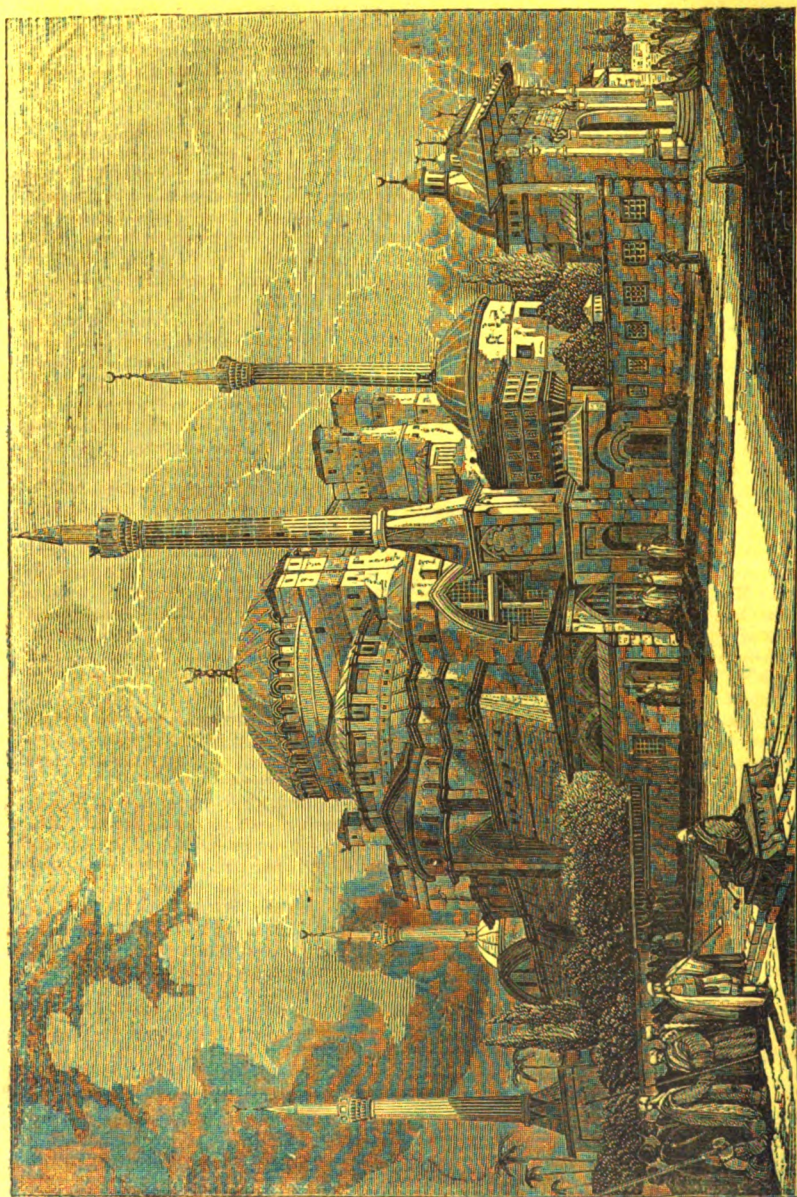
I LOVE MY LOVE, &c.

MAN, man loves his steed
For its blood or its honey, the bee,
For its odour the rose, for its hoo the bee,
His own haughty beauty
From pride or from duty;
But I love my love because—*he loves me.*

Oh! my love has an eye
Like a star in the sky,
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;
And his heart is a treasure
Whose worth is past measure; ♪
And yet he hath given all, *all* to me!

It crowns me with light
In the dead of the night,
It brightens my journey by land and sea;
And thus, while I wander,
I sigh and grow fonder,
For my love ever grows with *his* love for me.

Why didst thou depart,
Thou sweet bird of my heart?
Oh! come back to my bosom, and never flee;
I never will grieve thee,
I'll never deceive thee,
But love thee for ever, as—*thou lov'st me.*



ST. SOPHIA.

ST. SOPHIA.

AMONG the various temples erected for the worship of the universal Deity, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," that dedicated to, and, even under its present application, retaining the title of "St. Sophia," is not the least celebrated. It is a church whose history is of a highly interesting character, resulting from one of the most important revolutions ever effected by religious fanaticism, or which ever changed the history of the world. It was originally built by Constantine I., but was destroyed by an earthquake: subsequently rebuilt by Constantius, and again destroyed by a fire, which, in the reign of Justinian, consumed nearly the entire city of Constantinople. That Potestate then built the present Church, or Mosque, (as it is now called) a representation of which accompanies this memoir. The dome of the Temple is very faulty, and contributes to give the entire building a decidedly inferior effect, compared with others in the city, and especially that of the Sultan Achmet, which is, probably, one of the most superb Mosques in the possession of Islamism. The sight of this Temple awakens a thrilling interest in him, whom study has made acquainted with the history of Byzantium; and, whatever belief he embraces, he cannot contemplate, without a deep feeling, the site over which once floated, in all the pride of Roman greatness, the banner of Christianity. This Mosque is splendidly situated; it is visible from every direction—from the Bosphorus—the harbour, and the sea of Marmora. It is not the privilege of Christians to visit it; but to them the other Mosques are comparatively accessible. There is no inconsiderable chivalry necessary on those occasions; and, indeed, the life of the Christian visitor, when thus detected in the gratification of his curiosity, is not considered too great a sacrifice to the offended spirit of Islamism. On the occasion of a visit by a late Christian traveller, to this Mosque, the imam would not enter, so convinced was he of the danger attending it. This individual, and another, changing their hats for *fezes*, and otherwise substituting the most admissible costume, reached the vestibule where they took off their shoes (a necessary ceremony) and entered. Their stay in the Mosque was not very accommodating to their curiosity, and less so to their personal safety: as a precipitate retreat alone preserved to them the enjoyment of their existence.

The beholder of this trophy, won by decidedly the most daring revolutionist of the day, from defeated Christianity, cannot, in surveying it, but lift the lid under which the glorious and chivalric past is buried. The Temple of St. Sophia possesses a very superior claim to the contemplation of the Christian; but looking at it as a mere historical record, it is not much less attractive. Indeed, Constantinople, or Stamboul, as it has been called, is one of those spots, which, when viewed from any approach to the city, is an evidence, a living evidence of its former greatness. There are very few cities which, during so many centuries of existence, have been so much spared from the destructive action of Time; and so perfectly free from the equally destructive hand of human hostility. Nor does this city of the Sultan—this chiefest of cities conquered by the followers of the Prophet, claim more attention, from us, to its origin, progress, and unique ascendancy, than to the recent instability of its political and religious existence. The history of the rise of the Empire, of which St. Sophia is decidedly the trophy, is pregnant with interest to the historian and philosopher; but not more so than its sudden fall: which possibly cannot be viewed in a more instructive light, than as exhibiting a portion—a fraction, as it may be termed, of the universal mental revolution, of which the world is at this day abundant. It is not, happily, the revol-

tion of arms—it is not the result of physical power—it is the achievement of intellectual prowess; and whatever be the result, the present Mosque of St. Sophia will be, in future days, what it has ever been—a great monument to perpetuate the name of an individual who has had no equal, and whose single mind has changed the history of the universe.

One of the most effective views of St. Sophia, in connexion with that of the city, is obtained from the *ESKI SERAI*, the Seraskier's tower, whence you view a panorama which words cannot describe. On this subject the late and descriptive traveller, Slade, observes:

"The aqueduct of Valens, the seven towers, Saint Sophia, the seraglio domes, the Propontis—circlet of beauty studded with ocean gems—Mount Olympus, the gloomy grand cemetery, the wide flowing Bosphorus, the golden horn, covered with caiques gliding like silver fish, are a few, only, of the features beneath him. Long may he look before being able to trace any plan in the dense mass of habitations that cover the hills and fill the vales, which are so thickly planted, and so widely spread, that the countless mosques, and public baths, and numerous khans, besides the *charshays*, (of a moderate city's dimensions) are scarcely noticed for the space they occupy; although, in other respects they attract attention, for no one can look at the seven hills, each crowned with a superb mosque, with numerous smaller ones on their sides, without being duly impressed with the piety of the Ottoman monarchs, and of their favourites, unsurpassed, save in Rome. Their good taste has led them to imitate Saint Sophia; the Turkish architects have improved on the model, and their taste and vanity combined to erect them on the most commanding spots, whereby Constantinople is embellished to a degree it could not have been in the time of the empire; that is, in an external view. I sincerely hope that whenever the cross displaces the crescent (which it must do) a mistaken zeal for religion will not remove the stately minarets. Another pictorial charm, which it also owes to Musselman customs, is the union of the colours, green, white, and red, visible in the cypresses, the mosques, and the dwellings. The perpetual and varied contrast is food for the eye, and excitement for the mind. We leave Pera, ~~in~~ in five minutes are in scenes of Arabian nights. The shores of the Bosphorus realize our ideas or recollections, of Venetian canals, or the Euphrates' banks. Women, shrouded like spectres, mingle with men, adorned like actors. The Frank's hat is seen by the Dervish's Calpack; the gaudy armed *chavans* by the *Nizam dgeditt*; the servile Greek by the haughty *Moslem*; and the full-blown Armenian, by the spare Hebrew. The *charshays* resound with Babel's tongues, the streets are silent as Pompeii's. We stumble over filthy dogs at the gate of a mosque, clean-plumaged storks cackle at us from the domes; a pasha with a gallant train proceeds to Divan, harpy vultures fan him with their wings; and in the same cemetery we see grave-diggers and lovers, corpses and jesters. A lane of steep terminates with a white marble fountain, and a steep narrow street conducts to a royal mosque. In a moral sense also the parallel holds. We have an absolute monarch, a factious people; *pashas*, slaves *de nomine*, despots *de facto*; a religion breathing justice and moderation, a society governed by intrigue and iniquity. The Musselman is mighty in prayer, feeble in good works; in outward life modesty personified, in his harem obscenity unmasked. He administers to a sick animal, bowstrings his friend; he believes in fatality, and calls in a doctor. In short every thing, and every person, and every feeling, and every act, are at total variance in this great capital."

THE YOUNG HEIR'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. NORTON.

THERE was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment for the young heir of the house of Rothseaton lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him. The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritor of an Earldom, of wealth, titles, and distinction; the beautiful and spoiled child of prosperity, was to be snatched from his parents and hid in the cold earth. Lord Rothseaton walked impatiently up and down the room; from the large windows with their heavy crimson curtains, which threw a mock glow on the cheek of his child, to the oak door with its ivory handles and curious carving. He paused, and gazed into the faces of the three physicians, whom a vain care had assembled round the bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-ringing at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy—of his ambitious hopes—of his hatred for his cousin, who was the next heir—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency. The physicians continued to converse on different topics in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the state of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day; births, marriages, and deaths; family grievances, and political intrigues.—From time to time there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then they conversed again. A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, covered with lace and ribbands, and drowsily examining the curiously fine linen belonging to the dying child, whose wardrobe she was prepared to prove should by right of custom be hers, as soon as the breath had left his body. Close to the bed stood the young heir's own attendant, a French lady, who had been induced by distress to accept the office of *bonne* to the sickly and wayward offspring of the House of Rothseaton. The quiet sorrow of many years of trial was written in her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her two children had died with the small-pox, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring them the commonest necessaries of life; her husband had perished of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell. Sorrow has one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings that have been wrong intensely, remain numbed and incapable of deep sympathy in the afflictions of others. Standing as she did by the death-bed of her little charge, she could not but grieve over him, for there are few hearts in which a child's faults will inspire dislike. She could not but remember the death-bed of her own little ones; and the tears stole down her wasted cheek as she watched; but the predominant feeling of her mind was a dread of the approaching desolateness of her situation—a few hours more, and she would be again thrown upon the world, without a home—without friends—a lonely being, to struggle for her livelihood—to endure the taunts of some, and the insulting compassion of others—and this thought was the bitterest in her heart.

Was there, then, no one amid the gilded pomp and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the beautiful boy, whose numbered breathings still became shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father—the interest of the physicians—the mercenary calculation of the hired watcher of his feverish nights—the half selfish regret of the widowed Frenchwoman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven—all that rose from mortal hearts to tempt God to spare the frail life he had given so lately? Was there no wild prayer like that

which David breathed in the agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him? Was there no mother in whose gentle heart all was nothing in comparison of his existence? There was.

Pale and exhausted—her dark and eager eyes clouded and heavy with watching—sate that young mother, by the bed of her dying child. Grandeur, and power and wealth—the inheritance of titles—the possession of riches: what were they then to her—to him? *His life* was all she desired—*his life*, which gold could not buy—which pride could not command—his life, and bread to give him, and her soul would be satisfied! She held his hand in hers, afraid to move—afraid to speak: his languid head rested heavily upon her bosom; and cramped, chilled, and aching as she felt, she yet smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her precious burden. Relieve her! it might be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast; the last time his breath might be warm on her cheek; and as the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered off her lip, and a slight shudder told that she had choked back the tears, which shed, might have broken his slumber. Day-light faded away; the gleams of parting sun-set ceased to shed a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages through the square became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the foggy close of a London autumn evening. Lord Rothseaton approached the bed; his harsh though handsome features were dark with despair; he set his teeth and folded his arms as he gazed on his son's face, for death had thrown a deeper shadow there since last he looked on him. "If you had taken more care of yourself, Lady Rothseaton," murmured he with bitterness, "before your infant was born, instead of romping like a child, he might not have been dying now; it would have been better never to have had an heir, than to watch this poor boy through years of ill health, and see him die at last." He lifted his eyes as he spoke to the face of his young wife, as if he feared the impression of his own words. But she heard them not. Worn out with watching, she had yielded to a torpor between sleep and faintness; her pale cheek rested near that of her boy, whom she still clasped to her bosom, and her heavy half closed eyes still glistened with tears. "Emily," said Lord Rothseaton in an altered tone, "this has been too much for you; come away, love, and rest." She started wildly, and exclaimed, "Is he dead? is he dead?" and then flinging herself into her husband's arms, she wept long and bitterly. A low moan of suffering recalled her to herself. In vain the physicians advised; in vain her husband entreated. "No," said she, "it will soon be over, and then, then indeed I may rest."

The day had faded; the night crept on; Lady Rothseaton rose and looked from the window on the dim trees in the square, and the lines of lamps which lit the silent city. The confused murmur of night fell upon her ear, and involuntarily she reflected how often in the heated assembly, in the crowded ball, she had sought a moment's coolness on the balcony, and never, as now, felt how many sighs of pain; how many drunken shouts; how many sounds of revelry, joy, sorrow, anguish and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur which is termed the *silence of night*. Awful silence! in which every human passion mingled without power to convey itself to the listening ear.

Suddenly the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart; they were giving a ball within three doors of Rothseaton's house! "Alas, my dying

boy!" said the mother, as she crept back to his bedside. The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it would not disturb him; *that* was comfort. Through the long and weary watches of the night, the well-known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and *she* sat waiting for the last gasp of that failing breath.

The night passed away; the long, long endless night; day-dawn came bright and blue through the window; the last carriage rolled from the door of the lighted house; the last guest departed. Lady Rothseaton still sat by the sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light; it seemed to her then as if *one* day more were a boon; as if to watch another sunrise, another sunset, in an uncertainty which admitted of wild and unreasonable hope, were something to be

thankful for: she knelt and prayed he might not die *that* day.

The young heir woke, he called feebly and mournfully for water; the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips, but in vain; the lips parted, and a wild and beautiful smile lit his brow; evidently there was a sudden cessation from pain. "Mother, mother," he whispered, "I am well now." Lady Rothseaton bent over him; lower and lower she bent, as he sank back, and then a wild shriek told that hope and fear were over.

Who cared, who knew when the young heir died? The evening of that dawning day a large party were assembled at another house in the same square. "The Rothseatons have lost their child," said the lady of the house. "Was he an only son," said the guest. "Yes." "Indeed! pray, who does the property go to?"

Original.

THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

Le malheureux Astyanax, n'a pas eu la possibilité de recevoir ces derniers témoignages de l'affection paternelle; sans doute il ne les eut pas repoussés, mais enfin il ne le a pas recus. Etait-ce donc l'intention de Napoléon que ces armes, ces trophées de la gloire Française, passassent entre les mains des ennemis de la France!—Joseph Napoléon.

No! give not the blade of the mighty to those,
The worst of his friends and the *least* of his foes.
Is the sword which reflected all fires of the field,
To be worn as a toy, not a weapon to wield?

What, give up the glory Marengo beheld!
When valley and field with the battle-tide swell'd:
At which, Austerlitz shook while the conqueror's breath
Thinn'd the ranks, with the strength of the angel of
death?

Tho' the "Son of the Man" has gone down to the tomb,
Will France overshadow his glory with gloom:—
Are the trophies she bore and the glories she won
To be lost to the sire on the death of the son?

Methinks I behold him—a destiny-star,
Looking down on the nations beneath, and afar;
Now gliding some land, and now seizing some cloud,
And launching its thunderbolts deadly and loud.

Hark; heard you that crash? 'tis a nation on fire,
And that planet laughs out in its terrible ire;
The king, and the prince, and the prelate are crush'd,
And their cry, in creation's approval, is hush'd.

Look out on that waste, where the Pyramid throws
Its shade o'er the royal Egyptian's repose,
'Tis the land, which, awake with the genius of France,
Might rival the East in her brightest romance.

But away with the chieftain's intent and its claim—
Let its light be a shade—its remembrance a name:
More potent the mem'ry that bids you retain
The blade, till the Bourbon renounces the reign.

Where that isle, by the far-off horizon is hurl'd,
Like a demon, 'wave-rock'd' on the rim of the world,
Look out, not impatient, for there is the grave,
Of Consul, King, Conqueror, Exile, and Slave!

Now say if a vassal of France, less a king—
But my thoughts! too severe are the feelings ye bring;
In vain is Philosophy willing to leave.
One bosom unfr'd, o'er his glory to grieve.

Away with the dream! let the blade be retain'd;
By it, France has been sav'd, and may yet be regain'd;
But if Fate should then frown, in the red-rolling tide
Thou can'st sleep, with NAPOLEON'S sword by thy side.

ALPHA.

VERSES.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

WHEN first in fervent prayer I knelt
To God—my God above;
When first my youthful bosom felt
The passionate thrill of love;
Oh! I was blessed beyond all thought,
In wandering here with thee,
My young first love! When every spot
Was Paradise to me.

I'll never rove as I have roved,
So young and happy then;
I'll never love as I have loved,
In innocence again.
But let me mourn—'tis well—'tis well!
Sorrow is sweet like this—
Thou'rt gone—where heavenly spirits dwell
In everlasting bliss.

My young first love! my life! my love!
Death chilled thy pure warm veins;
But, blessings on kind Heaven above!
Thy memory still remains.
Deep in my pensive soul 'tis set,
Like crystal 'mid the sea;
And here shall dwell till we have met
Forever and eternity!

My young first love! my life! my love!
'Tis many a year since thou
Didst plant yon myrtle in the grove,
And gaze upon this brow.
And I shall never hear thee more
Sing 'neath that blooming bough—
My heart that was so gay before
Is sadly alter'd now!

No, no! I'll never see thee more;
But mourn beside thy tomb,
Where willows dewy tear-drops pour,
And waving wild-flowers bloom.
Ah me! I heard the cold earth thrown
Upon thy gentle breast;
And wept beside the dreary stone
That marks thy place of rest.

My selfish sorrow; oh away!
I'd call thee from the sky,
That on thy bosom I might lay
Me down in peace and die.
But no, oh no! it must not be!
Still let me wander on
To mourn the days long spent with thee,
Tired—friendless—and alone!

THE BROKEN FLOWER;

WRITTEN BY MRS. HEMANS—THE MUSIC BY R. HILME.

ALLEGRETTO—*quasi Andante*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, which then changes to 4/4.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of sixteenth-note chords in the treble staff. The word "ritard." is written above the treble staff, and "pp" is written below the bass staff.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of sixteenth-note chords in the treble staff. The lyrics "Oh! wear it on thy breast my love, Yet, yet a lit - tle" are written below the treble staff.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of sixteenth-note chords in the treble staff. The lyrics "while, petness is ling' - ring on its leaves, Tho'" are written below the treble staff.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of sixteenth-note chords in the treble staff. The lyrics "fa - ded be its smile." are written below the treble staff.

Then for the sake of what hath been, Oh! cast it not
 way, 'Twas born to grace a summer scene, 'Twas
 born to grace a summer scene, A long bright gold - en
 day, my love, A long bright gold - en day.

calando *a tempo* *ritard.*

pp

II.

A little while around thee, love,
 Its odours yet shall cling,
 Telling that on this breast hath lain,
 A sweet though blighted thing!
 But not e'en that warm heart hath pow'r,
 To win it back from fate—
 Oh! I am like this broken flow'r;
 Oh! I am like this broken flow'r,
 Cherish'd too late—too late, my love,
 Cherish'd alas! too late.

Original:

LINES,

Written on visiting the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia.

WHEN Juno bade the god of winds unchain
 And hurl his triumph-tempests o'er the main;
 From their remotest caverns, heav'd on high,
 The Titan waters lash'd the frenzied sky:
 Earth, to its deep foundations trembling, sigh'd;
 The heavens shriek'd out, and list'ning hills replied!
 With such a power, but with more holy cause,
 Freedom proclaimed her own vindictive laws
 From out this room, and gave, with glad acclaim,
 Freemen a home—America a name:
 And fill'd with glorious enterprize, began
 "To vindicate the ways of God to man."
 Call yon yon paltry tax the fruitful cause
 Of deeds, which, since, have won the world's applause!
 No! Heaven beheld its own appointed time,
 Unfurl'd the flag, eternal and sublime;
 Wak'd the bold spirits of the gullant age,
 And fir'd their souls with all a patriot's rage;
 Marshall'd their willing ranks, and hurl'd the slave
 Down from his boast, on mountain, field and wave.
 And 'twas from this plain temple—what a shrine
 For men to worship at, (almost divine.)
 From out this simple room the judgment rose,
 And saw in their's the very Godhead's foes—
 Men who this circling orbit would have sold,
 If you but left to them Golconda's gold:
 Creatures, who knew no heritage in time,
 But that of gold, and tyranny, and crime.

Let me repair, Time's sepulchre unseal,
 And draw, with reverend soul, the historic veil.
 Behold, the buried day, when here it rose,
 In cloudless triumph o'er defeated foes.
 Its moving ray directing Freedom's band,
 Like Israel's column, to the promised land.
 Whom do I see—by memory's wand recall'd;
 By fear untouch'd, by vengeance unappall'd;
 In plain and unpretending strength combin'd,
 Mighty in purpose, mightier far in mind?
 There Jefferson, the giant-spirit bears
 The charter, for yet uncreated years:
 Presents the sacred trust—the tyrant's rod,
 Fresh from the hand of justice and of God—
 Upon the parchment freedom's name to trace,
 Red with the blood of yon Titanic race.
 See Franklin, with his lightning-spirit there,
 Chaining awhile the arrowy fire of air;
 To fling it with redoubled power along—
 At every dart more terrible and strong.
 Philosopher, patriot, statesman, scholar—all,
 For which mankind may well endure the fall;
 A glory to the day that nursed his powers;
 A Peru to his children and to ours.
 And Hancock, fearless as the mountain steep,
 Around whose base the fruitless tempests sweep,
 There, there he passes, living once again,
 The chief at once of martyrs and of men.
 Pass on, ye princes of the earth—more proud
 Than monarchs heralded by clarion loud,
 And arms, and banners, and the pomp of wars,
 And crown and purple, jewell'd o'er with stars.
 But who is he who closes that bright train,
 With eye where youth resumes his sunlike reign,
 And kindles up with all a patriot's love,
 Unlessened by the snows that fall above;
 Those snows of years, like those that ever glow;
 On Hecla's brow, nor dim the fires below?
 'Tis he of Carrolton, the fearless soul'd,
 Inspir'd by Heaven, tho' sprung from mortal mould:
 Elijah-like, he, from the fields of space,
 Flung Freedom's mantle down on Freedom's race;

And, as he mounted upward and afar,
 Heard million blessings breath'd from star to star.

Alone, within these sacred walls I stand;
 But are they gone, Columbia's Spartan band?
 No, no, they live, they live in every scene,
 Even to the flower that variegates the green:
 They live in every principle that guides
 Our lives' and fortunes' fluctuating tides.
 And, oh! may they be still our guides to fame,
 The same our freedom, and our path the same.
 For they were born of Heaven: they arose
 In single strength against a world of foes.
 But, armed with MIND, they burst the giant chain,
 And Freedom triumph'd thro' their wide domain.
 Long may their children emulate their sires,
 And if Columbian liberty expires,
 Be it by *foreign* foets: but, when we yield,
 We'll, Spartan-like, expire upon our shield!

ALPHA.

Original.

THE AUTUMN ROSE.

THE foliage on the autumn hills,
 With wrinkled age is withering fast,
 And fills the unrefreshing rills
 Obedient to the wizard blast:
 No requiem note the song-bird swells
 O'er the dead summer's twilight spells.

That season's beams which sank away,
 Not like the winter's sickly sun,
 But richly melting ray by ray
 Till day and twilight seemed but one:
 They're gone with summer's fragrant breath,
 And darkness comes—the child of death.

And all the love-inspiring flow'rs,
 Like Beauty's eyes, illumining,
 With smiles, this weary world of ours,
 Have died beneath the winter's sigh:
 All—save that rose, so lone and mild:
 The buried Summer's orphan child.

Sweet flower! in every leaf of thine
 A page of human life I see.
 Thou liv'st to mourn that day's decline,
 When all thy kindred bloom'd like thee.
 Wept with thy tears or by thy side
 Laugh'd in the summer's morning pride.

How many emblems dost thou show
 Of blighted hope and fickle dream—
 A dying bliss—a living woe,
 Waiting till time's advancing stream,
 Unwasted by eternal toil,
 Shall add thy beauty to his spoil.

But thou resemblest most, sweet rose!
 The maiden girl, belov'd—betray'd—
 Abandon'd in her tears to those
 Who give nor sympathy nor aid.
 Who sigh o'er all thy beauties past;
 But woo the living while they last.

It is a pain, when winter frowns
 Upon our fortunes to survive;
 And welcome is the death which drowns
 The pangs that we endure, alive.
 And oh! 'tis bliss indeed to know
 That death *must* come—for weal or woe!

ALPHA.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Scripture may have more senses besides the literal, because God understands all things at once; but a man's writing has but one true sense, which is that which the author meant when he wrote it.

What a blessing it is when a man can properly regulate his temper. How many heart-burnings and animosities would it save us; how many friendships would be preserved, and what a deal of good fellowship, that is now wasted, might be concentrated and gathered together for our worldly comfort.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave.

Men may live like fools, but fools they cannot die.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not insult me—and no other can.

Secure the approbation of the *aged*, and you will enjoy the confidence, if not the love, of the young.

Virtue in an intelligent and free creature, of whatever rank in the scale of being, is nothing less than a conformity of disposition and practice to the necessary, eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the Divine nature.

Flowers are fleeting things, however bright;
The sun, the shower, the winter, or the blight,
Will mar their fragrance, rob them of their bloom.
And what is Beauty but a flower—a toy
Which griebs, or time, or accident destroy.
And leave, like the lone cypress round a tomb,
A dull memento of departed years,
When life was fresh, and joy too full for tears.

Notwithstanding the deference man pays his intellect, he is governed more by his *heart* than his head: his *reason* may pronounce with a certainty, that seems to imply an impossibility of mistake, but after all, his *heart* will run away with the *action*.

There is usually the most assurance where there is the greatest degree of ignorance; we feel certain of *safety*, because we have not light enough to discover our *danger*.

There is, in regard to great misfortunes, a moment which causes even more pain than the misfortune itself—it is that in which we can no longer *doubt* of its existence.

There are griefs which no time or circumstances can totally cure or eradicate the sentiment of; they seem to retreat into the recesses of the soul, there to remain ready to present themselves whenever we feel a tendency towards unhappiness.

Old Ocean was,

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence; and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throbb
In human hearts, death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast;
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiv'ring winds;
But long as man to parent Nature owes
Instinctive language, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea!

There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well: so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men.

"Monsieur la Comte," said the secretary of Mirabeau to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that *foolish* word in my presence."

The Minorquins never venture to prune a fruit tree, thinking it impious to presume to direct its growth, and amend the works of Providence.

Never compliment a woman upon her corpulency. If she really be fat, the greatest compliment you can pay her, is to remark, in an indifferent sort of way, that she is not looking as stout as usual.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers,
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

What has humanity to be proud of? We are subject to every inclemency of the sky—the weather-cocks of interest—instruments for passion to fret upon; whose time is but a moment, whose habitation is but a speck, and in size but an atom, in the vast universe! Yet man is proud! Ay, proud of himself—proud of what must in a few years be nothing more than silent dust!

Wealth may become, by a careless extravagance, the means of a poverty more galling than that which is felt by the ragged wanderer to whom a dry crust is a luxury, and a heap of straw is a bed of down; and rank may be degraded by folly, and high esteem may be lost in the reckless attention to mere sensual pursuits.

The coal mines, which in Staffordshire have been burning for 200 years, consist of pyrites, subject to spontaneous combustion. Water will not extinguish them, because when drawn off, or absorbed, the pyrites burn more than before.

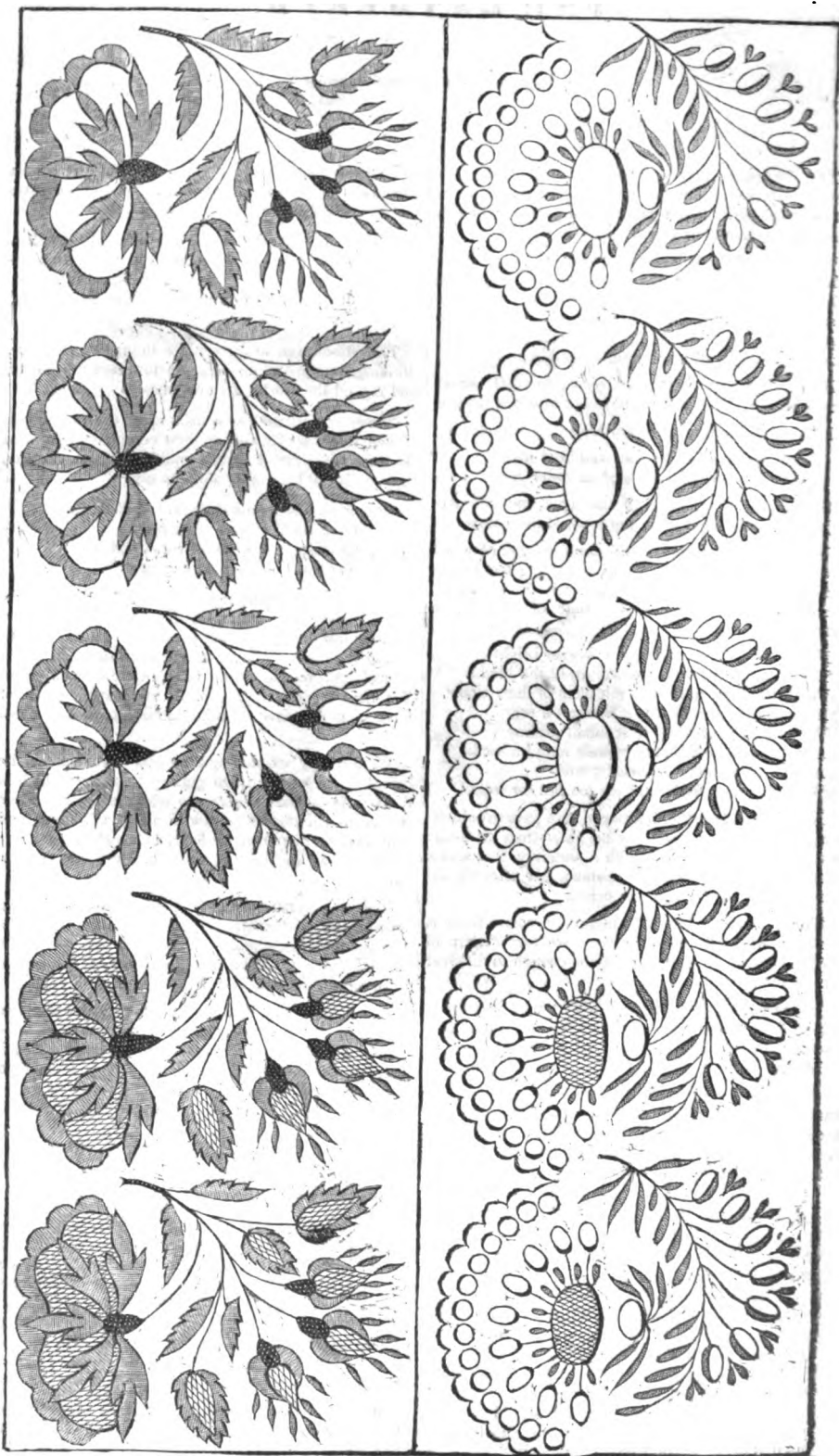
The most rational and therefore truest remark that has been made with respect to the great question—*which is the better, the married or the single state?* is the following:—Whichever resolution you come to, repentance will follow.

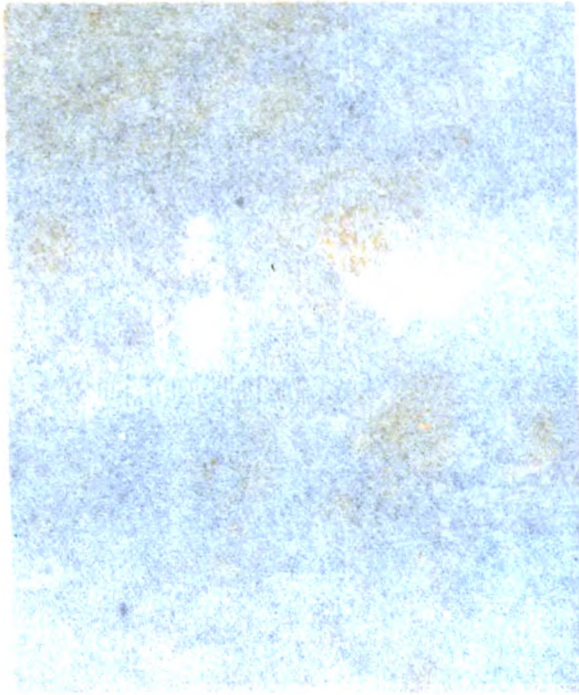
The web of our life is of a mingled
Yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues
Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and
Our crimes would despair, if they were not
Cherish'd by our virtues.

Captain Basil Hall, in his amusing book on India, just published, pithily enough remarks that "In the Government of extensive countries, a well-intentioned blockhead may often bring the severest misery upon the heads of those whom it is his purpose to benefit; and it is but a poor satisfaction to know that his intentions were the best in the world, and that his own character and fortunes are involved in the general wreck."

A musket proof garment is stated to have been invented by two Italians. It is said to be light and flexible.

PATTERNS OF EMBROIDERY
FOR LADIES' FANCY WORK.





THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF LORD BYRON.

VERY few indeed have ever occupied, or are destined to occupy so large a space in the world of mind, as the illustrious subject of the prefixed engraving. His life was a romance; every thought original, and every incident a reality. He was in fact an era, and therefore an object of universal interest and observation, whose limits became extensive as his mind's development. It may be said that Scott was his compeer in personal interest; but this is most unequivocally denied. The commanding genius of Scott was exercised upon the actual and external observation of "men and things;" every legend found its living hero, and history its mingled, yet not less faithful record: But Byron was a man *sui generis*—his genius was exercised upon himself, and his observations within his own mysterious and inscrutable spirit. No scene did he behold, no incident did he relate that he did not people, and vivify with himself, not in the monotonous and gloomy character ascribed to him by cavilling reviewers, but in all the rainbow variety of his brief but eventful pilgrimage.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles street, London, on the 22d of January 1788. His mother was an only child, and heiress of George Gordon Esq., of Gight, and descended from as illustrious an ancestry as any which Scotland can boast. She was possessed of considerable property in real estate, ready money and bank shares, which, however, soon disappeared before the profligate prodigality of her husband, and she was reduced from extensive affluence to comparative poverty. In the year 1790 she took up her residence at Aberdeen, where she placed her son, on the attainment of his fifth year, at the school of Mr. Bowers. His progress being rather slow, he was transferred to the tuition of a Rev. Mr. Ross, under whose *surveillance* he made a rapid advance in his infantile studies. He was then passed over to the instruction of a third tutor, with whom he continued until he was placed at the grammar school, where the various characteristics of his after life exhibited themselves.

On the death of his eccentric grand uncle, in the year 1798, he became a ward of Chancery, under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, who immediately had the young lord placed under the tuition of Dr. Drury, at Harrow, through which, as he himself says, "he fairly fought his way." In October, 1805, he was removed to the University of Cambridge, where he used very little exertion to be distinguished for any thing, but a thorough contempt for academical honours; and, so decided was this feeling, that he would, with much gravity tell his friends that the young bear which he kept in his room, was in training for a fellowship. In the twentieth year of his age, Lord Byron took up his residence at Newstead Abbey, which had been recently left by Lord Grey de Ruthven in a most ruinous condition, and which he immediately proceeded to repair. In the November of this year, his celebrated dog, Boatswain, died in a state of madness; "After," as Lord Byron says, "suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last." The regret which he felt at this event is best recorded on the monument erected to the memory of the animal,

and which still forms a conspicuous ornament in the grounds at Newstead. The inscription on this testimonial is remarkable for its misanthropic character, and concludes thus,

"Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Lord Byron now betook himself to the enlargement, improvement, and preparation for the press of that satire, which alone would have admitted his claim to poetical distinction. It is true, his "Hours of Idleness" gave but very little hope of future success: but, they were the production of minority, and could not have been expected to possess that excellence which is alone attainable by maturity and experience. A few days before the appearance of this splendid philippic, he took his seat in the House of Lords, under circumstances, not only embarrassing, but peculiarly mortifying. The forms of the House required certain certificates in proof of the legitimacy of his claim previous to taking his seat: on this subject his late guardian, Lord Carlisle refused to give any information to the Lord Chancellor; and this, with his own lone and neglected situation—without a single member of the assembly to which he belonged to introduce him, preyed heavily upon his keenly sensitive nature. On the 13th of March, he took the oaths and his seat, whence, after a few minutes' delay, he arose and joined his friend Mr. Dallas, who waited at the bar of the House.

In a few days after, appeared "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" so rapid was its advance to popularity, that nearly the whole edition was disposed of by the end of April; and he immediately proceeded to prepare a second; which, in the course of the ensuing month was ready for publication. Without, however, waiting to witness his second triumph, he left London on the 11th of June, and, on the 2d of July sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. Here, then, may we place the starting post of a fame which eclipsed all co-temporary rivalry; running a career of brilliancy which knew no horizon. From Lisbon he proceeded through the southern provinces of Spain to the Mediterranean. After a short sojourn at Malta, he sailed for Prevesa, where he landed on the 29th of September. Hence, he proceeded to Yanina, where he was informed that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum. The latter, however, having understood that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, directed the commandant at Yanina to provide him with a house, and every kind of accommodation gratuitously. From this capital, he travelled over the mountains through "monastic Zitzu," which he so enchantingly immortalizes for the hospitality of the "Caloyer," and the beauty of its sacred scenery. He, hence proceeded towards Tepaleen, of which he says, "I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon as the sun was going down;" which observation may now bewell applied to the graphic and

splendidly finished description he has left to posterity in the second canto of "Childe Harold." To select any separate portion of this magnificent picture, would be an absurdity—it is indivisible, and must be contemplated entire to be understood and felt; as well as to perceive the Herculean power with which Lord Byron's genius sprung into almost instantaneous maturity. He was lodged in the palace, and, on the next day introduced to Ali Pacha, who recognized his aristocracy in his small white hands and curling hair, and paid him some complimentary attentions. On his return from Tepaleen, he was introduced at Yanina to Hussien Bey and Mahomet Pacha, two children of Ali Pacha. He subsequently visited Smyrna, where he concluded the 2d canto of Childe Harold, in March 1810, whence he sailed on the 11th of April, for Constantinople. Here he performed a feat on which he exhibits considerable egotism, making it a repeated feature in many of his subsequent epistolary communications—we allude to his having swam from Sestos to Abydos; notwithstanding the discouraging fate of his predecessor, Leander. On the 14th of July he sailed from Constantinople, in the Salsette frigate, from which, by his own desire, he was landed on the small island of Zea, whence he went to Athens. On the 26th or 27th of July, he left Athens in the company of the Marquis of Sligo; he, to proceed to Patras; and the Marquis, to the capital of the Morea. At Patras, Lord Byron was seized with a spell of illness, and on his return to Athens very characteristically observed, "I should like, I think, to die of a consumption." This observation proves that his expressive face was no less observed by himself than others. On the 3d of June 1811, he set sail from Malta in the Volage frigate for England; where he arrived on the 2d of July, after an absence of two years. The acknowledged embarrassments of his affairs at this period—his evident solitariness, his physical debility caused by intermittent fevers, give the reader some estimate of the feelings which accompanied his return. The illness of his mother soon called him to Newstead; on his arrival, however, she had already paid "the debt of nature;" and, notwithstanding the unmotherly influence, which she sought to exercise over him, and which, in fact, considerably moulded his very peculiar and eccentric mind; he wept. A tear from the Stoic Byron?—yes! his faults were confined to himself—his affections and benevolence had no limits. A circumstance of more than ordinary interest—one, indeed, to which we are indebted for a new description of biography, so arranged that, although less epistolary ones may be more unbrokenly interesting, none can possibly be more authentic. It is somewhere about this period the first interview between Lord Byron and Mr. Thomas Moore occurred. The allusion made in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," to Mr. Moore, the Irish Amacreon, had induced that gentleman to address the noble author on the subject, in a letter dated Dublin, January 1, 1810, and which, being as it is, the warlike cause of so warm and unbroken a friendship, as has since existed between them, we here insert.

Dublin, January 1st, 1810.

"MY LORD—Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work, entitled, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, as it appears to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence a secret.

"I have the honour to be

"Your lordship's very humble servant,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"22, Molesworth-street."

This letter did not meet his lordship, who had recently gone abroad; but it remained in the hands of his friend Mr. Hodgson. On his return to England, however, Mr. Moore again addressed him, under circumstances which were rendered materially different from those which dictated the former communication. Mr. Moore had, to use his own words, taken upon himself "Obligations both as husband and father, which make most men—and especially those who have nothing to bequeath—less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger."

To this letter Lord Byron sent the following spirited and characteristic reply:—

"Cambridge, October 27th, 1811.

"SIR—Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply. Your former letter I never had the honour to receive; be assured, in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

"The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of. At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion, and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of 'giving the lie' to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern—to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

"With regard to the passage in question, you were certainly *not* the person towards whom I felt personally hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one whom I had reason to consider as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: I can neither retract nor apologize for a charge of falsehood which I never advanced.

"In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. 8, St. James's-street. Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance.

"Your friend, Mr. Rogers, or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour—or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"BYRON."

Mr. Moore in acknowledging the receipt of this communication thus concludes:—

"As your lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We, Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship; but, as my approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day, he received from Lord Byron the annexed rejoinder.

"8, St. James's-street, October 29th, 1811.

"SIR—Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr. Hodgson, apprized me that a letter for me was in his possession; but a domestic event hurrying me from London, immediately after, the letter (which may most probably be your own) is still *unopened in his keeping*. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. H. is at present out of town; on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

"With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not *advances*, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued—not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In *my* case, such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so *auspicious* a beginning.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

Mr. Moore, now, for the first time, informed his friend, Mr. Rogers, of his correspondence with Lord Byron, and the nature of it. The hospitable author of "The Pleasures of Memory," proposed his own table as the place of a meeting (hinted at by Mr. Moore, and gladly understood by Lord Byron,) between the two epistolary belligerents. The social hour arrived; and, as Mr. Moore says, "Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all."

In giving these rather circumstantial details of the first personal acquaintance of these two great men, we have been directed by the importance which they will ever possess, as an unalienable item in any biography of Byron, however minute or limited; and, indeed, connecting the unpromising circumstances attending this correspondence, and the youth of his lordship at that period, we are not unwilling to recommend the particular attention of our readers to that portion of it which emanated from *him*: full, as it is, of "good sense, self possession and frankness," and that nobility, which was no less glorious in his soul, than in that title which descended to him, through a long line of proud and gallant ancestry.

On the 27th of February 1812, Lord Byron made his first oratorical attempt in the House of Lords. Two days after appeared the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*; the success was instantaneous; and, unlike things of sudden growth, deep and lasting. The effect was electric, and the sale of the first edition was as instantaneous as its fame. The *Giaour*, and the *Bride of Abydos* soon followed; and Lord Byron's fame seemed to have reached its acme, when "The Corsair" appeared, dazzling the literary world with its unprecedented splendour. Nothing which could add interest to this *condensed* sketch, occurred between this period of his glory and the commencement of his matrimonial career. On the 2d of January 1815, he was married to Miss Milbank, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank, of Seaham, in the county of Durham. That this marriage was an "untoward event," is already known to all who have felt an interest in the personal history of this extraordinary man. It was attended with bickerings and recriminations, and domestic distresses; and remarkable for no "oasis" but the

birth of Ada Byron; which took place on the 10th of December 1815. This young lady has lately appeared at Court, and—but no! we are speaking of the father: we may return to the progeny. Beset by the public and private assassins of his personal reputation, even he, with all his apparent stoicism, could not withstand the conspiracy; and, in 1816, he left England to meet that glorious fate over which fame rejoices, and genius laments. That Lord Byron's domestic difficulties were the source of his domestic ruin, will not be disputed; they would, therefore, become a very fair and interesting subject of research, if, in the progress of that research, we could hope to arrive at any thing like authenticity; but, even his bosom friend—he, to whom he infelicitously committed the defence of his deeply injured character—he, to whose observation his mysterious heart and mind were as unsealed epistles—even he does not *appear* to be acquainted with the source of his domestic afflictions. We, therefore, shall not speculate; but, proceed to the subsequent phases of his fortunes. He now passed over to France; and, passing onward to Brussels, visited that Mecca of British pilgrims—Waterloo. One of the most splendid exertions of his genius is the living and almost breathing description he gives of that bloody field in the third canto of *Childe Harold*—

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;

Whose table, earth—whose dice, were human bones"

But never did the genius of Byron become immortal, until, becoming inspired, upon the Lake of Geneva, it spoke in words of thunder, which, long as the language of nature is understood, will bear into every ear its magic, and, into every mind its overwhelming majesty. Had Lord Byron's domestic misfortunes been permitted to exercise their baneful usurpation over his mind, that written monument of his genius had disappeared with his existence—it would have been, at least, injurious to his previous enviable reputation: but, if they, in these moments when he communed with nature, did at all exist, they became so amalgamated with his external observations, that they gave his mind the essence, which fired it to a deeper idolatry of nature—the deity of the universe. Repeatedly as this description has been quoted, it would be an injustice to the memory of the illustrious dead, and an imperfection in our biographical sketch, to omit its unparalleled repetition. Never was the English language more expressively applied; every word is a sentiment and every sentence a picture.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

"And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

"Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,

The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightning's—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

“Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or, do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?”

And again—

“The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set;

“And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent,

“To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings through the vale:—look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,

“Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unwoon
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn.
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien.

“Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
The thundering lawwine—might be worshipp'd more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.”

Lord Byron adopted Venice as his principal residence, from 1817 to the close of 1819; and here he composed the Lament of Tasso, Marino Faliero, the fourth, and last, canto of Childe Harold, the Two Foscari, Beppo, Mazeppa, and the earlier cantos of that inimitable picture of human life, Don Juan. It may by many be said that this most original and splendid of his productions is *morally* objectionable—we emphasize the word “morally,” because as a literary production it stands triumphantly *per se*—but we could refer to some very sacred pictures of life during the Mosaic dispensation, which would lose not only

their natural but their moral effect, if they did not represent the contrast of vice and virtue: and, indeed, never was the hideousness of the one, or the beauty of the other, correctly estimated except when placed in contrasting juxtaposition. But this poem needs no advocacy; it holds the mirror up to nature.

Towards the close of the year 1819, Lord Byron removed to Ravenna; and here he wrote that expansively wrought poem, the Prophecy of Dante; and, about the same time, Sardanapalus—Cain—and Heaven and Earth. In the year 1821, he removed to Pisa in Tuscany; where he became acceptably attached to the celebrated Countess Guiccioli. At Pisa, Lord Byron wrote the tame and unworthy drama of “Werner”—the singular and characteristic drama of “The Deformed Transformed;” and the continuation of Don Juan. From Pisa, Lord Byron went to Genoa in the autumn of 1822, where he spent the winter: and, in the course of the ensuing year embarked at Leghorn for the land of his earliest and most successful inspiration. He arrived at Cephalonia on the 23d of August 1823. The distractions which, notwithstanding the progressive success of the Greek cause, prevailed in the Greek councils, required the administration of some influential and opportune sedative; and Lord Byron, whose fame and philhellenic intentions had preceded him, was looked to as the successful Samaritan. Accordingly Lord Byron decided on the non-interference system, except to reconcile the contending parties; and took up his temporary residence at Metaxata, a village of Cephalonia. In the month of October 1823, Missolonghi was blockaded both by land and sea. For the defeat of this blockade, Lord Byron, with a generosity which should render all his peccadilloes invisible, offered the sum of sixty thousand dollars, to pay for fitting out a fleet. He sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December 1823, for Missolonghi, where he was received with the most unlimited exultation. He was received on landing by Prince Maurocordate and all the authorities, together with the military and populace; by whom he was escorted to his house, amid the shouts of the people and the thundering gratulations of the artillery. This must have been a proud moment to Lord Byron. He stood in the classic land of Greece! Greece, hallowed by the most sacred ties which can link generations together—the land of arts and arms—

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Pheebus sprung!”—

The land of Homer and Tyrtæus—of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Hector and Achilles, and the “Pious Æneæ;” and Themistocles and Marathon, and Miltiades and Salamis, and Leonidas and Thermopylæ; and standing upon that land, how must his heart have bounded, to witness the honours which he that day received from their descendants, and to know that they were deserved; and if there be an enviable moment in his existence, this certainly is it. One of his first acts, on landing at Missolonghi, was to pay the fleet: he next proceeded to form a brigade of Suliotæ to the number of five hundred. He consequently, on the first of January 1824, took into his pay that number of these bravest and most unyielding soldiers in Greece. At this time an expedition against Lepanto was proposed, of which Lord Byron was to have the command. But the untameable and mercenary nature of these hireling mountaineers, produced a complete abandonment of the project, at the very moment they should have availed themselves of Lord Byron's enthusiasm; and he became, very naturally, irritable, being disappointed, in his hopes, even thus early, of giving an advance, if not a triumph to the cause of Grecian Liberty. On the 15th of February he had an attack of epilepsy, which, considering the extreme susceptibility

of his mind, it is not unreasonable to ascribe to this very important, and very unseasonable disappointment of his glorious ambition. From this time his constitution suffered a considerable change, which was rendered the more injurious by his stay in Missolonghi, which is a flat, marshy, and unhealthy place. He was requested by a gentleman of Zante, to return for some time to that island; but, his devotedness to the cause he had embraced, made every thing else, even his health, a matter of secondary consideration. The following is his reply to that request; it requires no comment.

"I am extremely obliged by the offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even supposed) utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects of the Greeks themselves: but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

On the 9th of April Lord Byron rode out, according to daily custom; but unfortunately got very wet in a rain-storm which overtook him. On his return home he changed his clothes, which were completely saturated: but, he had been in them too long, and he was attacked with a feverish cold. On the 12th, he became more alarmingly ill; on the 14th and 15th, his valet, Fletcher, requested him to send to Zante for Dr. Thomas, but he was told there was no necessity as the cold would be removed in a day or two. On the 18th he continued to get worse; and he was evidently in a state of great exhaustion. Nature was fast yielding to dissolution, and the sun which had illuminated the world, was now about to set for ever. He now seemed dissatisfied with the medical treatment he received, and regretted that he had not permitted Fletcher to send for Dr. Thomas. Every hour increased his debility, and, he began to suffer under intervals of delirium. His thoughts were now turned to his Ada; and he called Fletcher to communicate some directions which he wished him to see executed; but the time, for even that, had passed; his words were unintelligible; except, when, by great exertion, he could say, "My God—my wife—my child"—in this way he continued to approach the limits of his career, until the evening of the 19th, when, at six o'clock, Fletcher saw him open his eyes and then shut them; but neither limb nor feature exhibited the least feeling of pain. He lay quite calm; and a sweet tranquillity was on his countenance. The Doctors felt his pulse; it was stitless; the world had lost its brightest genius, and Greece its most devoted champion. Every demonstration of the public affliction was made at Missolonghi, where the sorrow was universal: minute guns were fired: the shops and public offices were closed; the Easter festivities suspended, and a general mourning took place. The body of Lord Byron was opened and embalmed, and the heart, brain, and intestines were placed in separate vessels. On the 22d, his honoured remains were borne to the church where the bodies of the illustrious Marco Botzaris and General Norman repose. Here the funeral service was performed; after which the body was left there, guarded by a detachment of his own brigade, until the 23d, when it was privately conveyed back to his own house. On the 2d of May, the remains were embarked, under a salute from the guns of the fortress, which but a few months before, were loud in their joyous thunders. In three days they reached Zante; where, on the 10th, Colonel Stanhope arrived; and, taking the body in charge, embarked with it on board the Florida. On the 25th of May she sailed from Zante, and, on the 29th of June arrived in the Downs.

The noble Lord's will having been proved by J. C.

Hobhouse and J. Hanson, (Lord Byron's executors,) they claimed the body, and had it conveyed to London, where it was exhibited in state at the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Westminster. On the 16th of July, the interment took place at Hucknall church, within two miles of Newstead Abbey: the coffin was placed next to that of his mother, and was accompanied by an urn bearing this inscription—

"Within this urn are deposited the heart, brain, &c., of the deceased Lord Byron."

On the coffin was the following:

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON
OF ROCHDALE;
BORN IN LONDON
JAN. 22, 1788,
DIED AT MISSOLOGHI,
IN WESTERN GREECE,
APRIL 19, 1824.

Taking our farewell of Hucknall and its interred immortality; we naturally ask why the memory of so stupendous a mind should not be *honoured*, (we will not say perpetuated; the name of Byron will never die,) by the erection of a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, which seems to be the final reward of British gratitude to British genius. The answer is simple. The Dean of Westminster will not permit its erection. On this subject we cannot do better than subjoin the happy observations of the Boston Statesman: as they exhibit an indignation which is at once noble and just.

"The refusal of the Dean of Westminster, assisted by the Dean of St. Paul's, to permit a monument to be erected to Lord Byron in Westminster Abbey, may vie, in the genuine spirit of vandalism, with the imprisonment of Copernicus for discovering that the earth was round, or with the petty spite of the Inquisition which burns the books whose contents are written upon men's minds by the living pen of intellectual inspiration. Petty agents of *hate*, not *injury*, to the manes of Byron! you cannot deprive him of a particle of his fame; his works will live when all the monuments of those ancient ruins, together with the pile which covers them, will crumble into ungatherable atoms. * * * *

"Reverend prelates! you retain within the pale of your benedictions and funeral rites, a Swift and a Sterne, men who uttered more downright obscenity than Byron ever thought or could think; and yet you deny monumental honours to the man who has distributed your literature into every village of Europe, who defended your fame from the encroachment of an armour-cased Scot, who before *he* (Byron) appeared, mocked at and bearded your intellectual chiefs, and almost claimed the supremacy of the island. But this is not all. If you are sincere in your pathetic lamentations over the Greeks, if you are, or ever were, the advocates of that cause, will not the interference at Missolonghi—the act of his latest days—redeem his character from the fangs of calumny and misinterpretation? Are you not aware, Right Reverends, that some of the most glorious of mortal men in deeds and station, have been silent upon the subject of religion? Is it not a matter that lies between the great Creator and the conscience of the individual? But in respect to this interdiction, is not the fame you aim at like his who fired the Ephesian temple? Believe it, Byron will not go down to posterity

• Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

But when the process of decomposition is completed upon your bodies, in despite of your crosiers, your leaden coffins, and your cast-iron protectors, how many, separated from this act of barbarism, *will even recollect your names, and who will chaunt your fame!*"

Original.

THE SACRIFICE;

A POEM.

THE morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it sacred shone;
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All, save the Patriarch's heart alone.
While God's command arose to mind,
It forced into his eye the tear;
For though his soul was all resigned,
Yet nature fondly lingered there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smiled;
Joy o'er her face its lustre shed,
For near her sat her only child.
The charms that pleased a monarch's eye,
Upon her cheek had left their trace;
His highly augur'd destiny
Was written in his heavenly face.

The groaning father turned away,
And walked the inner tent apart;
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whispered in his heart—
"O! must this son to whom was given
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand.

"This son for whom my eldest born
Was sent an outcast from his home;
And in some wilderness forlorn,
A savage exile doom'd to roam.
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfill
The known and certain will of God?"

"Arise, my son! the cruel fill,
And store the scrip with due supplies,
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice."
The mother raised her speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there;
She fear'd the desert drear and dry—
She fear'd the savage lurking there.

Abraham beheld, and made reply,
"On him, from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we with faith rely—
"Tis He commands, and we must go."
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepared;
And with the third day's twilight shade,
Moriah's lofty hill appeared.

The menials at a distance wait—
Alone ascend the son and sire;
The wood is on his shoulder laid—
The wood, to build his funeral fire.
No passion sways the father's mind,
He felt a calm, a death-like chill;
The soul, all chastened, all resigned,
Bowed meekly, though he shuddered still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder Isaac cries—
"My father, lo! the fire and wood,
But where's the lamb for sacrifice?"
The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind—
While Abraham answered low and calm,
With steady voice and look resigned,
"God will himself provide a lamb."

But, let no pen profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare;
Turn to the book of books divine,
And read the sacred promise there.
At length when anxious ages roll'd,
The Promise of the great I AM
Bled, as the Prophets had foretold;
On Calvary—the Saviour Lamb.

J. M. S—S.

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH, TO MORNING.

WAKE from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And, in thy vestal robes array'd,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister! the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While, sitting supreme in regal sway,
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud-pavilion'd home
In the burning West, thy footsteps come.

When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turn'd, to smile good night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught—
There seemed not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast,
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.

I hear the sparkling midnight spheres.
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet ere earth was stain'd with tears,
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy seraphim;
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.

Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome forth to sing
With many a meeting lay;
Then, wherefore, Beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

Thy flower* her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;
Tho' round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watched and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits,
For the opening of her lover's gates.

Oh! then arise, fair sister dear:
Awake, beloved Day!
For many a silent trembling tear,
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay.
From the rosy bowers of the orient skies
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!

* The Sunflower.

THE BASHFUL WOOPER.

PRIOR to the attainment of my eighth year, my education was superintended by my widowed mother; whose apprehensions, excited by the delicacy of my constitution, deterred her from sending me to one of those preparatory establishments where they kindly "teach the young idea how to shoot," for a certain consideration in pounds, shillings, and pence. In the course of time she, however, naturally began to feel an anxiety that some stronger hand should assume the direction of my studies: her health was much impaired by the consuming effects of hidden sorrow from the early blighting of her wedded happiness, and she dreaded the consequence of an imperfect or a neglected education to her child, while, at the same time, she shrank from the idea of placing *distance* between us. At the expiration of a short period I was, accordingly, sent to a day school of eminence, where I continued for some time, after which I was entrusted to the care of the Rev. Mr. Lizars, a clergyman, who conducted "an establishment" in the vicinity. Thus, with all the terrors of my bashfulness about me, I found myself surrounded entirely by *strangers*. The familiarity of childhood, however, insensibly associated me with my school-fellows, and the frequent home-visits which I was permitted to make, reconciled me to my situation.

Possessing an unquenchable thirst after information, I applied myself with the utmost diligence to my studies, and even in the hours allotted to amusement I was in the habit of taking a book into the play-ground, and seated beneath an immense walnut-tree that shadowed the sward with its thick branches, I shared my attention between the lettered page, the insects that sported before me in the sun, and the merry boys that, with equal giddiness, frolicked on the green. Perhaps I was secretly impelled to this degree of studiousness by the shyness of my disposition; certainly I was neither gloomy nor unsociable, and I believe I may affirm, without boasting, that I was esteemed by my master and ushers, and beloved by my companions. Among the latter was a lad rather older than myself, to whom I became attached shortly after my introduction to the establishment. His name was Sidney; he was the orphan son of a naval officer of rank, who had fallen gloriously in the memorable battle of Trafalgar. The youth was under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, Sir Herbert Long, and, according to his own inclination and the wishes of his family, was intended for the army. Light brown hair running into wavy curls, a clear complexion, a merry blue eye, and a laughing lip, could not fail to make a favourable impression upon those who beheld him; while his patrician descent might be deduced from the delicacy of his features, and the elegance of his figure, which, although slender in its proportions, combined singular strength and activity. Brave, hardy, cheerful, open-hearted, and good-tempered, he was the foremost in every frolic, the asserter of every body's rights, and the avenger of every body's wrongs. Perceiving and pitying the diffidence which I vainly endeavoured to shake off, Sidney, with great generosity of feeling, proffered me his friendship; it was eagerly accepted, and from that time we became associates in learning. I looked up to the manly self-possession of his character, his decision, his happy and admirable address; with emotions of delight: I strove to imitate him, but I found that it was impossible, and I finally contented myself with contemplating that mental courage which I could not hope to acquire.

Previous to the midsummer vacation, it was the avowed intention of Mr. Lizars to institute an examination of the pupils in the various branches of their education; and those friends and relations whose neighborhood permitted them to be present, were cere-

moniously invited to the vicarage on the occasion. After the examination of the respective classes, a distribution of prizes was to take place, and a *fete-champetre*, in which the younger female visitors were solicited to join, was to terminate the festivities. It was now the latter end of June, and I had been a considerable time under the tuition of Mr. Lizars, who was kind enough to inform me, that he had framed great expectations of me, and hoped to see them realized on the approaching occasion: my heart beat violently as I heard myself thus counted upon to support, in part, the honour of the establishment, and I applied myself more assiduously than ever to my duties. I knew that my mother was to be present; and I heard that my youthful cousin, Maria Rivers, with her father, was to accompany her: the information was sufficient to stimulate my ambition to the utmost, and I fervently hoped that my enervating timidity might not paralyse my efforts to obtain distinction. I had not seen my cousin since I was a child of some four years of age, and I could dimly remember a sweet waxen-faced infant with dark hair and blue eyes, being held down to me by a pale looking lady, richly habited. A gentleman was beside her, and I was told that they were my aunt and uncle Rivers. I never after saw them, and when two years from that time a little mourning frock was put on me, and a crape tied round my straw hat, I can recollect somebody saying that "Aunt Rivers was dead, and was buried beyond the sea."

Great curiosity respecting my little cousin now took possession of me, and mingled with my graver meditations; I endeavoured to picture what she might be now that she had "grown up," for in my boyish reckoning, twelve or thirteen years of age seemed invested with the dignity of womanly estate. I was myself about sixteen, and I calculated that my young cousin might be eleven or something upwards; that she was pretty and interesting I would not allow myself to doubt for an instant, and as she had lately returned with her father from Italy, I made no question that she was highly accomplished.

Thus enlivening my studies with the dreams of young romance, then beginning to fling their visionary spells around me, I passed the time rapidly away, and, almost before I was aware of it, the week preceding that in which our grand examination was to take place arrived.

Sydney and myself had mutually been usher and pupil; we had rehearsed our lessons and had strictly catechised each other in every department of our studies. Emulation—pure emulation—urged us on, and we exchanged congratulations upon the progress which we had made.

At last the long looked for, and by me the dreaded yet desired, period arrived; we arose early, and a private examination having been gone through, we were dismissed to the pleasing duties of the *toilette*, which on this occasion received a most unusual attention. I was no fop, and although Sydney had perhaps a tincture in his composition, I fully remember on that day vying with him in the nicety and taste with which I selected my dress. Having completed my appearance, I threw a glance upon Sydney, who, with much seeming satisfaction, was standing before the glass drawing his fingers through the thick tresses of his auburn hair,—a flush was upon his cheek, and I confess that I was sensible of a feeling of uneasiness which I afterwards learned to understand as I gazed upon his handsome and elegant exterior.

"Well, my dear fellow," exclaimed he suddenly "we have had enough of this puppyism, I think—it is time to be off, or, by Jove, we shall be quizzed as very Jeannies if we stay longer coquetting before the glass."

Passing his arm through mine, we descended to the garden, just as we heard the wheels of a carriage roll rapidly to the gate; "A race—a race," cried Sydney, "now, my boy, who first shall peep at the fair faces of the ladies as they come forth glowing with expectation?"—he ran off as he spoke, and I followed him to a group of elder-trees, where I knew that without being seen I could reconnoitre the visitors. No such diffidence actuated my friend, he half-ascended the trunk of one, and raising his head above the wall, whispered to me, "not to stand prying through a chink like another Pyramus, but to join him where I could both see and be seen." I did not reply, for I perceived that it was my mother's carriage, and my eyes were intently fixed upon a tall slender girl with long black ringlets escaping from her bonnet and floating wildly upon her neck; I could scarcely discern her features, for her head was declined as she descended the steps, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman who had preceded her, but an exclamation of delight from Sydney occasioned her to look up. She must have beheld the presumptuous fellow, for a blush mantled upon her cheek, and she quickly averted her glance; in the next instant she passed into the house. I knew it must be my cousin, and my heart throbb'd violently.

"By Jupiter! she's a sweet girl!" cried Sydney, as with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks he hastily jumped from the tree; "a Pallas-like looking creature although so young!—and she's your cousin, my boy, is she? 'Gad, you're in luck—you must introduce me, you must, by heaven! There was an eye! a brow of dignity, and a lip of sweetness! and a form of grace! none of your rustic belles, my lad—no, no—patrician 'every inch'—but hey! what's the matter? how comes this, Montague? are you smitten already? or are you jealous, or what?" and he looked at me with surprise, for I was vexed to the heart, yet knew not *why*, and for the first time imagined I could *wish* to quarrel with my friend.

"Come, come, Montague," said he, as he again drew my arm through his, "I see how it is, you're embarrassed, my dear fellow, you tremble with confusion at the idea of meeting this little divinity; but take courage, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and I give you due warning, that if you don't look well to it, I'll run off with her myself."

I affected to enter into his gaiety, but there was a hollowness in the effort, and I sank into a fit of unpleasant musings, which Sydney suddenly interrupted by exclaiming in an under tone—

"The day is ours! Look up, my modest Endymion, your Diana is at hand."

We had just emerged from an angle of the garden, and, with mixed sensations of delight and embarrassment, I beheld my mother advancing towards me with the gentleman and the young lady, whom I doubted not were my uncle and my fair cousin. Colouring to the very roots of my hair, I approached her, perhaps more tardily than I should have done had she been alone, and, with some degree of awkward formality, I bowed my acknowledgments to the compliments of my uncle, and the recognition of his daughter. It became my duty to introduce Sydney, and I hastily performed the ceremony, glad of any pretext to turn attention to myself. Sydney bowed with a courtly ease to my uncle, and with graceful gallantry to my mother and cousin; the fellow looked insolently handsome, and, boy as I was, I could not but notice that he threw a certain tenderness into his manner, as he fixed his eye on Maria, and seemed to claim a priority of acquaintance from their casual glimpse of each other a few minutes before. I could not *then* determine why, but I felt inclined to hate him, and with some asperity I reminded him, in a sidelong whisper, that he had left his Euclid in the bed-room, and that a forfeit would be the consequence. "Forfeits be shot," replied he, "do

you think that I will run off for a paltry half-crown? no, no! Give me the bright eye of beauty, and a fig for the Euclid, say I." With this he actually offered his arm to Maria, with a graceful deference of manner which I would have given worlds to command. I was utterly confounded by his assurance, and had it not been that my uncle and mother engaged me closely in conversation, I verily believe that I could have shed tears of chagrin. My uncle questioned me upon my studies, and my mother upon my health, and I was obliged to answer the numerous interrogations with accuracy and calmness; while that villain, Sydney, was enjoying himself before me with my cousin, and plucking flowers for her as they passed along. I envied him from the bottom of my heart, and when I remembered that he was just eighteen, I could with pleasure have crushed him for his presumption.

"Felix," said my uncle, "this friend of yours is a fine fellow, a very fine fellow: I recollect his poor father well, we were play-mates in youth and a braver man never died for his country. I have also some slight acquaintance with Sir Herbert; he is a widower and childless, and this nephew of his will, in all probability, inherit the baronet's vast fortune, in addition to his own very handsome property."

My reflections were not rendered the more agreeable by this intelligence, and I experienced considerable relief when, upon entering the house, we were ordered to the school, while Mr. Lizars escorted his visitors to the drawing-room. The hour big with my hopes and fears drew near, and as I looked at Sydney, who was humming a fashionable air with the most perfect oblivion of his book, I resolved to bear away the honours of the approaching trial, and distinguish myself at least by the depth and brilliancy of my acquirements. I fancied that I had achieved a complete conquest over my natural reserve, and elated with expectations, I presumed to count upon success.

Our lecture-room had been expressly fitted up for the occasion; seats were arranged for the guests, and a kind of temporary stage had been erected for the classes. The bell rang, we hurried to the scene, and in a few minutes after we were stationed behind the green curtain, a bustle in front apprised us that the company was assembling. Our master shortly made his appearance before us, and addressing a few words of flattering encouragement, took his place at a table most imposingly covered with globes, books, papers, charts, and maps; while the glittering medals and the gaily bound volumes, intended as premiums, dazzled us with their prominent display. My face was like fire, and the terrors of suffocation threatened to destroy me. Mr. Lizars hemmed gently, and arranged his university gown most becomingly; the ushers drew up their collars, and the boys grounded arms like a corps of infantry. Again the bell rang, and the curtain rose majestically; discovering not only us to our friends, but our friends to us: there they sat, six deep at least, in the largest room of the vicarage, and presenting to my fevered ideas the semblance of an audience at the Italian Opera, or the splendours of a birth-night. One glance, stolen from beneath my eye-lashes, was all that I ventured upon, but it sufficed to reveal to me the fair form of my cousin, seated by my mother and my uncle; I knew her by her robe of white and the long dark ringlets that fell upon her neck, and I could perceive, for my glance was like that of the falcon, that an air of profound interest dwelt upon her beautiful face. There were above a dozen other fair girls before me, all, perhaps, equally attractive, but Maria was the only one for whom I had either eyes or ears. My mother looked pleased, and full of sweet calm expectation, as if *she knew* that I would succeed; but my uncle had something of the sceptic about his brow and lip; he was somewhat frigid in his manners, and I could not help thinking that there was a wall

of heart about him, which his polished formality was far from tending to dissipate.

An address, in which neatness, point, and brevity, were studiously affected, was spoken by Mr. Lizars, after which the proceedings commenced. The examination in the learned languages was conducted floridly and superficially, poetical recitations among the minor pupils relieved the dullness to those who knew not the blessings of a classical education, and the course of our English studies was dwelt upon with much pedantic foppery. I had gone on pretty fairly; my answers, although rarely audible beyond the footlights of our mimic theatre, were invariably accurate, and elicited applause from my master. I was actually floating upon the tide of success, and looked forward to being decorated with one of the gold medals, suspended by a riband of emerald green, tied in a true lover's knot by the hands of Mrs. Lizars herself! The Greek class was now summoned, Gurney, and two or three elder boys, stood above me and Sydney; and from their great application, I felt that all that I could do would be to preserve my place. *Æschylus* was produced, the examination went on flourishingly; at length a question in prosody of much perplexity occurred. Gurney replied confidently—he was in error.—Smith, Coverdale, De Vere, Atherton—they stammered, hesitated, coloured, and stood silent. I was appealed to—all eyes were unquestionably upon me. Sydney and I had repeated the passage the preceding day I spoke. "Louder, louder, my dear boy," said Mr. Lizars, in his silvery tones of urbanity. I attempted it once more, but my tongue cleaved to my mouth, and my voice sank into a whisper.

"He knows it, sir! Montague knows it—I am sure that he does," cried out Sydney, regardless of every thing but his honour. "Speak out, then, speak out," continued Mr. L. A consciousness of the awkward appearance I was making doubled my embarrassment. I could not utter a single syllable; and in fact my ideas were so confused, that I doubt if I could have given the due reply. Mr. Lizars consulted his watch, the given time had expired—Sydney was called upon, he replied promptly and accurately, the room rang with applause, but he did not move an inch to assume his place at the head of the class. Mr. Lizars desired him to go to the top, observing that he merited the situation.

"I do not, sir," he replied firmly but respectfully, "it is Montague's by right; he answered correctly, I am certain, for it was but yesterday we examined each other in the very page, and he knew the whole."

This occasioned some slight confusion—the boys stared with wonder at such magnanimity, and whisperings of "unfair!" "unfair!" "made up between them," caught my ear. I could have sunk into the very floor with confusion; Mr. Lizars put an end to it. Sydney's uncle, although absent, cherished sanguine anticipations of his nephew's success, and prided himself upon the distinction which he relied upon his acquiring; he was besides a *baronet*, and a man of immense fortune and influence. The Rev. Mr. Lizars weighed all this, and after a momentary deliberation he concluded the affair. "I regret Master Montague's unfortunate silence," he said, waving his hand courteously, "no one regrets it more than I do—he is a clever, a very clever lad,"—and he looked over at my mother—"a youth of wonderful intelligence"—another sidelong look—"but the rules of my establishment imperiously preclude the possibility of my promoting him on this occasion, although I may, and do, entertain a supposition that he was restrained by diffidence from speaking. You are a generous, high-spirited youth, Mr. Sydney, and allow me to request that you will not only immediately assume your rank as head of the class, but permit me to reward you with this little testimonial of my approbation and your deserts."

¶ 3

Further remonstrance was in vain, and taking a gold medal from the table, and putting the riband over the head of Sydney, who positively blushed with emotion, he announced "the first prize" adjudged to Mr. Sydney, the nephew of Sir Herbert Long, Bart. It was not envy that overcame me with its baneful influence; but shame and mortification at the degraded appearance which I made before my mother, my uncle, and my cousin, absolutely sickened my very heart. With a poignancy of regret, rendered more keen by a sense of humiliation, I took my seat at the back of the stage, where the pupils were ranged in a semi-circle previous to the delivery of a poetical address, intended as a kind of epilogue. Sydney, as the bearer of the first prize, was called upon to repeat it, and with the badge of honour glittering upon his breast, a cheek flushed and an eye sparkling with excitement, he, with graceful confidence, stepped forward, and bowing to the admiring groups whose looks were riveted upon his fine form and intelligent features, gave the recital with ease, judgment, and exquisite animation. I saw my cousin's eyes bent upon him the whole time that he was speaking; her head was gently depressed, her eye slightly raised, its expression soft and tender, her lips were partly severed, a faint smile played round them; admiration—timid, hidden, half-discovered admiration—sate upon her features—that look was not for me,—I felt that I could forfeit worlds of wealth to make it mine. Noticing this scrutinizingly and jealously, I fancied that I could detect his too-handsome face appealing to her whenever an opportunity arose, as if, though he addressed the multitude, his heart conferred with one alone. And I might have occupied that distinguished post! I might have been that sole object of interest! I might have made my mother the proudest of the spectators! whereas I had covered myself with positive disgrace, reduced myself to the level of the mere dunces of the school, and was sitting, as I deserved, a mere part of the back-ground, instead of being the principal feature in front. The general who sees victory snatched from him by some momentary delay in his operations, I am sure could not suffer more than I did; and it was a sort of blessed reprieve when, amidst the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs, young Sydney made his valedictory bow, and the curtain fell.

He came to me immediately, and snatching the medal from his neck endeavoured to force it upon mine. "It is yours, Montague! it is yours! I know your bashfulness alone prevented it from falling publicly to your share."

Startled, confounded, overcome by this generosity, I grasped his hand, and while pouring out a torrent of eulogiums upon the nobleness of his feeling, I positively and indignantly refused to deprive him of the honour which he so justly merited. On this point I maintained my courage, and, proof against his expostulations and entreaties, I broke from him to privately indulge in tears. Avoiding the presence of my family, and the half-malicious condolings of my companions, I stole into the shrubbery, there to recover my composure. It was an evening which at any other time would have charmed me into a vein of poetry: as it was, it had a soothing influence over my agitated feelings, which, like the swelling waters of the deep after a storm has swept them into billows, began to subside into a gentle heaving. The air was soft and sweet, laden with the leafy smell of trees, and the odour of plants, and the mellow notes of a distant wood-bird stole lullingly upon the ear. That fairy communion of the fading hues of day and the tender shadowings of eve, which forms the rich mysterious twilight, so full of inspiration to the poet and the painter, reigned upon the sky, and through the waving trees came precious snatches of the glorious west, all gold and amethyst, dying into that deep but vapoury purple, which at such an hour

marks the boundaries of earth and air. The moon was up, and, preceded by the vesper star, that like a single diamond glittered in the firmament, shone sweetly through the trembling branches that flung a flickering shadow upon the velvet turf.

Meditative in my nature, I could not help experiencing the dominion of the hour and the solitude; I half forgot my anxieties, and after gazing for some minutes with melancholy interest upon the scene, I recollected that my absence might betray the weakness I had indulged. Approaching a little rivulet, that ran like a thread of silver from an artificial grotto of limestone, I stooped down and laved my brows with the stream, to remove the tell-tale traces of my tears; footsteps sounded near, and I could distinguish the voice of my mother speaking to some one with whom she was walking in the garden. A hawthorn hedge and a row of majestic elms separated the shrubbery from the place where they were, and screened me from observation; an irresistible impulse impelled me to listen to what, indeed, I could scarcely have avoided hearing.

"I am disappointed—grievously disappointed at my boy's failure," said my mother, in her low sweet tones. "I know that he is not deficient in ability or application, and it would have made me most proud had he been, as I promised my fond expectations, the first upon the list of honour; but that insurmountable bashfulness—"

"Was the ruin of your expectations, my dear aunt," interrupted another voice, which I recognized as Maria's: "my cousin," continued she, "is timid to excess,—I perceived it at our introduction, and I really think that he was more agitated than myself. His young friend has a most noble bearing, we must persuade Felix to profit by his example."

The voices died away, and I could hear no more: judge whether I wished to listen longer to the effusions of my dear mother's disappointment, and the pity, perhaps the secret derision of my cousin! I fled from the spot, and joining my companions, tried to smother my reproaches in their society. But new mortifications awaited me: we received directions to prepare for our dance on the lawn, and I found, to my inexpressible chagrin, that Sydney was destined to open the ball, and of course enjoyed the priority of selecting a partner; something told me that he would offer his hand to Maria, and I should again be *second* in the field. I could tell by his looks that he was elated with joy at his privilege; and when we received a summons to escort the ladies to the ground, I tremblingly approached my mother, who regarded me with the same sweet smile as ever, and offered her my arm.

"My dear truant boy," she whispered, "pay some attention to your cousin, your conduct may be construed into incivility."

I looked towards Miss Rivers: with an eye full of archness, and a lip round which a smile of infinite irony was hovering, she stood completely *alone*; at that very instant Sydney flew to her, apparently deserted as she was, and his attention was immediately accepted. She laughed sportively, shook her head playfully and familiarly at me, and walked off with her gallant escort to join the groups of revellers. I shrunk into myself, and felt that I was the most contemptible of beings; my mother pressed my hand encouragingly, but ashamed of being seen with her when every boy in the school was securing a partner for the dance, I quitted her, and making my bow to a very diffident-looking girl, who seemed as nervous as myself, I murmured out a hope that she would honour me with her hand for the first set: she complied, and I led her to the side.

A quadrille party formed of the seniors added to the hilarity, as all joined in the amusement; and when an admirably chosen band of amateurs began to play, mirth reigned upon every countenance.

At the conclusion of the dance, we adjourned to our

places, and what with the due attentions to our partners, the cloaking, shawling, handing to places, and the offering refreshments, there was sufficient room for my exercising some degree of that graceful gallantry not altogether unbecoming upon the occasion; my poor partner, however, enjoyed but a small share of these courtesies. I had my eye upon Sydney and Maria; he was assisting her to throw a superb scarf over her shoulders, and in doing so, whether he neglected the duty in gazing upon her cheek or not, I cannot tell, but one of the fringed ends caught the small sprig of jessamine that was fastened in her hair, and snatched it from its confinement; the flower fell at her feet; he seized it hastily from the ground, and with a happy assurance placed it in his coat: Maria coloured deeply, and smilingly demanded its return; but, shaking his head gaily and winningly, he appealed to her father whether the fee was not due to him for his services! "Happy, happy fellow!" sighed I. The ensuing dance separated him from Maria, and now that she was at liberty, I hastened with trepidation to offer myself to her notice; my scarcely audible request was accepted with much encouragement of manner, and seated beside my cousin, I ventured occasionally to touch upon such topics as I thought would interest her; but I found that she possessed a mind of the first order, cultivated in the highest degree, and that to suit my conversation to hers I must elevate and refine it. This would have been most agreeable, had it not also been accompanied with the discovery, that a strong vein of irony, keen and brilliant, ran through the whole of her remarks; it was clearly a part of her nature, and I shrunk from the idea of encountering it. In fact, I felt alarmed in her society, for I knew that the glaring defect of my character, so degrading to my notions of dignity, could not fail to expose me to the private ridicule of this intellectual creature, although pity, and the claims of relationship, would protect me from its effects. I need not now say that I was relieved when the dance for which I had engaged her was over, and with additional pleasure I saw the termination of the ball.

The party broke up late, and when my mother's carriage was announced, I ventured to hand my cousin in, with a revival of courage arising from the consciousness that the trial was at length over. The next day we were all to return home, and I mused with hidden congratulation upon the idea, that as Sydney was going into Westmoreland to spend the holidays on his uncle's estate, he could no longer steal like a bright phantom between me and Maria, and throw my humbler qualifications into the shade. My ambition was heated by the estimate which I had formed of her superior endowments, and I hoped that a freer communion between us during the vacation, would wear away any depreciatory impression of my merits that she might have formed. Guess my mortification and surprise, when I learned, upon reaching home, that my uncle had purchased lands bordering upon Sir Herbert's, and that it was his intention to proceed thither almost immediately.

"They will be continually together," exclaimed I internally, "walking, riding, reading together perpetually, while I—I shall be unthought-of—completely buried in forgetfulness, or perhaps remembered only to be laughed at!" and then the injustice I was guilty of to my friend in the latter part of my bitter reflection struck me with a sense of shame and remorse. But I will not linger upon these details; it is sufficient for my purpose to say, that in the month which was spent in the society of my fair cousin, who remained with us while her father superintended the preliminaries of their residence in Westmoreland, my boyish heart surrendered completely to her attractions. I was not only enslaved by the charms of her understanding, but captivated by the graces of her person; and I looked forward to our temporary separation with feelings of the

deepest regret. I should here observe, that notwithstanding the jealousies, admirations, embarrassments, and blushes, which I have thus lingeringly portrayed, I was but a stripling of sixteen; Sydney was two years my senior, and in spite of her height and numerous accomplishments, my fair cousin had but just entered her teens. A long residence in the sweet climes of the south had hastened an apparent maturity, and ripened the soft rose on her cheek; thus she was usually taken to be my equal in age; and the uncommon depth of her observation, aided by assiduous culture and an early introduction to the best circles of society, in no trifling degree corroborated the impression. She played and sung with exquisite taste, and having acquired the divine science in what may be termed its own native land, her style was all sweetness, delicacy, and discrimination. I have stood near her, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should lose one tone of a voice, which, although not arrived at its full compass, sounded to me like the breathings of music, and never failed to absolutely intoxicate me with delight. My mother used to smile placidly at my silent raptures, and Maria would often turn her bright eyes upon me with a sportiveness of expression that called deep blushes into my face, while it wove a new mesh in the snare that enthralled me. My bashfulness, however, prevented my ever imitating Sydney in his gallantry, although I would have given half my existence to have been able to press her hand as I assisted her from the carriage, or to have gazed into her eyes as I rambled with her in the garden. Alas, alas! I could do neither; my tones were cold and formal, and my looks either stupid or vacillating, and thus writing myself down "dolt and simpleton" in the memory of a lively, intelligent, satirical, and high-spirited girl, I permitted the time to glide away. My uncle returned from Westmoreland to escort Maria to his new mansion, and with many studied acknowledgments to my mother for her attention to his daughter, he proffered us an invitation to the —Lodge, "as soon as it was in a state fit for the reception of visitors." There was so little cordiality in his manner, that I conceived a dislike to him that I could not overcome; that irony which, although keen, was brilliant and playful, and tempered by feminine sweetness in his daughter, was in him cold and severe, and I had quite penetration enough to see that my mother internally determined to refuse the invitation, which she evaded. The parting took place, and while Maria in the next apartment was busied in affectionate farewells with my mother, I stole away the copy of "*Tasso*," which, having forgotten to put up with the rest of her books, she was about to take with her into the carriage.

"This, at least, shall bear evidence of my feelings," I mentally ejaculated, and hurrying to a distant window, I tremblingly pencilled beneath her name the following lines:

"Cara al mio cor tu sei
Cio che' sole agli occhi miei."

Blushing at my presumption, I replaced the volume upon the table, and had the secret gratification of seeing my cousin take it up as she called me to hand her to the carriage. I obeyed the summons, and when I saw her seated within the vehicle that was to bear her so many miles away from me, I could scarcely repress my tears.

"Now remember, Felix, if your mother's afraid of the journey you need not be so, and should you fancy a month or two by the lakes you will know where to pass it; besides the fells are attractive to a young shot, and there is plenty of grouse to keep you in practice." These were the last words of my uncle as he jumped into the carriage, which whirled off with a rapidity that soon carried it out of sight.

The next two years I will pass hastily over, for they contain but few particulars of interest. I spent some months at the Cambridge University for the completion of my studies; Sydney went to the Military College at Sandhurst; and my fair cousin, after a sojourn in Westmoreland, and a visit of some duration to London, accompanied her father on a ramble into the Highlands.

I could afford numerous illustrations of the misery which I suffered at College from the predominant trait of my character, but as they are unconnected with the more important features of my life, I need not here give them a place. The first heavy blow which my happiness received was in the decease of my mother; my fond, my indulgent, my excellent mother; her illness was sudden and brief, and although promising a favourable result, terminated fatally. By her will my guardianship devolved upon my uncle Rivers as my nearest relation, and a man whose inflexible principle would secure the due disposition of my inheritance. I will merely touch upon this melancholy blow, for even at the distance of years I cannot revert to that bitterest of all losses without unsealing the fountains of sorrow. I was now eighteen years of age, and my uncle deemed it advisable that I should enjoy the benefits of travel upon the continent until I attained my majority. The decision pleased me, and I could not but entertain a hope that an extended intercourse with society would operate favourably upon my prevailing weakness, and give me something like a reasonable confidence in myself. I was mistaken; positively mistaken; and I found out my error when, after three years spent in the usual routine upon the continent, I returned to my native land and was formally put in possession of my estate. It is certainly true that I was no longer a shame-faced boy, but where was the advantage acquired? In every sense of the word, I was now that pitiable object in society,—a "bashful man."

The budding girl had blossomed into the perfection of maturity, and Maria, whose image, consecrated in my juvenile affections, had never been absent from my bosom, appeared before me with tenfold attraction. I could have worshipped at her feet, but a sensation, bordering upon awe, restrained me from even giving utterance to my feelings. Cordial, animated, and playful as ever, she welcomed me home, congratulating me upon my majority with a thousand kind sentiments, that I treasured in my heart as sweet food for memory when away.*

My uncle's estate was beautifully situated, and I soon found that, if Sydney had entertained serious views of gallantry, it could not have been more favourable to his wishes. A row of superb elms, a quickset hedge, and a romantic style, alone formed the boundaries of the grounds belonging to my uncle, and those of Sir Herbert; and I discovered that the initials and the name of my cousin, with other well-known ciphers and mottos, were carved upon the rind of the surrounding trunks; every beech, every oak, every ash-tree in the neighborhood, bore token of this lover's musings, and little ingenuity did it require to make out who was the Orlando that thus gave tongues to trees, and bade them proclaim his faith. My heart sank within me at the sight, and I turned away from the spot with emotions which a barbarian might have commiserated. There was, however, some consolation in the fact, that Sydney, who had long since come into the possession of his property, was at Gibraltar with his regiment, and would probably continue there for months, if not, as I secretly desired, for years. In his letters he had usually spoken of my cousin in terms of high-flown rapture, but there was so much volatility about him, that I foreboded little of importance in the issue; and

* For this idea the writer is indebted to one of Mr Haynes Bayly's prose sketches.

calculating upon the effects which time and travel must have upon his gay disposition, I conceived that, with some preparatory culture of resolution, I might lay siege to the sweet citadel of my hopes. Enjoying a thousand invaluable opportunities of winding myself into her affections, continually in her society, together riding out in the neighborhood, exploring the mountains, making moonlight excursions on the lakes, and sauntering in the garden, with only the occasional presence of my uncle, I surely possessed every means which man could desire of improving our acquaintance and softening her sentiments towards me. But the unaccountable predominance of that torpedo folly, which seemed as inseparable from my being as the breath of existence, negated my designs, and flung my intended gallantries in the cold shade of formality. Where Sydney would have carved out a multitude of little interests, I, statue-like, failed to create one, and I can now scarcely conceive how my cousin experienced that pleasure in my company which invariably appeared to animate her. Thus, trembling with all the sensibility of secret passion, I hovered near my fair entraller, day by day yielding myself up more unresistingly to her influence, yet burying the declaration in my bosom, that would, perhaps, if made, have entitled me to the fulfilment of my wishes. Whether Colonel Rivers, with the penetration of a man of the world, divined into the state of my affections, and wished to afford me encouragement or not, I cannot determine, but he threw me eternally into the path of fascination, and after dinner usually withdrew to his library, where he had enshrined a rare and exquisite cabinet of paintings, collected at infinite expense upon the continent. Upon these ancient specimens of art he dwelt with all the enthusiasm of a connoisseur; and while he was hanging over his *Da Vincis*, his *Guidos*, his *Rembrandts*, and his *Waterloos*, my fair cousin and myself customarily adjourned to the magnificent garden which lay near the house, and spent the time in wandering among flowers and butterflies, or, sheltered from the sun in a sweet bower of eglantine, pondered over the golden bards of Italy.

One afternoon, when the heat of the day had driven us to our odorous retreat, Maria, turning over the leaves of her Tasso, glanced at the passionate extract which, when an enamoured boy, I had scrawled beneath her name. She smiled as she pointed it out to me, saying, "Felix, see what a mysterious declaration of tenderness has been laying in this innocent book for some years; in sooth, I am touched by the delicate fervour of the unknown, who, falling desperately in love with a girl of thirteen, took this method to discover his sentiments. He was a chivalrous knight, no doubt," she continued, "like *Bayard*, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' and unquestionably adored me with all the exquisite intensity of *fifteen*." She laughed while she spoke, and her eye was bent playfully upon the disguised and schoolboy hand in which I had so foolishly written the quotation. Suddenly she raised it and fixed it upon mine, my face was covered with a crimson of the deepest dye, and the utter confusion that possessed me must have instantly revealed the truth. Maria rallied me upon my appearance; and pulling down a branch of the jessamine that twined up the bower, she sportively held it before me, saying, "How intolerably the sun has heated you, my dear cousin! truly you have lost all fairness of tint, and my *camellia Japonica* must give place to the brighter scarlet of your complexion. You do not apprehend a fever! actually I begin to be alarmed, and must send for Halliday to prescribe!" and, suiting the action to the word, she drew up into the opposite corner, looking at me archly the whole time. But my embarrassment was increased by her irony; and perceiving that she pained me, or possibly reading more in my perplexity than I was aware she did, she ceased, the smile faded from her lip, and, while her brow re-

covered its serenity, she gazed at me silently and scrutinizingly for a moment. There was much inquiring earnestness in her manner; and could I but have broken the spell that sate upon me like an evil genius, I might then have determined the balance in my favour. Maria seemed waiting for me to speak—one, two, three minutes stole by, and I was mute as the pebbles at our feet; my embarrassment became infectious, and, rising hastily, my cousin proposed our return to the parlour.

"Stay! Maria! stay!" I exclaimed vehemently; she turned round—her divine countenance beamed serenely upon me—my purpose faltered—

"Your dress is entangled in the rose-bush."
I disengaged it, we passed on, and the door of opportunity closed against me for ever! * * *

The circumstances of my election, my parliamentary career, its termination, and the success of my wooing, I reserve for a future page—

"When, at twilight, by the hearth I sit
In loneliness and silence." C***Y.

ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU has often been extolled as a philanthropist. Burke said of him, that he loved his kind, and hated his kindred. Every page that he has written glows with the captivations of that sentimental luxury, of which he was so great a master, and which he has arrayed in all the blandishments of eloquence. Hence the source of that admiration which his writings have so universally excited. Though his judgment, as a philosopher, was not so profound, yet his taste was so exquisite, that he strews flowers in the most rugged way, and interests the passions and the fancy, in the investigation of the most abstract propositions. This is his great excellence.

Though Rousseau had little beneficence, yet his writings, breathing nothing but the reciprocal love, and kindness, and confidence of the golden age, contributed by their wide diffusion, and their enchanting eloquence, to render humanity fashionable: and they have at least this merit—that no man can well rise from reading them without feeling a higher respect for his species.

The extreme and febrile sensibility, which was the characteristic peculiarity of Rousseau, while it proved the origin of many of his miseries, was, perhaps, a principal source of his greatness. It imparted a singular delicacy, freshness, and animation to every page of his writings. His feelings, in whatever channel they flowed, rushed on with a resistless impetuosity; but, in the end, they made a wreck of his understanding; his judgment was lost in the unremitting turbulence of his sensations, and, in some intervals of insanity, he exhibited the melancholy prospect of genius crumbling into ruins.

The language of Rousseau was always a faithful history of what was passing in the heart; which now thrilled with rapture, and now raged with passion. Of his style, the peculiar characteristic is exuberance of profusion, without distinction of lustre. It often resembles a landscape in which there is a great assemblage of beautiful forms, without any intermediate spots of barrenness; but without any objects of a striking and prominent grandeur, and, in the contemplation of which, the eye is at last satiated by the uniformity.—This style of writing often possesses a charm, of which even the apathy of the coldest critic can hardly be insensible to the fascination. He who wishes to perfect himself in those delicacies of language which impress a palpable form, a living entity on the fleeting tints and sensations of the heart, should carefully analyze the genius of the style of Rousseau; should search into the causes from which result the beauty and splendour of his combinations, and endeavour to extract from the Eloise and Emilis a portion of that taste by which they were inspired.





NELSON'S PILLAR, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

NELSON'S PILLAR.

It is rather favourable to the private reputation of this Themistocles of the British navy, that his fame, almost unexceptionably monopolizes public attention; and excites public admiration. Indeed, to sully this fame, would be a dishonour to the living and an injustice to the dead: for a soul more dauntless, or a mind better stored with all the qualifications of his danger-seeking profession, never existed. In him, England possessed the intellectual bulwark of her naval glory; a glory, which, though his successors have not lessened, they, however, have never been able to increase. Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, England. At the very early age of twelve years, he entered the navy, and in his nineteenth year was promoted to a lieutenancy. On the commencement of that war with France, which was the nursery of heroes abroad, and beggars at home, Nelson was appointed commander of the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns, with which he joined Lord Hood in the Mediterranean: and assisted in the attack and taking of Toulon, and the siege of Bastia. The fame of Nelson, however, had reached no very distinguished altitude, until the 13th of February 1797, when he attacked the splendid and powerful Spanish ship *Santisima Trinidad*, of 136 guns, and then, passing to the *San Nicholas* of 80, and *San Joseph* of 112 guns, obliged them both to surrender. In reward for this service, he was made Knight of the Bath, and Rear Admiral of the Blue. In his attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Tenerife, he lost an arm, for which he received a pension of one thousand pounds: but the bravery exhibited on each of the above occasions, fearless as it was, was yet to be eclipsed. His vigilant watch after the French fleet having failed, he pursued them to Egypt, where they were anchored in the Bay of Aboukir. The engagement was long and obstinate; but in that day, the English fleet possessed a boasted superiority, which, however, is now, at least, divided with a younger nation; and the triumph of Nelson was glorious and complete: all the French ships, but two, having been either taken or destroyed. For this gallant service he was deservedly rewarded with a title as Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of two thousand pounds. Of his public connexion with Lady Hamilton after the death of her husband; and his subsequent separation from Lady Nelson, we shall merely say that they considerably lessened his reputation in the moral world. In the year 1801, he made a gallant attack on Copenhagen, destroying the Danish fleet and batteries; on which occasion he was under the command of Sir Hyde Parker. On his return to England he was further distinguished by receiving the title of Viscount. The great victory; "the brightest and the last," in which he reached the climax of his glory, and which is particularly commemorated by the pillar of which a very correct and well executed engraving is annexed, took place on the 21st of October 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, two days previous to which, the combined fleets of France and Spain sailed from Cadiz. After an engagement, which, as is recorded by the inscription on that splendid pillar, "is unparalleled in naval history," victory had been just declared for the English, when the gallant hero of so many triumphs, was shot by a musket ball; and shortly after expired. His body was re-conveyed to England; where it reposes in Westminster, amid the dust of the most distinguished of ancient chivalry and modern intelligences. The corner stone of the pillar, in that most beautiful of streets, Sackville street, Dublin, was laid by the late Duke of Richmond, on the 14th of February 1808. It is a fluted Doric column; 121 feet three inches in height, resting upon a plain square pedestal, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson, 13 feet high; appropriately leaning upon a Man of

War's capstan. The sum of £6856 was entirely raised by individual contribution, and expended upon this national memorial.

The inscription on it is as follows:

"By the blessing of Almighty God, to commemorate the transcendent heroic achievements of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte in Sicily, Vice Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet, who fell gloriously in the battle off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st day of Oct. 1805. When he obtained for his country a victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, unparalleled in Naval History."

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The boabab or monkey-bread, (*Adansonia digitata*) is the most gigantic tree hitherto discovered. The trunk, though frequently eighty feet in circumference, rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen feet in height; but on the summit of this huge pillar is placed a majestic head of innumerable branches fifty or sixty feet long, each resembling an enormous tree, densely clothed with beautiful green leaves. While the central branches are erect, the lowest series extend in a horizontal direction, often touching the ground at their extremity; so that the whole forms a splendid arch of foliage, more like the fragment of a forest than a single tree. The grateful shade of this superb canopy is a favourite retreat of birds and monkeys; the natives resort to it for repose, and the weary traveller in a burning climate gladly flies to it for shelter. The leaves are quinate, smooth, resembling in general form those of the horse-chestnut. The flowers are white and very beautiful, eighteen inches in circumference. The fruit, which hangs in a pendant manner, is a woody gourd-like capsule with a downy surface, about nine inches in length and four in thickness, containing numerous cells, in which brown kidney-shaped seeds are embedded in a pulpy acid substance. The timber is soft and spongy, and we are not aware that it is used for any economical purpose. It is very easily perforated, so that, according to Bruce, the bees in Abyssinia construct their nests within it, and the honey thus obtained, being supposed to have acquired a superior flavour, is esteemed in preference to any other. A more remarkable excavation is however made by the natives; diseased portions of the trunk are hollowed out and converted into tombs for the reception of the bodies of such individuals as, by the laws or customs of the country, are denied the usual rites of interment. The bodies thus suspended within the cavity, and without any preparation or embalment, dry into well preserved mummies. The juicy acid pulp is eaten by the natives, and is considered beneficial in fevers and other diseases on account of its cooling properties. The duration of the boabab is not the least extraordinary part of its history, and has given rise to much speculation. In it we unquestionably see the most ancient living specimens of vegetation. "It is," says the illustrious Humboldt, "the oldest organic monument of our planet;" and Adanson calculates that trees now alive have weathered the storms of five thousand years.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library. No. XII.—Nubia and Abyssinia.*

Talking of spouting reminds me of an abominable habit some parents have got of making Tommy or Billy get up and recite some favourite piece of declamation, such as "The Pet Lamb," "Lochiel's Warning," or "Lochinvar." You are obliged to listen to and praise the annoying little devils, while you are heartily wishing them and their rhetoric at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

In my former tales it has been my fortune to resist, for my client, the claims of others; in the present it was my duty to enforce a demand of our own. The former character, however, has always been a favourite with me, as it generally gives a scope to the ingenuity of counsel, which the more mechanical duties of the latter do not afford. It is true, there are cases where a claim, apparently incontestible, is suddenly met on trial by legal difficulties or rebutting evidence; where the skill, readiness, and self-possession of an advocate are put to the severest test; but, in general, the vast majority of cases meet but a very flimsy opposition before a jury. In the following tale, the success that attended the case of the plaintiff depended more on a happy accident than on the eloquence or skill of the advocate, and adds another to the instances in which an evident interposition of Providence occurs, to punish iniquity by the very instrument of its commission.

A promissory note of a certain Ebenezer Morris, in favour of Robert Stillman, for eight hundred dollars, was put into my hands for collection by Stillman, the payee, who expressed much surprise that it had not been paid, Morris being perfectly solvent, and, indeed, a wealthy farmer in a neighboring county. At the request of my client I wrote, informing Morris of the non-payment of the note, and urging, in the usual persuasive style of the profession on such occasions, an immediate settlement. No answer being vouchsafed to my note, I directed process to issue from the county court having jurisdiction in the case, and in due time had the suit ready for trial. Upon a vile, sleety December day, then, I enveloped my legal person in one of those most comfortable of all garments, "a Boston wrapper," and with boots first thrust into India rubber galoches, and then further protected by carpet socks, deemed it no unwarrantable endangerment of the interests of the community to commit myself to the stage at the most unchristian hour of 2 A. M., (think of that ye radicals who declaim upon the uselessness and indolence of all but those ye term "the productive classes,") and this not in a balmy summer's morning, when the ear of fancy seems to hear the breathings of the sleeping creation, slumbering till the sun wakes it to love, to light, to perfume again; but in darkness, to which that of Egypt was twilight, in a driving whirlwind of snow, hail, and rain commingled, and over a turpike of newly laid rocks that tossed the strong carriage to and fro like a cockboat in a tornado. Add to these disagreements the sad recollections of a feather-bed deserted, sweet sleep abruptly broken, and let my candid reader fairly appreciate the sacrifice induced by a sense of duty.

After five or six hours of jolting, cold, and darkness, I arrived at the place of my destination, with scarce an idea uncongealed, save such as were anticipatory of fire and breakfast, both of which were secured at the earliest moment possible after my debarkation.

At that time I had not undertaken any case but such as were to be tried in my native city, and the modes of country practice were of course entirely new. In the country, court week, as it is popularly called, is to the whole county a season of importance for many of the purposes of provincial life; bargains are made in the sort of rural exchange, into which the hotels of the county-town are metamorphosed, political intrigues begun or forwarded, the news of the day communicated and canvassed, and, in short, the aggregated business, information and gossip of three months, transacted,

communicated, and exchanged with an ardour, which a citizen can scarcely conceive.

On the spacious piazza that borders the — hotel, from breakfast time till the ringing of the court-house bell, the observer of the lights and shadows of life might note many an interesting trait to add to the catalogue of former observations. Here might be seen some hard-featured grey-haired lord of acres, one horny-palm held horizontally before him to receive, at short intervals, the emphatic blow of the other hand, as he enforces the exposition of his case to a smooth-faced, white cravatted man of the law, who, with his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on the flooring of the piazza, moves along at the side of the aged litigant, shaking his head oracularly in doubt or in assent to the positions of his companion. In one corner is another "counsel learned in the law," surrounded by an admiring group, to whom he dogmatizes at discretion—it may be on some point of law on which he deems himself qualified to dissert, or, perhaps, on some question of party politics, a topic almost always popular in such assemblies. In another group may be distinguished the plaintiff and defendant in some cause, strenuously arguing their case to a crowd which their angry vociferation has collected around them, until the "man of the law," to whose care the interests of one of the disputants has been confided, breaks in upon the "coram non iudice" argument, with a sharp reproof to his client for thus forestalling the trial.

But I must no longer linger on the fruitful field of observation which a county-town, during "court-week," presents to the admirer of human character in its various phases, but hasten to the narrative.

I will suppose, then, that the hardy and sunburnt jury has been empanelled, the German crier, from his wooden pulpit, has shouted "silence," and the judges have mended their judicial pens and extracted from their respective drawers a sheet or two of fools-cap. Having opened my green satchel (almost the only exterior characteristic of the profession in this country, where gowns and coifs are as unknown as wigs,) and untied the imposing red-tape-tied parcel containing the papers of the suit, "Stillman vs. Morris. (It may be that in the parcel some papers were not absolutely necessary to the case.) I opened the process for the plaintiff: my statement was of course a short one, as the note contained all I had to say upon the subject; and the signature being proved, ended the plaintiff's case for the present. When the defendant's counsel arose, I had no idea of any possible defence on the merits of the case, and prepared myself to combat some technical objections which I supposed would be sprung upon me; my astonishment, then, was unbounded, when "my learned opponent" deliberately told the jury, that he was prepared to show a payment of the note on a particular day, at the Eddension-Inn, and that the plaintiff, not having the note with him, promised to hand it to defendant at — on the next court-week. Knowing the irreproachable character of my client, and his correct and accurate mode of transacting business, I felt perfectly sure that some roguery was in preparation to defeat a just claim. The counsel, after he had concluded his opening, called, as a witness, a certain William Robson to prove the alleged payment. Obedient to the call, appeared a broad-shouldered, bluff-faced fellow, with enormous whiskers, dressed in a peculiar style, which, without exception, denotes the low buck, the exquisite of the canaille. When this man entered the witness box, a dreamy consciousness of having seen

him before, pressed itself on my mind with that pertinacious recurrence, so teasing and unsatisfactory, which seems to hover over the name of the individual, and the very scene where he figured, until on the very point of full certainty the object melts away, and fades into utter indistinctness.

"Well, Mr. Robson," said my opponent, "tell us what you know of this note—and were you present when it was paid?"

This leading question struck very painfully on the ear of a city bred lawyer, but as I found that such was the universal custom among the country practitioners, I let it pass unrebuked.

"Why," said the witness, taking up the note, and handling it in that clumsy, outlandish way, which plainly indicated that written papers were not the objects of his familiar contemplation, "why, I know this, that this here paper is old Eben Morris's note, and that I seen Morris pay it to Stillman, with my own eyes, last July, at Bill Freeman's tavern."

"What day was this payment made?"

"What day? it was after the fourth, I know." Here the witness began very diligently to excite the organ of memory by scratching his head with exemplary assiduity, and let out, unawares, in a contemplative murmur, the process by which he endeavoured to fix the exact date. "Hem! Forth, at Jemmy Dolau's, devilish drunk in the evening—fifth! could not have been that. What did he tell me! sixth, maybe—no! Tenth—that'll do!" Then aloud: "It was on the tenth, in the afternoon, now I remember, at Freeman's, old Eben and Stillman were there, and were talking about wheat and crops; and, after a while, says Eben, says he, I've got a lot of money here—I guess I might as well pay that note. Why, says Stillman, it aint due for a month yet, and besides I haven't it with me. Never mind, says Morris, just give it to me when we meet again. Well, then, Eben takes out his pocket-book, and counts down a five hundred and three one hundreds, and, says he, there's your money. Well, says Stillman, if you choose to pay it before it's due, I can't help it; but, says he, I'll give you a receipt for it. Pooh, pooh! says Eben, I an't afraid to trust you! Well,—and so after they had talked awhile about it, Stillman puts up the money and goes away in his gig."

Upon the cross examination, my client not being present to direct me, I endeavoured to ascertain with more minuteness, the various circumstances of the room where the transactions took place, the time of day, the kind of notes in which the payment was made, and the reasons of the witness for declaring the present, the note then paid. I also directed the attention of the jury to the circumstance that the note was for eight hundred dollars *with interest*, payable in six months, and that at the date of the pretended payment there was about twenty dollars of interest due. Robson declared the transaction to have taken place about 4 P. M., in the small back room looking into the yard, and that the payment was made in four notes: one of five hundred dollars of the Liberty bank at —, and three, each of one hundred dollars, bank not recollected, and no more; and that he and a certain George Thomson were present and saw the whole of the occurrences.

After the cross-examination had closed, a quiet, sedate quaker, one of the jury, arose and addressed the witness: "William, dost thou say that Robert Stillman was at William Freeman's house of entertainment on the tenth of seventh month last?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'seventh month,' responded the witness; but he was in Bill Freeman's little back room on the 10th of July last."

"That is all, William,"—and the juror sat down.

The next witness called, was the George Thomson, alluded to by Robson, whose testimony was similar to that of his predecessor. Upon cross-examination he particularly recollected the five hundred dollar note of

the Liberty bank, and gave as his reason that he admired the very handsome engraving of the note; but was certain that the transaction was in a side room, looking into the road in front, and not in the back room. This discrepancy probably arose from his having stepped out for a moment, during Robson's cross-examination to drink with a friend. The quiet quaker proposed again to this witness the question before asked the former, and received a similar, though more civil answer.

The defence rested here; and the jury and bench, as is customary, took advantage of this stage of the proceedings to stretch their limbs and inhale the fresh air for a few minutes, under the shady chestnuts in front of the court-house. During this recess, a respectable country gentleman came up to me, and requested to speak a word in private. After we had retired to a corner of the court-room, he introduced himself as Mr. Simpson, the cashier of the Liberty bank, and informed me that no five hundred dollar bill had been issued by that bank on the 10th day of July, or for three months afterwards. Those who have been placed in my situation can conceive the satisfaction with which I received so important an assurance. When the court and jury had resumed their seats, I offered Mr. Simpson's testimony, which was most eagerly listened to, and from the direct contradiction of a circumstance which both of the witnesses professed so clearly to remember, was almost fatal to their credibility in any of the particulars to which they testified. All doubt, however, was soon entirely removed. The juror who had before questioned the witnesses, now rose up and applied to the court to be examined as a witness. Having been affirmed, he began:—"I think I have some knowledge that is important in this suit:—on the third of seventh month last I took my family to Baltimore on a visit to a relative, and found, Robert Stillman and his household abiding there. Stillman did not leave Baltimore until the twentieth of that month; and during that time I saw him three times a day at meals; consequently, he could not have been at Freeman's, which was nearly two hundred miles distant from Baltimore, on the tenth."

At this disclosure, the defendant and his witnesses sprang up, and were rushing from the court, when they were seized by the officers in attendance, and committed, for want of bail, to take their trial. Robson and Thomson for perjury, and the defendant Morris, for subornation. The jury, without hesitation or charge from the bench, immediately rendered their verdict for the plaintiff, amid the applauses of the spectators whose demonstrations of satisfaction could scarcely be controlled by the authority of the court. The criminals were soon afterwards tried and convicted, and in the solitude of their prison had time to reflect on the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." S.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

It is very mournful any where, and at any time, to listen to sounds which attest the distress and agony of our fellow-creatures; it is so amidst the dying on the field of battle, or the deck of a ship, as I know from experience, for I have seen both; but far more terrific and appalling is the sound of a signal cannon, heard at sea in the pauses of a midnight tempest. I can have no conception of any thing to equal it for solemn and awful majesty. The first clod thrown upon the coffin of an aged man, who died with the prospect of a happy rising, sends a thrill of awe through the soul; and notes of a muffled drum mourning for a patriot warrior, and the tolling of a distant bell at midnight, (for instance, a convent bell among the mountains of Spain and Italy,) have much sublimity in them; but they are nothing compared to the sound which travels from the deep-throated cannon, to announce the scath and peril of the mariner.

THE LOST GEM.

SULLEN and slow the sedgy stream
 In mournful murmurs flow'd;
 And high above with troubled beam
 The moon in glimpses glow'd.
 Deep masses of obscuring clouds
 Went hurrying through the sky,
 Like spectres shudd'ring in their shrouds
 As the wailing wind pass'd by.
 The uncomplaining trees resign'd
 Their light leaves to the blast,
 That, shrinking from the searching wind,
 Went rustling as it past;
 As if in fading they gave forth
 The voice of their decay,
 And thought upon the pleasant earth
 When all was green and gay—
 Ere summer on the lonely hills
 Had pass'd to look her last—
 Ere boughs were bare, and bounding rills
 Through flow'less meadows past.

Amid this scene a voice was heard,
 A young and silvery voice—
 'Twas made to speak that winning word
 That bids the heart rejoice.
 But now with plaintive flow it swell'd,
 Half smother'd in its sighs,
 While trembling tears of anguish well'd
 From blue and beaming eyes.
 And pale the glimmering moon-light glanc'd
 Upon a gentle form,
 That lately like the day-beam danc'd
 Bright, beautiful, and warm.
 It glow'd upon a lovely head
 In silent woe declin'd,
 Round which the tendril tresses spread,
 Like sunbeams on the wind.

But all is hush'd—and all is past—
 The day is up once more,
 The night-wail of the dying blast
 Is lull'd along the shore.
 A bounding bark is on the main,
 It cleaves its foaming course;
 The crested billows crowd in vain,
 And chide till they are hoarse.
 And glad were all in that gay ship
 Save one—he sat apart,
 But did not let his quiv'ring lip
 Betray his beating heart.
 Her winning voice was in his ear,
 With its softly murmur'd sigh—
 And he saw the sweet and silent tear
 Of her blue and beaming eye.
 He carried to a foreign land
 This image as a gem—
 He met a gay and motley band,
 And lost it amid them!
 The rainbow tints which love had trac'd
 That lightsome lovely form—
 The contact of the world effac'd—
 They could not stay the storm;
 But fitted like the fairy beams,
 That when the May breath sighs,
 Seem as if summer in her dreams
 Lay smiling in the skies.
 Blank years of dull ambition past,
 On traffic's tide they roll'd;
 The pride of place was round him cast,
 His coffers groan'd with gold;
 His halls were throng'd, his cup was brimm'd,
 The song around him flow'd,
 But his heart each passing moment dimm'd,
 Nor glow'd as once it glow'd.

He turn'd the talisman of thought
 On every object near—
 Weigh'd every bauble—all were bought,
 He sighed to find, too dear.
 He turn'd the talisman again,
 To the past, (away from them,)
 It taught him to deplore, in vain,
 His early youth's lost gem.

SUMMER AND WINTER EVENINGS,

BY SHABA.

SUMMER EVENING.

How bright, and yet how calm this eve!
 Above, below, all seems to me
 So lovely, that we might believe
 'Twas nature's jubilee—
 For earth and sky, this glorious even,
 Seem glowing with the hues of heaven.
 How beautiful that vivid sky,
 Lit by the parting sun's last rays!
 We gaze till it appears more nigh—
 And fancy, as we gaze,
 That deep blue sky a boundless sea,
 Covered with vessels gloriously.

Yes! each dark cloud a barque appears,
 Each whiter one the foam—
 There one to distant countries steers,
 While these sail quick to'ards home;
 And all look most intensely bright,
 Glowing in heaven's own glorious light.

Turn now towards the earth, and even there
 All, all is beauty and repose—
 The perfume-breathing evening air
 Is wafted o'er the rose;
 While a thousand bright and glowing flowers
 Are cooled with dew in these evening hours.

And hush'd the skylark's merry song,
 And silent all the humming bees:
 The soft west wind, that sighs among
 Those gently waving trees,
 Seems to lament each parting ray,
 Until the next return of day.

WINTER EVENING.

The bright and glowing summer's past;
 'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
 The day was darkened—now at last
 The sun appears again—
 Just for a moment glads our sight,
 And seen midst clouds seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards—once again
 Behold the wintry sun has set;
 None of these summer barques remain:
 A nobler image yet
 Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind,
 And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
 Has been, since first his course began,
 Through storms and clouds, seems to our glance
 A fitting type of man—
 For thus the Christian's narrow way
 With clouds is darkened day by day.

Thus, as the sun in winter's gloom
 Sinks more than ever bright,
 The Christian's hopes his way illumine,
 And gild his path with light:
 As the sun sets, the Christian dies—
 Both on a brighter, happier day to rise.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE."

"It is not without emotion that I attempt to touch on the character of Juliet. Such beautiful things have already been said of her—only to be exceeded in beauty by the subject that inspired them!—it is impossible to say any thing better: but it is possible to say something more. Such in fact is the simplicity, the truth, and loveliness of Juliet's character, that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth, and its variety. There is in it an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose, an entireness, a completeness of effect, which we feel as a whole: and to attempt to analyze the impression thus conveyed at once to soul and sense, is as if while hanging over a half-blown rose, and reveling in its intoxicating perfume, we should pull it asunder, leaflet by leaflet, the better to display its bloom and fragrance. Yet how otherwise should we disclose the wonders of its formation, or do justice to the skill of the divine hand that hath thus fashioned it in its beauty?"

"Love, as a passion forms the groundwork of the drama. Now, admitting the axiom of Rochefoucauld, that there is but one love, though a thousand different copies, yet the true sentiment itself has as many different aspects as the human soul of which it forms a part. It is not only modified by the individual character and temperament: but it is under the influence of clime and circumstance. The love that is calm in one moment, shall show itself vehement and tumultuous at another. The love that is wild and passionate in the south, is deep and contemplative in the north: as the Spanish or Roman girl perhaps poisons a rival, or stabs herself for the sake of a living lover, and the German or Russian girl pines into the grave for the love of the false, the absent, or the dead. Love is ardent or deep, bold or timid, jealous or confiding, impatient or humble, hopeful or desponding—and yet there are not many loves, but one love.

"All Shakespeare's women, being essentially women, either love, or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life-blood along her veins, 'bending with every atom of her frame.' The love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia—so airy-delicate, and fearless in Miranda—so sweetly confiding in Perdita—so playfully fond in Rosalind—so constant in Imogen—so devoted in Desdemona—so fervent in Helen—so tender in Viola—is each and all of these in Juliet. All these remind us of her; but she reminds us of nothing but her own sweet self; or, if she does, it is of the Gismunda, or the Lisetta, or the Fiamminetta of Boccaccio, to whom she is allied, not in the character or circumstances, but in the truly Italian spirit, the glowing, national complexion of the portrait.*

* "Lord Byron remarked of the Italian women, (and he could speak *avec connaissance de fait*), that they are the only women in the world capable of impressions, at once very sudden and very durable; which, he adds, is to be found in no other nation. Mr. Moore observes afterwards, how completely an Italian woman, either from nature or her social position, is led to invert the usual course of frailty among ourselves, and weak in resisting the first impulses of passion, to reserve the whole strength of her character for a display of constancy and devotedness afterwards. Both these traits of national character are exemplified in Juliet—*Moore's Life of Byron*, vol. ii. p. 303, 339, 4to ed.

"There was an Italian painter who said that the secret of all effects in colour consisted in white upon black and black upon white. How perfectly did Shakespeare understand this secret of effect! and how beautifully he has exemplified it in Juliet!"

'So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews!'

"Thus she and her lover are in contrast with all around them. They are all love, surrounded with all hate; all harmony, surrounded with all discord; all pure nature, in the midst of polished and artificial life. Juliet, like Portia, is the foster-child of opulence and splendor: she dwells in a fairy city—she has been nurtured in a palace—she clasps her robe with jewels—she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls: but in herself she has no more connexion with the trappings around her, than the lovely exotic transplanted from some Eden-like climate, has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty.

"But in this vivid impression of contrast, there is nothing abrupt or harsh. A tissue of beautiful poetry weaves together the principal figures and the subordinate personages. The consistent truth of the costume, and exquisite gradations of relief with which the most opposite hues are approximated, blend all into harmony. Romeo and Juliet are not poetical beings placed on a prosaic back ground; nor are they like Thekla and Max in the Wallenstein, two angels of light amid the darkest and harshest, the most debased and revolting aspects of humanity; but every circumstance, and every personage, and every shade of character in each, tends to the development of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. The poetry, too, the richest that can possibly be conceived, is interfused through all the characters; the splendid imagery lavished upon all with the careless prodigality of genius, and all is lighted up into such a sunny brilliancy of effect, as though Shakespeare had really transported himself into Italy, and had drunk to intoxication of her genial atmosphere. How truly it has been said, 'although Romeo and Juliet are in love, they are not love-sick!' What a false idea would any thing of the mere whining *amoroso*, give us of Romeo, such as he is really in Shakespeare—the noble, gallant, ardent, brave, and witty! And Juliet—with even less truth could the phrase or idea apply to her! The picture in 'Twelfth Night' of the wan girl dying of love, 'who pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy,' would never surely occur to us, when thinking on the enamoured and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm into passion, passion into heroism! No, the whole sentiment of the play is of a far different cast. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the south; it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life.* We have indeed the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world; the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair: the aching adieu; the pang unutterable of parted affection; and rapture, truth, and tenderness trampled into an early grave; but still an Elysian grace lingers round the whole, and the blue sky of Italy bends over all!

* "*La seve de la vie* is an expression used somewhere by Madame de Staël."

"In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the groundwork of the drama, nothing in fact can equal the power of the picture, but its inexpressible sweetness and its perfect grace; the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul, has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence of the torrent; but she is herself as 'moving delicate, as fair, as soft, as flexible as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout, the individual part of the character in all its variety is developed, and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance,—the simplicity of Juliet is very different from the simplicity of Miranda: her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not once remind us of the moral grandeur of Isabel, or the intellectual power of Portia; it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character: it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling or temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of Perdita, nor the fanciful romance of Viola; it is the romance of a tender heart and a poetical imagination. Her experience is not ignorance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. Her mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy; or she has even

—Turned the tale by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia, loved, and left of old!

Hence that bashful doubt, dispelled almost as soon as felt—

Ah, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

That conscious shrinking from her own confession—

Fain would I dwell on forms; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke!

The ingenuous simplicity of her avowal—

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo—but else, not for the world!

And the touching, timid delicacy, with which she throws herself for forbearance and pardon, upon the tenderness of him she loves, even for the love she bears him—

Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

In the alternative which she afterwards places before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honour which precept and education have infused into her mind, without one real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandonment; for she does not even wait to hear his asseverations:

But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

ROMEO.

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times, good night!

"But all these flatterings between native impulses and maiden fears become gradually absorbed, swept

away, lost and swallowed up in the depth and enthusiasm of confiding love.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to you
The more I have—for both are infinite.

"What a picture of the young heart, that sees no bound to its hopes, no end to its affections! For what was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience, which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure which her heart had just tasted, but indifference, to which she was yet a stranger? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment, which she had never yet felt?*

"Lord Byron's *Haidee* is a copy of Juliet in the oriental costume, but the development is epic, not dramatic.

"I remember no dramatic character, conveying the same impression of singleness of purpose, and devotion of heart and soul, except the *Thekla* of Schiller's *Wallenstein*: she is the German Juliet; far unequal, indeed, but conceived, nevertheless, in a kindred spirit. I know not if critics have ever compared them, or whether Schiller is supposed to have had the English, or rather the Italian Juliet in his fancy when he portrayed *Thekla*; but there are some striking points of coincidence, while the national distinction in the character of the passions leaves to *Thekla* a strong cast of originality.† The *Princess Thekla* is, like Juliet, the heiress of rank and opulence; her first introduction to us, in her full dress and diamonds, does not impair the impression of her softness and simplicity. We do not think of them, nor do we sympathise with the complaint of her lover,

The dazzle of the jewels which played round you,
Hid thee beloved from me.

"We almost feel the reply of *Thekla*, before she utters it,

Then you saw me,
Not with your heart, but with your eyes!

"The timidity of *Thekla* in her first scene, her trembling silence in the commencement, and the few words she addresses to her mother, reminds us of the unobtrusive simplicity of Juliet's first appearance; but the impression is difficult: the one is the shrinking violet, the other the expanded rose-bud. *Thekla* and *Max Piccolomini* are, like *Romeo* and *Juliet*, divided by the hatred of their fathers. The death of *Max*, and the resolute despair of *Thekla*, are also points of resemblance; and *Thekla*'s complete devotion, her frank yet dignified abandonment of all disguise, and her apology for her own unreserve, are quite in Juliet's style:

I ought to be less open, ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates;
But where in this place would'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it!

"The same confidence, innocence, and fervour of affection, distinguish both heroines; but the love of Ju-

* "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays."

† "B. Constant describes her beautifully—'Sa voir si douce au travers le bruit des armes, sa forme delicate au milieu de ces hommes tout convertis de fer, la pureté de son ame opposée a leurs calculs avides, son calme celeste qui contraste avec leurs agitations, remplissent le spectateur d'une emotion constante et melancolique, telle que ne la fait ressentir nulle tragedie ordinaire.'"

list is more vehement, the love of Thekla is more calm, and reposes more on itself; the love of Juliet gives us the idea of infinitude, and that of Thekla of eternity: the love of Juliet flows on with an increasing tide, like the river pouring to the ocean; and the love of Thekla stands unalterable, and enduring as the rock. In the heart of Thekla love shelters as in a home; but in the heart of Juliet he reigns a crowned king; 'he rides on its pants triumphant!' As women, they would divide the loves and suffrages of mankind, but not as dramatic characters: the moment we come to look nearer, we acknowledge that it is indeed "rashness and ignorance to compare Schiller with Shakspeare."* Thekla is a fine conception in the German spirit, but Juliet is a lovely and palpable creation. The colouring in which Schiller has arrayed his Thekla is pale, sombre, vague, compared with the strong individual marking, the rich glow of life and reality, which distinguish Juliet. One contrast in particular has always struck me; the two beautiful speeches in the first interview between Max and Thekla—that in which she described her father's

astrological chamber, and that in which he replies with reflections on the influence of the stars, are said to 'form in themselves a fine poem.' They do so: but never would Shakspeare have placed such extraneous deception and reflection in the mouth of his lovers.—Romeo and Juliet speak of themselves only; they see only themselves in the universe, all things else are as an idle matter. Not a word they utter, though every word is poetry—not a sentiment or description, though dressed in the most luxuriant imagery, but has a direct relation to themselves, or the situation in which they are placed, and the feelings that engross them; and besides, it may be remarked of Thekla, and generally of all tragedy heroines in love, that however beautifully and distinctly characterised, we see the passion only under one or two aspects at most, or in conflict with some one circumstance of contending duty or feeling. In Juliet alone we find it exhibited under every variety of aspect, and every gradation of feeling it could possibly assume in a delicate female heart; as we see the rose, when passed through the colours of the prism, catch and reflect every tint of the divided ray, and still it is the same sweet rose."

* "Coleridge—preface to Wallenstein."

INVOCATION.

WRITTEN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ABBOTSFORD.

SPIRITS! Intelligences! Passions! Dreams!
Ghosts! Genii! Sprites!
Muses, that haunt the Heliconian streams!
Inspiring lights!
Whose intellectual fires, in Scott combined,
Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind!
Ye who have o'er-informed and overwrought
His teeming soul,
Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought
From pole to pole;
Enlightening others till itself grew dark,—
A midnight heaven without one starry spark,—
Spirits of Earth and Air—of Light or Gloom!
Awake! arise!
Restore the victim ye have made—relume
His darkling eyes.
Wizards! be all your magic skill unfurled,
To charm to health the Charmer of the World!
The scabbard, by its sword outworn, repair;
Give to his lips
Their lore, than Chrysoptom's more rich and rare:
Dispel the eclipse
That intercepts his intellectual light,
And saddens all mankind with tears and night.
Not only for the Bard of highest worth,
But best of men,
Do I invoke ye, Powers of Heaven and Earth!
Oh! where and when
Shall we again behold his counterpart—
Such kindred excellence of head and heart?
So good and great—benevolent as wise—
On his high throne
How meekly hath he borne his faculties!
How finely shown
A model to the irritable race,
Of generous kindness, courtesy, and grace!
If he *must* die, how great to perish thus
In Glory's blaze;
A world, in requiem unanimous,
Weeping his praise;
While Angels wait to catch his parting breath—
Who would not give his life for such a death!

TO MARY—IN ITALY.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here:
For, being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure too,
How can I joy!—how should I do?
Earl of Surrey's Poem.

I WAIT for thy coming
In the sweet-scented eve,
When the birds are humming
In the gloom of the leaves;
And the fountain danceth;
Its path along,
Like a creature that loveth
To speak in song.
The bird and the fountain
Rejoice in their lot;
But my spirit is sad,
For I see thee not.
I wait for thee, love:
On the emerald deep
The sun, like a warrior,
Is sinking to sleep.
I see the leaves shining
Around the dove's nest;
Why doth she sit pining
Alone in her rest?
Her companion returneth
From the cool orange-tree;
But thy feet return not—
Return not, to me!
I am weary of listening
To the voice of the breeze,
And the white-bird glistening
Among the almond-trees;
It leapeth on the boughs,
While its silver wings glow
With the light through the leaves,
As it darts to and fro.
I turn away in tears
From the fountain and tree;
I care not for bird or flower,
If thou comest not to me.

W.

PERRAN PATH;

A CORNISH STORY.

"Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar."—Byron.

HENRY NORTON was—but it does not signify what he was; suffice it he was poor and in love—had nothing, indeed, but the half pay of a service which he had not health to remain in; while Mary Franklin was rich, and her parents intended her for a much higher rank in society than the life of a "half pay luff," as they used contemptuously to call him. But women are obstinate in these cases; and, moreover, even if there had been no opposition, she would very likely have fallen in love with the young sailor; and, as her fortune would be her own when she was of age, the odds were very much in her favour. But the parents were aware of this also; so, from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they watched their daughter with lynx-eyed vigilance, but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to meet, though, it must be confessed, it was but seldom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a grove, or by a lake; but they met not there. Sweet are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazaars; but they met not there. But, as the gray dawn was breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff—as the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock clearly in the base of the morning—as the lengthened wave was curling along the white and seemingly endless beach—they would meet on the dizzy height of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love. But as it was impossible for them to give each other notice when these meetings would be, it was Norton's business to be on the cliffs by day-break every morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish. Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely miner, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, according as they were or were not engaged, (as almost all Cornish peasants are) in assisting the landing of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff, thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and frequently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise, in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain that he would not be able to see her that morning, he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promontory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a woman, standing and waving a handkerchief. With the speed of a lover, he rushed to the place, but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam, and it was a spot where no woman could have dared to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the next morning he went again. But again there was the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The next moment Mary came; and, telling her the story, they walked towards the place where he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called her; but she was not visible, so they laughed and forgot her.

"And is this to last forever, Mary?" said Norton. "Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two words of welcome, before we have to say good bye, to meet again we know not when?"

"Be patient, Henry—be patient; and if when I have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse—why, I will give my consent without waiting any longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune-hunter."

"But what does that signify, I do not think so! Is not that sufficient, Henry? And if we do our duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our friends that our love is real and enduring, they may at last consent, and Heaven will—"

"Curse, curse ye!" cried a voice beneath them; and a woman started from the rock, and sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribands. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the other a stout riding whip, such as is used by farmers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down over her forehead, while her pale features looked much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are ye, and what are ye," continued she, coming up to Norton, "that, for this third time, have frightened him away? for I have called, and he did not come; I have sung, and he hath not heard; for you have sealed him away with your false vows—you have driven him away the while I was sleeping, and he will not come again. But I'll away to your father, Mistress Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned round the hill before he could overtake her, and on reaching the spot, he could see no trace or signs of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not faint, was so frightened that on his return, Norton found her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as to be unable to walk without assistance. This, under existing circumstances, was particularly agreeable. Upon going a little way, she found it impossible to go farther without resting, and it was getting late. This was still more agreeable. She had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were awake and stirring, and they stared, and wished her good morning;—they would have known her a mile off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, however, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery; but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat; and no one had met them, except the inhabitants of the village. She was entering the house, somewhat cheered by this circumstance, when she met her father at the door.

"You are early, Mary," said he. "It is too cold now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill, child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice behind them, which made the old gentleman start, "that heeds not the mother's bidding. Well, well! I called, and he came not; ye called me not, but I am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr. Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer," said Rosa Rosevargus; "I will answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of the disobedient has kept him away. Three mornings have I called him, and he remained behind—for why, the daughter was with her lover, though the command was upon her that she should have heeded; and she

was away from the home where the father was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!”

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which one of the strong ponies of the country was tied; and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an instant. Mary would not live so near her lover and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enraged father heard all the story, and her meetings with Norton were, of course, put a stop to. And many long and weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Norton, guessing what had happened, yet having no certain information; and often did he see the “grim white woman,” and often did he attempt in vain to overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she would spring on her rude saddle and gallop off, with her usual parting of “Aha! I wish you well—aha!” In answer to his inquiries, Norton could only hear that she was the “Mazed woman,” who lived at Mr. Her-ring’s at the far end of the Cuthbert parish; and it was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an opulent farmer, and had once on rent a large tract of land. But the times and the landlord both pressing him at the same time, he was obliged to give it up. He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the times continued bad, it was determined his daughter Rosa, should as the Cornish express it “go out in service.” But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible heart, and so had the butler; and Mr. Rosevargus was a monied man. He had formerly been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he was Mr. Rosevargus, and a monied man. Accordingly it was agreed that he should take a small farm; and for some time fortune favoured them exceedingly; for, speculating in mines, they became very rich. But their happiness was of short duration. A few years after their marriage the husband died, leaving behind him only one son. Robert, did not, however, inherit his father’s industry. The wrestling ring, the hunt, and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion for all these, that not only were his mother’s persuasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts could not reform him. She even threatened to find another and a steadier sweetheart without effect; so she tried another plan, and said, if he would live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now this said Anne Roberts was, his mother thought, exactly the person Robert should not marry, being fond of dress, and excessively extravagant. Accordingly, she expostulated and reasoned; but it was no use. So the day was fixed, and she was obliged to consent, though, as she said, no good would ever come of it. However, she was somewhat appressed by a white gown and bonnet Ann Roberts sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a joint gift from both of them; and so the day was fixed. Two nights, however, before the wedding-day, two friends of the young farmer came to his house, and insisted on his accompanying them on a fishing excursion. This his mother insisted very strongly on his not doing; but his friends laughed at him, and he went, and never returned. The boat was swamped in one of those sudden ground seas, which are so frequent on that coast, and which the most expert seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every one on board perished. From that time the senses of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her father took her home, and she grew better in time, still she would frequently put on the white dress—her

son’s last present—and mounting her pony, would ride off to that part of the coast where it was supposed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was only still at sea, and would be too late for the wedding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and then ride home, and say he was coming. At times she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dangerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It was in one of these fits she first met Norton; and having sense enough to remember Mary Franklin, and to know the reason she was there, she avenged herself for the interruption in the manner we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took another turn. She fancied that he was just upset, and that she would go and look for his body. The fishermen, to humour her, would say, they would take her out for a pound; but as they never trusted her with money, she would only answer them with her usual salutation, and ride on. One day, however, she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the bridle, she exclaimed—

“Have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin? have ye heard of my loss? Willy—ye know Willy the fisherman!—Willy tells me my poor boy is drowned; and Willy says he will take me out for a pound—for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now your honour would not refuse the value of a pound to poor Rosa Rosevargus for this cause?”

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa was not satisfied with this refusal; she went twice afterwards to the house, and demanded her pound; till at last the squire lost his temper, and sent her rather rudely out of the house. A short time afterwards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met her. His horse was awkward at opening the gate, and the rider, as usual lost his temper.

“Curse ye, curse ye,” cried Rosa. “Ye have turned from the mother’s prayer, and ye would not help her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and she shall not answer; ye shall seek her, and ye shall not find. For ye would not help the childless and the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baffled. Aha! I wish you well—aha!”

It was the very next morning that Norton was taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat down on the same place where he had first seen Rosa—probably blessing her in his heart for all the misery she had caused him.

“Mary!” said aloud, “I shall see you no more. They tell me that you are going to London, and I am too poor to follow you; or, if I was not, I would not, for I could not bear to see you happy without me.—But we are separated for ever, and I will leave this place—”

“Curse ye, curse ye!” cried a well remembered voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock as before. “I curse ye, for ye heard not the widow’s prayer, and her son is unburied on the waters.”

“Woman!” cried Norton, springing on her, and seizing her by the arm, “what did you—”

“I will tell you, then,” interrupted Rosa; “I will tell ye what I did. I did the thing which makes me sleepless, and I will do the thing which will give me rest. Ye said ye were separated for ever; ye said ye would leave this place;—ye were a fool to think it. Did I not give the wound—will I not heal it!—Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked.”

“What mean you, woman!—what are you—?”

“Mr. Norton,” said she, in so altered a tone that her hearer started—“they say I am mad, because I forgot not my dear boy—my only son; because I come here to weep for him. You came here to interrupt me, I thought—to mock me, as others do—but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think it; for I am not

mad, indeed I am not. I have done the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no note, no message?—trust me with it, and it shall be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are deceived by a mad person's temporary return to reason, and agreed to meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But he more than half repented having done so, when, at the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness returned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed woman. Ye shall call, and none shall answer; ye shall seek but ye shall not find; ye shall run but it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And, springing on her pony, she was out of sight as quick as ever.

"Fool that I was to trust her," said the lover. "She will give the letter to Mr. Franklin, and it will hasten Mary's departure, and she will be guarded more strictly than ever." He was, however, mistaken. That night, as Mary was looking out of the window of her room, thinking of the comparatively happy time when she used to sit there and watch for the first light of the morning to steal out and meet her lover—she heard a low voice singing, to the tune of one of the ballads of the country, the following words:—

"The wild waves are breaking still loud on the shore,
But the call of the childless is answered no more.
The lover is there by the dawn of the day,
And the widow is mixing her tears with the spray.
The mother is mourning for him that is not,
But the maiden is sleeping—her love is forgot.

"But he'll be flying, he'll be flying
Over land and over sea—
He'll be dying, he'll be dying,
Like the child that's lost to me.

"I stood upon the cliffs, maid, to sorrow for my child,
And I curst ye, and I curst ye, for my grief had made
me wild;
But the sorrow of the lover, I have sense enough to
feel,
And the wound that I have given he hath sent me
here to heal."

Mary thought she must be deceived—that she was dreaming, or mad; but she listened again, and found she was not mistaken. At this moment the dogs began their nightly conversation with the moon, and she heard no more. The next night she heard the same words again; but just as she was about to answer the signal, her father entered her room, and lectured her for an hour for sitting at the opened window; and when he left her the singer was gone. The next night, however, the same song was again repeated, with this additional verse:—

"The burning tear is bursting from the childless mother's eye,
And the lover's heart is thirsting with the hope that
will not die.
I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on
the shore,
Answer, false one, answer, shall I say you love no
more?
I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on
the hill,
Answer, maiden, answer, shall I say you love him
still?"

Mary no longer doubted; but, opening her window she repeated the last line. Immediately the white woman was under her window, and delivering the note on a long forked pole, almost instantly disappeared. Eagerly did Mary read it; and there is but little

doubt that it was punctually answered. In this manner they kept up for some time a constant correspondence; till at last it was agreed upon that Norton should pretend to leave Perran; and it was hoped by that means that Mary might have more liberty. The trick succeeded, and they accordingly effected a meeting in the following manner.

Mr. Franklin, fancying that Norton was gone, and believing, from his daughter's increased spirits, that she had forgotten him, gave a grand pic-nic party on the beach. It was low water; and at that time of tide there is an excellent uninterrupted gallop along the beach, on hard sand, for two miles. On the right towards the farther end from the Path, there is a road, which leads across a desert of sand, which extends for miles, and across which it is difficult, without much custom, to find a way; for it is not a level plain, but innumerable hills of sand. It was a common thing with Mary to gallop to the end of the beach; but on that day, no sooner did the cliffs hide her from the rest of the party, than turning her horse's head towards the sand hills, and galloping up the road, she was with Norton in a second. The undisguised joy of the lovers brought tears into the eyes of Rosa Rosevargus. Dressed the same as ever, she looked like the genius of the place, as, sitting by her pony, she watched them in silence. They had been long together, when Mary said—

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he; "for we will never part again."

"What do you mean Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor. "this: I have a chaise and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-night; and I claim your promise, Mary, for you are now your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there is something in leaving the home of their childhood, the friends that have loved them, the parents that gave them birth—to leave them, and offend them for ever perhaps—to live without their blessing—to die, perhaps, without their forgiveness—which requires all the courage that women are possessed of. It is an undertaking which requires long consideration, and few dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"Ill come," cried Rosa, when she heard her determination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that can desert the wished and the lovely; ill come to the eyes of the maiden that can see their true love in trouble, and can look round for a richer to keep her company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

Mary was frightened, but not persuaded; but the last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jealous lover.

"And is it so, Mary?" said he. "Is there then another, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You are silent. It is so? Farewell, then, Mary; I do not blame you for leaving me; it is natural—it is right. But why deceive me?—why write to me?—or, if you did write, why not write the truth?"

"I did, I did, Henry—I did indeed; and rather than you should doubt me, I will—"

"Oh! end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly with me."

She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch us—they will stop us; and how are you going?"

"Rosa lends me her pony."

"And you know your way over these sands? Oh! if you do not, it is useless to attempt it now. Let us wait another opportunity."

Norton was puzzled. This was the first time he

had ever been across the sands; and there were old mine shafts and pits, and but one road, scarcely to be recognized as such except by the most practised eye. He could not answer, and Mary was about to turn.

"Well, then," cried Rosa, "and what ails ye now? Away, ye can ride; away ye can ride; and old Rolly (as she called her poney) wants neither whip, nor spur, nor guide. Away!—Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

Norton jumped on the poney, and his companion's, though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with old Rolly, who went off home, as if quite as mad as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill opposite the sand hills, he turned to see if he was pursued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa, waving her handkerchief, on the high sand-hill opposite the small village of Ellengles. He answered her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the Bristol steamer.

The consternation of the picnic party at the long absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at first the father agreed with her. But when he considered the impossibility of the lovers holding communication with each other—that Norton, as was reported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had fallen into a shaft drove every other suspicion out of his head. For the whole night they were looking for her. Lanterns, torches, were in great requisition; horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of making her hear was resorted to, but she did not answer. The moon went down, and the last hour before daylight was completely dark. About this time Mr. Franklin was by himself, separated from the rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just expiring and he was trying to trim it, when it went out entirely; and, he could see nothing but the lamps of his companions, at a considerable distance, and that only now and then, as they ascended and descended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch them; he called, but they could not hear. At last he gave it up; and fearing lest he should fall into a shaft, he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even the cries of his companions became at length inaudible, and he almost fancied himself in another world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, however, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she. "Ye turned from the mother's prayer—ye have refused to assist her to find and to bury the child she took delight in. Did I not tell ye? but ye did not hear; did I not advise thee? but ye were deaf? And now ye are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye seek, but ye cannot

find; ye run, but it is past the time. What do ye here? She is away with the loved and the true; for Rosa gave, and Rosa healed the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the widow—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the childless. Away, then, for she is not here—away, then, for she is not home. For Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And holding her lantern close to the face of the astonished father, she repeated her last usual parting words—"Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he was startled—he was agitated; and his companions found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would forgive their daughter. At last, however, discovering that further resistance was not only useless but ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents. After their first visit, they were again invited to spend a longer time. The next time they were entreated to stay still longer; and at last, the old people found that they could not live without them, and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves, on condition they lived with them always. In the mean time poor Rosa, after the stimulus of avenging herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was positively necessary, for the peace of the neighbourhood that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton would by no means consent to this before something had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her own expense, an eminent physician was sent for; and by his advice it was settled that she should be deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son. The plan succeeded. For one year she would constantly visit the spot where the old church had been for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her son to be buried; but after that she gradually recovered her senses. We need not say that Mr. and Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had done them; for though she did not live above two years after the recovery of her reason, she spent them in the service of those she had been the means of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I shall be quite content if, for the space of ten minutes, you are half as much pleased as I was with the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it first in the small room of the little inn at Perran Path.

HOME.

Oh! if there be on earth a spot
Where life's tempestuous waves rage not,
Or if there be a charm—a joy—
Without satiety, or alloy—
Or if there be a feeling fraught
With ev'ry fond and pleasing thought,
Or if there be a hope that lives
On the pure happiness it gives,
That envy touches not—where strife
Ne'er mingles with the cup of life;
Or if there be a word of bliss,
Of peace, of love—of happiness—
Or if there be a refuge fair,
A safe retreat for toil and care,
Where the heart may a dwelling find,
A store of many joys combin'd,
Where ev'ry feeling—ev'ry tone—
Best harmonizes with its own,
Whence its vain wishes ne'er can rove,
Oh! it is Home!—a home of love!

A WISH,

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

WHERE the wondrous and glorious cloud-tracts be,
In their burning and transparent glory,
Would I walk in mists of light with thee,
Leaving this old world, bleak and hoary.

Yet from this dimmest of dim spheres,
Would I bear some few most precious things,
Beloved 'midst childhood's smiles and tears,
Though tainted now by life's dark springs.

A colour from the empurpled flower;
A music from the whispering shell;
A sparkle from the rainbow'd shower;
A perfume from the blossomed dell.

And art thou so beloved, oh earth?
Can links of life's long chain be dear?
Then I'll not leave thee, place of birth,
Even for the loveliest stranger sphere!

HAZLITT'S DEATH-BED.

THE late William Hazlitt was hailed at the commencement of his term of authorship as a star. Vast things were predicted of him: and he, looking at the flattering picture, presaged a happy voyage through life; but how soon was the scene changed! His determined bent of thought having been ascertained to be on the popular side, he was soon marked down as a fit object for legal calumny—the fitter because the more conspicuous. I use the term legal calumny with the intention of distinguishing that sort of wrong from illegal calumny or libel. To say he was an infidel, that his associates were the same, to assail the integrity of his opinions and the motives from which he supported them, were the lightest missiles hurled at him by his enemies. Would he had lived to see his principles triumphant!

The harassing nature of his occupation, the periodical supply of a certain quantum of copy, at length produced its effect. Those alone who are doomed to the same drudgery can appreciate my simile when I liken the press to “the horse-leech, which cries Give! Give!” and this eternal cry, together with the application of stimuli to enable him to supply the demand, brought on that depravation of the stomach which is the usual effect of such a course of life.

Reluctantly, nay, tremblingly, do I lift the veil which now hangs over the death-bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin, his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death-bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstance of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom, and calling to one, whom I shall conceal under the name of *Basilus*,* he gently said, “*Basilus*, stoop down and let me talk to you.”

Basilus, crouching by the bedside. What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt!”

Hazlitt. Rid me of a pang.

Basilus. Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Forty pounds? Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. I know—I know, *Basilus*, what I ask. Lend it me—lend it me—I want it. “Twill ease my mind—I want it. Lend it me: and think, *Basilus*, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after he said to Martin (whose attendance was constant.) “Martin, come here.”

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. Martin. I want you to write a letter for me (starting up with energy.) Swear you'll do it!

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. Now write, “Dear sir.”

Martin. “Dear sir.”

Hazlitt. “I am at the last gasp.”

Martin. “I am at the last gasp.”

Hazlitt. “Pray send me a hundred pounds.”

Martin. “Pray send me a hundred pounds.”

Hazlitt. “Yours truly—”

Martin. “Yours truly—”

Hazlitt. “William Hazlitt.”

* To the gentleman thus designated, poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.

Martin. “William Hazlitt.”

Hazlitt. Now, fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. Write: “To Francis Jeffrey, Esq. Edinburgh.”

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. Now I am satisfied.

Martin. Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, explaining who wrote it?

Hazlitt, starting up. Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is!

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died very soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an enclosure of fifty pounds.*

* Hone called on the previous day: he met a physician who had attended Hazlitt at the door, about to depart. “How is your patient, sir?” inquired Hone. “Tis all over,” replied the medical man. “Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago: he seemed to live, during the last eight-and-forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will.” A third person, who had just come up, here observed, “He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with that forty pounds, is a perfect mystery.”

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. “You are aware,” said Hazlitt, “of some of my difficulties (those dreadful bills—those back accounts)—but no human being knows ALL. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster-Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle—struggle mortally to quench—to quell it—but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out—Can you lend me a SHILLING!—I have been WITHOUT FOOD THESE TWO DAYS!”

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this, would be needless.

IMITATION OF NATURE.

WHEN Smeaton rebuilt the Eddystone light-house, he spent much time in considering the best methods of grafting his work securely on the solid rock, and giving it the form best suited to secure stability: and one of the most interesting parts of his interesting account, is that in which he narrates how he was led to choose the shape which he adopted, by considering the means employed by nature to produce stability in her works. The building is modelled on the trunk of an oak, which spreads out in a sweeping curve near the roots, so as to give breadth and strength to its base, and again swells out as it approaches to the bushy head, to give room for the strong insertion of the principal boughs. The latter is represented by a curved cornice, the effect of which is to throw off the heavy seas, which, being suddenly checked, fly up, it is said, from 50 to 100 feet above the very top of the building, and thus to prevent their striking the lantern, even when they seem entirely to enclose it. The efficacy of this construction is such, that after a storm and spring-tide, of unequalled violence, in 1762, in which the greatest fears were entertained at Plymouth for the safety of the light-house, the only article requisite to repair it was a pot of putty, to replace some that had been washed from the lantern.—*Gallery of Portraits, with Memoirs.*

Religiously keep all promises and covenants, though made to thy disadvantage; and though afterwards thou perceived thou mightest have done better. And let not any preceding act of thine be altered by any after accident; let nothing make thee break thy promise, unless it be unlawful or impossible

NEW-ENGLAND WARS.

KING PHILIP.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

PERHAPS no portion of the inhabited part of our extensive country, is so little known as Plymouth county, in Massachusetts; there is, indeed, but little to invite the cupidity of the avaricious, or turn the veties of pleasure to this isolated tract. But the historian, the poet, and the antiquarian, it invites to a feast beyond the ability of any other equal extent of our Union, to furnish. Yet, how few have thought their labour would be repaid by searches in this field of real adventures.

The place consecrated by the arrival of our forefathers, and in which their descendants yet bear their names, and retain much of the simplicity of their manners, must be interesting to all.

This, too, with its vicinity, is the scene of many wars which were carried on with the aborigines of the country; and there is scarcely a field that does not bear some mark of its former owners' occupation. How frequently have I followed the plough, to collect the heads of arrows, and pieces of pottery, which once belonged to the real "lords of the soil."—they have been swept away with the besom of civilization, it is true, but every field, and almost every rock, is eloquent in praise of their ingenuity, perseverance and courage. I remember, as a number of labourers were employed in a field near Plymouth, raising, by means of levers, a large rock, they discovered beneath the ponderous object of their exertions, a complete cabinet of Indian implements of war and domestic use—flat stone spades, curiously wrought for digging; stone hatchets; large pots, made of a peculiar argillaceous earth, and filled up with spear heads; bows of different sizes, now nearly decayed, and large bundles of arrows, rendered useless by time and the humidity of their place of deposit. In the progress of their labours, several of these cabinets were discovered, one or two of which I yet retain in my possession.

As I was exhibiting these specimens of Indian skill, in the evening, to several visitors, the conversation naturally turned towards the beings who had once rendered themselves so formidable by the use of these weapons; and the usual number of anecdotes of Indian warfare were related. "There is one story," said an old man, who had, in deference to his betters, as he said, previously held his peace, "which, I remember, was current in my boyish days, and which has a distinct and immediate relation to neighbour * * * whose cider we are now drinking."—"Fill this pitcher again," said my father, to a boy in attendance. My mother despatched a girl to hear the prayers of two small children, and having counted off the stitches for a pair of substantial stockings, set herself to an evening's work. Having drunk a quart of cider at a single draught, and followed it with his usual apologetic epilogue, "I was amazingly dry," the historian of the evening narrated the following simple tale, which has little to recommend it, but its truth.

"Not long after the settlement of this part of the state, by our forefathers, the white inhabitants became embroiled in several quarrels with the Indians, who charged the Christians with encroachments upon their territories. As these charges were not made in any regular or legal form, nor indeed in the hearing of any of the superiors of the English, but only emitted in occasional growls, or given vent to by some inebriated son of the forest, the colonists could not, of course, employ, with those dissatisfied savages, any of that

species of argument for which they were so famous, and that they drew from the sacred writ, which they conceived authorised the dispossession of the Indians from their land, by the professors of gospel truth, as much as it did the followers of the Mosaic dispensation, in their successful encroachments upon the idolatrous Canaanites. Not being able, I say, to quote chapter and verse of the great commission to their dingy neighbours—who might have even doubted the application of Jewish invasion to their own particular case, on account of some trifling discrepancy in time and place, our venerable forefathers thought themselves authorised to use other means of convincing their squalid brethren of the forest, which means, too, they thought, were equally authorised by the canons of their faith.

"In such a situation of affairs, with much cause for mutual recrimination, it is not strange that things went from bad to worse. The increase of the white population, who always clung to the seaboard, necessarily excluded the natives from a free exercise of their rights of fishing—a privilege the more necessary to them, as the forest afforded but little game—many of the large streams near the bays were dammed up for mill sites, thus excluding the regular ascent of the migrating fish, shad and herring—the salmon did not frequent their streams. Rum had also been introduced among the savages with its accustomed effects. Some of their best warriors, from an habitual use of this deleterious liquor, had become listless and stupid, when not under its influence; and when intoxicated, which a single glass would effect, they were ripe for every species of madness, and as ready to turn their weapons against a friend as an enemy—this last was a fruitful cause for disputes among the red and white men of Plymouth colony. The necessity for punishing these outrages appeared obvious to the whites, and summary vengeance was again taken by the Indians. In this state of things the natives became wholly alienated from the whites, and seemed only to seek opportunities to avenge themselves of the injuries which they believed themselves suffering by the encroachments of the colonists. The latter found it necessary to guard against their bloody neighbours, by the best means in their power; and, accordingly, those who lived at a distance from the chief settlements associated themselves, built a single house, large enough for their several families, and barricading it with a high palisade fence, were generally able to resist the attacks of their enemies—although their fields of corn and even their cattle were exposed, and often fatally, to the miserable vengeance of their foes—nor was this all—whoever was beyond the limits of the *garrison*, as they called their fortified house, was hourly exposed to the most imminent danger from the Indians, who have been known to lay a whole day, concealed in a thicket, for the sake of scalping a child who might pass that way in search of the cattle. So that scarcely a week passed without some family being called to bewail a father, son, or daughter, butchered by the cold vengeance of their insidious enemy.

"In a house, garrisoned as I have already described, about three miles north-west of what is now Plymouth, and about half a mile from the shores of the bay, dwelt several families, descended from the early Pilgrims. The names of all but one are yet borne by their numerous descendants, who now either till in quiet the

fair and somewhat fertile fields which were then undivided parts of an interminable forest, or extend their course of fish flakes along a shore, which, at that time, was claimed by people who could show neither charter nor deed for their wide possessions.

"The Brewster family consisted of the father, Micajah, the mother, and five or six young children. The Cooks' were the father, mother, three daughters, and a son, David. Mr Joscelyne's family consisted of himself and one daughter, named Mahala.

"The produce of their fields, meadows, and cattle, afforded a comfortable support to the garrisoned tribe, particularly when added to the plentiful supply of scale and shell-fish, which they might every day take from the neighbouring stream, or gather from the shores of Plymouth bay. The cultivation of the lands, the nourishment of the cattle, and other out of door duties, were at the time to which we allude, attended with no inconsiderable degree of danger, owing to the system of vengeance which the Indians had adopted. To avoid this danger, it was usual to place one or two children on some eminence to watch the approach of the savages, and to give notice so timely, that all might be enabled to retreat to the garrison.

"Living within the same enclosure, educated by the same person, and perhaps from the same books—subject to the same fears and the same hopes, and feeling a community of interest, it is not strange that David and Mahala should experience likewise a reciprocity of affection. I stop not to describe the course of their love from its origin—that it was pure and lasting is certain, and no doubt their affection was brightened by a knowledge that every day, each was compelled to make some sacrifice to the other.

"The manly form of David was often seen beyond the clump of trees in the vicinity of the house, reconnoitering the ground, while the object of his affection was following her duties among the corn, beyond the pale of the garrison. She too, her household affairs attended to, would often place herself upon some eminence to watch the approach of Indians, while her lover was engaged in the business of the field.

"David and Mahala were peculiarly useful to their families, in the character of instructors of children—a task which they fulfilled with assiduity and success, and thus secured to themselves not only the thanks of the heads of families, but likewise the unchanging gratitude of their little pupils. For to a New England parent, there is scarcely a more powerful desire than his wish to educate his offspring; and with the children, perhaps no principle is more fixed than those of gratitude and respect for their teachers.

"About the time of which we treat, the Indians, in the vicinity of Plymouth, had received some severe check, and had, apparently, returned towards the Narragansett tribes, being about fifty miles south west of Plymouth, a few only of these men were seen, and no danger was apprehended of any attack; the inhabitants of our garrison and those of its vicinity, ventured to visit Plymouth, of a Sunday morning, to attend public preaching, a privilege which had been for some time denied them, and no new cause of alarm appeared to exist. The good people of Tincum settlement (now Kingston) attended preaching every Sunday, and left their garrison in the care of one or two children. This was a privilege, indeed, to those who sighed after spiritual food, and they acknowledged it with becoming gratitude to that Being, who strewed these grapes in their way through the wilderness of life.

"In the enjoyment of this confidence, it was more customary to leave the garrison in care of two or three of the older inhabitants, who could attend to the small children and keep an eye upon the cattle, who were by no means scrupulous of gathering a few corn tops in the field, of a Sabbath; and, if David and Mahala were not averse to this change, no one could say that

they neglected the duties of the day, in the absence of their friends, or forgot the eye that was on them when those of their parents were withdrawn.

"This consciousness of the presence of God is, to the good not merely a hindrance from the commission of sins, but, it is also an abundant cause of confidence in danger. Hence, our two friends found means to pass the time of their family's occasional absence in innocence and peace. Meanwhile, affection, encouraged by these golden opportunities, ripened; and calculations were apparently made on a final union, although not a word was said upon this consummation.

"On a Sunday, the first in August, the members of Plymouth church assembled for the sacred purpose of breaking the sacramental bread. This season, which with them occurred but twice a year, was regarded as a time of unusual solemnity. Weeks were spent in preparation for this solemn festival, by occasional protracted fasting and prayer, and above all, by a settlement of all disputes and differences which might have crept in among the professors of the Old Colony. So solemnly was this commemoration regarded, that something of superstition might be detected among the less informed; and even to this day, I believe there may be found among the descendants of the pilgrims, some who, for want of particular instruction, regard the elements of this festival in a light not far removed from transubstantiation. Hence, resulted that careful examination of heart, and that apparently effectual repentance, which denoted and characterised this seldom repeated sacrament. On such a Sunday the heads of the family of our garrison were of course at Plymouth. David and Mahala were left in the charge of two or three children and the cattle.

"The venerable clergyman had finished a truly christian discourse from, the text, 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to his own soul,' and entered upon the more solemn duties of the morning. While the communicants were indulging in that solemn silence which occurs between the distribution of the two elements, a pause in which silence almost hisses on the ear, the door of the building was suddenly thrown open, and a young man burst in upon the congregation, breathless, and exhausted with running. He was only able to articulate 'The Indians,' and sunk inanimate upon a seat. This appalling sound lost none of its terrors, from the uncertainty in which the people were, whether their enemy was distant or near at hand, and the strictness even of a puritan principle yielded to the circumstances so far as to close the services with a short prayer, in which the petitioner did not neglect to solicit a freedom from such dangers as they were then threatened with; he closed an impassioned appeal to the God of hosts that, 'He would watch round their little Israel, and in his own due time, when he had chastened their impieties, and driven the heathen before them, like the smoke of a flame, he would no longer hide his face from them, but give them to sit under their own vine and fig-tree, having none to molest or make them afraid.' The congregation being dismissed, was not long in ascertaining that a party of Indians, supposed to belong to their old enemy Philip, a warlike chief, had made an attack upon the defenceless garrison of Tincum, and had exercised the extent of their savage cruelty upon the unsuspecting inmates; the messenger had fled at the commencement of the attack, and believed that, like an older messenger—he only escaped alone to tell the deed.

"Habituated to alarms, the colonists were in a moment resolved upon the mode of operation. The females and children were left at the Plymouth settlement, while the men armed themselves at the public armoury, mounted the few horses they had, and proceeded with all haste to the rescue (if possible) of the children and property.

"When the company had arrived at the settlement, they found that it had experienced the full extent of the vengeance of their enemies, 'whose tender mercies are cruel.' Every garrisoned house was burned, the corn nearly destroyed, and 'worst of all, and most to be deplored,' of the several young children left in the care of David and Mahala, not one was found alive, nor could any trace of their guardians be discovered. Two or three small children were at length found beyond the garrison limits, lifeless and scalped. The work of vengeance had been complete.

"All, in the emphatic language of scripture, 'lifted up their voices and wept'—all, but the father of Mahala. Joscelyne was a man of firmness of purpose, and feeling; bowing to the dispensation of Providence, he had felt a species of hallowed pride, in saying, as he followed to an early grave the last of five sons:—'Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me'—and when his wife, 'a goodly person and a chosen vessel,' as he was wont to call her, closed her earthly testimony in giving birth to Mahala, the smitten husband bowed and kissed the rod! But, in Mahala, whom, in the energetic language of the time, he was wont to call the posthumous blessing—the fallen mantle of his ascended Rachel—he had wrapped up the unsounding but intrinsic sum of all earthly affection. In the memory of his departed son she had a species of sanctified glory. 'Think you it a small thing,' said the pilgrim, as he one day replied to the soothing voice of friendship; 'Is it a small thing to have nurtured angels for heaven?' To the memory of Rachael, though humanity paid the frequent tribute of a sigh, religion pointed his feelings to her higher and glorious habitation, 'where thieves break not through and steal.'

"But all earthly love, all thoughts of felicity, all dreams of the quiet of age, were centred in his only living daughter. In her infancy he had been her nurse; in adolescence her teacher; and now when she had approached the years of womanhood, he was her friend. All his cares, all his anxieties, all his watching, were more than repaid by the devotion of her love, attention, and time, to his coming age. Every gray hair upon his matted head, and watchings, fasting, and grief, bring them early and thick, was a new call for tenderness, love, and obedience from his daughter. If in infancy he had stood the firm and vigorous trunk, round which she had twined in lively and lovely dependence, years had given her a thicker guardian foliage to shield and defend him against those storms to which he was now becoming more and more sensible. She had arisen from the sportive dependant upon his exertions, to the able and welcome confidant of his gravest counsels. While she knew, and others acknowledged, that long experience and a strong and well cultivated mind, gave him a just ascendancy in all public deliberations, he himself felt, that the excellence of her understanding, the saint-like disposition which she inherited from her mother, now chastened by religion, and a strength of intellect called forth by perfect confidence, gave her a just right to a portion of the praise which he so liberally shared.

"I stop not to inquire into the cause for that species of affection which exists betwixt father and daughter: its reality is obvious, and of all earthly love, this is perhaps the purest and most delightful. A mother loves with a stronger, but a father with a more discriminating passion.

"Towards a mother, the child looks with gratitude for a thousand benefits, and affection for maternal feelings. But he soon learns that acquaintance with life will at last make him her equal in knowledge and experience. To the father, the daughter ever looks with dependence and awe. Grateful for that care which has nurtured her infancy, she feels, while she nurses his declining life, that his years give him the

experience that commands her service, and the sacrifice of his former enjoyment, asks her gratitude and love. A man, accustomed to enquire, might say, that much was owing to the system of education which so early placed the younger branch of a family on an equality with the mother.

"The mother loves with a steady purpose the objects of her affections; if placed above her in riches, she gazes, admires and loves; if reduced to abject poverty, she divides her loaf, and she shares her meal and oil; honoured, she reverences with fondest awe; smitten, she binds up and heals; guilty, she pities, weeps and pardons.

"But the father cherishes with a different love; he gazes and guards; he impresses lessons with an authority, from whose impressions, neither elevation nor years can free the daughter. Is she honoured? he glories in his own work—unfortunate, he guards and protects—poor, he provides—traduced and slandered, he supports and defends—vicious, he—curses her and dies.

"Whatever there is of strength and purity in paternal and filial affection, was reciprocated by Joscelyne and his daughter; and when the old man returned to the smoking desolation of his home, and sought amid its smouldering ruins, (but sought in vain) at least the ashes of his daughter, he felt that the bitterness of wo was upon him. While others bending beneath their misfortune, mourned, and softened their grief with tears, the widowed and childless Joscelyne, stood silent and motionless, (if indeed it was not the swelling of his bosom that agitated his dress.) The group of mourners as they poured out their lamentations and vented their sorrow in tears, appeared to him like the shrubbery and lesser trees that surrounded them, which bend to the violence of the tempest, and when its fury has passed, shake off the weight of the storm and stand upright. 'While I,' exclaimed mentally the agonized mourner, 'alone and solitary, am like yonder smitten and scathed oak, whose tender branches are decayed, and whose stock waxeth old in the ground, and which, not even the scent of waters can revive.'

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away,' said he, when at length he found power to speak, 'nor shall human grief and human weakness hinder me from saying, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Those who were not personally concerned in the losses and destruction of the day, endeavoured to awaken the feelings of the sufferers to the duties which they owed the survivors; 'Those whom we find here,' said the leader, Captain Partridge, 'are indeed dead, but those whom we miss may be yet alive, although in dreadful captivity; our enemies cannot be yet at a distance, let us pursue them with slaughter, or seek them out to redeem the captives.' The thought that his daughter might be yet among the living, awakened Joscelyne to his wonted activity; he urged, while he confessed to the council the selfishness of his plea, the policy of attempting to treat with the Indians for an exchange of prisoners, for some privileges, or perquisites, and he doubted not but they would be able to track the savages so as to come up with them in a short time; for his part, he would be the one to venture into the host of the enemy, and offer the terms at any risk.

"This proposal was accepted by the council, and the search immediately commenced, under the direction of Mr. Joscelyne. The party left the ruins of their village, and pursued a track of feet along the edge of a stream (now known by the name of Smelt Brook,) which crosses the main road, about three miles from Plymouth. As they ascended, they discovered other tokens of the Indians, in pieces of furniture and other things, once their own, which were occasionally dropt, along the edge of the brook.

"Having arrived at the head of the stream, which opens into a beautiful lake called 'Smelt Pond,' the

party discovered, on a mountain beyond the lake, a light smoke ascending, as if there was a small fire there—this, Joscelyne believed a sufficient indication of an Indian camp; he, therefore, determined to cross the lake, if possible, and enter upon his business. As they had no boat, it was thought best to construct a raft from the remains of some canoes, and thus attempt a passage, wholly unarmed, as the appearance of any weapons might entirely frustrate his mission. Having provided something which would convey two men across the lake, Joscelyne, with a near neighbour, essayed its strength; it answered their utmost wishes, and, having directed their comrades to conceal themselves among the bushes on the easterly side of the lake, and by no means to discharge a musket, they commenced their voyage, and having in a short time arrived within a few rods, from the western shore that washes the almost perpendicular side of a mountain called Monk's Hill, they discovered a party of Indians watching their movements, and apparently ready to give them a reception which would not greatly facilitate the object of their journey.

"Joscelyne who was on the bows of the raft, directed the man who propelled him to stop, while he held a parley with the Indians on shore. Having satisfied them that he and his comrade were unarmed, they laid down their guns and bows. On arriving at the shore, Joscelyne was informed that these Indians were a part of King Philip's force; that the Sachem himself and a large part of his warriors were on the mountain, to whom Joscelyne and his friend were conducted.

"Before introducing my readers into the presence of Philip, it may be well to make them acquainted with a little of his history and character.

"As early as the year 1630, (and even much earlier) the English of Plymouth colony, had contrived to form a treaty with Massasoit, chief Sachem of all the Narragansett tribes, which said treaty bound the poor chief, who was not skilled in that species of diplomacy, to certain conditions, which, in the present day, would be considered by an independent prince, as contrary to the dignity and majesty of his empire; and accordingly, after the death of old Noosamequen, or Massasoit, (I give my readers a blessed choice in names) his two sons Alexander and Philip, although in his lifetime assenting, refused to be governed by the conditions, and endeavoured to shake off the trammels, which their father's more yielding disposition had imposed upon them.

"Alexander, after committing some hostilities upon the English, was by stratagem taken; and while the party was conveying him to Plymouth, he was suddenly taken ill, and shortly afterwards died. The Indians laid his death to the poison of the English. The English imputed it to a haughtiness of spirit, which could not brook his bondage.

"Philip now became chief of the tribes, under the title of Chief Sachem of Paukanoket; and hating the English, not less for the encroachments, which they had made upon his territories and the customs of his subjects, he totally disregarded the treaty, made by his father, and one or two of a more recent date, which, to free himself from some sudden embarrassment, he had himself signed, with no very serious intention of keeping sacred.

"Philip, like most of the Sachems of his tribe, could read, and had been well instructed in some of the leading doctrines of the Puritan's faith. He had an Indian Secretary, too, who could read and write with fluency, being the schoolmaster of the tribe, placed there by the colonists, in that spirit for disseminating useful learning, which has ever since been a characteristic of their descendants.

"Such was the high-handed rebellion of Philip against his Sovereign Lord, King CHARLES, and the honourable, the Council of Plymouth, that the said

honourable council found it necessary, not only to stir up other tribes against this Godless heathen, but also to send out sundry drafts of *pious* settlers to endeavour to effect a total destruction of their most deadly enemy.

"The most effective force ever sent against Philip, was conducted by Master Church; by this appointment a captain, who like Cæsar, became the historian of his own great deeds.

"Captain Church had kept up so close a chase upon King Philip, in the woods and waters of his possessions, that his ochre-coloured majesty deemed it best, in order to effect a diversion, to evacuate 'MOUNT HOPK' and retreat towards the sea shore. This he did, and had scarcely been three hours within the limits of the Plymouth possessions, before a party under an inferior Sachem, called Moonka-ponchunt, had effected the destruction of the Tinicum settlement, to an extent we have already described. Knowing that the Elders would be at Plymouth, this host of savages rushed in upon the different garrisons, fired the houses, dragged out the defenceless inhabitants, murdered some, and carried the rest to the camp of Philip, situated, as I have said, on the summit of Monk's Hill, at which they arrived before sunset on Sunday evening. Among the prisoners were David and Mahala, who had contrived to secure the lives of one or two others. No peculiar demonstration of joy marked the arrival of the prisoners. They were placed under a guard in the wigwam, and fed with such provisions as are common in an Indian camp.

"Early on Monday morning, it was announced to the Sachems in council, that a party of the outer guard were conducting two Englishmen towards the camp, and that the guard displayed the belt of peace upon their guns.

"Philip immediately ordered the prisoners into the rear of the wigwam, called around him his Sachems, and awaited the approach of the ambassadors. In a few minutes, Joscelyne and his companion were seen approaching the place, under the guidance of the Indians, whom they had met at the shore of the lake. As the company entered the hastily constructed hovel, Joscelyne was struck with the grim features of those around him, which seemed to promise any thing rather than mercy. Too much, however, depended on his mission, for him to permit the least distrust to appear in his manner. The venerable patriarch shook the dew from his gray locks, which hung in profusion over his shoulders, and according to an intimation from the chief Sachem, he seated himself upon a log, that lay near the front, or opening of the tent.

"Philip raised himself slowly from his seat, and stood erect among his counsellors. In front, a little to the left, sat Sausaman, his secretary and public schoolmaster, provided with pen, ink and paper, or birch-bark, to record whatever it might please his master to direct.

"Joscelyne was struck at once with the commanding figure of his enemy. As the great Chief stood among his lesser Sachems, he was taller than they all 'from the shoulders upwards.' The elegant proportions of his majestic limbs were nicely displayed by close pantaloons, and a vest, composed of red broad-cloth, gorgeously trimmed with gold lace. A cloak, somewhat in the hussar fashion, was depending from his shoulder, as he leaned upon a rifle held in his right hand. His features were regular, if we except the slight projection of the cheek bones, and a consequent sharpness of his chin. A forehead of a form peculiar to his nation, was shaded by the raven hair, which depended at an enormous length. His appearance, in general, was what some writers would call, the dignity inherent in a king; but, was rather that ease, which springs from a consciousness of superiority, or from a conviction that whatever is done will be considered as correct.

“ ‘Englishmen,’ said Philip, ‘what message has the Council for the Paukanokets? We have neither breath for words, nor time for delay.’

“ ‘Philip,’ said Joscelyne, rising, ‘I bring a message of especial import, from the Council of Plymouth.’

“ ‘There may be a white man’s craft in this,’ said Philip to his Sachems; ‘Let our scouts beat the thickets, lest we have a host of English on our backs, while we are parleying.’

“ ‘Having sent out extra sentinels, with the most positive orders, Philip resumed his seat, and directed the whiteman to continue his *talk*.

“ ‘The first impulses of Joscelyne were those of a father. He longed to inquire for Mahala, and to secure her ransom; but he had been entrusted with the feelings of other parents, and with the peace and dignity of the colony, of which he was an honoured and a useful member. The zeal of the times might have taught him to seek for reparation for a breach of the Sabbath, and a violation of sanctuary seasons and privileges. He, therefore, merged the father in the feelings of the patriot.

“ ‘During the previous night, Joscelyne had arranged in his mind the sum of the charges, which he had received from the Council, in order that he might be prepared to urge, with the greater force and perspicuity, the charges and claims, which he was empowered to make.

“ ‘Sachems of the Narragansetts,’ said Joscelyne, with a slight inclination of his head. The different chiefs directed their eyes towards Philip, as if to inform the speaker, that their chief Sachem was alone to be addressed.

“ ‘Philip, of Mount Hope, I am the bearer of a message to you, since your chiefs disclaim a part in it, from my brethren, the counsellors of Plymouth; who again protest against your breach of faith, and violation of solemnly ratified treaties. It is known to you, and to many of your counsellors around you, that the English, within three months from their arrival upon these shores, entered into a solemn compact with your father, Massasoit, and other chiefs of these parts, wherein they acknowledged the right of our possession, and yielded allegiance to our sovereign, King James; to which said covenant and compact, you, yourselves, have at two several seasons, given your signature and oath of observance. Nevertheless, being instigated doubtlessly by Satan, you have at divers times, not only violated this covenant, by slaying sundry persons of the said colony, privately, and from ambushes, but you have also assembled your chiefs and made open war upon us, burnt our houses, destroyed our corn and cattle, and murdered numerous of the colonists, seizing, torturing, and burning the defenceless wives and children of those to whom you were bound in covenant of faith. For these crimes, high handed and awful, I demand of you, in the name of the Colony of Plymouth, the best reparation in your power, and ample and full security against future aggressions; or I menace you with the sudden vengeance of the English!’

“ ‘The Sachems, startled at the boldness and arrogance of the white, sprung from their seats, as if to revenge this insult. Philip, however, waved to them to be quiet, and signified, by a slight inclination of his head, that the speaker should proceed.

“ ‘Our people,’ continued Joscelyne, addressing himself immediately to Philip, ‘have in no instance, neglected your welfare, to the promotion of their own good. Pious and godly men have been sent to instruct you in the way of salvation; and bring you out of the abomination of worshipping strange gods. Your allegiance to the King of England, has entitled you to the protection of mild and equitable laws; and your submission to the governor of Plymouth, would have secured you from the danger of attacks from your enemies of the neighbouring tribes; while the vicinity of

those, who worship the true God in spirit and in truth, would doubtlessly have procured upon you, as well as them, the smiles of Heaven, favourable seasons and abundant harvests. Yet, regardless of all these things, you have despised the proffers of our religious instruction. You have scoffed at our gospel ministers, you have blasphemed our Sabbath, and chosen the season of our most sacred convocation to exercise to the extent, the fury of your devilish malice. For these things, Sachem of Mount Hope,’ said Joscelyne, pale and trembling with the feelings, which the recital of these manifold aggressions excited, ‘for these things, Philip, the vengeance of heaven shall not sleep, but shall pursue you to irremediable destruction: those whom the sword spares, pestilence and famine shall waste, till your tribes shall, for your wickedness, be driven from the earth, and your name only remembered with curses and execrations.’

“ ‘Joscelyne paused from intensity of feeling, rather than an exhaustion of his subject, and as he resumed his seat, Philip stilled the commotion, which was rising among his counsellors, by gently waving his hand. Having, for a moment, sat in silence, Philip rose, and addressed Joscelyne: ‘Is the end of your mission accomplished, when you have satisfied the Paukanokets that they have at times drawn the bow with a steadier hand than their neighbours? Do you wish only to inform me that my foot has been close upon the heels of the English?’

“ ‘Brothers,’ said he, turning to his Sachems, ‘what answer shall we send to our trusty friends the English?’

“ ‘One of the Sachems, named Misposki, arose, at the intimation of Philip, and observed, that the person of the ambassador being sacred, it could not be supposed that he was actuated by fear, in withholding the remainder of his *talk*. Yet it was evident, that something remained to be proposed. He ventured to hope that the chief would, after hearing the white man, answer him after the manner of the Indian nations.

“ ‘Philip seated himself, and signed to Joscelyne to proceed.

“ ‘I should, perhaps,’ said Joscelyne, ‘do my errand more justice, were I to omit that, which was the immediate cause of this embassy, as being so personally interested in the consequence of the unholy aggression. You, or some of your party, did yesterday, in the absence of all defence, assault our garrison, burn our houses, destroy our corn and cattle, murder our infants, and lead, as we have reason to believe, some of our young men and women into a captivity, scarcely to be preferred to death. For this base and cowardly act of wanton barbarity, the colony of Plymouth claims ample restitution for property, and the persons of the perpetrators of the deed to satisfy justice. The mother sits among the ruins of her habitation, and asks of heaven vengeance upon him, who has made her lone and wretched; an outraged community is preparing to wreak full and satisfactory vengeance upon your tribe. The widowed and the childless father, made childless by your murdering hand, while he implores with a father’s feeling, the return of all that rendered life supportable, yet menaces you, the authors of his misery with full retributive justice.’ Joscelyne flung himself upon his seat, and wrung his hands in the bitterness of his agony; but recollecting the presence in which he was, he hushed his feelings and lifted his eyes towards Philip. Some cloud had passed over the mind of the chief; and some believed that a tear was lingering in his eye; if so, it was the *first* and *last*, that Philip ever shed; he had known joys, and their deprivation had taught him vengeance. The Sachem, however, checked these feelings, and prepared to reply to the charges and demands of the Plymouth ambassador.

“ ‘Philip rose slowly from his seat, and walked towards the front of his wigwam, or tent. The whole

eastern front was open, and faced upon the expanse of what is now called Plymouth bay.

"For a moment, the chief appeared intent on watching some objects that were moving slowly before him; but, turning suddenly, he beckoned to his chiefs to be seated near him.

"White man," said Philip. Joscelyne approached, and followed with his eye the direction of Philip's hand.

"It was, and perhaps is now, a goodly sight to look eastward from Monk's Hill, at or near sunrise. The delightful expanse of the bay lay before the view, quiet and placid as the breast of innocence. The mists, which night engenders, had rolled off before the influence of an August sun, and a gentle breeze. The fair islands, which then decorated the waters of Plymouth bay, dotted its surface with an inimitable green. Brown's island, White islands, and a vast number of eminences, now unknown, peered above the wave, and gave a beauty and richness to the scene, that the eye, fond of nature, would delight to rest upon.

"We sometimes mourn the change of manners, and wish that the productions of art, which afford us happiness, were as lasting as those of nature. Alas! all that gives delight on earth is fading and evanescent; those very islands, which imparted such beauty to the scene, have passed away. The winds and rains beat vehemently against them, and they have fallen. The lofty height of Monumet, the opposite eminence of what is now Duxbury—Saquish and the Gurnet are only left, if we except the lingering and consumptive Beach, which, like a faithless guard, seems just retiring from its place of duty, leaving the capital of the Old Colony exposed to the buffets of the angry billows.

"Do you mark the bay?" said Philip. "On that island the red men held their councils—there, to the right did Massasoit keep his feast of peace. Every island is sacred to the Indian for some feast, some sacrifice, or some enjoyment. All these broad shores, fertile in their abundant productions, to the right, beyond a white man's gaze, even to the extremity of that cape, whose blue point looms in the easterly wind; to the left, as far as Piscataqua, and back to the country of the Mohawks. All this fair territory and its teeming coasts, did the Great Spirit, whom you call God, give to the red men, and bade them be brothers. On this soil have we lived, since the sun first rose from the great waters. Here have we married our wives. Here taught our sons their father's arts, and seen them share their father's toils. No disease wore down their bodies. No white man's poison enervated their minds. Our youth gloried in their strength. The hoary head was revered for wisdom and experience; and the Sachem was honoured, because the Great Spirit who conferred on him rank, gave him strength of mind and body to support it. Such were the Narragansetts, the Pequods, Nashaways, and Cononicsuts, which though different tribes, all met round one council fire, all hunted in one forest, and all adored the same Great Spirit.

"What are we now? You English have come among us; and, like the curse of the Great Spirit for some unrepented crime, you have brought pestilence and famine, discord and war among us. You gave our Sachems the liquid fire from your bottles; and, when you had burned their brains, you forced them to treaties, which, sober, they would never ratify; and, being dead, their souls could never fulfil. And what is your great Sachem, James, that we should obey him? If he is good, why have his warriors left him? Until the white man came, no Indian forsook his chief.

"You have seized our fairest territories, destroyed our fisheries; you have, by bribes lured our weak, you have sheltered our offenders. You have weakened and vitiated our warriors by rum. You have driven

us from our mountains, our fields, our islands, and our shores, to become denizens of swamps and caves. You have hunted us like otters and bears; driving us from our air and our sun; and then you ask why we war? Who gave you our coast, or by what right do you hold our possessions?

"But you charge us," said the chief, lowering his voice, which had attained a frightful pitch, 'with burning your fields. Look at Mount Hope. There's not a wigwam on my fair hill, where I may trust women and children; and there is not an ear of corn, even now in the midst of summer—not one blade ripens in all my fields—and are we in fault? We built our houses on the southern slope. We planted our corn in its season, and the sun beamed bright, and the wind blew fair upon it; but the foot of the English has been on the land of the Paukanoket, and all is desolate, and you ask 'why we war?'

"What virtue have you in regarding the treaties which you have made with us? You formed them at your pleasure, to suit your desire. You possess yourself of our fairest lands by them. You cheat our Sachems with articles which they cannot read, and bind us by them to destroy ourselves, in order to gratify our enemies. The child, even of a white man, would laugh at such a semblance of justice, and sneer at a compact which was made for the benefit of one party, at the expense, and in the absence of the reason of the other.

"You say that you have sent us religious teachers, that we may learn your God. The Indian despises the religion of no man; nor does he treat the god even of a Mohawk, with irreverence. It may be, that the Englishman's God is greater than ours; for, you, who worship him, have weakened and wasted us. It may be, that he is the same; and that ye abuse his will.

"White man, you tell me, that had we submitted to you, we should have shared the smiles of your God. The Great Spirit when he formed these hills and plains, gave them to the Indians for fields and hunting ground; and when we had gathered our harvest, he breathed over us his southern breath, and gave us a new summer for the chase. But your coming has changed it all. Who sees now the Indians' summer!—'tis cold and freezing as the white man's welcome. And what have your missionaries done? They have led the Indian from his squaw and children. They have made him pray and drink. They have taught him to betray his own chief into the hands of the white man, and become the murderer of those who drew their life from him. The influence of your missionaries has destroyed our tribes, and sunk the Indian warrior to the slave of the Englishman. Yes, you have taken from the red men the fear of their own gods, and taught them only a distrust of yours. Instead of the men who strung their sinews at the gush of the mountain stream, you see our youth destroyed by the draughts of your empoisoned bottles. The huntsmen of Narragansett chased the deer, when eighty winters had scarcely chilled their blood. Now the Indian warrior, at thirty, halts in the pursuit of the otter. And you ask us why we war?

"You charge us with cruelty to our captives. You who are counsellor of a colony, need not be told, that there is not a tree within your garrison, but has borne an Indian. Every point upon the palisades of your forts, has been capped with a red man's head. You have tortured our warriors. You have starved, burnt, murdered them, in every form. And you ask us why we war?

"But to the object of this present mission—Your garrison has been destroyed, your Sabbath violated, and your children killed or made captives. White man, you have made us what we are. Your leader, Church, has hunted us from our last retreat, and we have fled hither for safety and revenge. His fire has

destroyed our habitation. His sword has widowed us, and made us childless. And you ask us why we war?

"But you say, (and your feelings would have otherwise betrayed it,) that our attack has made you childless.

"Hear me, Englishman. The Sachem of Paukonoket scorns a complaint. But the heart of an Indian may feel, though his eye must not be moistened.

"Two moons since, I sat in my dwelling. A wife and a son made me feel that I clung to life for a noble purpose. I taught my boy the deeds of his fathers, and bade him be like them. I saw his hand grasp the bow of Massasoit, and the blood mount to his brayish cheek, as his strength failed to bend it. The eye of the mother glistened at his young ambition, and I felt that I was a chief, a husband, and a father. Four days since, Church, and your men of Plymouth, set upon my habitation, slayed hundreds of my unarmed men, killed my son and murdered my wife, even in the trying moments of a mother's pains. I escaped with this little band. My country depopulated, a Sachem without warriors, a man, and none to reverence or obey him; widowed—widowed, and childless! And you ask me why I war? Go, white man, to your council fire—tell your chief, tell Winslow, that he has dug up the hatchet from beneath the tree of peace, and it shall not be buried again while Philip has a hand to grasp it, until the English be driven from our borders, or the Paukonokets be swept away, like yon wreath of mist, that is rolling from the bosom of the lake."

"After a long pause, Joscelyne ventured to propose to the council a ransom for their prisoners. It was in vain—Philip refused to treat with him. 'We are,' said he, 'a scattered race. Of what use would be to us the white man's gold? Let us keep their children, and we hold them by stronger ties.' Whatever might have been the feelings of Joscelyne, he found it dangerous to linger. He was, therefore, conducted to his raft, and having joined his companions, they departed immediately for the council of Plymouth, who ordered that a reward of £250 be given to any man, that should bring to them the head of Philip. In the mean time a new levy was made, and Captain Partridge started with an hundred soldiers to track the Indians.

"Having dismissed the ambassador, Philip ordered an immediate retreat towards the fastnesses of Mount Hope, at which, the next day, they arrived. During the day following, David and Mahala with the younger captives were left under the guard of a single Indian, who had been wounded in a former skirmish, and was unable to go out with the others. It occurred to David that he or Mahala might escape from him—and if either of them should meet some of Captain Church's men, the whole of Philip's party might be surprised and cut off. This he mentioned to Mahala, and urged her to make the attempt, and leave him to take the chance of the Indian's anger. This, Mahala would by no means consent to, as she should not be so well able as he, to make her way out of the swamp, in which they were, or elude the search of other Indians, who might go in quest of him. After some deliberation, it was concluded that David should make the attempt. Accordingly, in a few hours, watching an opportunity when the head of their guard should be turned, David started from the ground and passing by the Indian, flew through the door of the slender fortress. The guard gave a loud yell, to call to him the assistance of others, but perceiving that David was likely to get beyond his reach, he placed an arrow in his bow, and drawing the string firmly with a hand, that for twenty years had not once failed, he was preparing to let the arrow have its course, which would have put a period to the flight of David, when Mahala struck the bow string with a small sword, that lay near, and the arrow fell harmless at his feet, and springing beyond his reach,

she awaited the coming of the other Indians, who, on learning the flight of their prisoner, prepared for an immediate chase.

"David had the start of them by five minutes. He flew with the swiftness of a bird, and his pursuers followed with a rapidity that boded no good to his hopes.

"Meantime, Philip and his warriors returning, learned their prisoner's flight, and knowing the danger to which they should be exposed, if he finally escaped, they resolved to break up their camp, and disperse in different parties. This was accordingly done, Philip taking Mahala and the children with him.

"My readers need be under no apprehension of any outrage upon Mahala, as among all the charges brought against the New England tribes, I do not remember of hearing that of lust urged by the whites; that being, as an Indian whom I once questioned on the subject, told me, a white man's trick, not proper for an Indian.

"David pursued his course, with some advantage over his pursuers, as they were encumbered with heavy arms, and in less than an hour, he found himself in an open plain, and consequently but little exposed to the chase of his pursuers. He, in a short time, arrived breathless and faint at Captain Church's camp.

"The reader will readily conceive, that in that age, and under the then existing circumstances, no great exhibition of military pomp was made by Captain Church, as a leader of the Plymouth hosts, consisting at most of from 1 to 300 men, many of whom were, except in mere military grade, his equals: yet there existed, at that time, in the New England colonies, and its influence has been felt even in subsequent years, a dignity of office and calling, which exhibited itself in the deportment of all officers, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, which, while it invited approach, effectually guaranteed against encroachments; it cherished confidence, but chilled familiarity; in short, it was what is usually denominated old fashioned manners, the loss of which as a general habit is so justly deplored, and which can now scarcely be found, except in a few of the old clergy or some ancient judge, in New England; yet, if I were in Plymouth now, I could point out a living instance, even though perhaps the venerable Spooner is no more, of a Judge of probate, who can blend the dignity of a judge with the feelings of a man; who, while the widow and the fatherless look to him as a protector and friend, can teach them also to respect him as the just and upright magistrate. Those who know the venerable Thomas, will understand the manners to which I refer, those who do not, will understand that in the Old Colony, the people have even been simple enough to believe that they were not deficient in respect to themselves, by paying all becoming deference to a man who had been thought worthy to be placed over them.

"Under the influence of a profound respect for a man who was sacrificing his valuable time, and risking his life for his brethren, David made his approach toward Captain Church, not wholly unconscious of the importance which his knowledge of the Indians' retreat naturally gave him.

"As he passed the various sentinels, or small groups of men off duty, a friendly nod of recognition, or a short inquiry distinguished his immediate acquaintance, and a look of doubt or solicitude, satisfied him that his recent captivity was wholly unknown in the little camp.

"His guide exchanged words with the last sentinel, and left David to make his bow to the captain. The door of a deserted cottage opened, and exhibited Church in the act of reading his book of orders, it was a massy volume, strongly bound, and exhibited evident symptoms that its owner, like a true soldier, had well examined his instructions. Church closed the Bible on his entrance, and rose to receive with cordiality his

visitor, with whose family he had an intimate acquaintance.

"The full form of the Puritan leader, lost none of its beauty from being covered with what, in these days would be considered a Quaker garb, if we except the semblance of an epaulette upon his shoulder; and a well secured sword at his thigh. A hat lay upon the table, which in those days was *en militaire*, but in these refined times, would be considered a little better than a 'cock and pinch.' The dignity of Church was in his looks, his form, and manners, and a stranger who had seen him mingling with his men in the common dress and common labours of a camp, would have instantly recognised him as the chief.

"David, the first salutation passed, related in a few words, the destruction of the garrison, the murder of a part of its inhabitants, and the captivity of the remainder; he also stated what little he knew of Joscelyne's unsuccessful mission, and then recounted his own escape, without neglecting to press upon his auditor's mind, the imminent danger in which he had left Mahala. 'Has Philip then returned,' said Church, in a tone that did not seem to require any answer; 'my friend, the news you bring is painful; but the Lord has undoubtedly suffered the heathen to afflict us for our own manifold transgressions. I, however, think I discover that his providence is about working our deliverance, and then we shall soon, by its gracious aid, drive out these godless heathens from the land; meantime, it is necessary that you refresh yourself. Sergeant Washburn,' said the Captain, as he hastily opened the door—Washburn was at once in his presence. 'Let the men be called instantly upon parade; and despatch a man with my respects to the officers and chaplain, and request their immediate attendance.'

"The council was soon formed, and a prayer was made by that pious and godly personage Adoniram Washburn. My limits prevent the insertion of this piece of abjurgatory eloquence, but it was such as the strong mind of a highly educated Puritan would pour forth, when he felt the enemies of the Lord had prospered, and that the faithful failed from among the 'children of war.'

"The council, or rather board of war, concluded that it would be best to divide the company into small parties, and to send them into the neighbouring swamp, in which David had left Philip, with orders to kill every Indian that they should meet; this order was communicated to the men without, who were immediately told off into sections of ten, and despatched in search of the common enemy. David solicited to be permitted to share in the expedition. This, however, Captain Church refused, alleging as a reason that his fatigue would not permit him to keep up with the party, and that he might thus hinder rather than promote the object of their expedition.

"The men were accordingly dismissed, leaving only a small guard for the house. During the night, David obtained permission of Captain Church, to take with him a friendly Indian, and go a little way into the forest, promising to be back by the following noon. Having furnished themselves with a small quantity of provisions, with powder and ball, and two muskets, David and his Indian companion, Ninigret, set out in search of the common enemy. About four o'clock in the morning, our two champions reached the edge of the swamp, from which David had made his escape, and bent their course, as nearly as they could judge, to the wigwam, in which Mahala had been left. Having arrived at a considerable plain, in the body of the wood, or swamp, upon which the 'moon spread her mantle of light,' discovering only a few elevated rocks, and the thick undergrowth of sweet fern, whose leaves glistened, as they trembled in the moonlight, from the weight of the morning dew, and scattered a delicious

and invigorating fragrance, David observed that they could not then be far from Philip's den.

"'Hush ye, man,' said Ninigret, 'Philip is not the Indian to rest on his wigwam when a prisoner has escaped; every rock around you may conceal a Paukanoket; and—whist, what do I see beyond that *Korra-beem*.'—David cocked his gun.—'Nay, it's but a deer, and the first I have seen for these two seasons; 'tis strange how scarce the game is since you English came, and yet you cannot kill it—I sometimes think Philip is right, and that the white men have no right to our forests.'

"David looked with suspicion at his comrade.—'But you do not, Ninigret, consider the advantage which you all may possess by submitting to us, and sharing in the benefit which civil life offers, and above all, the inestimable blessing of the Christian religion.'

"'I do not believe,' said Ninigret, 'that your white man's life is good for Indians; nor would I have adopted it, had not the too free use of rum, made a quarrel between my tribe and me. As for your religion, Father Eliot said, it brought "peace on earth and good will to men," those were the very words he taught me—and yet, has the white man's sword been sheathed since his arrival? and when I read about the moving of landmarks, which we Indians never dared do, Father Eliot said, that it meant that we must not *new notch the pines*, nor change the brook, so that more corn may grow in our field than in our neighbour's. But where are the fields of corn in Plymouth which the Indians planted?—where their fishing grounds and oyster beds?—but hush, is there not a light streaming through the chinks of those rocks?'—David watched attentively, and confessed at last, that he believed there was fire there. In a low whisper, Ninigret communicated to David, his belief that some of the chief Sachems were lodged there, perhaps Philip himself; and expressed a wish, that one or both might approach near enough to ascertain the character of those who had 'fled to the rocks.'

"On approaching the place, they soon ascertained, by the clinking noise within, that the Indians were there, and that some of them were engaged in *grinding* or pounding parched corn between stones. Under favour of this noise, David and Ninigret approached the very side of the rock, which covered a large cave with an entrance on the opposite side; as the pounding ceased, they stopped, and renewed their advance with the industry of the domestic millers within. By this means they were soon enabled to hear the conversation which was held between them.

"'What of the day?' said a strong voice.

"Ninigret applied his mouth close to the ear of David, and whispered, 'tis he, Philip.'

"'What of the day?' asked Philip again, 'what says our Pawwaw?'

"'I have sought the inspiration,' said the Priest, 'a Pawwaw, in sleep but it has not come—I have stretched myself upon the fern in the moon-light but I was alone—I have asked of the Great Spirit, but no answer has come—I have burnt the torches by the spring this night, but no face was in it—I saw, indeed, on the mist a form like Massasoit, but his face was blanched like the white man's—I asked him for the words of the war-song, and the breeze from the English fields scattered him in air.'

"'Sachem of the Paukanokets, thy hand has been mighty in war, and thy hatchet red with thy enemies' blood—thou hast been mighty, but the mightier have come—we were the eagle that sheltered among the pines and nestled upon the crags of the sea; but the white heron hath stolen his prey, and the king of birds must find his game beyond the mountains.

"'Thou wast once, Philip, glorious as the moon; but the moon now sinks beneath the hills of the west, and

a broader and a stronger light is springing from the waters.

"As the priest was speaking, David could see his shadow projected beyond the mouth of the cave, trembling upon the bushes and fern, as if the speaker was in violent agitation.

"I trow well," said Philip, "that it is dark—the smoke of my wigwams shall be seen no more. But why should I complain—lonely and solitary, I have no wife to serve me at my council fires—I have no son to lead forth my warriors, and avenge my death—my own hand that once was strong upon the foe, is like yonder English girl's."

"David started—surely Mahala was there.

"Let our fires be extinguished, lest the English trace us; and prepare to start, for there's no safety here. Church and his men will be upon us, as soon as the English fugitive shall report our return."

"David and his companion slipped from the rock, and retired behind a strong clump of bushes, about fifty yards distant from the cave, and awaited the appearance of Philip, determined at all hazards to kill him and take their chance with the rest.

"As the sun approached the horizon a thick mist or fog rose from the humid soil, and covered the plain to the thickness of nearly six feet. The spies could only see the top of the rock from which they had descended. 'Is your gun well primed?' said David—'yes,' replied Ninigret, 'and I took the precaution to try its certainty before I started—but hist.' The Indian pointed towards the top of the rock, above which was just discernible the head of an enemy. If it should prove to be Philip, each was solicitous of the honour of destroying the great and cunning foe. At length the person raised himself, and appeared to be looking round to see whether he was watched; they could distinctly hear him say to some one below, 'The dew is disturbed—the English are about us.' David and Ninigret agreed that when he again showed himself, they should both fire at once, at a signal to be given by the latter—the figure again appeared, and as he turned towards them, exhibited the strongly marked features of Philip—both took a deliberate aim. 'Fire at the word three,' said Ninigret. The Sachem raised his whole body above the rock—'mark now,' said the Indian—'one—two—three,'—both drew with certain aim, and the King of Mount Hope rolled a lifeless corpse at the feet of his followers.

"Both started towards the cave to save the white prisoners from the anger of the surviving Indians, charging their guns as they went. David primed his piece, and on pouring the powder into the muzzle of the gun, found to his inexpressible mortification that he had only burnt his priming, the ball and powder being yet in the gun.

"The screams of those who were in the cave, compelled the two to hasten their movements, so that Ninigret was not able to charge with ball. David, fearing every thing for Mahala, flew with the speed of lightning, and arrived in front of the cave just as an old Indian, the priest, had seized a hatchet, and was aiming a blow at the head of Mahala. There was no time to rush between them, David levelled his gun and sent a ball through the heart of the Pawwaw, and blessed God, as the cave echoed with the report of his piece, that he had not shared in the honour of Philip's death.

"Ninigret was immediately at his side; and when the smoke had subsided, they discovered the body of Philip on the spot where it had fallen. The old priest lay stretched upon Mahala, and a few children belonging to the Tincum Settlement, were sitting in mute horror in a corner of the cave. David dragged the priest to one side, and carried Mahala into the air, where she soon revived.

"They learned that, immediately on the death of

Philip, two Indians had escaped in the mist; the priest being old and unable to run, had attempted to revenge the death of his chief by killing Mahala, in which he was prevented by the timely arrival of David.

"In order to satisfy their friends, our two successful warriors determined to carry the body of Philip to the camp, a task of no inconsiderable difficulty, considering the weight of the man and the difficulty of the way.

"Having cut down two stout poles with the Indian's hatchet, and lashed the body of the chief to them, by the aid of his belts, they rested the ends of the poles upon their shoulders, and took up the line of march, the children, with Ninigret carrying his gun, and Mahala at the elbow of David with his musket upon her shoulder.

"I am thinking," said the Indian, after they had got beyond the woods, 'that I never heard a better fire than we made—why there really seemed but one report.'

"David reached his head a little on one side to see whether his fellow porter was in earnest in the compliment, or whether he had not some suspicions that only one gun had been discharged, 'Why you know, Ninny, (as he was near the camp he did not think it necessary to call him brother Ninigret), why you know we fired by word, like captain Church's men.'

"Yes" said the Indian, in his drawing tones, 'and then who would have thought that you could have charged so soon again David,—why you were at the cave long before me, and I had scarcely time to get my powder and wad down. I'll be hanged, if I don't think my old musket will have to bear the blame of Philip's death, and I don't believe she will shoot well afterwards.'

"If you really think so, Ninigret," said David, 'you can even take mine, and I will settle the bargain by giving you both powder-horns.'

"Ninigret consented, and though more than an hundred years had passed, I remembered that I once had just cause to regret the exchange; for the old musket, being preserved in our family, one thanksgiving day, attracted my observation, and seemed to offer itself as a suitable means of exploding a few ounces of powder which I had by some favour obtained. As I was puffing a coal of fire, and applying it to the priming, the whole charge found a ready evacuation *par derrier*, and sadly singed the holiday clothes of myself and little companions.

"Having exchanged guns, the procession moved slowly towards the camp, at which they arrived about 11 o'clock, A. M.

"On inquiring for captain Church, David was informed that he was in council with the officers of a new company which had just arrived from Plymouth.

"What news from Philip," said captain Church, with a smile at the early return of David.

"May the enemies of Plymouth be like him," said the youth, bowing—all started as if to inquire further.

"The body of King Philip lays at the door."

"As they moved in a body towards the place, David caught the sounds of a voice which seemed exerting itself to articulate some inquiry—he turned, 'twas the aged Joscelyne—David rushed into his arms.

"And—and—Mahala—surely, when my country is safe, I may inquire—am I childless?"

"She is alive, and with us."

"The old man, overpowered by the excess of his feelings, sunk back upon the seat.

"The officers soon returned, accompanied by Ninigret, satisfied that their work was finished. As they were announcing the rich reward, David's eyes caught the form of Mahala, entering—he trembled for the consequence of the interview—she sprung into the arms of her father, who, as he folded her to his heaving bosom, raised his streaming eyes to heaven and

shantly uttered, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou me depart in peace.'

"The feelings of Joscelyne having a little subsided, Ninigret related to the officers the history of their morning's expedition, in which he took care to place the action of David, in rescuing Mahala, in its fairest light. The eyes of Joscelyne gleamed with the fire of youth—which was quenched, however, with the tears of parental pride, when he learned from one of the children present, that Mahala had saved the life of David when he was escaping from the Indian encampment.

"The reward offered by the Governor and Council of Plymouth,' said Church, 'will be sufficient to place both champions in a fair way of decent competence.'

"For the matter of that,' said Ninigret, 'the old Indian can live without much wampum, nor will his age be greatly sweetened by remembering that it is supported by the price of a brother red man's head. I'll e'en make my baskets and brooms.—let the white women buy them. I trow, little Davy, there, will have more need of money than I: it may help him to a wife; but for me, I cannot marry. What squaw will have a red man that has killed his Sachem; and no English woman can wed an Indian. Only, if I have done you service, do not, when poor Ninney is drunk with your rum, do not lock him up in your wooden jail—or thrust his feet into your hateful stocks—for that which you, yourselves, have taught him to do.'

"Captain Church having heard the Indian, rose and declared the money offered as a reward for Philip's head, should be divided equally between David and Ninigret, who had both had an equal share in his death.

"David felt a gush of joy as he learned that the liberality of the Colony would now give him a right to claim the hand of Mahala, with a knowledge that he should not make her condition worse by joining her fate with his. But his happiness was soon chilled by the recollection that he really did not have a share in killing Philip.

"He therefore stated to the officers the circumstance, exactly as it stood, and added, that although he felt himself deprived of the share of reward, he was more than repaid in the knowledge that his charge of powder and ball was providentially reserved to preserve the life of Mahala. All were struck with the candour of David, and turned towards the Indian—'Why, I thought,' said he, 'that two bullets would make more than one wound, though I would say nothing to the prejudice of David.'

"A movement of Joscelyne attracted the attention of the company.—'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' said the venerable father, as he placed the hand of the blushing Mahala in that of the trembling David—'and loving favour than silver or gold. Take her, my son, she is thine—and may God make her all to thee, that the sainted Rachel was to her father, saving her early death.' David looked with a filial reverence, which spoke all of gratitude that his tongue could not utter.

"The eyes of Ninigret glistened with joy as he rose to say, that if David would share the reward, he would live with him as a friend. Things were easily settled to the satisfaction of all parties. David and Mahala, after receiving the thanks of the Council of Plymouth, were duly published and married.

"In a short time, the fear of the Indians having subsided, David built a small house in Kingston, nearly a mile north of the old garrison, which, I believe, is yet to be seen as 'thou goest down by the way of Jones' River.'

"Here Ninigret spent his days, and some of his nights: a greater part of the latter, however, were occupied in catching eels in the neighbouring stream, or chasing animals over the hills—nor did any one presume to

meddle with the poor Indian, though he should have been twice a week as drunk as a Lord.

"If any one should ask what became of Philip, I can only say, that it is probable that he was buried near Church's camp; but, before that rite took place, a swaggering fellow borrowed the corporal's sword, and cut off the dead Sachem's head.—And this courageous hero's descendants have lately deposited this sword (which it would seem he never returned) in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a memorial of their ancestor, who so heroically decapitated a dead Indian.

"Joscelyne lived among his brethren, revered and beloved, 'till he was gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe.'

"Mahala lived to be the mother of many children—David was respected by all around him—his descendants have not been remarkable for any very particular virtues, if we except short memories and long stories."

BALSAM OF MECCA.

THE balessan, balm, or balsam of Mecca, (*Balsamodendron Opobalsamum*.) belonging to the family *Burseraceæ*, is a native of the eastern coast of Abyssinia, especially at Azab, and as far as the strait of Babel Mandeb. Bruce says, it is a small tree about fourteen feet high, with scraggy branches and flattened top, like those which are exposed to the seaside blasts; the appearance is consequently stunted, and the leaves are besides small and few. He supposes that it was transplanted to Arabia, and there cultivated at a very early period. This was the *Balsamum Judaicum*, or Balm of Gilead of antiquity and of the Sacred Writings, it being supposed at one time to be produced only in Judea. It seems, however, to have disappeared from that country, and the supply to have proceeded from Arabia. Many fables are connected with it. Tacitus says, that the tree was so averse from iron that it trembled when a knife was laid near it, and it was thought the incision should be made with an instrument of ivory, glass, or stone. Bruce was told by Sidi Ali Taraboloussi, that "the plant was no part of the creation of God in the six days, but that in the last of three very bloody battles which Mahomet fought with the noble Arabs of Harb, and his kinsmen the Beni Koreish, then pagans, at Beder Hunein, Mahomet prayed to God, and a grove of balsam trees grew up from the blood of the slain upon the field of battle: and that with the balsam which flowed from them he touched the wounds even of those that were dead, and all those predestined to be good Mussulmans afterwards, immediately came to life." To return to the balsam tree: the mode of obtaining it remains to be described. This, according to Bruce, is done by making incisions in the trunk at a particular season of the year, and receiving the fluid that issues from the wounds into small earthen bottles, the produce of every day being collected and poured into a larger bottle, which is kept closely corked. The smell at first is violent, and strongly pungent, giving a sensation to the brain like that of volatile salts when rashly drawn up by an incautious person. The natives of the East use it medicinally in complaints of the stomach and bowels, as well as a preservative against the plague; but its chief value in the eyes of oriental ladies, lies in its virtue as a cosmetic; although, as in the case of most other cosmetics, its effects are purely imaginary.

If refined sense and exalted sense, be not so useful as common sense, their sanity, their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects, make some compensation, and render them the admiration of mankind: as gold though less serviceable than iron, acquires from its scarcity, a value which is much superior.

THE BRIGAND.

MONTALBAN—DE LUQUE.

MONTALBAN. Your business, stranger.

DE LUQUE. That is quickly told.

Before thee stands unscath'd the rebel chief
Whose prowess has, thro' all the realm of Spain,
Spread terror wider than its desolation.
I come a suitor to thee.

MONTALBAN. State your will.

DE LUQUE. Beyond the limits of our hemisphere,
Fame's trumpet-tongue has busily proclaim'd
The marvel of thy deeds. In mute amaze
The ragged tenants of the lazar-house
Listen and wonder, while their golden god
Buys their base homage. Now no lazy clown
Groans out his cant of poverty, but thou
Throw'st in his lap thy gold, as 'twere a drug
That stain'd thy conscience.

MONTALBAN. Ha! and who art thou,
That dar'st thus tax my charities?

DE LUQUE. A man!

But one who brooks not haughty questioning;
One who knows better to command than sue—
Who, when he sues, commands. I come to ask
A portion of thy gold—that yellow plague
Which thou dost scatter with a lavish hand,
Among the ignorant and greedy throng,
Who only blotch thy bounties with their vices,
And raise a stagnant mist around thy virtue.

MONTALBAN. If gold's thy only object, freely take
Of mine abundance, for thy frankness draws me,
Despite thy stern and unfamiliar aspect,
Towards thee in fellowship.

DE LUQUE. First know the man

With whom you would in amity unite,
Before you seal the contract. In my breast
The icicles of hate forever form,
Enlarging in their growth, like polar ice,
Intense as that, and deadlier to the touch
Of melting pity. I've been sear'd and scorch'd
Beneath oppression's fierce meridian,
Until my marrow has become a rock
To which my heart has grown, participant
Of its stern nature.

MONTALBAN. But are there no fires
To thaw the ice of apathy within thee?
Are all thy sympathies extinct?

DE LUQUE. All—all—

My heart is marble. Hear and mark, Montalban!
I had a wife and child; my very soul
Was so absorbed in their's, that all the three
Form'd one united whole: their hearts to mine
Clung, as if their very being hung upon't.
Tho' I ne'er joined the fashion of the times,
And slabb'd my mawkish kisses on their cheeks,
Or fumbled them with pestilent carresses,
Ringing my daily darlings in their ears,
Like modern sires and spouses—ne'ertheless
I lov'd them to idolatry: my life
Thriv'd with their thriving, droop'd with their de-
cay,

And in that atmosphere alone I liv'd
Where they shed warmth and brightness.

MONTALBAN. Thou hast rous'd

The slumbering memory of happier times
When I, like thee, was blest. I had a wife
And children too—but they, alas! are gone
Where I would follow them, yet dare not!

DE LUQUE. Ha!

Was it a human hand that dealt the plague
Which made thy paradise a desert? No!
Heaven deals its vengeance, man *must* stoop to that;
But when the grovelling likeness of ourselves
Lords it in idle mockery o'er his fellows,
And opens a hell to torture us, 'tis then

The rebel swells within us, and the clash
Of mingling passions jars into a storm.

MONTALBAN. I have endured what long has gnarled
my heart,

And left it scarcely pervious to the probe
Of keen sensation. I have suffered much,
Yet bear withal no hatred to mankind.

DE LUQUE. Hear my brief history, and tell me
then

If I have room for love to mortal man.

My wife had early join'd in Luther's creed,
And in the mother's faith the child was rear'd;
Whilst I, who look'd on forms as on old saws,
For which antiquity has gained respect,
Still own'd the Pope pre-eminent. My life,
Which was retired, drew from the meddling throng
A scrutiny that soon conveyed strange tales
Round the distempred neighbourhood, and I
Was pointed at as one foredoom'd by heaven.

MONTALBAN. Our lot has been too similarly cast,
Not to feel fellowship.

DE LUQUE. Now mark the close

Of my brief tale. My poor, unconscious wife
Was torn from these rough arms, and, with her child,
Shrieking for mercy to the ears of monsters,
Dragged to that den of priestcraft where the doom
Is past, unheard. There the devouring flames
Clung round their bodies, till the gasp of death
Set free the hampered spirit.

MONTALBAN. Injur'd wretch!

I pity thee.

DE LUQUE. Nay pity not, but hate—

Join with me in my loathing to mankind,
And I will clench thy hand, the first rude pledge
Of friendship, but to be dissolv'd in death.
Nigh where the Esta opens her feeble source,
Is the stern outlaw's home;—partake its cheer—
Thou'll meet a rough, but a right honest welcome.

MONTALBAN. I will accept thy courtesy, and when
We know each other's humours, we may live
On terms of closer union. Lead the way.

* * * * *

MONTALBAN. Why dost thou lead me towards you
towering cliff,

Whose summit peers above the pregnant clouds,
Mocking the angry storms that roar beneath?

DE LUQUE. Approach and listen. Thou hast rous'd,
Montalban,

Memories of days gone by; when, in my fair
And undimm'd horoscope, the radiant star
Of my young destiny by heaven's own hand
Seem'd poised in the blue void, without a cloud
To mar its brightness; but alas! how soon
To be o'ercast with dire and damning ill.

MONTALBAN. Nay, why so sad?

DE LUQUE. Ask the storm why it howls.

Could'st thou but look into my soul, and there
Behold the plague-spots which have sear'd it o'er,
Thou would'st not ask me why I am so sad.
I have done deeds too black for you fair heaven
To look upon, and my charg'd spirit groans
Beneath its load of guilt. The time is come
When expiation must be made. [*He climbs the brow of
the precipice.*]

Approach

For I would have thee witness that my death
Shall be as stern and fearless as my life.
I'm sick of life and its infirmities,
And long to go to that eternal sleep
Where dreams distract not, and perception's still'd
In everlasting silence. Come what may,
I fear not an hereafter—hell or heaven—
My soul upon the hazard!—[*He flings himself from the
precipice. Brigands approach; Montalban retires
with them behind the mountains.*]

Original.

VIRGINIA WATER :

THE FAVOURITE RESIDENCE OF GEORGE IV.

LOVELIEST spot of the royal isles,
Where nature in endless beauty smiles;
And thro' day and thro' night the song birds wake
Their rapturous notes, o'er bower and lake;
Their music, and love, and beauty rose
O'er a-luxurious king's repose;
Who wasted 'mid those Cyprian bow'rs,
What Fox had taught in earlier hours.

Here, the glad waters passed along
With all the harmony of song;
While on her path the barge delay'd,
To list to the moonlight serenade:
And the drooping branches kissed the stream,
Which sparkled with joy in the mellow beam:
And the stars look'd out from their azure height,
To witness nature's deep delight.

In such a scene, and such a clime,
'Tis sad to bend to the touch of Time;
To gaze upon the glory round;
The hills with deathless verdure crown'd;
The pomp, the pleasure, and the pride,
Where human bosom never sigh'd;
To think from such delights to sever;
And bitterer far than this—for ever.

But, oh! to him who there enjoyed,
Pleasure's untold and unalloyed;
All that the earth of glory hath,
To please his mind and illumine his path;
To him who spent in royal pleasure,
The soul's most bright and immortal treasure;
To him, indeed, 'twere pain to part,
With a scene so link'd to his breaking heart.

But no favourite heart does Nature know,
The birds rejoice and the roses blow;
And the waters glide as brightly by,
As when beheld by a monarch's eye.
Men fall as leaves from the autumn trees;
Or blossoms strewn by the reckless breeze;
Never can man his breath resume,
But nature has had—shall have no tomb.

But if lovely now how lovelier then,
When the royal chace awoke the glen,
And the keen-ey'd falcon soar'd above
From the hand of some prince's lady-love?
These were the days when the minstrel's lyre,
Sung beauty's magic and warrior's fire;
And plume and pennon, and casque and lance,
All, fill'd the lists for a lady's glance.

Oh, never was spot, since the wide, wide earth
First leaped from the womb into sparkling birth,
More fitted for pleasure's fairy reign,
Or chivalry's romantic train;
Or the love-tale told in secret bower,
While beauty bent like a sun-touch'd flower,
And smil'd, in her happy heart to hear
The sigh so fond or the word so dear.

But of all the pleasures which *there* may be,
An hour of thought by that wave for me;
When evening's golden wings are furl'd
And silence and night enfold the world.
Where, if a zephyr wake the air,
'Twould seem but the voice of nature's prayer;
And the soul can mount to the starry dome,
Beyond whose light are its hopes and home.

ALPHA.

THE NEW ALMS-HOUSE.

THE "New Alms-House" is an extensive pile of buildings, situated on the west bank of the river Schuylkill, opposite the city of Philadelphia, at South-street, and at a convenient distance from Market-street Bridge on the one side, and Gray's Ferry on the other. The grounds, which comprise a number of acres, extend to the water's edge, where a large wharf, intended especially for the Institution, will be erected.

When completed, the New Alms-House will furnish accommodation for several thousand inmates; for many of whom, separate dormitories will be provided.—Those paupers who are not confined to the wards by illness, will be employed in various mechanical operations, or in cultivating the ground. The police regulations of the establishment will be effective and salutary.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

GLUC—In order to warm his imagination, and transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him and a bottle of Champagne by his side, he wrote his two 'Iphigenias,' his 'Orpheus,' and other works.

SARTI—On the contrary, required a spacious, dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and it was only in the most silent hours of night he could summon musical ideas.

CIMAROSA—Was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently in the course of a single night he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.

CHERUBINA—Was in the habit of composing when surrounded by company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though not equally great with both.

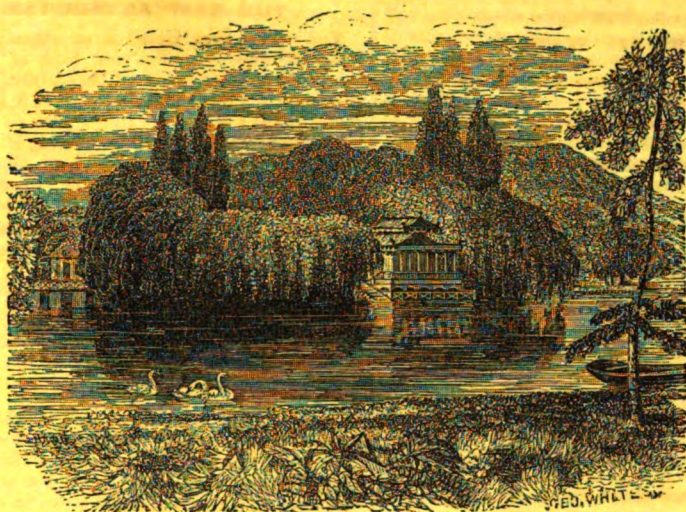
SACCHINI—Could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gamboling about him.

PASSIELLO—Composed in bed. It was between sheets that he planned 'Ill Barbiere di Siviglia,' 'La Molinara,' and other *chef d'œuvres* of ease and gracefulness.

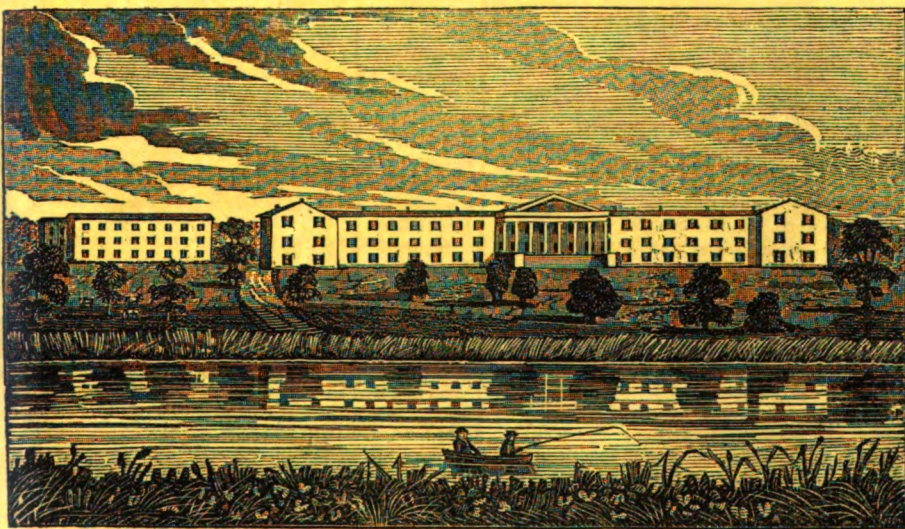
ZINGARELLI—Would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.

HAYDN—Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II, and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a very few moments soared among the choir. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.—*Harmonicon*.

MAN is born for society—separate him from his kind, place him in an isolated state, his ideas will become distorted, his character will be reversed, a thousand absurd affections will spring up in his heart, his mind will teem with extravagant thoughts, as an uncultivated field is overrun with noxious weeds. Place a man in a forest and he will become a savage; in a cloister, where the idea of compulsion is combined with that of servitude, it is still worse; he may quit the forest, but the cloister he can never abandon. He is free in the forest, he is a slave in the cloister. It requires perhaps more strength of mind to withstand solitude than misery. Misery degrades, but seclusion depraves.—*Diderot*.



VIRGINIA WATER,
THE FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE KING GEORGE IV.



NEW ALMS HOUSE,
WEST SIDE OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, PHILADELPHIA.

Original.

THE MANIAC'S STORY.

THERE are not a few things in the world which it would be well that man should contemplate more frequently—lessons that he should study with the understanding of a philosopher, and with the noble purpose of rendering himself wiser and better. Heaven had made man a little lower than the angels, and although his sin has degraded his nature, and depressed his powers and his merits far below the original standard, yet does he arrogate to himself, a tone more lofty and more bold than he had dared assume, even in pristine innocence—he dares to raise his towering front, not only above the lower orders of creation, but even above his fellow-men, and to say by actions if not in words, “stand aside, I am worthier than thou!”

There are few of us who do not at times indulge this boastful propensity, elevated and puffed up by the circumstances of our existence, fortuitous, or within our own power—be they wealth, or honour, or superior intellect. In the last, especially, do we glory: the triumphs of mind seem best calculated to elicit our admiration of others, or the increased reverence of ourselves. Little do we reflect that the time may come when this intelligence may fail us, or that, striving after things beyond its reach and comprehension, it may burst the confines of reason and launch us on the shoreless ocean of insanity. Should we not then eschew our trust in that, which pressed too heavily, may wreck us in our moment of highest hope, should we not cultivate humility in our actions and our thoughts—forbearing to vaunt our possession of a treasure, “which, like fairy money may turn to worthless leaves and dust.” If we would read a homily to our pride of genius—the most severe but most salutary—we may find it in those melancholy instances where rational consciousness is extinct, and man, possessing the form of man, is no longer an object of reverence and wonder, but of pity or abhorrence.

I was led to these reflections by a visit to the insane asylum at —, England. I had heard the shrieks of the raving, and felt my heart die within me in humble penitence, when I looked upon the vacant features and lack-lustre eye of the harmless idiot. I experienced a sickening sensation as I left the unfeeling, business-like keeper, and pursued my way across the lawn to reach the entrance on the highway; my thoughts flitted rapidly over the scenes I had just witnessed, and I shuddered to think how soon I might be like them. As I approached the gate, I raised my eyes, and saw a figure in my path which riveted my gaze, and made me stand in silent awe. It was a man apparently about fifty years of age, who had evidently once been tall and muscular—he was now considerably bent, and his forehead and cheeks were deeply furrowed. His hair was as white as snow, and hung in curls; his beard, also white, covered his breast and reached below it; and his dress was an odd compound of modern with ancient fashion. The breeches were of faded white satin, carefully buckled at the knee over silk stockings covered with many a darn; his shoes appeared to have been carefully cleaned, and were surmounted with large brilliant buckles. But the upper part of his dress, as far as I could discover, consisted of nothing but a large piece of blue or purple stuff, thrown over his left shoulder and passing round his body after the manner of the Roman toga, and with just that graceful dignity which we are apt to suppose was a mark of the Roman senator. Around the head was twined a wreath of weeping willows, apparently fresh-plucked from the tree, and contrasting mournfully in its lively brilliant green, with the hoary locks on which it lay. I thought

of Lear, and I said to myself, “has he too been cursed with ungrateful offspring—and is this the trophy of their triumph?” It seemed as if I could read untold agony in that furrowed face, in spite of the calmly piercing eye, and the repose, firm indeed, but still repose that was discoverable in the moulding of his pressed lips—there was rather the victory of a mind powerful even in its wreck over intense suffering; and I gazed, and examined, and scanned his whole person with a curiosity and interest, such as I had not heretofore experienced. After a continued scrutiny, in which he followed my eye constantly with his own, he at length spoke in a rich, clear voice, though full of wildness, the following sentences at short intervals, and frequently without any apparent association:

“You look steadfastly at me young man, and your face asks me a hard question—yes, I see it—you are he that I dreamed of last night upon my downy bed—you know it is a downy bed, though they say it is of hair—of hair!—yes, that is a beautiful thing, and so is yours that waves so gracefully over your forehead—it is a fair one, and I know by that, that a certain engraver has not been at work—do you know him?—his name is *Sorrow*—he etches to last—and he will do it soon or late, and then you will be as wrinkled as I. Let me see—you shall have one—two—yes, six furrows across—one for every year—and two besides for the days gone by. Don't be alarmed—stay—pray stay a little longer—I command it—I will make you my privy counsellor—I would make you my treasurer, but curse them, they have robbed me—of all—my diamonds and gold—except my crown—except my crown! Here is my proclamation—no, that is not it—here, it is the history of my reign—

“With the name of the king
All the land did ring.”

“Read it, and you shall see how princes kissed my hand, and the crowd of nobles fairly squeezed the air out of the presence chamber—ha! ha! ha!—that was a glorious time! and the ladies, too—they were the angels: when I was king the stars went out, and we lived by the light of woman's eyes—but then they got sleepy—and then, and then, the nobles they vanished—and my sceptre—see here, is it not a proud one,—and he waved a laurel branch above his head,—“but no matter—this will tell you all about it. That rascal yonder,” (his keeper), “will persuade you it is a lie; but don't believe the bastard—he, it was, that murdered my queen, and usurped the throne—and the people wept, but it was money that drained the tears from their flinty hearts—but it is no matter. I have drawn a full-length of the devils there, and you can look at them as you list; it is a present—what, refuse!—there, there, take it, and without more words, farewell!—it is not meet a king should hold more words with a subject,—speak well to our beloved people.”

So saying, he stretched out his hand signing me to kiss it, which I did with as much respect as if I had performed the same homage to the Autocrat himself; and then turned away to peruse the manuscript he had so unceremoniously forced upon me. It was as follows:

“MY LIFE.”

“They used to call me the Apollo—and my spirits swelled at that lofty title: for hours together would I contemplate myself in the full mirror that adorned my dressing room, and I exulted and rejoiced that man

was but a beast compared with me; they were all like old misshapen hags, or the vile monster offspring of some unnatural birth; their crooked arms seemed like the unsightly limbs of some crabbed tree, when I admired the gently swelling muscles of my own arrowy limbs, as I raised myself towards heaven and stood erect upon my sculptured feet; and I believed myself a god—and who that looked upon my face would not have thought so too—my eye shot terror into the crowds that cringed around me—my half-open lips swelling with conscious greatness—breathed scorn and contempt upon the idolaters, yet my ears drank in their praises with greediness. Poetry exhausted its magic to weave a garland of harmony worthy of my brow—they called my hair the sunbeams of the divinity, whose name they had stolen for me,—and they spoke of the clusters of raven hair that shrouded my knitted brow, as the thunder-pregnant clouds upon the edge of the beetling cliff. I moved among them as if borne upon the clouds of incense that floated around me, scarce seeming to deign a contrast with the earth; and when I spoke, my voice was like that of the dread oracles of old, at whose awful summons nations have foregone their liberties and stripped themselves of wealth. But I knew that a time must come for all these charms to fade—a time when all these shrines should moulder, and the god be forgotten: and I swore an oath, that my fame should spurn the narrow limits of life—should outlast the body that now held the ascendant; for I was not so bereft of reason as not to feel that all these things must pass away; I did not hope to live forever. So I gathered around me in the dark chambers of my palace, far beneath the ground, in the silence of night, the wise, and the witty, and the ingenious, and I bound them all by a deep oath to secrecy, and then I bade them to shape my soul like unto theirs; and they poured into my spirits the lore of ages in all its sublime magnificence; and they gilded the stream with the blaze of wit, and made it foam with the bubbling waves of eloquence; and when they had accomplished their task I heaped wealth upon them. Then I beheld myself again, and I shouted for gladness at the intellect that beamed in my eye and glanced in every feature; and then I thought I had laid the corner stone of endless glory—that when my bloom should wither, and the blood shrink back to its fountain, I should rule as ever by the sceptre of the mind.

“I did begin to reign—the greatly learned who once stood aloof from my worship now cast their chaplets at my feet, and I stood confessed the greatest of them all. The angels—I mean the angels of earth—enviored me, and, self-immolated, they were destroyed upon my altars—but I cared not for them, I mocked the anguish of their latest agonies, and laughed at the wolfish gnawings of their maddened conscience; still the infatuated wretches pressed to their perdition—and why should I have hindered them? Was it not becoming in a god to receive such precious sacrifices?

“I moved through the world as the bird of Juno through its narrow realm, strutting with full-blown arrogance, spreading the golden glories of its plumage to the admired and envied. My house was the epitome of European magnificence;—gold was the ornament where the noblest spread their silver with sparing hand, and where shone their scanty gold, my diamonds and rubies burned and glittered with dazzling effulgence. Fountains gurgling from amber vases cooled the breath of ardent summer, and an invisible fire diffused the scented gales of spring amid the chill blasts of dreary winter. My own chamber was the crowning glory of all: its lofty sides were composed of huge mirrors, the mightiest that Venetian skill could construct; the floor of costly mosaic, in figures of quaintness or grace, was only rivalled by the swelling dome above, where every form that imagination could conceive as most lovely, or that the most ardent genius

could depict, clustered around the arching walls bathed in a flood of light from the glittering chandelier suspended from the summit. My couch was formed of down from the snowy bosom of the swan, cased in satin of brilliant dye; cambric and lace were the finest coverings, and the pillow was of ermine more perfect than the monarch's upon his throne, and bound with lace of gold; the drapery was of cerulean satin, the deepest and purest tint that had ever decked the sky, and a fringe of pearls edged it throughout: it was supported by rings of gold, and on every face was the heraldic device I had assumed, broidered in all manner of jewels—and there—did I sleep? For hours after hours have I gazed upon the endless reflections of my chrysal palace—for hours tossed as on the troubled ocean—dreamed things unutterable—and waking, sprang from my couch, tearing into fragments the unvalued treasures that surrounded me, or dashing a chair where I saw *him*—I thought it would have slain him, but it only shattered the mirror and left a yawning blank like that of my own heart—and I crept shivering back to my solitary bed, and buried my face in the pillow.

“But I feel the monster coming, and my pen must remain idle, perhaps to be seized again in a moment of horrid phrenzy.

“Oh! she was of those beings that live between earth and heaven, and she assumed a human form to beguile me into love: love! I spent years and knew not what it was; I had heard of it, and my imagination strove to conceive it; but I felt it not—worship, I understood—it was a prostration of soul and body for gain of good or dread of evil;—they followed me, for I was as a mine of godly treasures: riches and honour were heaped upon me—but I loved neither the hand that received them, nor that which conferred—God knows I had no love for them: if I had made them or could have swept them from existence like so many worms; if the raising of my hand or the stamping of my feet could have hid them in nothingness, I could not have looked more bitter scorn upon their courtly flatteries; yet the fruit was sweet spite of the tree that bore it.

“But she!—she loved me for myself—supremely, and alone;—the dross of worldly selfishness had not part or lot in the purity of her soul—it was she that consecrated the glorious night when first I saw her—but it was she that cursed;—nay, she could not;—it was I—my damned passion that made it cursed.

“I was weary and sick of contact with the hireling slaves,—the night sped on, and, mounting my swift steed, I flew from the thronged streets and stifling atmosphere of the man-made city. I breathed more freely as the green fields swept under my eye ‘in the clear moonlight, sparkling with dewy jewels,’ and silent as the untrodden desert. It was the very deepest hour of darkness;—all the villas were still;—their white sides gleaming in the steady silver sheen;—not a lamp, nor a voice, nor a step bespoke the presence of any thing of human kind; not a sound awoke the echo, save the clattering of my charger's hoofs, as he plunged on, swift and unguided as the wandering lightning. Buried in the labyrinth of my own dizzy thoughts, I knew not whither I was borne, till the freshening breeze, springing up, cooled my fevered cheeks, and tossed the curls upon my temples, for my head was uncovered, though till now I had not taken heed of it. I looked around, and the waning orb of night gave token that it was time to return:—but how, or in what direction? I cast my eyes in every way, but all was new to me, as if I had been transported into fairy land. I was in a little valley formed in the bosom of a cluster of hills:—one side was deeply shaded, but the other gleamed in the emerald brightness of lawn and grove and waving corn. The road was narrow, and soon terminated abruptly before a small house,—almost a

cottage completely surrounded by a dense hedge of Hawthorn, and overhung by ancient elms. Where was I? Perhaps in some den of assassins, from whose snare escape was impossible: and I loosened the blade of my dagger, and dismounting, bounded across the hedge.

"Death itself could not have been more mute; but the muteness was not that of danger; it was such as reigned in Eden on the morning of man's creation—it was the calm of innocence. A light beamed from an apartment not far from the ground; I approached softly, and swinging myself lightly upon a limb of a tree, looked down into the chamber. What a sight was that! The man from whose eye the film of blindness has fallen, and who for the first time beholds the beauties of nature, may guess at my sensations. I had beheld the loveliest conceptions of the schools of painting; I had revelled in the witching voluptuousness of Italian art; I had decked my dwelling with the most magnificent productions of Raphael and Titian, and David; I had roved through a galaxy of living models of perfection; sipped the sweets of flowers of the brightest and most glowing hues, and of the most intoxicating fragrance; but here was a being who far excelled the creatures of fancy or of nature; a breathing divinity; a flower—the only one of its kind. I scarcely breathed—my whole soul poured from my eyes; they absorbed the functions of all else; my blood stood still, and like some marble statue, I moved not, spoke not; but appeared bereft of consciousness. A light silk scarf veiled her bosom, without forbidding imagination to prophesy of what that veil concealed. Her hair of chestnut brown was parted in the middle, and coursed down behind the rosy tinted ears till it fell in profuse ringlets over her neck and shoulders: her hands clasped each other, and the tapering arms, blushing with buoyant health through the delicate skin, rested upon the window sill: her lips full, panting, and but partly closed, unfolded the whitest and purest teeth;—there was a faint smile upon those lips, that played and waned over the rich cheek and under the long eye-lashes; but it entered not the sanctuary of the eye—that pure deep blue orb rested its full gaze upon the moon that added new purity to the smoothly polished waving throat. Was this not some fairy sporting in the reign of its queen? Was it some spirit purified from earth? or did I dream? Was it some false creation—some cheating phantom to allure me to ruin? I know not:—but a loud neigh from my impatient animal startled my enchantress, and brought me back to life.

"But why dwell upon what followed?—night after night did those sacred shades witness the fervour of our love,—and then her father and brother came with intruding steps;—her father—he was a haughty and penurious noble; her brother, as proud as Lucifer, or as myself:—we met often, but I liked him not—he was not my slave, and therefore I avoided him. But she was my slave, and I was her's, and our chains clanked merrily together. I missed not the prayers of the senseless crowd, for I was worshipped by one whose heart I read as though her bosom was of glass; hypocrisy had not dared to look into it; guile had not even cast its shadow there; but all was fresh unmingled nature; the workings of those fountains which are from the beginning, and which nothing but a tempest can overflow or render turbid. My whole nature became changed: I had something to love besides myself and all that adoration once offered to self, was breathed to one far worthier. It seemed as if I had treasured up all that had been lavished upon me—all that I had lavished upon myself—for this holocaust; and could I weigh these against the ownership of her heart?

"In the ecstasy of certain and assured success, I demanded her of her father—and—what think you?—none but he could have dared—could I have supposed

it possible!—rather had I seen him roasting at the stake, or headless on the scaffold, than have bent one joint to gain his "Yes." "Upstart!" he exclaimed, "your insolence merits chastisement!" Chastisement! chastisement!—ha! ha! ha!—yes, that was the word—and did I not tear him limb from limb? No, oh no! I was very cool: I left his presence as a lion turns from the prey he cannot reach, to spring back with deadlier fury. There was a volcano in my breast, for the time smothered and silent, but gathering terror ere it should awake.

"That night I obtained a stolen interview with Ellen, and with well dissembled calmness disclosed the decree of her father; and I saw the high soul burn and toss within her, and her cheek mantle with a blush—the deep blush of shame for such a father. Then did I pray her to be mine—then did I give to the winds and the returnless past, all remorse and pity. I laid not one straw in the way of her passion's whirlwind. Revenge was gnawing at my soul, and I cared not whence it came;—the means mattered not—revenge was my aliment—my hope. Enthusiast never hoped for heaven; or sen-tost maner longed for the light of blessed day, as I did for the dark banquet of revenge. She saw and felt the consuming fire within me, and she fain would have quelled it:—she hung upon me—she besought me—she turned those angel eyes on mine as if to rob them of their flame—she prayed me to be myself—to remember that he was her father.—But this only added goading to the sharp spur—her father! The contrast was too appalling;—that he—the soulless wretch who would have bartered his eternal hopes for an ounce of base metal—that he should have such a daughter—and I hated him more bitterly. Then she commanded me not to harm him; and she made that the condition of her love; and I swore a solemn oath that he should pass my arm unscathed, and I avoided him as a fangless serpent that I would not stoop to crush.

"But Ellen and I still haunted the dark glade, and still our love grew stronger. Night after night we met, and each but multiplied the intensity of our passion. We counted the globes of fretted fire above us; we sang to the music of the rill; I opened and spread before her the wisdom of the past, and with an eloquence, inspired but by one emotion, I entranced her into mute astonishment; and when excited to the wild energy of earnestness, she would bury her face in my bosom and conjure me to be calm. As well might the Atlantic have essayed calmness on the path of the raving tornado. One look at her; one kiss of welcome as we met, banished all semblance of coldness: her heaving breast, and my throbbing pulses, forbade the thought of separation, and she became my bride—not in the vaulted chapel, not to the pealing of the organ or the solemn tones of the stoled priest, not in the sight of men; no! the oaks of centuries were our canopy and lofty aisles, the echo was our priest, and the anthem of the moaning storm was the music at our wedding. Alas, thou prophet sound! little did we think thee but a shadowed requiem, a type of dread futurity. A blithe honey-moon we had of it; and when Cynthia filled her horns again, we awoke as from a dream: the days flew past and my bride looked sad; and in her melting voice she prayed me to make reparation for her sullied fame, and spare the gray hairs of her aged parent. Then I thought of chastisement! and the fiend shook me—and I laughed at the thought of his sorrow! I thought I saw him carried to his grave, and I joyed to think how I should dance above his clay and trample it still deeper into the vile earth!—But I looked on her—I looked upon her pale and melancholy face, and those sweet tempters, and I relented; and for the first time in my life the scalding tears gushed from my straining eyes.

"The next day they sent for me—they, the father

and brother; for they had guessed the secret. I appeared before them, and they bade me be seated; but I stood erect, and demanded why I had been sent for? "To atone for your villainy!" shouted the brother; "to give honour to your victim," he cried; his nostrils expanded, his teeth grinding, and his whole frame quivering with rage. I scorned to be commanded or compelled, and therefore I only smiled, but said not a word. Again he called upon me to obey, and the squeaking voice of the old man joined in the chorus.

"Once more he commanded me to make Ellen my wife: I answered but one word, and that was "never!" In an instant I lay prostrate on the floor, the blood gushing from my nose and mouth: the next, the door opened and the miserable girl entered; she saw me motionless upon the ground, covered with blood, and her brother, my deadly enemy, standing above me.—She saw his savage look—she reeled, and fell;—I heard a hideous shriek; and, starting from my stupor, beheld her stretched upon the ground: a hideous gash was on her fair temple, whence the life stream rushed in torrents. I snatched her in my arms; I strove to stanch the flow; I held my lips over the wound to keep it together; but the deluge nearly suffocated me.

I pressed my cheek to her's—it was cold and ashy. I held my hand to her heart—one faint beat, and it was still;—the white and glassy eye was upturned—*poor Ellen was dead!*

"The body fell from my hands heavily—I looked up, and saw the brother;—"Devil! murderer!" said I—"this is thy work, and dearly shalt thou rue it!"—Every sinew in my body was strung with a giant's force; my blood boiled furiously, and with a bound and a yell I reached my foe:—with both hands round his throat I held him powerless—and I laughed at the baby efforts of the old man to free him. For three long minutes did I clutch the fiend;—I saw the dark blood gather in his swollen face;—I saw his leaden eyes stand from their bursting sockets;—I heard the convulsive rattle in his throat as it writhed under my grasp;—then I felt that all was over, and I spurned the carcass as a dog's. I pressed one long kiss upon the lovely martyr, then fled to the city." And then comes a long blank. "After that the old man rolled in my wealth, and I—why they thought me dead—but didn't know that I was yet a king—aye, a king—is not this a crown—and am I not a king?"

Æ

TO A FLOWER

BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.*

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When Winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of older days
May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherd-voice,
Who made the hearth a holy place!—*Swiss Song.*

WHENCE art thou, flower!—from holy ground,
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field!—thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were rais'd to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd, that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrents foam,
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm, devoted band;
And rose, and made their spirits felt,
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grutli's free-born flower!
Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

F. H.

* The field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their Liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

THE ARCTIC LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Gone is the long long winter night,
Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun.
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun!

Aye, 'tis the long bright summer day:
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters dash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thee where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon this isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer fled,
And snows, that melt no more, enshroud
The vallies white and dead;
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and lucid dome,
And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile,
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

OUR RECTOR.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I AM no politician, no reasoner upon church and state, the evil or the good of their connexion, a connexion pretty ancient, as far as words go, and tolerably convenient, at times, to both parties, in spite of the jangling which may have occasionally occurred in this as in other unions.

Of late years, however, there has been a prodigious change in the body clerical. The activity of the dissenters, the spread of education, and the immense increase of population, to say nothing of that "word of power," Reform, have combined to produce a stirring spirit of emulation amongst the younger clergy, which has quite changed the aspect of the profession. Heretofore, the "church militant" was the quietest and easiest of all vocations; and the most slender and lady-like young gentleman, the "mamma's darling" of a great family, whose lungs were too tender for the bar, and whose frame was too delicate for the army, might be sent with perfect comfort to the snug curacy of a neighbouring parish, to read Horace, cultivate auriculas, christen, marry, and bury, about twice a quarter, and do duty once every Sunday. Now times are altered; prayers must be read, and sermons preached, twice a day at least, not forgetting lectures in Lent, and homilies at tide times; workhouses are to be visited, schools attended, boys and girls taught in the morning, and grown-up bumpkins in the evening; children are to be catechised; masters and mistresses looked after; hymn-books distributed; bibles given away; tract societies fostered amongst the zealous, and psalmody cultivated amongst the musical. In short, a curate, now-a-days, even a country curate, much more if his parish lie in a great town, has need of the lungs of a barrister in good practice, and the strength and activity of an officer of dragoons.

Now this is just as it ought to be. Nevertheless, I cannot help entertaining certain relentings in favour of the well-endowed churchman of the old school, round, indolent, and unbiassed, at peace with himself and all around him, who lives in quiet and plenty in his ample parsonage house, dispensing with a liberal hand the superfluities of his hospitable table, regular and exact in his conduct, but not so precise as to refuse a Saturday night's rubber in his own person, or to condemn his parishioners for their game of cricket on Sunday afternoons; charitable in word and deed, tolerant, indulgent, kind, to the widest extent of that widest word; but, except in such wisdom, (and it is of the best,) no wiser than that eminent member of the church, Parson Adams. In a word, exactly such a man as my good old friend the rector of Hadley, who has just passed the window in that venerable relique of antiquity, his one-horse chaise. Ah, we may see him still, through the budding leaves of the clustering China rose, as he is stopping to give a penny to poor lame Dinah Moore, stopping and stooping his short round person with no small effort, that he may put it into her little hand, because the child would have some difficulty in picking it up, on account of her crutches. Yes, there he goes, rotund and rosy, "a tun of man," filling three parts of his roomy equipage: the shovel hat with a rose in it, the very model of orthodoxy, overshadowing his white hairs and placid countenance; his little stunted post-boy in a purple livery, driving an old coach-horse as fat as his master, whilst the old white terrier, fatter still, his pet terrier Viper, waddles after the chaise (of which the head is let down, in honour, I presume, of this bright April morning) much resembling in gait and aspect that other white waddling thing, a goose, if a goose were gifted with four legs.

There he goes, my venerable friend the Reverend Josiah Singleton, Rector of Hadley-cum-Doveton, in the county of Southampton, and Vicar of Delworth, in the county of Surrey. There he goes, in whose youth tract societies and adult schools *were not*, but who yet has done as much good and as little harm in his generation, has formed as just and as useful a link between the rich and the poor, the landlord and the peasant, as ever did honour to religion and to human nature. Perhaps this is only saying, in other words, that, under any system, benevolence and singlemindedness will produce their proper effects.

I am not, however, going to preach a sermon over my worthy friend—long may it be before his funeral sermon is preached! or even to write his eulog, for eulogues are dull things; and to sit down with the intention of being dull,—to set about the matter with malice prepense (howbeit the calamity may sometimes happen accidentally,) I hold to be an unnecessary impertinence. I am only to give a slight sketch, a sort of bird's-eye view of my reverend friend's life, which by the way, has been, except in one single particular, so barren of incidents, that it might almost pass for one of those proverbially uneventful narratives, "The Lives of the Poets."

Fifty-six years ago, our portly rector, then, it may be presumed, a sleek and comely bachelor, left college, where he had passed through his examinations and taken his degrees, with respectable mediocrity, and was ordained to the curacy of St. Thomas's Parish, in our neighbouring town of C—; and where, by the recommendation of his vicar, Dr. Grampond, he fixed himself in the small, but neat first floor of a reduced widow gentlewoman, who endeavoured to eke out a small annuity by letting lodgings at five shillings a week, linen, china, plate, glass, and waiting included, and by keeping a toy-shop, of which the whole stock, fiddles, drums, balls, dolls, and shuttlecocks, might be safely appraised at under five pounds, including a stately rocking-horse, the poor widow's cheval de bataille, which had occupied one side of Mrs. Martin's shop from the time of her setting up in business, and still continued to keep his station uncheaped by her thrifty customers.

There, by the advice of Dr. Grampond, did he place himself on his arrival at C—; and there he continued for full thirty years, occupying the same first floor, the sitting-room, a pleasant apartment, with one window (for the little toy-shop was a corner house) abutting on the high bridge, and the other on the market place, still, as at first, furnished with a Scotch carpet, cane chairs, a Pembroke table, and two hanging shelves, which seemed placed there less for their ostensible destination of holding books, sermons, and newspapers than for the purpose of bobbing against the head of every unwary person who might happen to sit down near the wall; and the small chamber behind, with its tent bed and dimity furniture, its mahogany chest of drawers, one chair, and no table; with the self-same spare, quiet, decent landlady, in her faded but well-preserved morning gown, and the identical serving-maid, Patty, a demure, civil, modest damsel, dwarfed as it should seem by constant curtsying, since from twelve years upwards, she had not grown an inch.—Except the clock of time, which, however imperceptibly, does still keep moving, every thing about the little toy-shop in the market place at C—, was at a stand still. The very tabby cat which lay basking on the hearth might have passed for his progenitor of happy memory, who took his station there the night of Mr.

Singleton's arrival; and the self-same hobby-horse still stood rocking opposite the counter, the admiration of every urchin who passed the door, and so completely the pride of the mistress of the domicile, that it is to be questioned—convenient as thirty shillings, lawful money of Great Britain, might sometimes have proved to Mrs. Martin—whether she would not have felt more reluctance than pleasure in parting with this, the prime ornament of her stock.

There, however, the rocking-horse remained; and there remained Mr. Singleton, gradually advancing from a personable youth to a portly middle-aged man; and obscure and untempting as the station of a curate in a country town may appear, it is doubtful whether those thirty years of comparative poverty, were not amongst the happiest of his easy and tranquil life.

Very happy they undoubtedly were. To say nothing of the comforts provided for him by his assiduous landlady and her civil domestic, both of whom felt all the value of their kind, orderly, and considerate inmate; especially as compared with the ricketty recruiting officers and troublesome single gentlemen who had generally occupied the first floor. Our curate was in prime favour with his vicar, Dr. Grampond, a stately pillar of divinity, rigidly orthodox in all matters of church and state, who having a stall in a distant cathedral, and another living by the sea-side, spent but little of his time at C—, and had been so tormented by his three last curates—the first of whom was avowedly of whig politics, and more than suspected of holding Calvinistic doctrines in religion, the second a fox-hunter, and the third a poet—that he was delighted to intrust his flock to a staid, sober youth of high church and tory principles, who never mounted a horse in his life, and would hardly have trusted himself on Mrs. Martin's steed of wood; and whose genius, so far from carrying him into any flights of poesy, never went beyond that weekly process of sermon-making, which, as the doctor observed, was all that a sound divine need know of authorship. Never was curate a greater favourite with his principal. He has even been heard to prophesy that the young man would be a bishop.

Amongst the parishioners, high and low, Josiah was no less a favourite. The poor felt his benevolence, his integrity, his piety, and his steady kindness; whilst the richer classes (for in the good town of C—, few were absolutely rich) were won by his unaffected good-nature, the most popular of all qualities. There was nothing shining about the man—no danger of his setting the Thames on fire—and the gentlemen liked him none the worse for that; but his chief friends and allies were the ladies—not the young ladies, by whom, to say the truth, he was not so much coveted, and whom, in return, he did not trouble himself to covet, but the discreet mammas, and grandmammias, and maiden gentlewomen of a certain age, amongst whom he found himself considerably more valued and infinitely more at home.

Soth to say, our staid, worthy, prudent, sober young man had at no time of his life been endowed with the buoyant and mercurial spirit peculiar to youth. There was in him a considerable analogy between the mind and the body. Both were heavy, sluggish, and slow. He was no straight-laced person either; he liked a joke in his own quiet way well enough, but as to encountering the quips, and cranks, and quiddities, of a set of giddy girls, he could as soon have danced a cotillion. The gift was not in him. So with a wise instinct he stuck to their elders; called on them in the morning: drank tea with them at night; played whist, quadrille, casino, back-gammon, commere, or lottery tickets, as the party might require; told news and talked scandal as well as any woman of them all; accommodated a difference of four years' standing between the wife of the chief attorney and the sister of the principal physician; and was appealed to as absolute

referee in a question of precedence between the widow of a post captain, and the lady of a colonel of volunteers, which had divided the whole gentility of the town into parties. In short, he was such a favourite in the female world, that when the ladies of C— (on their husbands setting up a weekly card club at the Crown) resolved to meet on the same night at each other's houses, Mr. Singleton was, by unanimous consent, the only gentleman admitted to the female coterie.

Happier man could hardly be, than the worthy Josiah in this fair company. At first, indeed, some slight interruptions to his comfort had offered themselves, in the shape of overtures matrimonial, from three mammias, two papas, one uncle, and (I grieve to say) one lady, an elderly young lady, a sort of dowager spinster in her own proper person, who, smitten with Mr. Singleton's excellent character, a small independence, besides his curacy in possession, and a trifling estate (much exaggerated by the gossip fame) in expectancy, and perhaps somewhat swayed by Dr. Grampond's magnificent prophecy, had at the commencement of his career, respectively given him to understand, that he might, if he chose, become more nearly related to them. This is a sort of dilemma which a well bred man, and a man of humanity (and our curate was both) usually feels to be tolerably embarrassing. Josiah, however, extricated himself with his usual straightforward simplicity. He said, and said truly, "That he considered matrimony a great comfort, that he had a respect for the state, and no disinclination to any of the ladies, but that he was a poor man, and could not afford so expensive a living." And with the exception of one mamma, who had nine unmarried daughters, and proposed waiting for a living, and the old young lady who had offered herself, and who kept her bed and threatened to die on his refusal, thus giving him the fright of having to bury his inamorata, and being haunted by her ghost—with these slight exceptions, every body took his answer in good part.

As he advanced in life, these sort of annoyances ceased, his staid sober deportment, ruddy countenance, and portly person, giving him an air of being even older than he really was; so that he came to be considered as that privileged person, a confirmed old bachelor, the general beau of the female coterie, and the favourite marryer and christener of the town and neighbourhood. Nay, as years wore away, and he began to marry some whom he had christened, and to bury many whom he had married, even Dr. Grampond's prophecy ceased to be remembered, and he appeared to be as firmly rooted in C—, as St. Thomas's Church, and as completely fixed in the toy-shop as the rocking-horse.

Destiny, however, had other things in store for him. The good town of C— was, to its own misfortune, a poor place, an independent borough, and subject, accordingly, to the infliction (privilege, I believe, the voters are pleased to call it) of an election. For thirty years—during which period there had been seven or eight of these visitations—the calamity had passed over so mildly that, except three or four days of intolerable drunkenness, accompanied, of course, by a sufficient number of broken heads, no other mischief had occurred; the two great families, Whig and Tory, who might be said to divide the town, having entered, by agreement, into a compromise to return one member each; a compact which might have held good to this time, had not some slackness of attention on the part of the Whigs (the Blues, as they were called in election jargon) provoked the Yellow or Tory part of the corporation, to sign a requisition to the Hon. Mr. Delworth, to stand as their second candidate, and produced the novelty of a sharp contest in their hitherto peaceful borough. When it came, it came with a vengeance. It lasted eight days, as long as it could last. The dregs of that cup of evil were drained to the very bottom.

Words are faint to describe the tumult, the turmoil, the blustering, the brawling, the abuse, the ill-will, the battles by tongue and by fist, of that disastrous time. At last the Yellows carried it by six; and on a petition and scrutiny in the House of Commons, by one single vote; and as Mr. Singleton had been engaged on the side of the winning party, not merely by his own political opinions, and those of his ancient vicar, Dr. Grampound, but also by the predilections of his female allies, who were Yellows to a man, those who understood the ordinary course of such matters were not greatly astonished, in the course of the ensuing three years, to find our good curate rector of Hadley, vicar of Delworth, and chaplain to the new member's father. One thing, however, was remarkable, that, amidst all the scurrility and ill blood of an election contest, and in spite of the envy which is pretty sure to follow a sudden change of fortune, Mr. Singleton neither made an enemy nor lost a friend. His peaceful unoffending character disarmed offence. He had been unexpectedly useful too to the winning party, not merely by knowing and having served many of the poorer voters, but by possessing one eminent qualification not sufficiently valued or demanded in a canvasser. He was the best listener of the party,* and is said to have gained the half-dozen votes which decided the election, by the mere process of letting the people talk.

This talent, which it is to be presumed he acquired in the ladies' club at C—, and which probably contributed to his popularity in that society, stood him in great stead in the aristocratic circle of Delworth Castle. The whole family was equally delighted and amused by his bonhomie and simplicity; and he in return, captivated by their kindness as well as grateful for their benefits, paid them a sincere and unfeigned homage, which trebled their good-will. Never was so honest and artless a courtier. There was something at once diverting and amiable in the ascendancy which every thing connected with his patron held over Mr. Singleton's imagination. Loyal subject as he unquestionably was, the king, queen, and royal family would have been as nothing in his eyes compared with Lord and Lady Delworth and their illustrious offspring. He purchased a new peerage, which in the course of a few days opened involuntarily on the honoured page which contained an account of their genealogy. His walls were hung with ground plans of Hadley House, elevations of Delworth Castle, maps of the estate, prints of the late and present lords, and of a judge of queen Anne's reign, and of a bishop of George the Second's, worthies of the family. He had on his dining-room mantel-piece, models of two wings, once projected for Hadley, but which had never been built, and is said to have once bought an old head of the first Duke of Marlborough, which a cunning auctioneer had fobbed off upon him, by pretending that the great captain was a progenitor of his noble patron.

Besides this predominant taste, he soon began to indulge other inclinations at the rectory, which savoured a little of his old bachelor habits. He became a collector of shells and china, and a fancier of tulips; and when he invited the coterie of C— ladies to partake of a syllabub, astonished and delighted them by the performance of a piping bullfinch of his own teaching, who executed the Blue Bells of Scotland in a manner not to be surpassed by the barrel organ, by means of which this accomplished bird had been instructed. He engaged Mrs. Martin as his housekeep-

* A friend of mine, the wife of a country member, who was very active in canvassing for her husband, once said to me, on my complimenting her on the number of votes she had obtained, "It was all done by listening. Our good friends, the voters, like to hear themselves talk."

er, and Patty as his housemaid, set up the identical one-horse-chaise in which he was riding to-day, became a member of the clerical dinner club, took in the St. James's Chronicle and the Gentleman's Magazine, and was set down by every body as a confirmed old bachelor.

All these indications notwithstanding, nothing was less in his contemplation than to remain in that forlorn condition. Marriage after all was his predominant taste; his real fancy was for the ladies. He was fifty-seven, or thereabouts, when he began to make love, but he has amply made up for his loss of time, by marrying no less than four wives since that period. Call him Mr. Singleton indeed, why his proper name would be Doubleton. Four wives has he had, and of all varieties. His first was a pretty rosy smiling lass, just come from school, who had known him all her life, and seemed to look upon him just as a school-girl does upon an indulgent grandpapa, who comes to fetch her home for the holidays. She was as happy as a bird, poor thing, during the three months she lived with him—but there came a violent fever and carried her off.

His next wife was a pale sickly consumptive lady, not over young, for whose convenience he set up a carriage, and for whose health he travelled to Lisbon and Madeira, and Nice, and Florence, and Hastings, and Clifton, and all the places by sea and land, abroad and at home, where sick people go to get well. At one of which she, poor lady, died.

Then he espoused a buxom, jolly, merry widow, who had herself had two husbands, and who seemed likely to see him out; but the small-pox came in her way, and she died also.

Then he married his present lady, a charming woman, neither fat, nor thin, nor young, nor old, not very healthy, nor particularly sickly, who makes him very happy, and seems to find her own happiness in making him so.

He has no children by any of his wives; but has abundance of adherents in parlour and hall. Half the poor of the parish are occasionally to be found in his kitchen, and his dining room is the seat of hospitality, not only to his old friends of the town, and his new friends of the country, but to all the families of all his wives. He talks of them (for he talks more now than he did at the C— election, having fallen in the gossiping habit of "narrative old age,") in the quietest manner possible, mixing, in a manner the most diverting and the most unconscious, stories of his first wife and his second, of his present and his last. He seems to have been perfectly happy with all of them, especially with this. But if he should have the misfortune to lose this delightful person, he would certainly console himself and prove his respect for the state, by marrying again; and such is his reputation as a sober, excellent husband, especially in the main article of giving his wives their own way, that, in spite of his being now an octogenarian, I have no doubt but there would be abundance of fair candidates for the heart and hand of Our Rector.

WITHOUT all doubt, charity to the poor is a direct and obligatory duty upon all Christians, next in order after the payment of debts, full as strong, and by nature made infinitely more delightful to us. Puffendorff, and other casuists, do not, I think, denominate it quite properly, when they call it a duty of imperfect obligation. But the manner, mode, time, choice of objects, and proportion, are left to private discretion; and, perhaps, for that very reason, it is performed with the greater satisfaction, because the discharge of it has more the appearance of freedom; recommending us, besides, very specially to Divine favour, as the exercise of a virtue most suitable to a being sensible of its own infirmity.—Burke.

THE BOWER OF ROSES;

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK,

BY EDWARD L. WHITE—NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by J. Edgar, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ANDANTE.



The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a guitar chord diagram for a B-flat major chord. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo marking 'ANDANTE.' is written vertically on the left side.



There's a bow - er of roses by Bendemeer's stream, And the Nightingale

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.



sings round it all the day long; In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream, To

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.



sit in the ro - ses and hear the birds song. That bow'r and its music I

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

no - ver for - get, But oft when a - lone, in the bloom of the year, I

think is the night - in - gale sing - ing there yet? Are the roses still bright by the

calm Ben - de - meer.

Sva. loco

II.

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while flushly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flow'rs, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year,
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bow'r on the bank of the calm Bandemeer.

Original.

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

It is related, in the history of the life of this great writer that no less than eighteen hundred comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales*, (a kind of sacred drama), exceed four hundred, besides which, there is a collection of his poems, of various kinds, in twenty-one volumes. He said, of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to one hundred and thirty three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days, which it would have been difficult for another man to copy in the same time.

John Perez de Montalban relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnivale at Madrid, Lopez and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lopez took the first act, and Montalban the second which they wrote in two days, and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalban seeing that Lopez wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lopez, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lopez replied—"At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written one hundred and fifty other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalban the eight sheets, and the hundred and fifty verses.

Lopez de Vega was twice married. His last wife bore him a son, who died at about eight years of age; the mother did not long survive the child, and this double blow fell most heavily upon this great man. His domestic happiness broken up, Lopez de Vega entered the church, with enough of religious feeling to render him an exemplary priest; but not with so much as to induce him to renounce his literary career, or even abate the ardour with which he pursued it. He was admitted into the congregation of priests, natives of Madrid. So eminent a man was considered as doing honour to the society which he had chosen; and he was very speedily elected first chaplain, in compliment to his endowments; and in testimony of the exactness with which he discharged his priestly offices. Upon the publication of his *Corona Tragica*, a poem upon the death of Mary Queen of Scots, which he dedicated to *Urban the Eighth*; that Pontiff wrote him a complimentary letter, made him promoter Fiscal of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber; sent him the habit of St. John, and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Theology.

He probably took orders at about forty years of age; he lived to be seventy-three; but, towards the close of his life, his mind as well as body seems to have given way; abandoning himself to the Manichean superstitions, he refused to eat meat when his declining health rendered it necessary, because he thought it expedient for the health of the soul, to mortify the body, and he practised self flagellation with such severity, that it is supposed to have hastened his death: after a cruel discipline of this kind, on Friday the 22d of August, 1635, he fell ill, and expired on the Monday following.

"His death," says one of his Spanish biographers, "caused a universal commotion in the court, and in the whole kingdom." Many ministers, knights, and prelates were present when he expired: among others, the Duke of Sesa, who had been the most munificent of his patrons, whom he appointed his executor, and who was at the expense of his funeral; a mode by which the great in that country were fond of display-

ing their regard for men of letters. It was a public funeral, and it was not performed till the third day after his death, that there might be time for rendering it more splendid, and securing a more honourable attendance. The grantees and nobles who were about the court, were all invited as mourners; a necessary, or service of nine days, was performed for him; at which the musicians of the royal chapel assisted: after which there were exequies on three successive days, at which three bishops officiated in full pontificals; and on each day a funeral sermon was preached by one of the most famous preachers of the age. Such honours were paid to the memory of Lopez de Vega, the most prolific, and, during his life, the most popular of all poets, ancient or modern. Whatever may be the present estimate of the talents of Lopez de Vega; particularly in other countries than his own; certain it is, no writer ever enjoyed such a full share of popularity. Cardinal Barberini, (says Lord Holland,) followed Lopez, with veneration, in the streets; the king would stop to gaze on him; the people crowded round him whenever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general, of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lopez. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew a habit in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind: and a Lopez diamond, a Lopez day, and a Lopez woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.

Original.

HANNAH MORE.

A FEMALE instructor, a dramatic writer, a poetess, an author of several publications, whose moral and religious tendency, and the warm philanthropy by which they are evidently inspired, have indisputably established her claim to rank with, if not precede, the great benefactors of mankind.

How few in the paths of literature, how very few, can boast that the purity and utility of their writings have kept pace with their intellectual endowments—too often, alas! in an opposite ratio. The rare praise of not having written a page without a strong, a palpable bias to mend the manners or reform the heart, is the envied merit of Hannah More. Surely no higher tribute can be paid to the talents of an author, particularly a female, than the universal acknowledgment that every page she has written has been subservient to the cause of virtue;—that her great and only aim was, by wholesome precept to soften the ills of this life, and point out the surest, safest means, of attaining everlasting happiness.

Miss More, for many years, presided over an establishment for the education of young ladies, at Bath, in England.

Mr. Burke once observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds—

"What a delight you have in your profession!"

"No, sir," said Dr. Johnson, taking up the question. "Reynolds only paints to get money."

A spirited argument was the consequence of this unexpected assertion, in which Miss More with an animation inspired by a love of the arts, took a decided part against Dr. Johnson, and was eloquent in defence of the disinterestedness of Sir Joshua; insisting, with much of truth, that the pleasure experienced by the artist, was derived from higher and more luxuriant sources than mere pecuniary consideration.

"Only answer me," said the moralist, in an impressive tone, "did Leander swim across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming?"

Original.

TO A BIRD,

WHICH FLED ON THE AUTHOR'S APPROACH.

BRIGHT bird of the summer
That sung on the tree,
Why leave the wild hush
Of the woodland to me:—
Why deem me of those
Who in winter's bleak hour,
Refuse thee repose
In the brake or the bower?

When winter came down,
Bringing death on his wings,
Thou fel'dst not his frown,
Nor the lightnings he flings;
Then young one of summer
Say why dost thou fly,
Giving back the wet grief
To my heart and mine eye.

Does Nature direct thee
To see us as foes,
As she made thee too pure
For our tears and our woes?
Oh! 'tis the same Nature
That made thee so bright,
Which rendered my spirit
Far darker than night.

But Nature gives pity
Where Nature gives breath;
Then come with thy song
From the brier on the heath—
And oh! I shall bless thee,
With bosom as lone,
As ever looked up
To Eternity's throne.

For my soul hath a friend
In thine innocent strain;
Which thro' earth and thro' ocean
I've looked for in vain.
Then, bird of the summer
That sung on the tree,
Come share the wild hush
Of the woodland with me.

ALPHA.

THE LOVE LETTER.

SHE holds the letter in her eager hands,
'Tis from the absent one—most loved—most dear—
Yet statue-like and motionless she stands,
Nor dares to seek her fate—she looks in fear
On the mute herald, ready to bestow
The tidings of her weal—or of her woe!

Perchance, that long-wished record may contain
The chilling courtesies of studied art,
Or speak in friendship's calm and tranquil strain,
Mocking the feelings of her fervent heart,
Perchance, O! thought of bliss: it may discover
The hopes—the fears—the wishes of a lover!

See, she unfolds the page, and trembling reads—
From her dark eye one tear of feeling gushes,
The sudden sun-beam of a smile succeeds,
And now a radiant hope of burning blushes
O'ershades her cheek and brow—her doubts are past,
Love crowns her truth and tenderness at last.

Fain would she silent sit, and meditate
O'er her new bliss thro' evening's placid hours,
But gay assembled guests her presence wait,
And she must braid her ebon hair with flowers,
And join the throng—with hurried step she flies,
Her soul's sweet triumph sparkling in her eyes.

Within the gathered folds of snowy gauze,
That veil her bosom, rests the magic scroll,
And those who greet her entrance with applause,
Guess not the talisman whose dear controul
Teaches each look, each accent, to express
The trilling sense of new found happiness.

She wakes her lute's soft harmony, and sings—
Oh! once her very songs appeared a token
Of her deep grief, and she would touch the strings
To tales of hapless love, and fond hearts broken:
But now her lays are all of hope and youth,
Of joyous ecstasy, and changeless truth.

Her guests depart. The moon beams clear and bright,
O'er her still chamber cast their radiance even,
And kneeling in the pale and silvery light,
She breathes her grateful orisons to Heaven,
Then seeks her couch—O! may repose impart
Fair visions to her young and happy heart.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

It is public opinion that gives value to all life's ornaments. A stone dug out of the earth shining brightly, and called a diamond, has, in public opinion, a value amounting to many thousands of pounds—take away public opinion, and it is not worth a straw. Its variety gives it a value, but it is public opinion that sets value upon variety itself.

It is one of the errors of old age to make comparisons between the present and the past, at the former's expense.

He who has not had his portion of infelicity, cannot feel for his fellow creatures as he should do, nor relish life as he ought.

It is falsehood only that loves and retires into darkness. Truth delights in the day, demands no more than a just light to appear in perfect beauty.

Petty and shuffling excuses, which satisfy vain and little minds, do but irritate generous ones, still more than the fault which they would explain away—there is no valid repentance but that which is full and sincere.

A chesnut 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 the boundary and called the great chesnut tree. In 1759 it bore nuts which produced young trees.

Man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians on some occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the matter, for I find by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit, longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the 18th and 19th of next month.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel something unpossessed,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

It is the same with understanding as with eyes: to a certain size, and make just so much light as necessary, and no more. Whatever is beyond, brings darkness and confusion.

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, as they have more vanity to be pleased: and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

———— Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself: but argued, gives a kind of credit
To a false accusation.

The seat of wit—when one speaks as a man of the town, and the world—is the playhouse.

Suffering is sweet, when honour doth adorn it.
Who slights revenge? Not he that fears, but scorns it.

The greatest parts, without discretion, as observed by an elegant writer, may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed, on account of his enormous strength and stature.

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.

It has been observed, that in Italy the memory does more than the eye. Scarcely a stone is turned up that has not some historical association, ancient or modern; that may not be said to have gold under it.

It is truly disgusting to see the scandalous manner in which ladies pamper those nasty, little, good-for-nothing wretches, called lap-dogs.

Want merely unties the cords of life; but disappointment, mortification, embarrassment of circumstances, rends them with a hard convulsive wrench; for the expression of which, imagination can find no adequate figures.

Our first rate works of genius have been almost all produced *currente calamo*. I am often astonished at the excellence of a work, never at the rapidity with which it was written. It is much easier to conceive that "Humphry Clinker" and "Guy Mannering" were written in three months than in as many years.

There are some vices which almost border on virtues: but meanness is of so grovelling a nature, that even the other vices are ashamed of it.

A person who has treated you with attention, but now with indifference, labours under a conviction of having previously mistaken your character, or is now chargeable with misconstruing your conduct; the first

shows a mortifying want of discernment, the last a praiseworthy want of generosity.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

Too elaborate a reply against an impotent defamer, is only to fire at a target; you waste your powder and ball.

It is always dear to buy a thing cheap which one does not want; so it is sometimes dearer to receive a thing as a present, than to pay the price of it.

How beautiful she is! I gaze on her,
As the old miser counts his hoarded wealth;
With this sole difference—his regard surveys
The precious heap, and finds it still deficient;
Still it doth lack what his o'er-anxious heart
Most eagerly desires; but when my eyes
Do read the soft perfection of her face,
I think the fates have granted me enough.
I knew not such felicity could be
On this side heaven; and with requited love,
Supremely blessed and happy; pass on world,
Or good or bad, alike thy ways to me,
In my own world, where nothing I regret
But that a life so sweet should be so brief.

Ribaldry is the secretion of some spirits, particularly the common prize-fighters of political party: it is like the offensive effluvia which serves some animals for attack and defence: a contest with it is out of the question.

Nothing is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising, when the flame that burned before is not yet quite extinguished. Thus, at the hour of sunset, we behold with pleasure the orb of night ascending on the opposite side of the horizon. We then enjoy the double brilliancy of the two celestial luminaries.

The possession of riches never bestows the peace which results from not desiring them.

Men apt to promise, are apt to forget.
So much of passion—so much of nothing to the purpose.

Peevishness is more destructive of happiness than passion, because it operates continually.

RECIPES.

FUNGENT SAUCE—(SAUCE PIQUANTE)

Put into a saucepan, a half-pint of vinegar, a branch of thyme, two or three sprigs of sweet marjoram, a leaf of laurel, a clove of garlic, a shallot or a little onion, and cayenne pepper and salt to your taste. Add a glass of broth or gravy. Stew the whole slowly till it is reduced to two thirds of the original quantity: then strain it.

ANCHOVY SAUCE—FOR FISH.

Cut the flesh of three anchovies into small shreds, and steep them in vinegar for half an hour or more. Then mince them fine, and throw them into a saucepan with a little butter rolled in flour. Add pepper and mustard to your taste. Pour in sufficient vinegar to cover it, and let it boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Strain it, and squeeze in a little lemon-juice before you serve it up.

...the most important part of their conduct, the last night
...the most necessary.

...the most necessary and to render to one these points
...the most necessary things, whatever
...the most necessary things, and in some
...the most necessary things, the most

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary
...the most necessary things, the most necessary

RECIPES.

URGENT REMEDY—CURED THROAT
Put into an envelope a half pint of vinegar, a quart of
...a clove of garlic, a shallot or a small onion,
...and a pinch of pepper and salt to your taste. Add a
...of oil or glycerine. Shake the whole thoroughly till it is
...two thirds of the original quantity. Also
...ready.

ESCHOLTZ'S REMEDY—FOR COUGHS
Put in a pint of these quantities into a glass jar, and
...and dissolve in vinegar to half an ounce or more.
...Then rub the jar till the mixture is well mixed.
...You will find the remedy useful in many cases.
...and useful in many cases. This is sufficient to
...to cure a cough, but it will cure for a number of
...hours. Make it and square it in a little glass jar,
...before you need it up.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1833.

FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

EVENING DRESS.—Blue watered silk *faconnee rayee* with tulle and satin folds on the body, and blonde to fall all round, blonde sabots, chip hat with three blue feathers.

Yellow satin dress with a black blonde cap and bows of riband, black blonde sabots.—Head-dress of black blonde and riband.

THE GUIDE TO DRESS.

In a Letter, translated from the French—Paris, 1833.

MY DEAR LOUISA—With you the season is commencing, with us, alas! it is finished. For myself, I have remained at Paris when every body else has quitted it, and have not yet made up my mind when I shall follow their example. The town is most abominably dull, and I cannot express to you with what regret, I have seen all my friends leave it for the country, or the different watering places. I am enabled to describe to you a few toilettes which I have lately seen at different breakfasts; but you will, perhaps, find them very simple, compared with the splendid dresses which are displayed at your brilliant parties.

As to new materials, we have none, but Miss C. informs me, that, in this respect, you are far more fortunate than we are. I understand you have some beautiful things quite in the style of former days, and which we shall not see till the winter. In truth, my dear friend, it must in future be from you that I should look for information respecting the fashions, for you have certainly now persons among you who bid fair to eclipse our *marchands*, and, after what I have seen, are fully competent to give them lessons in taste.

Mulin dresses, or pelisses, *organdie brodee*, lined with different colours, are worn for half-dress, the capes trimmed with a quantity of lace; betwixt the rows of lace are ornaments of gauze riband.

The luxury of habit shirts is carried this year to a greater extreme than ever, and you would scarcely believe to what an extravagant price we go for the *collifichets*.

In more dressy toilettes, I have seen some very pretty gauzes used for those which are made with short sleeves. These dresses are generally a *corsage a pointes*, trimmed with white and black blonde. Some ladies use old-fashioned laces to trim those which are less dressy. The former have always an under-dress, either of satin, or of *gros de Naples* of the same colour with the gauze, and sometimes the white ones are lined with colours, pink, blue, lilac, citron, and English green.

I have had some dresses made for a country party in the neighbourhood of Paris, where I am going to spend a week.

I must first, however, mention to you a riding habit, which I intend to take with me to the country for my riding excursions, and which every person to whom I have shown it thinks beautiful. You know that we never trust a tailor with the making of those costumes,

but on the contrary we put them into the hands of our most experienced dress-makers; they are thus much more graceful than when made by men.

The petticoat of my riding habit is of dark green cashmere; the *corsage* is a beautiful *canezou* of plaited batiste, and embroidered. This *canezou* has a small embroidered collar, trimmed with a Valenciennes lace, under which a cravat is placed, which ought always to consist of China or watered gros de Naples. I have several *canezous*, but I have described the prettiest.

I have a very pretty pelisse in *glace gros de Naples*, parouet green and white, the sleeves very large above, and very small below; the *corsage* flat, the front trimmed with bows of riband, and with this pelisse I wore a *mantelet* of black blonde, trimmed with riband of the same shade as my dress. I also wore with it a hat of *chip*, with a bunch of pink and green flowers; it was trimmed with blonde and pink riband. Instead of buskins, which are only worn of a morning, I have had laced gaiters of bronze gros de Naples to wear with English leather shoes of that colour.

For dinner, I have a lawn dress of lilac, a *l'oreille brochee* of the same colour, with short sleeves, the *corsage a drape et pointe*, the mantille of black blonde; with this I wear long open-worked mittens, exceedingly fine. When I have not my head dressed, I wear with this *toilette* a small cap of black blonde, with flowers the colour of the dress, and gauze ribands.

I have another dress for rainy weather. It is of China silk, with a bronze ground; it has small *ramages* of bright colours, a flat *corsage* and pelerine to match, with long points embroidered, and borders of different colours. I have also had made for this *neglige* a hat of *tissu straw*, with a half-veil of black blonde, and black ornaments. I have also some very pretty *peignoirs* for the morning, one of chalis, with a large Gothic pattern; another of *La Chine* made a *cousses*, and a third of jaconet *maulin*, trimmed with *garnitures* of embroidered muslin.

I have several morning caps in blonde and *maulin* trimmed with lace. Hats continue to be worn somewhat larger, and few are made without feathers or flowers and ornaments of blonde. Aprons of *moire* in deep colours, either embroidered or trimmed with black lace, are quite the rage.

Small bags of figured *gros de Naples*, or of black lace, lined with light colours, are worn more than ever. *Mantelets* are likewise worn of puce and black silk, lined with all sorts of light colours, and trimmed with black lace or blonde, having a falling collar also trimmed with these materials.

Morning dresses are generally made in the form of pelisses. The form of evening dresses has not at all changed since my last letter. I have seen nothing remarkable at the play, for all the fashionables have relinquished the theatres for the present, and are not likely to visit them for several months to come.

Adieu, my dear Louise,

Yours, ever sincerely,

A. DE M.

SIR ROGER DE CALVERLEY'S GHOST.

Your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

— This thing of darkness
I acknowledge mine.—*The Tempest.*

THE little village of Calverley, about six miles from the town of Leeds, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque that can be found in the west riding of Yorkshire. The whole of the riding may, indeed, challenge competition, for the richness and variety of its scenery, with any place of similar extent in the kingdom; and, among the many charming spots which it contains, Calverley is entitled to the pre-eminence. The road from Leeds to this village is pretty, even now; but, at the time to which this tale relates, it was infinitely more so. Calverley Wood, which the necessities of subsequent proprietors have reduced to very modest dimensions, extended in the seventeenth century for nearly four miles towards the town of Leeds. The river Aire ran through a part of it, and bounded its extremity, where a large wooden bridge was thrown over it.

There is not a child (not to say an old woman) in the neighbourhood but knows—and, if you should doubt the fact, will swear—that this wood is haunted by the ghost of Sir Roger de Calverley, who was pressed to death in the reign of Edward IV. in consequence of his refusing to plead to an indictment against him for murdering two of his children. Some of what lawyers call the “ancient people” have even seen the ghost with their own proper eyes, and all the inhabitants know somebody who has seen it. The story goes, besides, that the hours of the spectre’s appearance are between twelve and one o’clock at midnight; and that he will leap behind the traveller as he passes through the wood, and ride on the horse’s crupper to the next running stream.

That the ghost did once appear, and act in the odd manner here imputed to him, cannot be doubted; because the facts, as they are detailed in the following history, are as true as any story that ever was told.

The whole of the domain on which the village of Calverley now stands, and the wood just mentioned, as well as a noble mansion called Calverley House, the very ruins of which have disappeared, were in the beginning of the civil wars the property of the Vavasour family. Soon after the commencement of the troubles, Sir Ralph Vavasour died, and left the honours and the estates of his ancient house to be supported by his only son.

Sir Edward Vavasour was of a temper wholly unfitted for the times in which it was his lot to live. He had availed himself of all the advantages which his rank and fortune afforded him; and, after being carefully educated at home, had passed several years in France with his maternal relations, who were of one of the first families in that country. His mind was highly cultivated, and all his habits were of that polished and refined kind which can only be acquired by a residence in courts, and the society of enlightened and noble persons. On his return to England he was soon acknowledged to be among the chief ornaments of the British nobility. The king distinguished him by his favour; and the winning suavity of the youthful baronet’s manners, added to his accomplishments and personal advantages, made him an universal favourite with the inhabitants of the court.

He had married, shortly before his father’s death, the Lady Margaret Butler, a distant relation of the Earl of Newcastle; and this union cemented that intimate friendship which a congeniality of taste had

already formed between Sir Edward and that gallant nobleman.

The state of the times obliged him to retire to Yorkshire, as well to take possession of his paternal estates as to repress by his presence some of the disorders which were beginning to manifest themselves. The influence which a landlord then possessed over his tenantry could not be loosened by any very sudden process, because it was the consequence of numerous and almost paternal kindnesses on the part of the superior, which the inferiors duly appreciated; and it was then no less the desire than it must always be the interest of both parties to support each other. Owing to this feeling on the part of his tenants, the district in which Sir Edward resided, was comparatively tranquil; and he remained at Calverley for some years, a quiet, but not an indifferent, spectator of the events which took place, and without finding any occasion to take an active part in the contest, which raged around without reaching him.

The pernicious contagion of example did, at length, however, reach Calverley; and Sir Edward saw with great pain that he had no alternative but to take up arms against the parliamentary power, whose object, (however just might be the pretences on which they had set out,) now seemed to be the establishment of a tyranny at least as hateful as that of the worst kings. Sir Edward was full of that true and fervent courage which springs from a perfect rectitude of principle and reason, but he was nevertheless reluctant to become a soldier. After the description which has been given of his character, it will be seen that fear (a sensation to which, indeed, he was a total stranger) had no share in causing this disinclination; but it was induced, because he felt he could be more usefully, if not more honourably, employed than in making war, and because nothing but the most stern and unyielding necessity could justify the shedding of blood in such a cause as that which now divided the kingdom, and had broken asunder the most holy and kindly bonds of humanity and of society. Driven, however, to adopt a course which he regretted, he was no sooner convinced that it was at once imperative and inevitable, than he proceeded to enter upon it with the utmost alacrity. He raised a troop of his own tenantry, and, taking an affectionate leave of his mother, of his beautiful young wife, and of two lovely children, who had been added to crown his matrimonial felicity, he placed himself at the head of his retainers, and joined the standard of his friend, who was now the Marquis of Newcastle.

His activity and skill were of the greatest service to the royal cause, and had the effect of exposing him in proportion to the hatred of the opposite faction. Military rank was offered to him repeatedly, and was as often refused without the least hesitation. His reply to the king himself, and to his friend the marquis, was always the same. He had joined the army because he felt it was his duty to support the state, which he saw in danger. The post of a mere volunteer afforded him as good an opportunity of discharging his duty, as he could look for in a much higher rank, and he felt that a simple command was most consistent with his character as a country gentleman. There were, besides, a sufficient number of aspirants for promotion; and he might, perhaps, have thought that his openly declining to increase the number, would teach some

of them to moderate their pretensions: but, although he had no other command than that of captain of his own company, his achievements had been of such a nature as to attract the attention of the enemy no less than of his own party. In the northern counties of England his name was well known; and, great as was the reputation of the Marquis of Newcastle's forces, he was confessed on all hands to be one of its chief ornaments.

Up to the period of the battle of Marston Moor the cause of the king seemed in a prosperous condition. The event of that conflict, however, gave a blow to the royal interests which they never afterwards recovered. Prince Rupert not only insisted upon giving the enemy battle, contrary to the opinion and advice of the Marquis of Newcastle; but he persisted in so ungracious a manner, and so entirely took the command out of the hands of the marquis, that, even if the issue had been less disastrous than it was, the latter nobleman never could again have endured to bear arms in a cause which should place him under the orders of the rash German prince.

It is not necessary to detail the course of that unlucky fight, which, after seeming to incline in favour of either side, at length terminated in the total defeat of the king's troops. It is well known that, notwithstanding the discontent for which the Marquis of Newcastle had so much cause, he, and the force under his command, signalized themselves by deeds of the most determined valour; that they bore the whole weight of the enemy's attack; that they more than once turned the tide of the battle; and that, if they had been allowed to follow up the advantages which they had gained, the defeat of the parliamentary forces would have been certain and signal. The rashness of Prince Rupert led him into an absurd pursuit of one division of the enemy; while his envy of the marquis's superior abilities forbade his surrendering to him any part of the direction of the battle. The consequence was that the close of the day found the much larger part of the king's troops irretrievably beaten; and Prince Rupert then retreated with his horse, and such of the infantry as chose to follow him, within the walls of the city of York. The dead bodies of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiments marked the position which they had taken up in the beginning of the fight, and from which death in its most overwhelming shape had not been able to force them.

The Marquis of Newcastle, his staff, and a few of his officers, who, being well mounted, were able to accompany him, retreated also to York when the face of the fight had become so desperate, that to stay any longer was wholly unavailing. Sir Edward Vavasour fell early in the action; the most painful search was made for his body on the following day, by the orders of the Marquis of Newcastle, but in vain. A few days afterwards some of his servants were sent by his mother, who had influence enough to obtain permission of the parliamentary commander for this purpose; but their endeavours to discover their master amidst the disfigured slain were equally fruitless.

Besides the mischief, which a discomfiture like the loss of such a fight as this must always occasion to the cause of the party upon which it falls, the secession of the Marquis of Newcastle was no less injurious to the king. The Marquis, very soon after the battle, expressed his intention of quitting a country, which, he said, he was convinced he could not save, but which he still loved too well to witness its falling a prey to the ruin which must necessarily ensue. He withdrew with the small number of his adherents who remained; and, escorted by a single troop of horse, he went to Scarborough, where he embarked on board a ship of his own, and sailed for Hamburg.

The affliction of the family at Calverley may be better imagined than described at the news of the

defeat at Marston Moor, and the death of Sir Edward. All the ordinary forms of mourning were adopted; search was made, as we have already said, for the body of the baronet; and this proving unsuccessful, the old Lady Vavasour, who was a woman of uncommon energy, and whose conduct had secured for her the respect even of such of her neighbours as had espoused the opposite party, procured, without much difficulty, permission for herself, her daughter-in-law, the children, and her servants, to repair to Hull, where she had engaged a vessel to carry her to France, her native country.

It now becomes necessary to impart a secret, which, if the Roundheads had been acquainted with, would have thwarted the dowager lady's plans, and somewhat have frustrated the events of this history. Sir Edward Vavasour was not dead. It is true that he had fallen at Marston; and it is no less true that nothing would have induced him to quit the field alive, if he had been in a situation to act for himself.

At the moment, however, that he fell, a gentleman who was devotedly attached to him, and who had always an unlucky habit of interfering in the concerns of other people, happened to be close by him. This was Sir William D'Avenant, who, from having been, in the "piping times of peace," merely an idle courtier and poet, had now become a soldier of some renown; and, being an adherent and retainer of the Marquis, he was intrusted with a nominally important command, which somebody else executed for him. He loved Sir Edward with the warmest and most disinterested affection; they were sworn brothers: in their less busy times they had capped verses at court, and once clubbed a masque at a royal entertainment. The knight's duty ought to have kept him in York on that day; but his busy propensities led him to Marston Moor; and, when there, his inclination induced him to fight near Sir Edward Vavasour.

Sir William's courage was of a companionable quality; he could never fight until some one would set him the example: by himself, he said, he felt like one line in a couplet, in want of another to rhyme with. He confessed he was so indolent, that, upon some occasions, he would rather be kicked than fight single-handed; yet, such was the sociability of his temper, that, side by side with a real fighting man, he would lay on like one of the Knights of the Round Table. He had been mauling all the parliamentarians who came within his reach with true poetical fervour, bestowing along with each blow some quaint imprecation or odd nick-name upon his adversary, to the great amusement of the soldiers near him, with all of whom he was a great favourite. Not one of the rogues that he smote but he had a jest or a sarcasm for; and he had been cracking skulls and jokes until his strength and his wit were considerably impaired. The conviction that the day was decidedly going against his party came at the same moment that he found himself making a short blow and a bad pun. At this instant, too, he saw his friend Sir Edward go down from a blow dealt to him by a rawboned butcher of Tadcaster, who was a captain in the parliamentary army.

"Knave!" he cried, as he spurred his horse against this ruffian, "thou shalt no more shed the blood of man nor of beast!" and, rising in his stirrups, he cleft the savage giant's head nearly asunder, and brought him down to the ground. "Thus," he continued, "do I revenge my friend, and many a score of honest sheep and oxen."

At this moment a vigorous charge drove back the enemy; and Sir William, whose courage, now that his friend was not able to back it with his example, began to flag, and, like Acres' "to ooze out at his fingers' ends," thought it was an admirable opportunity to return to York, and to carry the prostrate Sir Edward with him, where his wounds might be tended,

if, indeed, (which he very much doubted) medical skill could avail them.

With the assistance of an old soldier, of whose life this was the last kind action, (for a random shot from a Roundhead blacksmith's petronel sent him soon afterwards into the kingdom of the ghosts,) he placed Sir Edward, now nearly insensible, before him on his horse, and set off at a round pace towards York. He soon found, however, that it was hopeless to attempt to reach the city, for a party of the enemy's horse lay before him. To his still greater mortification he saw that he was observed by them: turning, therefore, his horse's head round, he spurred without sparing, and fairly fled away, not knowing nor caring whither, so that he might distance them.

In this he succeeded, for the foes were at that moment much too busily employed to think of pursuing him very far. He proved on this occasion the truth of his favourite saying, that his greatest talent consisted in running away; and, after half an hour's riding, he had completely distanced the soldiers who endeavoured to take him, and had blown his horse. Night was now drawing in: he alighted from the charger, and, loosening his girths, he asked Sir Edward what he thought it would be the best to do?

The baronet was too much exhausted with the pain of his wounds and the loss of blood to answer at any length; but he contrived to express his opinion, that, if by any means they could reach Calverley, it would be better to do so, since all hopes of returning to York were cut off.

"Zounds!" cried the knight, "that's easier talked of than done, my dear Sir Edward. Poor Hamlet, here, whom I so named in honour of my godfather, Shakespeare, and because, his black hide looks in as deep mourning as the Danish prince's suit of sables, is blowing like a smith's forge. What sayest thou, lad?" he continued, apostrophizing the steed, and patting his neck, "canst thou carry us a dozen miles before supper-time? Thou'lt try, I warrant."

He walked by the horse's side for some time, until the animal had pretty well recovered his wind; and, then mounting him again, they proceeded at a sharp pace by a cross road, which Sir Edward was able to describe to his companion, in the direction of Calverley.

Within about five miles of Calverley, Sir William perceived a man before him, mounted on a stout gelding. To accost him he knew was dangerous; but to pass him without doing so might engender suspicions, which could scarcely be less injurious in his present condition. He therefore boldly rode up, and civilly saluted him.

"Whither goest thou, friend?" asked the stranger, in the snuffling tone adopted by the puritans of that day.

Sir William found that the stranger, though not drunk, was what is courteously called "rather disguised in liquor:" he also knew instantly of what description of person he must be, and that he had every thing to fear from him if he should discover who he was. He therefore replied that he was a clothier going to Leeds, and that his companion, who rode before him, had been thrown from his own horse, and was so much hurt that he could not keep his saddle without assistance.

"Art thou a friend to the cause?" asked the stranger.

"With all my heart," replied Sir William; although he was quite sure that the stranger spoke of a very different cause from that to which he meant his own equivocal answer to reply.

"Thou hast a passport from Sir Edward Fairfax, then, to travel this road?" said the stranger.

"I have," replied Sir William, to whom a round lie never cost an effort; and who, as far as his invention could stretch, was never without a passport.

"I have authority to inspect it," said the stranger; and, when we come nigh unto the house of reception, called by the ungodly the Fighting Cocks, about a mile hence, thou shalt produce it before me, that mine eyes may see the truth of thy ways."

"Willingly," said Sir William; "but I pray thee, sir, tell me who it is that this dark night has brought me acquainted with?"

"I am Ananias Fats," replied the other, "an unworthy servant of the Lord: I minister the word of the Meat High, and fight his battles with the arm of flesh when need is, seeing that I am, besides, a captain of Hewson's regiment."

"We must cut his throat," whispered Sir William to his companion. "Art thou that holy man," he added aloud, and with a conventicle twang—"art thou he, whose pious exhortations do arouse the lost people, and whose speech stirs up their sleeping zeal, even as the trumpet rouseth the war-horse?"

"Yea, verily, I am that unworthy vessel," replied Brother Fats.

"And how do thy labours prosper?" asked Sir William in a similar tone. "Do the people of this land hearken unto thy counsel, and give ear to thy pious inspirations?"

"Deaf! deaf!" replied the other, who thought he had fallen in with one of his own stamp. "Were it not that the arm of flesh is strong, and that I can smite those who will not be persuaded, this place would be little better than a howling wilderness. Lo! there are many who do shut up their ears and close their understandings against the counsel of my lips."

"Ignorant and deluded people! But they are of the baser and more brutish class, I must believe."

"Not always, for there is a stiff-necked generation even among those who have horses and chariots, and whose treasuries are filled with silver and brass."

"Alas! alas! who are such blind and deaf wretches? who are they that, like the adder, are deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely!"

"There be many such, my brother; and, among others, there is the malignant Lady Vavasour." Here Sir Edward made an impatient movement, which D'Avenant repressed. "I am now," continued the Puritan, "on my road, to try once more if I can open her eyes to the sinfulness of her ways, and prevail upon her to bring back to his duty her wilful son, who has taken up arms for the man whom he calls king."

"Here's a crop-eared villain!" whispered D'Avenant. "But how," he pursued aloud, "do you gain admission to her ladyship?"

"The Parliament's arms are too strong to brook denial, and, I have their authority for what I do; so that, albeit her ladyship loveth not the holy ones, I do, nevertheless, purpose to sojourn beneath her roof for many days. It is, as I have been told by Brother Goggle, a goodly dwelling; and the cook is a man cunning in his art, and much skilled in the science of the flesh-pots of Egypt. I shall tarry there, for it is the duty of the saints to feed upon the substance of the unrighteous."

While the communicative Ananias, under the influence of certain potatoes of ale, was telling his new acquaintance what he meant to do, the latter held a short colloquy in whispers with the baronet. The result of their conference was very soon put into practice. Sir William pulled up his horse, and alighted under the pretence that he had cast a shoe. Ananias checked his beast also; and, before he had time to say a word, he found himself unhorsed and prostrate, with his false friend's knee on his breast, and his pistol at his throat.

"If you speak or stir, you Roundhead villain," cried Sir William, "this moment is your last. Now, where is the commission you told me of?"

Ananias was one of those amiable men who see

never fond of fighting although they often talk of it; and he was not so drunk but that he knew two men against one were odds, particularly when the one man is on the broad of his back, with a loaded pistol only half an inch from his throat.

"Spare my life, gentle cavalier," said the prostrate Puritan. "Let me live, and you shall have all I possess."

"If you had as many lives as are in Plutarch, I would not spare one of them, unless, in the first place, you give me the commission," repeated Sir William.

"Where is it thou wicked Ananias?"

"In my saddle bags," replied Ananias.

"Clap them on our horse, Sir Edward," said the knight to his companion, who, notwithstanding his weakness, had alighted, and now immediately transferred the bags to Hamlet's back.

"And now," said Sir William to the Puritan, "if I should spare thy forfeit life, and give thee another chance with the old one to save thy soul, wilt thou take thyself away from this neighbourhood? for I swear to thee, upon the word of one that hates all Puritans as much as he hates the great devil, who is the father of them and thee, that, if thou art found within thirty miles of this place for the next month, I will spoil thy exhortations for even. Dost thou promise to obey?"

"Yea, verily, I do, perforce."

"And without any of those cozening double-meaning reservations for which thy brotherhood have become so famous?"

"So thou wilt spare my life, I promise," said the elder.

"Why, then, I think I will spare thee, not for any love of thee, but because I hate the blood of all thy race, so much that I would not even let it out when I can avoid it. But give me thy sword," he said, as he loosened the sword-belt of the elder, and handed the weapon to Sir Edward; "and I think, too," he added, "I will have thee change clothes with me."

He loosed his grasp a little, and helped the Round-head to rise, but still kept his pistol near enough to make an impression on him.

"Now, then," he said, "unfrock, and speedily! 'It is a naughty night to swim in,' but thou must strip. Be quick, Ananias; thou wert never before honoured with such a *valet de chambre*. Come, thy cloak and band, and the rest of the sheep's clothing in which thou dost ensconce thy wolf's body. Come quickly!" and he added a blow with the flat side of his sword, to quicken the tardy operations of the elder, who, with many wry faces and great reluctance, did his bidding.

Sir William then transferred his pistol to Sir Edward, with a particular request that, if the Puritan evinced the least symptoms of treachery or refractoriness, he would be so obliging as to shoot him through the head without hesitation or ceremony.

Sir Edward promised; and the knight stripped off his own uniform with great despatch, making Ananias put it on, while he assumed his garb.

When the exchange was completed, Sir William pinioned Ananias's arms, and helped him upon his horse; after which he tied his legs very effectually beneath the animal's belly.

He then went to the road side, and cutting up a stout thistle, he carefully tied it under the tail of the elder's steed.

"There!" he said, "Ananias; as I have prevented thee from smiting thy charger's sides with thy spurs, I have provided for thy rapid journey by putting a goad to his tail; and, as the beast looks to have mettle, I warrant that he will not shortly slacken his pace."

As he finished speaking, he gave the horse a smart blow, at which he set off in a gallop; and the incessant motion of the thistle, which at every bound struck against his flanks, soon increased his pace, to the terror

of Ananias, who went off like Mazeppa on his wild horse.

"Away! away! and on they dash—
Torrents less rapid and less rash."

The elder's journey was not very long: the horse, maddened by the constant stinging in his rear, kept on with unabated speed until he reached a *vidette* of the parliamentary army, placed about ten miles short of York. The horse, attracted by the light of the soldier's fire, bounded towards it: the guards, seeing a man in the royal uniform riding up to them, betook themselves to their arms; and, before Ananias, who was breathless with fright, could make himself understood, he was shot through the head by a particular friend and townsman of his own, Tribulation Holdfast, who had quitted his trade of a cobbler to become a corporal in Cromwell's regiment. Ananias and he had been companions in wickedness from their boyhood upward, and had both taken to the thriving trade of hypocrisy just at that time when every body who knew them predicted that the gallows must be their inevitable fate. They had both been poachers and deer-stealers: Tribulation had a habit of squinting, and was always reckoned a crack shot by night, or at other improper and unseasonable times; but his skill was never advantageous to the rest of the world, excepting on this occasion. When he examined, by the fire-light, the face of his prey, he was astonished to find his old friend Ananias, and still more so to see him bound hand and foot, and in the uniform of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiment. He was, however, sure that there was a mistake in some quarter or other; and, to put an end to any needless inquiries, which might turn out unpleasantly for himself, he, with the assistance of his comrades, dug a hasty grave, in which the carcass and the memory of Ananias Fats were buried together.

Sir William D'Avenant knew nothing—and, if he had, he would have cared as little—about the rogue he had thus sent headlong to meet his fate. Sir Edward—who, faint and exhausted as he was, had not been able to refrain from laughter at the manner in which D'Avenant had stripped the Puritan, and then dismissed him—now asked his friend what he purposed doing?

"I do intend, with your honour's permission," he replied, "to present myself at Calverley Hall, in the venerable character of Ananias Fats. It would be something dangerous, as well to the good ladies there as to our own insignificant throats, to appear in our proper persons at this juncture: I propose, therefore, to go first, and sound the place; after which I will return to you, and effect your entry. Do you approve of this?"

"Do as you will—your ingenuity and discretion are the best qualities in the world to rely upon in danger; and, just now, I am really so much exhausted that I am wholly incapable of any exertion."

"No matter, gentle cavalier; I will personate this zealous brother so to the life, that, if you could see me, you would be fain to cry out, with Falstaff's hostess, 'O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see.'"

"I believe," he continued, as they rode onwards, "that I was born under an acting planet: the theatre seems to be my destiny; and, unless these patient Puritans should succeed in rooting out, as they threaten to do, the drama from this nation, I believe I shall take up with poetry, and the stage at last. All this comes of having a dramatist for my godfather: if any other than gentle Will Shakespeare had held me over the font, I might have escaped so beggarly a lot; but, hang Care! I would not exchange such a sponsor for a better—even if the world ever saw a better, which I doubt

They now approached Calverley Hall, and, by Sir Edward's directions, rode through the park to a small summer-house, which stood at the end of the garden. Here the poet assisted his friend to alight; and, having bestowed him safely upon a couch, he turned his horse into the carriage road, and trotted up at a smart pace to the great entrance. After rapping for some time with the butt-end of his pistol at the door, he heard steps proceeding along the spacious hall; and soon afterwards a small wicket in the door was opened, and he saw the white head of old Gervase, the butler, peeping through it.

"How now? who knocks here at this time o'night?" was asked from within.

"Verily, one of the brethren, who seeketh to commune with the Lady Vavasour," replied the knight, in the tone of the character he had assumed.

"Then, my brother, you must come to-morrow," replied the servant, with an ill-tempered scorn, which raised him highly in Sir William's opinion. "My lady sees neither brother nor sister to-night."

"Man, thou art uncivil," said Sir William; "I have General Fairfax's commission to enter this dwelling."

"This is not General Fairfax's house, but my master's Sir Edward Vavasour; and, unless you have his commission, you enter not here." A good deal of grumbling about "crop-eared canting thieves" followed, which was not quite distinct.

"Do you then resist? and must I use force?"

"You must do just as you like, only I tell you that I have a firelock here; and Ralph, the gardener, has gotten another, which he'll fire from the other side of the house when he hears mine; and, this pitch dark night, we can neither of us tell one o' the brethren, as you call yourself, from a housebreaker; so, unless thy hide be bullet-proof, 'ware making any disturbance here."

Sir William heard the old fellow winding up the lock of his piece; and, when he had finished, the iron-shod butt of it rung upon the stone floor of the hall. He began to think that his masquerading might turn out seriously, so he alighted and approached the door.

"Gervase," he said, in a lower tone, and in his natural way of speaking, "if you love your master, open instantly. I am alone, you have naught to fear."

"Body o' me, though," cried the old butler, to whom the voice was familiar, "that cannot be one of the brethren! Let us look at thy face, man;" and he held his candle up to the wicket.

"Lord love your honour, I know you by your nose," cried Gervase, as he hastened to undo the heavy fastenings of the door, and to admit Sir William.

In a few words the knight explained to him the necessity there was for keeping Sir Edward's arrival secret, lest, as he feared, after the defeat at Marston, the whole country should fall into the hands of the parliamentarians, and in that case his life would be hardly safe. For this purpose he told the butler that he intended to keep up the character of the Puritan whose clothes he wore; and that with the exception of himself and the ladies, he wished no one in the house to know him but as Brother Ananias Fats. He then bade him accompany him to the little pavilion, whence they carried Sir Edward into the house unperceived, most of the servants being at this time in bed. Sir William, after having seen Hamlet safely stabled, desired to be announced to the ladies.

Their anxiety to know the result of a battle, in which Sir Edward was certain to be engaged, had prevented them from retiring to rest; and, although it was now near midnight, and of course long past the hour at which even ladies of quality in those times sought their pillows, the Ladies Vavasour were still up. The dowager lady was employed in working at a tapestry frame, in which she was assisted by a pretty black-eyed girl, an attendant, somewhat above the

degree of a servant. The Lady Margaret had been reading aloud the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia," and was just arriving at the termination of the tragic story of Argalus and Parthenia.

The progress towards a perfection of style, which our language has made since the period when this delightful romance was written, prevents us in a great measure from relishing the quaintness of its expressions; but, in spite of this disadvantage, it would be impossible to deny to it as a whole, and to this episode in particular, the possession of very powerful pathos.

The Lady Vavasour had read the account of the death of Argalus, and the sequel, showing how the poor heart-stricken Parthenia, carried by her grief beyond the bounds of reason and the customs of her sex, had put on the armour of a warrior, and, calling herself the Knight of the Tomb, defied, in this disguise, the gallant Amphialus, by whose hand her lover had fallen. Her taunts and insults provoked Amphialus, who would willingly have spared her, to inflict a mortal wound upon her neck; when, upon alighting to see the face of his unknown discourteous antagonist, he discovered, to his grief and horror, that she was a woman.

"The head-piece was no sooner off, but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of faire golden haire, which, with the face (soone known by the badge of excellency), witnessed that it was Parthenia, the unfortunately vertuous wife of Argalus; her beauty then, even in despite of the passed sorrow or coming death, assuring all beholders that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes having, with continual weeping, gotten a little redness about them; her roundly sweetly-swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour Death; in her cheeks the whitenesse, striving by little and little to get upon the rosinesse of them; her neck (a neck, indeed, of alabaster) displaying the wound, which, with most dainty blood, laboured to drown its own beauties; so, as here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfittest white, each giving lustre to the other, with the sweet countenance (God knows) full of an unaffected languishing. Though these things to a grossly conceiving sense might seem disgracious, yet, indeed, were they but apprelling beauty in a new fashion, which (all looking upon through the spectacles of pity) did even increase the lines of her natural fairenesse; so as Amphialus was astonished with grief, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune, that made him unfortunate in victory."

This tale had excited abundance of tears from the two ladies, whose anxiety for Sir Edward's fate made them full of sympathy for the fabled woes of the personages of the romance; while the black-eyed Dorothy—whose heart had yet experienced so few sorrows of its own, that her tears were always ready to start for those of others, either real or imaginary—wept until she could hardly see her needle.

This melancholy party was disturbed by the entrance of Gervase, who announced Master Ananias Fats, to the astonishment and displeasure of the ladies. They could not conceive what had induced the butler to depart from the ceremonious respect with which he usually approached them, and more particularly in favour of a man bearing such a name.

There was, however, no time to chide, for Ananias entered close upon Gervase's heel, and, with the insolent awkwardness which distinguished the Puritans of the time, he advanced towards the old lady, keeping his hat on, and saluting her in no other way than with a long drawing sigh, partaking somewhat of the mixed nature of a groan and a snuffe.

The old lady drew herself up with all the dignity she could command; and, if looks had the power to slay, hers would have pierced the pseudo Ananias through and through.

Sir William, however, looked at her without changing the affected gravity of his countenance. "Sister," he said, "if thou art she whom men call the Lady Vavasour, I would speak with thee."

"I am the dowager Lady Vavasour."

"Hum! Dismiss the maiden."

"I can have no conversation with thee which she as well as all the rest of my household may not hear."

"Sister, be not obstinate;—again I say unto thee, dismiss the maiden."

"I have no other reply to make to your insolence, but to request you will speedily do your errand, (unwelcome, whatever it may be,) and that you relieve me from this intrusion."

"Sister, thou art—a woman." He added, in a lower tone, "*Il faut qu'elle nous quitte; les nouvelles dont je suis chargés ne sont que pour vous et Madame.*"

The old lady was more astonished than ever at hearing the Puritan speak in French. She saw immediately that there must be some mystery; and now she could account for the abruptness of the entrance of Gervase, who, she did not doubt, was acquainted with it. She therefore told Dorothy, whose large black eyes were rolling about in utter astonishment, to retire.

As soon as the girl was gone, Sir William untied the string of his high-crowned hat, and, his hair falling about his shoulders, he appeared in his own shape—that of an old and valued acquaintance. He related the fatal event of the fight at Marston; the destruction of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiments; the ill fortune of Sir Edward; and shortly touched upon the manner of his escape. This recital, short as it was, was interrupted by the anxious inquiries of the tender and affectionate Lady Margaret, who, when she learnt that her husband was in the house, insisted on being led to him instantly. Sir William moderated her impatience as well as he could; he assured her that Sir Edward was in no danger, although his wounds would render him incapable of any exertion for several days to come; but that which had the most weight with her was his representation of the peril to which her husband's life might be exposed if it should be known that he was at Calverley. A council was held as to the best place of lodging the wounded baronet at once safely and commodiously. It was soon decided that he should occupy two small chambers which formed part of a suite of rooms, and from which a secret staircase led into a little pavilion in the garden: this staircase was seldom opened, and known only to the old servants; and the entrance to the rooms with which it was connected, being in the wainscot, might be easily concealed by a couch, or any other piece of furniture. The preparations were soon made, and before morning Sir Edward was safely installed in his new quarters, and under the care of his fond wife and mother. Here he lived for nearly a month: he was able to take exercise at night in the grounds and in the adjoining wood, and the days were passed in the most agreeable manner. His wounds, which their numbers alone rendered formidable, were nearly well; and he now began to think what steps should be taken for the future. To stay in England seemed useless to the king's cause, and dangerous not only to himself, but to those who were far dearer to him than himself. The example the Marquis of Newcastle had set him of quitting the kingdom, which, if he had been alone, he would not have followed, now seemed the best course for him to pursue, and to this the persuasions of his mother and his wife also strongly inclined him. The dissensions, and, as it sometimes appeared to him, the devoted follies of the royal party, were hardly less disgusting than the falsehood and villany of the parliament. At length he resolved to adopt this measure. The news of his death had long been received at Calverley, and was universally believed by all but those who were in the secret. The servants had been all

put into mourning, and preparations made for the departure of the ladies and the children to France. Permission was obtained without much difficulty, because the prospect of so fat a sequestration as the estate at Calverley was too enticing to permit the members of the council to throw any obstacle in the way of it.

Sir William D'Avenant liked so well the character of the Puritan that he continued to keep it up, and he had even the audacity to travel to Hull under the name of Fats, notwithstanding the possibility which he believed might exist of his meeting the real owner of that dignified appellation. Our readers know that such a possibility was, to say the least, a very remote one; but Sir William, who was not so sure of that fact, had resolved, in case he should meet him, to outface the brother; and he did not doubt that, after a whole fortnight's practice, he should be enabled to beat him, even at his own weapons.

He went to Hull for the purpose of engaging a vessel to carry the Lady Vavasour and her household to France, and had the good fortune to light upon an honest fellow, who commanded a smuggling lugger, and who hated the parliament so much that it was with difficulty D'Avenant could get him to treat with a person of his appearance. Having, however, invited him to the inn at which he lodged, he made so favourable an impression upon the skipper as to overcome all his scruples, although he did it at the expense of a headache, the consequence of keeping the seaman in countenance while he discussed a huge can of a composition, that he called *rumbo*, and which he mixed with his own hand. By the time they were at the bottom of their beverage, the skipper, drunk as he was, was satisfied that D'Avenant was no more a Puritan than himself, and he promised to hold himself ready for sea as soon as he should receive orders. Gamblers and smugglers and thieves are all honourable men, and scrupulously observant of their promises when it suits their interest to be so: of such men it may be truly said, that their words are better than their bonds; and as, in this instance, Master Roger Blurt could get nothing by breaking his engagement, he stood to it like a stout fellow.

Upon Sir William's return to Calverley the preparations for the removal were set about with the greatest diligence; and, in the course of a very few days, the chief part of what was intended to be taken away was carried down to Hull. The other arrangements were also completed, and it was settled that at the close of the day the ladies should depart in a carriage; under the escort of old Gervase and another servant, and accompanied by Brother Ananias, who had condescendingly promised to see them embark.

A livery suit had been provided for Sir Edward exactly like that of the servant who was to attend the carriage with Gervase; and it had been settled that he should make the first part of the journey in the carriage, and that the party should not set out until late in the day, in order to shun observation. They were to cross the bridge at the end of Calverley Wood, and then to take a road by which they should avoid the town of Leeds, where the greatest, or rather the only, danger awaited them. After travelling all night, the servant, a trusty lad, the son of one of Sir Edward's tenants, was to be dismissed, and the baronet to take his character and his place. Relays had been provided on the road, and the whole journey was to be made without stopping any longer than might be wholly unavoidable.

No plan could have been more cleverly arranged; but it is the fate of all human plans to be subject to accidents, which traverse and baffle them. As poor Burns sung,

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gee;"

and those of the junto at Calverley were not exempt from this common lot.

On the day fixed for the departure they were sitting after dinner, and the conversation had taken a melancholy tone, which was probably occasioned by their being about to quit a spot around which all their best affections were entwined: the prospect, too, of going to another and a foreign country, perhaps for ever, under all the disadvantages of exile, and exposed to innumerable privations so hard to bear by persons who had, until this time, lived in almost unlimited opulence, was not very cheering. If it had not been for the charm (oftentimes deceitful, but, even at the worst, still a charm) which Hope throws about the human heart in its saddest moods, the sorrow of the inmates of Calverley would have been greater; but they thought of their return, and this mitigated their regret at being compelled to depart.

Sir William D'Avenant, whose cheerfulness and vivacity were never to be subdued, drew a glowing picture of the delight with which they would greet Calverley when a short residence abroad had made them duly appreciate its beauties, which he said they were far from doing at present.—Then he talked of France, whither they were going; he described the gaiety and brilliancy of the French court, until he even made the gentle Lady Margaret think it might be as well to see it. He spoke to the old lady of the stately dignity and decorous etiquette which prevailed there—of the respect with which the aristocracy was treated by the people—until she believed that, if she could come back when she liked, she should have pleasure in visiting again a country which she had not seen since her childhood, and which was the native land of her ancestors. He praised the chivalrous and gallant spirit of the youth of France, and talked of the superior refinement and grace which pervaded the higher orders of the nation, until the baronet was persuaded that it was better to live in France, until quiet should be restored to England, than to stay losing his time and his labour in fighting the Roundheads. Sir William had even made Dorothy, who was sitting in a bay window, think that there was nothing so dreadful in going to France, when Gervase entered with a look of considerable alarm, and put an end to his harangue.

"Away, away, your honour, to your hiding-place! Here's a troop of the cursed Club-men coming up the avenue, and God knows what may be their purpose."

In a moment the baronet retired to his chamber; the entrance was carefully closed, and the party had resumed their places, when the leader of the party, whom Gervase had descried, entered the room in which they were sitting.

This man was well known to the Lady Vavasour, and to all the household. He was by trade a miller, and lived at a short distance from Leeds. In his youth he had been one of the most troublesome blackguards that the county could produce; the terror of the quiet people of his own rank, and universally hated. He had been often whipped and imprisoned, and once narrowly escaped hanging; for which good luck he was indebted to the late Sir Ralph, who took pity of his tender years. Having reached the age of forty, he on a sudden became marvellously pious, and, by a consequence then quite in the usual course, he also became a resolute rebel. The habits of his former life, perhaps, led him to join the Club-men rather than the regularly organized forces of the Parliament. They had more of a buccaneering commission; and, unless they were belied, they did not care which side they plundered, so that they did but plunder.

The qualifications of Sampson Ryder could not be overlooked in such a society; he soon procured a command, and was the dread of the whole county. The inhabitants of Calverley had long expected to suffer from his attacks; but he had kept aloof from

them in a very singular manner, and had, on all occasions, shown an inclination to be as civil as the brutality of his nature would allow of. Rascal as he was, he could not but remember that the late Sir Ralph's intercession alone had saved him from the gallows: the old baronet had, besides, been a kind and considerate landlord to Sampson and his father, and he could not quite bring his mind to the commission of any outrage on the Calverley family. His coming on the present occasion was not of his own choice, but in consequence of an order from Fairfax, who had sent him to see the house cleared, and had given him, besides, particular directions to take care that no persons should accompany the ladies but such as had already received permission. This injunction was rather the result of that jealous policy which the general always pursued, than of any suspicion that the suite of the Calverley family would contain any of the royalist fugitives; and of the existence of Sir Edward he had not the most distant notion. Ryder had also been directed to leave a guard at the hall, and to place the rest of his men at a barrier called Bradford Gate, about a quarter of a mile from the side of the bridge nearest to Calverley. This barrier had been strengthened in order to prevent any hostile approach, of which Fairfax said he had received some intimation.

Sampson Ryder, upon his entrance, made a bow, in which his mingled arrogance and awkwardness were displayed in a very amusing manner. He then advanced to the old lady, and, with an air which partook of trembling as well as swaggering, he told her that part of his errand which related to her own departure. The good old lady made no reply; but, thinking that at this critical moment the example of those Catholics who offer a candle to a certain black gentleman, not enrolled among the saints of the calendar, might be advantageously followed, she ordered refreshments to be provided for Master Ryder, and withdrew, leaving him in the hands of the Reverend Ananias Fats.

The supposed Puritan immediately began to engage the leader of the Club-men in conversation, for the purpose as well of gaining time as to enable him to find out the character of the man, in order to turn it to some account. The latter was, however, no such easy matter; he found that his companion was as stupid and as hard-headed a ruffian as ever was employed to do mischief: he listened to the canting harangue with which Sir William, in his assumed character, regaled him, but neither seemed to understand nor to care for it, busying himself in the mean time with long and frequent draughts out of a black-jack well filled with ale, and cutting enormous slices from a piece of cold beef which stood beside it. He, however, found leisure in the mean time to explain to the supposed elder, at greater length than he had communicated to the lady, the exact tenor of his order from Fairfax.

Sir William was greatly perplexed at this untoward event, which, as it seemed, must necessarily overturn all the plans they had formed for Sir Edward's escape, and would even place him in great danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The time was fast approaching at which the departure of the ladies and their suite was to take place; and the person of Sir Edward was so well known to Ryder, and perhaps to many of his troop, that it would be madness to think that any such disguise as they were furnished with could effectually conceal him. There was not a moment to lose, and Sir William was absolutely at his wits' end for a scheme to rescue his friend from the perilous plight in which he was now placed.

He quitted the room for the purpose of holding a short council with the ladies, when, as he crossed the passage, he met Dorothy, the waiting-maid.

"What shall we do, sir?" cried the poor girl, who had been weeping heartily, for she thought that her

master's discovery was certain: "it will be impossible to deceive that brute Ryder and his wicked companions. I wish, with all my heart, that one of the ghosts he is so much afraid of, would carry him away."

"What ghosts? Dorothy," asked Sir William.

"Oh, sir, he believes in all manner of ghosts, and is as much afraid of them as a little child at a nursery tale."

"Is he, indeed?" exclaimed Sir William, who saw through this hint an assailable point in the Club-man, on which he thought he might make a successful attack. "You are quite sure of this, Dorothy?"

"Quite sure, your honour; why he believes that Calverley wood is haunted by Sir Roger's ghost to this day."

"That is the only respectable part of his character that I have been able to discover," replied Sir William, as he hastened back to the room in which he had left the Roundhead.

He again attempted to engage the miller in conversation; and, thanks to the ale which the latter had drunk, he did so with a little better success.

"Brother," said Sir William, with a deep groan, and at the same moment turning up his eyes until nothing but the white of them was to be seen—"brother, we live in dreadful times! Not only does the wickedness of man vex the righteous of the land, but the great enemy himself roams about unchained among us!"

At the moment when Sir William had begun to speak, Ryder had stuck a large piece of bread, wedge-shaped, and weighing a quarter of a pound, into his enormous mouth; and, such was the impression made upon him by the knight's speech, that he sat with his mouth and eyes wide open, and the bread fixed as if it was never to move again. Sir William saw he had made a hit, and went on.

"Yea, my brother, the devil himself is come amongst us, and roars and roams about, seeking whom he may devour."

"The Lord preserve us!" ejaculated Ryder, as soon as he had extricated the crust from his ponderous jaws, "doest mean that th' oud one himself is on earth?"

"As surely he is, my brother, as that thou and I are sinners—and, what is more, he has become a cavalier, and has taken the king's side."

"Why, how do'st know, man?" cried Ryder, who trembled in every joint.

"Has not the news reached thee, then?" asked Sir William, affecting some surprise: "hast thou not heard of this malignant enemy, whom men call Prince Rupert?"

"No, only that he's a Jarman prince without land or money, and that he comes here to fight for so much of ours as ever he can get."

"He is the devil's prime agent, and works by the assistance of hell, to the discomfort of the saints."

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed the Club-man,

"Did you ever see him?" asked the knight.

"Yes," replied Ryder.

"Well, and did you not think he looked as if he dealt with the devil?"

"I think he has a wild kind of outlandish look."

"The fires of hell burn in his eyes; he sits in his quarters reading at night without a candle. And did you ever see the great black dog which constantly goes about with him?"

"Oh yes, often; and once tried to shoot it."

"But could not?"

Ryder shook his head.

"No wonder, for that black dog is the devil incarnate—the foul fiend himself.* Have you heard what he did at Marston Moor?"

"No."

"Why, the prince was unhorsed, and lying in the midst of a band of our soldiers, who, if he were not really a fiend, would soon have made an end of him; when suddenly this black dog burst in among them, and, taking the prince up in his mouth, threw him, as easily as a fox would throw a turkey, across his back, and carried him off. The soldiers of Cromwell's troop say they struck at the dog repeatedly, but their swords either fell short, or sounded upon his black hide like hammers upon an anvil, and made as little impression. He carried his burden off safely; and, in less than five minutes, the prince was mounted again, and renewed the charge."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord!" cried Ryder, as he wiped away the large drops which terror had wrung from his forehead, "what is to become of the holy cause if our enemies have the aid of Satan? I fear no man alive, be he prince or Jarman, or cavalier, or what not; but I can't fight Old Scratch."

"Trust to thy own righteous acts, and the prayers of the saints."

"Pray for me then, holy sir, for I had rather trust to thy prayers than my own righteousness; of which, sinner as I am, it becomes me not to speak."

For once in his life Sampson Ryder told the truth. Sir William saw that he had gained a certain ascendancy over him, which he believed would be quite enough for his purpose. His chief object now was to prevent the departure of the miller before night-fall, when he trusted that he should be able, by some means or other, to secure Sir Edward's passage through the barrier, which was guarded by Ryder's men. He, therefore, continued to invent a thousand other lies, all as frightful as that of Prince Rupert and his black dog, and all concerning the devil in person, until he found he had the miller completely in his hands.

The day had now nearly closed in, and Ryder was impatient to depart, telling his reverend friend plainly that he did not like to ride through Calverley wood after dark if he could avoid it.

"But in my company," said the supposed Ananias, "what can you have to fear? I defy the evil one and all his legions: trust on me, my son, and fear nothing."

Ryder, as may be guessed, was as credulous and superstitious on this point as he was fierce and unassailable on any other; and he acquiesced in all that Brother Fats suggested. Sir William was not a man to lose any of the advantages which were thus presented to him, and he found little difficulty in inducing the Club-man to stay. He left him for a short time while he went to Lady Vavasour, and informed her of the plan he meant to pursue. He enjoined her, in the first place, to commence the preparations for her departure, without manifesting the least concern to the people about the house. He promised that he would do all in his power to ensure the escape of Sir Edward; and he had already done so much that she could not doubt his zeal or ability. He begged her, besides, to pursue her journey without stopping, to the first stage, which had been previously fixed upon, and which was about twelve miles off. This being arranged, he went into the chamber of Sir Edward, to whom he explained all that he had gathered from the Club-man.

"There is nothing," he said, "to be done with this ruffian but by frightening him; I advise you, therefore, to steal out by the garden-gate, and make the best of

and amusing things, the following;—"I have heard it said that in England the people used to take my late uncle Rupert for a sorcerer, and his large black dog for the devil; for this reason, when he joined the army, and attacked the enemy, whole regiments fled before him." The latter fact is perhaps the most questionable part of the story.

* In the old Duchess of Orleans' "Memoirs of the Regency," she has, among a thousand other very odd

your way to the wood. We must needs pass through it in our way to this place. I will contrive so that Ryder shall be my *compagnon de voyage*, and shall have much mistook my man if I do not make him aid our project in some way or other. I mean to frighten him with the old story about Sir Roger de Calverley; do you take care to be near the road, and contrive by some signal to let me know you are within hearing; you must then keep very close to us: you will know the miller by his white coat; he rides a very stout gelding, which can carry two for a few miles as well as need be. When I shall say 'Loup on,' for the third time, you must jump up behind the miller, and spur his horse as hard as you can, while you gripe him tightly. If the worst comes to the worst, and the villain should not be so much frightened as I reckon upon, you must put a stop to his resistance by killing him; but, as the county is full of his friends, this would, at all events, be dangerous, and I hope will not be necessary. If, however, it should, you must do any thing but shoot him, for that will make a noise, and ruin all. Now God be with you!" he said, squeezing his friend's hand: "away to the garden-gate; keep near the path in the wood; and remember, the third time that I shall say 'Loup on,' you must be *en croupe*."

Sir William then returned to his companion, whom he found recovered from his panic, and giving directions to his men. Five of them Ryder ordered to remain at Calverley Hall, to take charge of and keep the place; the others he dismissed to return and take up their posts in the house near the barrier by the bridge, through which they were to suffer no persons, whether friend or foe, to go over after he, Ryder, and the reverend elder, Ananias Fats, should have passed. "And, hark ye," said he to his lieutenant, "let none of the men get drunk—and don't stop me to ask the watchword as I pass: 'zounds, they ought to know my coat if the night were as dark as Christmas. Let me and the reverend brother pass; you can make no mistake with his black and my white coat; and, if the parliament itself should come, let no one else pass Bradford Gate until daylight."

The fellow made an ugly bow, by which he meant to express that he understood, and should obey, his commander's bidding; and then mounting, he got his company into such order as they were capable of, and set off at a quick pace towards the gate alluded to. The carriage was soon afterwards brought round to the hall-door, and every thing was ready for departure. The two ladies bade farewell to the ancient building in which they had both enjoyed so much happiness, and with abundance of tears, which were rather shed for the peril in which they knew Sir Edward to stand, than because they were about to quit Calverley, they began their journey.

Ryder would now have set off also; but the worthy and reverend elder, drawing him back by the arm into the hall in which they had before been sitting, told him he had a word or two for his private ear. When they entered he pointed to a seat; and, taking one himself, "My brother," he said, "these benighted sinners, dark as they are in the ways of their own conceit, have nevertheless certain worldly knowledge, which the truly righteous—such as thou and I, brother—need not disdain to profit by. During my sojourn here I have discovered that within these walls there is a small parcel of a curious and ancient wine; a wine indeed so ancient that it ought not to tarry longer without drinking, and it can never be better drunk than at the present moment."

Ryder was afraid of spirits—but not of wine; he had already drunk enough to give him an inclination for drinking more, and he heeded little pressing to fall into the proposition. The reverend Ananias went to a cupboard in the hall, and produced from its recesses

two cobwebbed long-necked flasks, the tops of which were covered with that faded green wax which is a thousand times more delightful to the eye of a real connoisseur than the *ærgo* that covers the rarest coins of antiquarian treasure.

The Club-man, although he had never seen such things before, had an instinctive veneration for bottles like these; and "the divinity that stirred within them" exercised its influence even over so insensible a clod as he was. The seeming Ananias produced a cork-screw, with which he released the cork from its imprisonment of many years; and the wine, as if rejoicing at its freedom, emitted a perfume to which wild flowers and spring mornings are only secondary in the scale of deliciousness.

Sampson Ryder snuffed up with eagerness and delight the rich and unwonted scent which now reached his olfactory nerves. He already enjoyed it in anticipation; but, when Ananias poured out a bumper of the sparkling liquor, the miller seized it, and, swallowing it at long gulps, his delight knew no bounds: he swore it was the only liquor that a freeman and a soldier ought to drink, and declared he was willing to fight up to his knees in the blood of cavaliers for such a beverage. Sir William encouraged this temper; and, by the fascinations of his conversation, which he possessed the rare and valuable faculty of adapting to the characters of various persons, he kept Ryder talking and drinking with him until the night had completely set in, and the Club-man, though not absolutely drunk, was reasonably stupid.

Brother Ananias now pretended to be in a great hurry to depart, and threw out some obscure hints of having been directed by high authority to watch the Calverley family to the coast, by which insinuations he increased his own importance in the mind of his besotted companion, and effectually avoided suspicion. The horses were ordered; and the travellers mounting, Ryder upon his own gelding, and Ananias upon a stout hackney belonging to Sir Edward, they manfully took the road.

As soon as they were at a short distance from the hall, the false Puritan began to lead the discourse towards the subject of supernatural appearances. This was much to the vexation and discomfort of Sampson, who did not, however, like to show his terror, or to affront the worthy gentleman who had introduced him to a sample of such Burgundy as had induced him to form the pious resolve of returning on the following day to Calverley, for the purpose of appropriating to himself all that he could find in the cellars.*

Sir William went on, therefore, unchecked in his stories about ghosts and devils, and brought the discourse, by an easy transition, from goblins in general to that which was universally believed to haunt Calverley wood. "You know, of course," he said to his companion "the history of Sir Roger de Calverley!"

"Oh, yes," replied Ryder, eagerly, in the hope that his acquiescence might have the effect of diverting the conversation from this topic.

Sir William looked narrowly around him, for they had now arrived at the thickest part of the wood through which their path lay. He perceived a figure behind him, which he immediately guessed to be that of Sir Edward: he waved his hand, unseen by his companion, and saw that his signal was returned; satisfied on this point, he resumed the subject of the ghost.

* We must state here, for the satisfaction of our readers, that when, at a subsequent period, he did venture upon this design, he was miserably thwarted; for all the doors of the choicest cellars had been so carefully bricked up, that, not being in possession of the private marks, by which alone they could be discovered, he was unable to find them, and the wine remained safe in its hiding-place.

"Then," he said, "if you know the history of Sir Roger de Calverley, you know all about *Loup on*."

"No, I don't," said Ryder, whose curiosity was as great as his superstition.

"No!" exclaimed Ananias in seeming surprise: "then I must tell you that Sir Roger de Calverley was, as you are aware, some centuries ago, the possessor of this estate. He was a brave and generous man; had served gallantly in the wars abroad; and lived afterwards on his patrimony, as an English knight should do, making himself and his tenantry happy and contented. He was married to a lady who was as beautiful and good, as he was brave and honest; and for some years they lived in uninterrupted felicity. They had three children, who added to their happiness; and, if experience did not daily show us that it is the lot of mortality to have bitterness mingled in their sweetest draughts, it should have seemed that this couple were beyond the reach of misfortune. A storm of misery was, however, about to burst over their heads, and to involve them in ruin."

"Well, I know the whole story," cried Ryder, with a little impatience in his tone.

"No, you do not," replied Ananias; "let me proceed, for the best part of it is in the sequel. Sir Roger had one fault, and a grievous one it was: but it was one which often accompanies the best natures. He was inconceivably jealous; and, although the virtue and propriety of his wife had hitherto given him no reason to indulge in it, he was himself aware that, if it once should take possession of his bosom, he should not be able to controul it. It sometimes happens that the dread one has of doing any particular thing leads one to do it; and so it was in this instance. This does not happen, it is true, to sound minds; but very passionate minds are never very sound ones. From constantly thinking of jealousy, Sir Roger became jealous, and watched his innocent and light-hearted wife with an intenseness which was of itself an evident mark of insanity. A spark was only necessary to cause the explosion of the fierce contents of his heart; and, by her ill fortune, his wife furnished this. One day, at dinner, the fond father was caressing one of his children, while he kept a wolf's eye on the mother; although, perhaps, he loved her no less at this moment than he had ever done. She, in the lightness of her heart, and with a wish to divert the moody temper of her husband, which had long caused her great anxiety, said to him jestingly, "I wonder how so grim-looking a father could have so fair a child." In a moment the demon raged within Sir Roger's bosom: he became ungovernably mad; and, rising from the table, he roared to his terrified wife, "You confess it then, adulteress! you confirm my worst suspicions! all my happiness is demolished at once, and hell is broke loose upon earth. But I will be revenged," he cried—"I will be the dupe and wittol no longer;" and, seizing one of the knives on the table, he plunged it into the bosom of the child he had been caressing the moment before. The mother, horror-stricken, caught the other child in her arms, and fled away; Sir Roger followed her; and, as she entered her chamber, tore the infant from her arms, and it soon fell another victim to his blind fury. The lady threw herself under the bed which stood in the room; but even this retreat afforded her no shelter from the madness of her husband. He drew his sword, with which he thrust at her several times; and, at length, believing he had despatched her, he went down to the stables and saddled a horse, for the purpose of finishing the extermination of his family by the slaughter of his eldest son, then at a school about ten miles distant. An old servant of the house, who had witnessed, but could not prevent, these horrors, rode off at the same time; and, passing his master on the road, arrived at the school in time to give notice of his intention, and to save the child.

Sir Roger was immediately apprehended, and carried to London; when he was brought to trial for the murder of his children. Upon being arraigned he refused to plead, and was, therefore, condemned to the dreadful sufferance of the *peine forte et dure*. Do you know what that is?"

"Not exactly," replied Ryder.

"Why, then," said Sir William, "it is this: when a prisoner, arraigned of a felony, refuses to answer to his arraignment, the court orders 'that he be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low dark chamber, and there laid upon his back on the floor—naked, unless where decency forbids; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear—and more; that he have no sustenance, save only, on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water that should be nearest the prison-door; and that he should not eat on the same day that he drank, nor drink on the same day that he ate; and that he should be without any litter or other thing under him; and that one arm should be drawn to one quarter of the room with a cord, and the other to another; and that his feet should be used in the same manner; and that in this situation he should remain until he answered."

"And all this Sir Roger endured, being resolved to expiate in his death, as far as he could, the wrong he had done to his family. If he had pleaded, he must of necessity have been tried; and his wife and his servants would have been compelled to give evidence against him. This dreadful pain he was resolved to spare them. Besides which, if he had been convicted, (and there could be no doubt that he would have been,) his lands would have been forfeit to the king, and his heir a beggar: to avoid this, therefore, he remained mute, and was treated in the manner I have described to you. Being a man of prodigious strength, and able to bear great fatigue, it was several days before a period was put to his sufferings: at length, worn out by the acuteness of his pain, and by the tardiness with which Death approached him, he called out, after being silent ever since his apprehension, 'If there be a Yorkshireman in the room, for the love of Christ, let him *loup on*;' meaning that he should thereby increase the weight on his breast, and put an end to his misery."

"Well, mon," said Ryder, who had been listening to hear some new incident in the story which he had not known before, "all this I had heard sin' I were as high as a cabbage-stalk."

"But, have you heard, also," said Sir William, who had now got to that part of the wood which he judged fittest for his purpose, and which was near the end of it—"have you heard, also, that the ghost of Sir Roger still haunts this wood?"

"Marcy's sake, don't talk so hollow," stammered the Club-man, while his teeth rattled audibly together: "don't ye talk about the ghosts at all," he added, whispering, "for how can't tell who be listening to thee?"

"Fear naught," replied Sir William, "but here it is that his ghost does really walk—here in this very wood; and I have heard many a traveller say that he has seen him—nay, more, that he sometimes mounts behind them, and gallops with them to the river, where he quits them; for the spirits of hell, you know, cannot cross a running stream. The only danger, besides the fright, from such a visitation, is, lest the traveller should be induced to break silence: then the ghost would have power to dash him from his saddle, and perhaps to kill him."

"I wish to my heart that we were upon the bridge," said Ryder, whose terrors increased notwithstanding all his efforts to controul them.

"He comes," continued Sir William, "in the shape

of a tall man.—What's that? Oh, nothing but the white stem of a birch.—Sir Roger comes in the shape of a tall man; and, before the traveller is aware, he leaps on to the horse's crupper, calling out, in a voice as solemn and hollow as if it issued from a deep grave, *loup on.*"

At this moment the exclamation of Sir William was echoed by another voice immediately behind the travellers—"Loup on," sounded in the ears of the horror-stricken miller; and, before he could have looked round, even if he had dared to do so, he felt his arms tightly grasped by those of some being who was mounted behind him. The Club-man uttered a low groan; but, between terror and intoxication, was perfectly incapable of exertion, much less of resistance. The horse, either terrified at the supernatural load which he bore, or, as our readers, whom we have been compelled to let into the secret, may think was the more likely, influenced by the spurs of the new comer, set off at a smart gallop, which soon brought them (for Sir William kept up at the same speed) to the gate where Ryder's men were posted. The night was dark; but the Club-men, who were on guard, knew their leader's white coat, and, expecting the elder to be in his company, they did not offer to stop the travellers, and merely uttered a surly "Good night."

"The captain is riding his old pace to-night," said one of the Roundheads.

"He rides as if the devil were behind him," said another.

"Belike he is," said the first; "and I wish he may stick to 'un:" for the captain was not too much beloved in his own troop. They then closed the gate.

In the mean time the travellers kept on at speed. Ryder was more than half inclined to cry out as he passed the gate; but the caution of the elder came across him, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Trembling with fear, and almost sinking from the rough grasp of the demon who held him, he saw with delight that they were approaching the bridge. It was a rude wooden structure, with a rail on one side only. The stream beneath was rapid, but not very deep. "Now," thought the frightened Club-man, "these horrors will have an end;" but he was again deceived; his horse's fore feet thundered upon the bridge; and at the same moment a loud and dreadful voice roared in his ear "Loup off!" He could bear no more; his strength and his senses yielded at this last blow, as dreadful as it was unexpected; the hot breath of the fiend behind seemed to have blasted his very soul; and he sunk powerless into the arms of his tormentor. The latter, shifting the hold he had upon him, and checking the horse as he directed it nearer to the edge of the water, loosened Sampson's

large body from the saddle, and, with a slight twist, tumbled him on to the bridge, whence he rolled into the stream. The cold water, and the terror of drowning, soon roused him from his imaginary fears: he swam to the bank, and got safely landed. Long before this, however, the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away, and the noise of the fiend's mad gallop had given place to the total stillness of the night.

"I shall be sorry if he is drowned," said the ghost of Sir Roger to his companion.

"No fear of that," replied the other, "unless the proverb fails him: his gallows destiny is a better preservative from drowning than the best boat that ever was built."

Half an hour's riding brought them within sight of the place where the carriage had stopped. Sir Edward now dismounted, and turned loose the Club-man's horse, which was tolerably blown: he then proceeded on foot to the little inn, where he found his mother and his wife, and relieved them from the agony of suspense in which they had been, until assured of his safety. The horses were brought out: Sir Edward mounted in his capacity of servant, and Sir William took his place in the carriage. They proceeded without delay towards Hull, which place they reached without any further accident; and, immediately embarking on board the boat which Sir William had engaged, were landed, after a prosperous voyage of two days, at the port of Boulogne, and found a refuge in the chateau of the elder Lady Vavasour's brother until the Restoration enabled them to return to Calverley.

Ryder, on getting out of the river, made the best of his way back to the guard at the gate, and with the assistance of his men was put to bed, when his fright and his ducking soon brought on a fever, which would perhaps have killed him, but that the lives of such people seem always to be charmed. When he recovered he told the story of his being assailed in the wood by the ghost of old Sir Roger, who mounted behind his horse. He made some trifling additions in his own favour; such as that when he came to the river he threw himself into it to escape from the ghost; and that he saw the demon seize the elder, Ananias Fats, and vanish with him in a cloud of fire and smoke. He told this so often that he at length believed it himself; and, as the reverend Brother Fats was never afterwards heard of, there was nobody to contradict him. To this day nothing is more religiously believed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood than that old Sir Roger's ghost haunts Calverley wood, and will leap on the crupper of any traveller who shall be rash enough to pass it between midnight and cock-crowing.

SONG FOR MUSIC.

WAKEFUL stars are faintly beaming
With a holy, diamond-light;
Tenderly, serenely—seeming
As they knew not what was night.
Scented breezes, deftly creeping
From their elfin coverts, tell
Love-tales to young flow'rets—weeping
Lest their sighs should mean—*Farewell!*

Music haunts me:—mournful singing
From the sleepless waterfall;
Sadly, too, are lone woods ringing
With the night-bird's once *gay* call.
Fay-lutes, hushed by mortal sighing,
Chime no more in leafy dell:
Slowly is my wrung heart dying—
Surely—as it feels—FAREWELL!

MY SWEET WHITE ROSE.

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
O might I wear thee on my breast—
The dark day cometh—let me fold
Thy beauty from the rain and cold;
O come and be my guest!

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
Thy cheek is very pale and fair!
Alas! thou art a tender tree,
My fearful heart doth sigh for thee,
Meek nursing of the summer air!

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
All full of silver dew thou art;
The fresh bloom laughs on every leaf.
Oh, ere thy joy is touched by grief,
Let me bind thee on my heart!

[The main body of the page contains several columns of text that are extremely faded and illegible. The text appears to be organized into a structured format, possibly a list or a table, with multiple columns and rows. The ink is very light, making the individual characters and words difficult to discern.]



HABBAKUK BULLWRINKLE.

THE LOVES

OF HABAKKUK BULLWRINKLE, GENTLEMAN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING.

ABOUT six-and-twenty years ago, a middle-aged North-country attorney, somewhat above five feet eight inches in height, but immeasurably corpulent, with an old-fashioned calf, mottled eyes, and a handsome nose, settled in a large and uncivilized village in the West of England. The manners of the inhabitants were rude and outrageous; their names, customs, frolics, and language, were such as Habakkuk Bullwrinkle had never before been accustomed unto. They cracked many a heart-piercing joke on his portly person; laughed at his ineffectual attempts to compete with the veriest youngsters in the village, at wrestling, or cudgel-playing; rejoiced heartily when he suffered a cracked pate, or an unexpected back-fall; and never employed him in the way of his profession. He could have borne all his misfortunes with decency but the last;—that irked him beyond measure; and he did not scruple to upbraid those who deigned to drink out of his cup, with their folly and villainous prejudice, in measuring a man's wit by his skill at gymnastics, and exclusively patronizing a couple of rascally pettifoggers in the vicinity, whose only merit consisted in their hard pates, and dexterity in breaking the skulls of their clients. The villagers waited with patience until Habakkuk's lecture and strong drink were finished, promised to reform, heartily wished him success in his trade, fell to loggerheads on their way home, and the next morning went for redress to the aforesaid pettifoggers, who fleeced them to their hearts' content for several lingering months, and then mutually advised their employers to settle the matter over a goodly feast.

Habakkuk Bullwrinkle inwardly moaned at the luck of his fellow-priests of the syren, but lost none of his flesh. His affairs, at length, grew desperate. He had been skipping over the land, after the fickle jade Fortune, for many a weary year; but the coy creature continually evaded his eager clutch. What was to be done!—His finances were drooping, his spirits jaded, his temper soured, and his appetite for the good things of this world, as keen and clamorous as ever. He had tried every plan his imagination could devise to win over the rustics, but without effect. He was just about to decamp clandestinely, and in despair, when, all at once, he recollected that he was a bachelor!—His hopes rose at the thought. "How strange it is!" said he, unconsciously snapping his fingers with delight, "that the idea of marrying one of these charming rosy-skinned lasses, who are continually flitting about me, should never have entered my caput before! The whole village is one immense family—a batch of uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, and relations of every intermediate degree, from one to a hundred. If I can but weave myself into this web of consanguinity, my future ease and fortune are certain. They will stand by one of their own kin, let him be ever so distantly related, to the very last. By the laws! it's an excellent project!—I've a warm heart, a winning way, and great choice; so I'll even cast my eye about for a convenient helpmate; eat, drink, and be merry again."

Reader, these were my thoughts, at the latter end of the year 1803; for I am the identical Habakkuk Bullwrinkle above-mentioned. Pursuant to my resolution, I began to whoodle myself into the good graces of the girls. I often met with a very tolerable reception, considering all things, and had many times nearly compassed the object of my hopes, when the demon disappointment, in the semblance of a clod-hopper,

yclept Andrew Skelpie—walked in to dash the cup of happiness from my lips. I never attempted to kiss a lass behind a hay-mow, or an old tree, but what this fellow would thrust his ugly phiz between me and the sweet pair of lips I was longing to salute! If ever I made an appointment to meet a farmer's daughter, and prattle away an hour or two with her, unseen by all, Skelpie and she were generally linked lovingly, arm in arm together, on my arrival.

The first time I ever beheld this destroyer of my peace, was at a village revel. I shall never forget the manner in which he rose from the grass on which he had been lazily lolling, and looked out through his half-closed eyelids, at the efforts of the back-sword players on the sward. He was called upon to enter the ring with a fellow about his own height, but more fleshy and comely-looking by half—being precisely what middle-aged good-wives term "a portly figure of a man, and very much to my liking." Skelpie got up from the cool turf, one joint at a time, and made his way into the circle, by one of the most extravagant and ludicrous paces I ever beheld: it was between the ungainly toddle of an ox, and the loose-jointed motion of a drunken, staggering stripling. The portly fellow was a stranger from a neighbouring county, who valued himself on his prowess at single-stick; he had already peeled the bark off a brace of noses, and the gray-headed rustics, who encompassed the scene of action and glory, trembled for the honour of their native village. An immense shout of applause greeted Skelpie's appearance; for, in him, it was well known, the champion of Wedmore himself would find a redoubtable opponent. He surveyed his adversary with a confident and most provoking glance, accompanied with an upturning of the higher lip, and a smack of his horny fingers, that sounded like the crack of a waggoner's whip. He coolly selected a stick, screwed it into his hand-guard, padded his elbows, gave one attention "hem!" and then—I never beheld such a mutation in my life!—his eyes flew open, his lips clenched, every muscle in his body was instantly awakened, every limb was in active and most turbulent motion: he hit at his opponent's head, with a velocity that, to me, seemed supernatural; I heard a continual and most merry peal of blows rattling about the scone of the portly stranger, but I could scarcely detect a single motion of the stick. The skin was tough—particularly tough; and, for some time, defied Skelpie's sturdy thwacks. At the close of the vigorous bout he looked amazed, muttered a curse on his ineffective weapon, and was just about to begin again, when, observing something suspicious about the closed mouth of his adversary, he put forth his hand, and parted the swollen lips of the stranger, from whose mouth a stream of blood immediately gushed. The comely man afterwards acknowledged, that he had received a cut under his lip at the beginning of the play, but had sedulously sucked in the blood and swallowed it, hoping to crack Skelpie's pate before it would be discovered. At this fine old English sport, he who draws from his adversary's head sufficient blood to stain muslin, is proclaimed the victor. Skelpie afterwards threw half-a-dozen sturdy fellows at wrestling, and bore off the prizes at the village games, as he had frequently done on previous occasions. He was by no means handsome in face, fairly spoken, well-made, or merry;—the simple wenches idolized the dog for his prowess. He was capricious and false, but they seemed to like him the better. Each, in her turn,

hoped to fix the rover, excite the envy of her predecessors in his affections, and bear off the palm, where they had ingloriously failed. He took no trouble to gain their love, and they unanimously doated on him. I often longed to see him get a good thrashing, and many times felt strongly impelled to fall on him myself; but a whole flood of fears and forebodings, invariably drowned the few sparks of courage and vigour in my breast, and I laudably forbore.

My love-suits were innumerable; but although they usually began and went on auspiciously, Skelpie never failed to beat me off the field in the end. The dog seemed to be unconscious of the mischief he made, and that irritated my spirit in a tenfold degree. He seemed to bear no malice against me, and many times rendered me an essential piece of service. I shall never forget the night when he clutched me by the cheek, and pulled me out of a flood-swollen brook, when I was at my last gasp, and then abused and threatened to bethwack me for being such a fool, and giving him the trouble of wading chin-deep to save me. My intellect, on this occasion, was befogged with the fumes of stout October, and I knew not where I went.

It would be tedious to narrate the whole of my adventures during the year which I spent in seeking out a wife; I shall content myself with particularizing what befel me in the pursuit of the four last objects of my love. And, first, let me introduce Ruth—Ruth Grobstock, the daughter of a rough miller, who resided on a hill about a mile to the left of the village. I secretly wooed her about a month, undisturbed by any mortal; I thought I was sure of her, and began to concert measures for obtaining a dignified introduction to her daddy, the miller.

One evening, after having ruminated for many hours on Ruth's attractions, I determined to roam up to the mill, which I had never before visited—having hitherto carried on my love-suit with Ruth away from her home, at meetings which were too frequent to be altogether accidental. While I loitered about the mill, pondering on the best mode of drawing out Ruth—for she had no reason to expect me—the moon suddenly gleamed full upon me, through an opening in the oak tree which stretched its huge boughs over the white cottage in which the miller dwelt; and methought there was something similar to the malicious smile of an arch woman, when intent upon a prank, gleaming on her sparkling face; her unnecessary glances as she seemed to peep through the tree, for the express purpose of betraying me to observation, threw me into a panic. I had heard of old Grobstock's moods and manners, and I feared him. I felt sure of a kind and endearing reception from Ruth, although I came altogether uninvited and unawares; but I fancied for a moment that I heard her father's flails whistling about my ears, and felt the teeth of his tykes rioting in my fat. My pulse throbbed audibly; and I was on the point of again making my way into the wood that clothed the hill-side, when a multitude of clouds which had been gradually hemming in the light of the moon, suddenly stretched over her face, and relieved my terrors by screening me from her afflicting glances. I rejoiced, and waxed courageous and young in heart again. The curtains of the best room in the little cottage were negligently drawn, and I had the satisfaction, after sundry leaps, of getting a glimpse of Ruth's little and exquisite foot, as it danced up and down before the blaze of a churruping fire, which sparkled on the broad hearth. A gentle tap at the window set her on her legs in a moment, and before I could reach the door, she was there with an outstretched hand, and a pair of warm, ripe, ruddy lips, pouting forth to greet me. This was delicious!—The friendly clouds were still sheltering me from the moon's eye; Ruth stepped forth, and we stood close at the

foot of the old oak, in the most impervious and delightful darkness imaginable. I was mute with delight, but my happy-hearted, loving little damsel's speech, after a few moments of silence, gradually began to thaw, and at length overwhelmed me with a torrent of words:—"Oh! I am so glad you are come," quoth she; "if you had not, we should not have had a moment's talk together for the week. Daddy's gone out; but to-morrow evening, and the next, he means to stop at home, and get drunk; and, although his over-night's promises in other affairs melt like mists in the morning sun, and are quite forgotten by mid-day, yet, when he says he shall get drunk, he always backs it wi' an oath, and then makes it a matter of conscience religiously to keep his word; so that, you see, my dear Skelpie—"

I was struck all of a heap!—The purport of her subsequent discourse palpably proved, that she had mistaken me, in the dark, for the eternal and never-failing Skelpie. Her lips once more approached mine; I was foaming with rage and disappointment; my hand had shrunk from her grasp, as from the touch of an adder, the instant the detested name of Skelpie escaped from her lips; I had already taken in a mighty draught of breath, intending to shower a whole volley of curses on her and Skelpie, together—when I suddenly experienced a shock, that deprived me of all sort of sensation in an instant. How long I lay in a death-like state I cannot conceive; but I remember well enough, that when I awoke from my lethargy, trance, fit, or whatever it was, I found myself most painfully compressed in an aperture of the oak tree, through which the children were wont to enter into its hollow trunk. The moon was out in all her glory again, and her light fell upon the white brow of Ruth, and the gray jacket of the lean, and, by me, abhorred Skelpie. Yes, there he was, twining endearingly round the sylph-like form of the false maid, who seemed to feel a pleasure in his embraces, which, to me, appeared altogether unaccountable. It was plain, from their talk, that they did not conceive I was within hearing. I would fain have persuaded myself that I was dreaming, but my endeavours were ineffectual; the rugged edges of the aperture insinuated themselves into my sides, and pained me dreadfully. Did Skelpie strike me? thought I: and does he imagine that I rolled down the declivity, from the force of the blow, and am now weltering in the ditch at its foot?—Truly, it was a most tremendous assault; and his conclusion of the effect, judging from the force of the cause, would be far from unreasonable. My case was forlorn in the extreme: my head, and one of my arms, were in the trunk of the tree; I was fixed in a most uneasy, slanting position, and my feet were so placed on the outside, that the moon threatened every minute to reveal them. I would have given the world to be even floundering in the mire of the ditch, or anywhere else, out of the reach of Skelpie's fist. I was almost suffocated, and did not dare to breathe louder than a listening roe: a sigh or groan would in some degree have eased my pangs; but the sight of Skelpie, prevented me from indulging in the consolation of the most wretched.

At length, a loud halloo announced the approach of old Grobstock. Skelpie instantly intimated his intention of decamping, but the vile maid desired him to clamber up the oak, and hide amongst its branches, until her daddy went to bed. Here was a terrific request!—"I won't go into the hollow," quoth he; "'cause the zupicious ould jakes do always pry into there, avore a' do goa to bed." I took the cuff of my coat between my teeth, and resolutely prepared for the worst;—but Skelpie ascended the other side of the tree. He had scarcely broken off the prolonged salute of the kissing Ruth, when old Roger Grobstock, drunk, and growling, staggered up to the door. "Eh! what lassie—wench! out and abroad at this time of

night!" cried he, as Ruth tripped up towards him. "Ahey! what, vaulting and trapesing about the whoam-stead wi' some yellow, I'll warrant! Odd! I'll verret un out; only bide a bit, I'll be about un. I be downcast vor want of a frolic to-night; so, ecod! lass, I'll duke the lad avore I goes to bed, just vor a bit of a joke like—all in good yellowship—but, icod! I'll duck un, if he's a friend; and if he is a stranger—doest hear, wench!—I'll drash un wi' the flail, just like a whate-sheaf."

Every word of his speech was equal to a blow: I struggled to get free with all my might; I had succeeded so far as to raise myself upright, when the miller, who had entered the house at the conclusion of his threat, re-appeared at the door with a flaming brand from the hearth in one hand, and a tremendous dung-fork in the other. He staggered directly close up to the tree; but the sight of my out-jutting stomach, and alarmed visage, made him retreat a few paces. He thrust out the burning stick so near my face, that it scorched my cheek; and after surveying my disconsolate and rueful deportment for a minute or more, he grounded his weapon, and accosted me in these words: "Why, thee bee'st a purty vellur, beesen't!—And where did'st come vrom—and who bee'st? Art thee a thief, or—no, it can't be—thee bee'st never come to court our Ruth, bee'st!—speak, twoad, or I'll work the!"

There was Ruth, looking over her father's shoulder, evidently alarmed at my appearance; Skelpie's heels were dangling over my head; the pronged fork was close to my waistcoat; I stared in the face of the old man, unable to utter a word, but sweating like a baited bull, and plainly expressing my fears by my woe-begone and pallid countenance. I expected some dire punishment for my silence; but old Grobstock, after surveying me for a minute, to my great surprise, burst into a loud laugh, seized my trembling hand, and, with one vigorous effort, pulled me out of my imprisonment. After dragging me, helpless as I was, into the house, and placing me in a chair by the fire-side, he thrust a mug of cider and brandy into my hand, chuckling out, "Why, zooks! chap, how vrighted thee looks!—drink!" Here was a change!

By degrees I summoned up courage: the miller made me drink stontly of his good liquor; and, more than once, seized the dung-fork, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, thrust the points of it close to my breast, in order to make me look frightened again, and amuse him. I was twenty times on the point of revealing the whole affair, but a single look of Ruth's eloquent eye froze the words on my lips.

After an hour's laughter, interrupted only by gaspings for breath, and frequent applications to the jug, my old host gave me a broad hint to depart; and after civilly opening the door, and wishing me a hearty good night, gave me a most grievous kick, that sent me galloping down hill, and betook himself to laughing as heartily as before. I never courted young Ruth of the mill again.

My next love was the pale, down-looking, modest Ally Budd, the niece of that boisterous old harridan, Hester Caddlefurrow; whose name was a hushing-word to the crying urchins for many miles around; they feared her more than Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, the wide-mouthed Bogle, or even the great Bullyboo himself. The lads of the village generally preferred the more hale and ruddy wenches in the vicinity; Ally was not roystering enough for them; she had no capacity to feel and enjoy their rude merriment, or rough frolics; and few suitors doffed the cap of courtship at old Hetty Caddlefurrow's threshold. But Ally was, indeed, a beauty. Her youthful companions and neighbours saw nothing extraordinary in her calm, dove-like eye; but to me, it looked like the surface of a smooth lake, in the still moonlight, with a delicious heaven of love smiling in

its blue depths. I met her several times, at a distance from her home, and made her acquainted with my growing passion; but she always chilled my ardour by a ceremonious reference to her austere and masculine aunt. I laid these evasive receptions of my proffered affection to the credit of her modesty, and loved her the better for them. I used to hover about on the tops of the hills which overlooked her abode, watching for the moment when my young dove would glide forth from the thatched cot, that nestled among the trees beneath me, with a feverish anxiety that I never felt on any other occasion in my life. She neither seemed to shun or court my company; but came forth, smiling, and fearless of evil, like the white star of the evening, in the soft summer's gloaming. The presence of other women, with whom I have been in love, has usually thrown me into a turbulent fever; but Ally Budd's pale, beautiful face, soft eyes, and gentle voice, had a calm and soothing influence on my spirit. Her words fell like oil, even on the stormy tide of her aunt's rough passions; whose ire she could quell at will, and oftentimes saved the offending clowns in the old women's employ from an elaborate cuffing. In this exercise, Hester was said to excel any man in the parish: she had a violent predilection for thwacking, or, to use her own expression, lecturing, her domestics for every trivial offence; and nothing but the high wages which she gave, induced the rustic labourers to remain in her service. I was one evening sauntering round the summit of the hill which immediately looked down upon Hester's house, occasionally stealing a glance from the pathway into the wood towards the rich glories of the declining sun, when a rude hand clutched me by the collar behind, and, in a moment, pulled me backwards into an immense wheelbarrow. The gigantic villain who had performed this daring feat, directly placed himself between the handles of the vehicle, and vigorously trundled it down the hill. I was seated, or rather, self-wedged in the barrow, with my legs painfully dangling over the rim, on each side of the wheel: the velocity, with which we descended the steep and rugged declivity, deprived me of all power; the fellow panted and laughed, pushing on with increased vigour, until we came in sight of the wide-gaping door of old Hester's kitchen. His fellow-labourers, who were seated at the porch, immediately rose at the sight of our novel equipage.—Confound the rascal! he was a most experienced ploughman, and deemed this a fair opportunity of showing his great rectilinear skill, and obtaining the applause of his fellows, by driving me at full speed through the door-way of the house. It stood exactly at the foot of the steepest part of the hill; and, from the tremendous rate at which we travelled, the downfall of the whole edifice seemed inevitable! My senses, which had partially taken leave of me in the course of the descent, returned just as we arrived within a few yards of our destination; I uttered one shriek, desperately closed my eyes, and gave myself up for a buried man.

The next moment I found my body, safe and unhurt, on the hearth of Dame Caddlefurrow's kitchen. There was the dame, seated in her bee-hive chair, staring with surprise, impatience, and anger, at my worship in the barrow. As soon as the clown recovered his lost breath, he proceeded to an explanation of the cause of his introducing such an unsightly and unknown personage as me to her goodly presence. "I ha' zeed the chap," quoth he, elevating the handles of his wheelbarrow to the top of his shoulders, so as to afford the dame a full view of my person; "I ha' zeed the chap scaures and scaures o' times, skulking about the hill, always and vor ever just about night-vall, when I do goa a-vodder the beasts; zo, bethinks I, thic jockey bean't loitering about here zo often, wi' any good plan in his noddle: moorauver, I ha' zeed un, coming athirt

the yields of a night, just afore harvest, treading down whole zheaves o' wheat at a voot-wall—that nettled I more nor all; zo I looked out vor un to-night, zipped un into the dung-barry, walked un down the hill-side, and drove un through the ould porch ztraight as a wurrow—zo here a' is, and let un gi'e a 'count ov hi'self'—"Ay, let un give an account of hi'self," said the sturdy dame; "Who bee'st, oosbert?"—To say that I was at the point of dissolution, were needless. I began to mutter a few incoherent sentences, when one of the fellows at the door cried out, "He's Habby Bullwinkle, the devil's-bird, down in the village."—"A lawyer!" shouted mistress Caddlefurrow, in a tone that doomed me, in perspective, to all the horrors of the horse-pond,—"Why, thou bloated raven! thou—" "Zober—zober, mother," whispered a voice behind me; and a hand, at the same time, quietly put the enraged widow back towards her bee-hive; "bide a bit; only hide a bit; hearken to reason." I extricated myself from the barrow, and looked up to see who my protecting angel could possibly be; it was no other than Skelpie. "This gentleman's my vriend," continued he, looking drolly towards me; "he and I be main vond o' one another; I zeldom goes to chat wi' a lass, but what he is near at hand; zo—d'y'e mind?—he often come wi' I to the top of the hill, and bided there, while I just stepped down to court little Ally vor an hour or zo; that's all:—I left un there to-night. I axed the mopus to come in, but he's modest, main modest, vor a chap of his years." So saying, he resumed his seat, and tendered me the cider-mug and a spare pipe in such a friendly and unsuspecting manner, that told me all was right in a moment. The clowns retired, and the old dame looked on me as kindly as her features would permit, under the impression that I was the chosen friend of her niece's intended husband; for such, I soon discovered, Skelpie was by her considered!—As soon as the storm in my veins had somewhat abated, I looked around for the mild goddess of my idolatry, the lady-like, modest, soft, silver-eyed Ally Budd. She was drooping in a dark corner, with a check apron thrown over her folded arms, and snoring audibly!

I could not bear to think of the heartless creature for a year after; of course I never hovered over the abode of Dame Caddlefurrow agnait. Skelpie soon deserted the cold lass for another love; and, after being obliged to dance in her stocking-vamps, according to the custom of the country, at the marriages of her two younger sisters, Ally was wedded to an unlucky miser—the most miserable character under the sun. But to resume—after lighting my pipe, I sat for some minutes absorbed in reflections on my late adventure. I did not like Skelpie a whit the better for having shielded me from the wrath of the boisterous widow; a blow from his hand would have been much more acceptable than a favour: I imagined that he was rioting on the idea of having vexed me, by his act of apparent good-nature and kindness; and I construed his silence very much in favour of this vagary of my heated imagination. Presently I heard a noise behind old mother Caddlefurrow's chair, which resembled the faint and irregular chuckling of a woman's half-stifled laugh; and anon, a tuft of hair, dark as a raven's wing, topped by a pheasant's plume, gleamed over the head of the chair; a white brow, and a pair of laughing black eyes, brim full of tears, followed; and, in a few minutes, Kate Skelpie, the wicked, mischievous sister of my deliverer, tumbled out of the recess, which the dame's chair had effectually shaded. She was a round, dumpy lass, full of tricks as a frolicsome colt, with an impudent cocked nose, and a pair of lips, that were continually in waggish and most alluring motion. I had seen her before at a farmer's merry-making, when she picked me out for a partner, and, notwithstanding my obesity, obliged me to dance

down six-and-thirty couple of giggling girls, and roaring men;—keeping up, all the time, as grave a face as ever sat on the shoulders of an undertaker. I pitched and leaped about like a gambolling rhinoceros, to the infinite diversion of the company, and my own solitary grief and dismay. Kate and I were the only persons in the room who looked at all solid. I felt an inkling of affection for the lass, even then—why, I know not; and the continual crossings I received from Skelpie, determined me to make love under his own roof, where I should, most probably, be sure of peace and quietness in my trying; as Skelpie usually past the love time of the nights, about at the abodes of the different village toasts. Here was a glorious opportunity of improving my acquaintance with the twinkling eyed Kate! She was not such a poetical-looking creature as the snoring Ally Budd, nor so tall and comely as the false daughter of Grobstock; nevertheless, Kate Skelpie was a jound, pretty, and captivating young lass. I courted her, and prospered.

She had no meddling parents to interfere with us; and Skelpie was, of course absent from home five nights in the week. Many were the pranks which the dear jade played me; but I did not care;—they kept my flame alive, and her occasional kind looks and unsolicited salutes convinced me that I held a place in her heart. In the meantime, however, I carried on the war in another quarter. I had two nights in the week to spare, and these I spent at a farm-house about a mile from the village, with a slender young maiden, named Amaranth Saffern.

One Saturday evening, Skelpie overtook me as I was journeying towards Amaranth's dwelling. He accented me civilly; and having some serious notions about his sister, I did not scruple to enter into conversation with him. He had not crossed me for above a month; and Kate had informed me, the night before, "that she should have a good bit of gold, if the old chap at the Land's End would but take it into his head just to die a bit!" these were good reasons for my civility, and we discoursed on the most fashionable village topics with great urbanity and mildness. At length, however, we arrived at Amaranth's door; and then, for the first time, the truth flashed upon each of our minds. We were both evidently bent on a love-visit to the fair Saffern. Skelpie looked rather hurt, methought, and could not help heaving a short sigh. However, we both went in, and found Amaranth alone. It was market-day; and her crippled grandfather, with whom she dwelt, as we both well knew, was gone to, and in all probability would remain at, the next market-town until a late hour, according to his usual custom; otherwise, we should almost as soon have ventured into a tiger's den, to despoil the animal of a whelp, as pay a love-visit to the old man's granddaughter. The miller was a lamb, compared with dame Caddlefurrow; and that lady a dove in deportment, to old Jagger Saffern. But more of him anon.

Amaranth, it was plain, favoured me rather than Skelpie. Without vanity be it spoken, I was, at that time, harrng my obesity, which rendered me somewhat unsightly in the eyes of the lean, rather a personable man, and not quite forty. I was by no means particularly solicitous to gain the young Saffern's affections, yet she clung to me in preference to Skelpie, who did all in his power to please her. He was evidently in love, and for the first time in his life, felt the pangs of jealousy in his heart. I was his successful rival!—I, even I, Habakkuk Bullwinkle, the devil's bird, whom he had so long despised, had succeeded in warping the affections of his Amaranth!—He bit his lip, lowered and smiled by fits, and, in vain endeavoured to conceal the state of his heart. Amaranth seemed to rejoice in his torments; she had always been tolerably liberal in her tokens of affection, but, on this occasion, she almost exceeded the bounds of probab-

lity. I did not much like it at last; for I began to think she was making a fool of me. We went on in this way for above an hour, when the old cripple's pony suddenly clattered into the court-yard. Skelpie started on his legs in evident alarm. There was no way of escape, but through a back door into a little yard, which was surrounded by a villanous high wall, so smooth, and well-built too, as to defy even Skelpie's clambering capabilities.

We had not been a moment outside the door, before the cripple entered the house. Skelpie was endeavouring with all his might to get over the wall: he clung like a cat to the bare bricks; but, before he had well reached half-way up, his foot slipped, and down he came. I was standing disconsolately underneath him; he fell so suddenly, that I had not time to get out of the way, and Skelpie's ponderous and hard skull struck me full in the pit of my stomach, and sent me staggering against the back door, which naturally gave way with the shock, and I was precipitated, on the broad of my back, in the very middle of the floor. Luckily, I came in contact with the table on which the candle stood, and extinguished the light in my fall. The embers were dying on the hearth, and Skelpie had hauled me by the legs, back into the yard, before the cripple (who waited to reach his loaded blunderbuss before he looked round) could catch more than a vague glimpse of my form and features. The door swung inward, and Skelpie easily held it fast enough to prevent the cripple from pulling it open;—at the same time carefully screening his body behind the wall of the house, from the cripple's bullets, which we expected to hear rattling through the door every moment. He growled like an incensed bear, and muttered curses by wholesale on poor Amaranth, whom we heard whining most piteously. At length, he seemed to take a sudden resolution, chuckled audibly, and proceeded to barricado the door with all the furniture in the room. Here was an end to all our hopes of enfranchisement and safety. But, oh! dear me! what were my feelings, when I heard the cripple hobbling up stairs, and trying to open a little window which commanded the yard! We were in a sad situation; our only choice of avoiding the lynx eyes of Jagger was by getting into two water-butts, which stood in the yard. The windows of the house looked into every corner, so that we could not possibly hope to conceal ourselves behind them. In we went together, but my ill luck still attended me; Skelpie crouched comfortably in the belly of a dry butt, but the one, into which I floundered, was half full of water. The chilling liquid rose to within a foot and a half of the brim, the moment I got in, so that it was impossible for me to crouch, being actually standing on tip-toe, neck high in water! It was a bleak night, but my fever saved my life.

The cripple's blunderbuss, of unprecedented calibre, was thrust out of the window, before I could well moderate my quick breathing. He looked into every corner of the yard, but, happily, did not perceive my miserable scone, which was floating in the water-butt, immediately beneath him. He descended in a few minutes, and removed the furniture from the door, searched all round the yard, and, at length, discovering the marks of Skelpie's shoes in the wall, concluded that we had escaped, and went grumbling to bed. It was a long time before I would suffer Skelpie to help me out of my hiding-place: he effected the job with infinite difficulty, and led me, dripping like a watering-pot, through the house.

About a week after this adventure, I discovered that Kate and Amaranth, who were once bosom friends, had quarrelled about me, and were now as spiteful to each other as possible. They met, one evening, at old Hetty Caddlefurrow's, and, on comparing notes, found that I was playing a double game. Ally Budd was present, but she said nothing. After lavishing the

usual abusive epithets on me, they began to look coldly upon each other: from cool looks, they proceeded to vituperative insinuations; and, before they parted, naturally came to an open rupture. Occasionally, I suffered a little from their pouting and touting; but, in the main, I was happy enough between them. Each tried all her arts to win me from her rival; they sometimes met, grew great friends, vowed they would both turn their backs upon me for ever, kissed, cried, quarrelled again, and grew more rancorous to each other, and loving to me, than before. Skelpie became an altered man. Amaranth flouted him, abused his sister to his face, and caressed me in his presence;—although, I believe, the hussy, if she knew her own heart, loved the fellow all the time. Skelpie dressed smartly, discontinued his visits to all other girls, neglected his games, and even his daily occupations, to court Amaranth. He won the heart of the old cripple Saffern; but the lass still turned a deaf ear to his vows;—she was trying to vex Kate Skelpie. I was completely happy, I felt!—but wherefore should I dwell on this love contest?—Skelpie is looking over my shoulder, and does not seem to relish the protracted detail. Suffice it to say then, that the banns of marriage were at length published, between Bahakkuk Bullwinkle, gentleman, and Kate Skelpie, spinster;—that we were united in due season;—and that Skelpie, a short time afterwards, obtained the hand of Amaranth. The angry passions of the girls soon subsided, and they loved each other better than ever. Skelpie became my bosom friend; I prospered in business; and the two families have lived together for above twenty years, in concord and happiness. The roses have faded in Amaranth's cheek, and the fire of Kate's eye is somewhat quenched; but the relation of my own mishaps, Skelpie's adventures, and our strange courtships, never fails to draw back the youthful smiles of hilarity in both their matronly faces. Heaven bless them!

INES DE CASTRO.

PETER of Portugal's passion for Ines de Castro, was so excessive, as to serve, in some measure, as an excuse for the cruelties he practised on her murderers. They were three of the principal noblemen of his kingdom, named Gonzales, Pacheco, and Coello. They had stabbed her with their own hands in the arms of her women. Peter, who was then, only Prince of Portugal, seemed, from that moment, bereft of reason, and the mild virtues by which he had hitherto been distinguished, were now converted into brutal ferocity. He took up arms against his father, and wasted with fire and sword, the provinces in which the estates of the assassins were situate. As soon as he succeeded to the throne, he required Peter the Cruel, of Castille, to deliver up to him Gonzales, and Coello, who had sought refuge in that prince's dominions. Pacheco had retired to France, and there died.

Peter, when his enemies had thus fallen into his hands, inflicted on them the severest punishment he could contrive. He had their hearts torn from their bodies whilst they were still alive, and took pleasure at being himself a witness of this horrid spectacle. After glutting his vengeance in this manner, the lover, in all the extravagance of love and grief, had the body of his dear Ines taken from the grave; arrayed the corpse in magnificent robes; set the crown upon her livid and disfigured brow; proclaimed her Queen of Portugal, and obliged the grandees of his court to do her homage.—*Histoire de Portugal, par Lequin de la Neuville.*

Bellerophon is said to have overcome the monster Chimera by the aid of the winged horse Pegasus. Perhaps he be-rhymed him to death.

THEY COME! &c.

THEY come! the merry summer months of Beauty,
Song, and Flowers;
They come! the glad some months that bring thick
leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and
care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters
glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tran-
quillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet
and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup, are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now
are silvery grey—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering
"Be gay."

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming
like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course
they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who far above
this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler
mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder
wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own
glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his
kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void
of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts
of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed
wight like me,
To smell again those summer flowers beneath this
summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright
summer day.
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless
truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty
heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud
to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight
to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm un-
clouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me
dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath
wax'd old!

Original.

WHAT IS DEATH?

BY ALBYN DE RANCE.

"WHAT is death?" I asked an infant,
Clinging to its mother's breast;
Its little heart beat at that instant,
Only for its holy rest.
On its lip a smile was playing,
Tear-drops trickled from its eye;
Unconsciously they mingled, saying—
" 'Tis not hard for me die."

"What is death?" I asked of childhood,
Sporting gaily by the stream,
That murmured through its native wildwood:
Life to him was all a dream.
He smil'd not at the thought of leaving
Early pleasures, bright and fair;
He wept not, but his bosom heaving,
Told the sigh was working there.

"What is death?" I ask'd the blooming
Youth, upon whose brow the sun,
In glory dawn'd, his path illuming,
Pointing to his manhood—on.
He stopp'd awhile, and ponder'd, fearful,
O'er his pastime, fading now;
The hopes of youth-hood, dim and tearful,
Wither'd on that sunny brow.

"What is death?" I asked the pleasures,
Crowding round young manhood's path;
He turn'd, and from those glowing treasures
Started at the name of death.
His eyes were glaz'd in gloomy sadness,
Now his heart to feel was taught,
His frenzied brain strove in that madness,
To steep its sense in burning thought.

"What is death?" I ask'd the beauty,
Treading fancy's fearless road;
Unmindful of the daily duty,
She owed unto herself and God.
She stole a moment thoughtful, restive,
Scalding tear-drops filled her eyes;
Scenes around, so flattering, festive,
She could scarcely sacrifice.

"What is death?" I ask'd a parent,
On whose heart a weight of woe—
That seem'd upon her life inherent,
Hung to see the sufferer low.
She clasp'd her infant to a bosom,
Which no fear of death could move;
Loth to leave the tender blossom,
Of her deep enduring love.

"What is death?" I ask'd a miser,
Hoarding still his golden store;
Scarcely of his gems the wiser,
Grasping eagerly for more.
Terror fierce his face distorted,
Ghastly grew his look, and grim;
He with life had quickly parted,
If his gold could follow him.

"What is death?" I ask'd the weary;
He whose life was waning fast,
" 'Tis," said he, " beyond these dreary
Paths, to gain a home at last.
To that home my feet are tending,
Thither all my steps have press'd,
Soon my body hails its ending,
And my soul its endless rest."

A LADY PATRONESS.

A BRILLIANT society was assembled in the drawing-room of the banker, Montfort, one of the fortunate *millionnaires* of the *Chaussee-d'Antin*. Seven had struck; and a servant in gorgeous livery had uttered those words so sweet to the ear of the impatient gastronome, "Dinner is on the table."

I shall not describe the dining-room of the *millionnaire*,—that sanctuary within which are laboured out so many conceptions and projects, so many revolutions, financial and political. Neither will I describe the royal magnificence of a feast which might have shamed those of *Lucullus*. Let it suffice to state, that Montfort, on that day, did the honours of his table to a foreign diplomatist, whose protection he sought for the conclusion of a loan;—to the secretary-general of a ministerial department, whose position enabled him to facilitate the adjudication of a great enterprise;—and to three provincial deputies, whose vote might have the effect of enriching France with a canal, which should pour abundance and fertility into the coffers of the insatiable contractor. And this short enumeration of the principal guests is equivalent to the bill of fare.

Madame Octavie de Montfort, blazing with diamonds, and brilliant in youth and beauty, presided, with grace and liveliness. Amiable and smiling, she replied with equal address to the flatteries of the secretary-general and the madrigals of the foreign diplomatist. Every one was in the happiest vein. Sallies of fancy flew about with champagne corks; the deputies of the centre were noisy as during one of *M. Manguin's* speeches, and the banker himself was almost a wit.

All things had been discussed, and all subjects exhausted, from the *Abbe Chatel* to *Mademoiselle Bouory*, (in addition to those of the loan, the contract, and the canal,) when the conversation fell on the subject of benevolence, connected with a charitable ball—a fancy-ball which was to collect together the flower of Parisian society. Madame Octavie de Montfort was one of the Lady Patronesses of this great ball, which was to take place within a fortnight. Many sayings were uttered, wise and foolish, on the subject of charity, of the poor, of dancing, philanthropy, and benevolence in *entrechats*—that great invention of modern times. The tear stood in Montfort's eye as he spoke of the families of the destitute, who had no prop and no provision, but the sensibility of the rich. As for Octavie, she was sublime. "Of what value was opulence but to soothe the distress!" Between the second course and the dessert, she had got rid of forty tickets. "She only wished she could dispose of two hundred;—not from vanity, thank heaven! that was a feeling she had never known:—but from pity for the unfortunate orphans whom she loved to call her children, her family."

"Dear Octavie!" said the banker, "it is so rich a pleasure to her to succor the wretched. It is her only joy!"

"Ah! you flatter me," quoth Octavie, "I do it for your pleasure;—for you are happy only when you are doing good!"

At this moment a servant entered, and announced to Montfort that some one wished to speak to him.

"At this hour!" said the banker, angrily;—"you know well, John, that I see no one while I am engaged at table."

The servant drew nearer to his master, and whispered, "It is *M. Didier*."

At that name Montfort rose, begged his guests to excuse him, and passed into his study.

A little man, dressed in black, there awaited the banker. Beneath his arm he carried a huge bundle of papers.

"Excuse me if I disturb you," said *M. Didier*, "but

I can only come at this hour or early in the morning, which would disturb you still more; and as you will not admit of any intermediary in the little matter which you have entrusted to me—"

"To the point—to the point, *M. Didier*!"

"Would you believe, *M. Montfort*, that I left my office this morning at seven o'clock, and that I have not yet dined?—I have made fifteen seizures to day."

"To the point, I beg you. I am engaged. Have you, at length, brought me some money? Shall I obtain my rights from these insolvent debtors?"

"I fear not, *Monsieur*, at least unless you proceed to extremities—the sale of their goods, or capture of their bodies. But your sensibility—"

"You know very well, *Sir*, that there is no such thing in matters of business. Besides, I have not had recourse to your agency but because I had to deal with dishonest persons, who are able to pay."

"They say not."

"So, you have got nothing?—Nothing from *Madame Remy*, the mercer, who has owed me four hundred francs for this year past?"

"Nothing."

"What is the state of the affair?"

"We have got judgment and execution; the sale is for Wednesday—but I wished to see you before issuing bills."

"The sale must proceed."

"She asks three months forbearance. She is wholly without resource, and will be compelled to abandon her business. Her husband, who held a small situation in the bank, is dead of cholera, and she is left destitute, with three young children."

"Oh! she says her husband is dead of cholera? I can ascertain that, through my wife, who is a member of the committee of orphans. In the mean time issue the bills at any rate."

"Very well, *Sir*."

"And that young man, *Fourbreuse*,—he who reads memoirs to the Academy of Sciences—has he yet untied his purse-strings?"

"Alas! *Sir*, the purse must be but poorly furnished, if I may judge by his goods."

"Nevertheless, he must pay the thousand francs."

"A thousand francs! my good *Sir*, the debt is now thirteen hundred and eighty francs, including interest and costs. The poor young man will never be able to pay."

"He must, however. I don't understand being trifled with thus. Besides, *M. Fourbreuse* has a place."

He had one;—a situation of fifteen hundred francs, in one of the colleges at Paris—"

"What! he has it no longer?"

"You ordered me to attach his salary,—and he has consequently been deprived of his office."

"So, I have no longer any security!" cried the banker. "*M. Didier*, you will proceed in this matter with the utmost rigour. I know that *Fourbreuse* has resources;—he has talents."

"Unproductive talents."

"I cannot help that. They that have unproductive talents should not incur debts. *M. Didier*, you will proceed."

"Everything has been done;—there remains nothing but the seizure."

"That you will make, then."

"To frighten him?"

"No!—to sell."

"His furniture is not worth more than a couple of hundred francs."

"*M. Didier*, I have duties to fulfil. In this matter I act not for myself alone. *Fourbreuse* is indebted to

the heirs of my father-in-law. If it affected no other than my wife, I would wait;—you know me sufficiently to be convinced of that. But this debt interests, equally, my brother-in-law, the Comte de Blergy, and my sister-in-law, the wife of General Maugrand. You will proceed."

"As you desire, Monsieur."

"You know well, M. Didier," added the banker, as he let out the officer, "that I am not a merciless man. I have waited long for these debts;—but there is an end to all things. Besides, I tell you in confidence, that I have promised the little sum whose collection I have entrusted to you, to my wife, who wishes to contribute them to the benevolent institution of our *arrondissement*, for she is a lady of charity. Good day M. Didier."

At this moment, the noise of the dance reached them, and the melodious orchestra of Tolbeque flung its joyous harmonies into the banker's study. Montfort hastily regained his rich saloons.

It was a delicious fete—an intoxicating rout—a true millionaire's ball. The leaders of finance, the lords of diplomacy, all the world of fashion, were met together in this brilliant assemblage. A thousand lustres shed their dazzling light on women sparkling with the ornaments of dress and of loveliness. The crowded masses of the happy and the powerful moved, to the sound of harmonious music, through chambers embellished with all the appliances of luxury and all the wonders of art. At two o'clock a magnificent repast varied the pleasures of the night, and astonished, by its tasteful magnificence, guests accustomed to the prodigal splendour of ministerial tables. The day had dimmed the brilliancy of the lamps, while yet the dance continued—while a magic and seducing galopade swept in its whirling course that gilded and smiling crowd, and offered to the charmed eyes a moving circle of women, of diamonds, and of flowers.

I forgot to mention, that, at the close of the supper, Madame Octavie de Montfort had already disposed of two hundred tickets for the charitable ball.

Let us leave this scene of happiness and of pleasure, and transport ourselves to the fourth story of a dismal abode in the Rue Guenegaud. After a night of watching and labour, a young man, seated before a small deal table, covered with papers, books, and mathematical instruments, near a fire place, in which a few miserable embers yet glowed,—had yielded to fatigue, and fallen asleep with his head drooped upon his breast. An almost expiring lamp cast a dim light upon the pallid and melancholy face of the student. An open door presented to view, within another chamber, a wretched bed, on which lay an elderly lady, whose thin and wrung features spoke of sickness and pain. The poverty of the humble dwelling was slightly disguised by its exceeding cleanness. A few old articles of furniture, the broken relics of former independence, saddened the eye by their ruined elegance. A dog, extended at its master's feet, had just awakened with the first ray of the sun, and looked up at the sleeping youth with an earnest and protecting look. Suddenly the door-bell rang; the dog sprang hastily up, and uttered a low bark, which he at once stifled, as he looked towards the bed of the old woman. "Silence Fox," said the young man, waking up, and rubbing his eyes. "Surely there was a ring at the door;—who comes so early? and he proceeded to open it.

It was M. Didier—the man in black, with the bundle of papers, and the gentle manner and mien. But M. Didier, this time, was not alone. He was accompanied by two other men, in one of whom, Fourbrouse recognized the porter of a neighbouring house.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Didier, bowing—"you do not recognise me, though I have already had the honour of speaking with you several times. I come for the

payment of the thousand francs, (exclusive of costs,) which you owe to the Blergy estate."

Fourbrouse started.

"And unless I am paid this morning, I shall be under the painful necessity, according to my orders from M. Montfort, to proceed to execution."

Fourbrouse felt his heart cease to beat. He thought of his old mother, who lay sick before him, and now slept quietly on the bed which they were about to sell. His step staggered, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

Before proceeding, and during the time that Didier made his inventory, let us explain the origin of this debt, and inform our readers how the poor youth became indebted to the heirs of the Comte de Blergy for a thousand francs.

In the Comte de Blergy, the father of Madlle. Octavie, scientific acquirements of the first order enhanced the lustre of titles and wealth. In few words, he was one of the distinguished men of his day, the most, and the most deservedly honored.

An important work, published by Fourbrouse, and some remarkable memoirs read by him to the Academy of Sciences, had attracted towards this youth the attention of the distinguished old man, and an acquaintance, sought by the Comte, had arisen between them.

In a short time, an actual benefit conferred, brought, if possible, increased claims upon the gratitude of Fourbrouse. An office became vacant in one of the colleges of Paris; and the Comte de Blergy procured it for his *protégé*. The income was small, but the appointment honourable; and it yielded enough, with the produce of some private tuition, to put Fourbrouse in a position to provide for his aged mother a quiet subsistence, and to continue in peace the profound labours to which he had dedicated his future life.

Arrived at the accomplishment of his wishes, Fourbrouse had now scarcely anything to desire, when an unfortunate circumstance arose to trouble the calm of his life, and surrender him a prey to the deepest anxiety. Security, imprudently given, for an unworthy friend, who deceived him, placed him in the most harassing position, and threatened even his personal liberty.

At this painful moment, a letter was brought to him. He recognised the hand writing of the Comte de Blergy, as he broke the seal; but who shall express the feelings with which he found, within the envelope, a cheque for one thousand francs, accompanied by the following lines:

"A common friend has informed me of the difficulty in which your too confiding generosity has involved you. Your repose must not be broken, nor the labours, which are of equal importance to your own renown, and to the interests of science, interrupted, for a miserable sum like this. Accept the inclosed. It is the amount which you require. I am too happy to have the opportunity of serving you. Consider it but as a loan;—you shall repay it when you are able. Take it, if you wish that I should pardon your not having confided your difficulty to me."

Who shall tell that which passed in the soul of Fourbrouse, as he read this note? Filled with the warmest gratitude, but resolved upon refusing the obligation, he hastened to the hotel of the Comte. He thanked him with tears, while he urged him to receive back the generous subsidy; but the Comte pressed him with such earnest friendship, and contrived so well to overcome the delicate scruples of the young man, that Fourbrouse yielded at length to his entreaties, stipulating only that he should sign a receipt for the sum, and an engagement to repay it in a year.

"With all my heart," said the noble old man, with a smile.

The year passed. Fourbrouse had reckoned, for the discharge of his obligation, upon the sale of a treatise

on Geometry; but circumstances appeared unfavourable to the publisher, who was to purchase it. On the day when his engagement fell due, Fourbrouse presented himself, timidly, with his apologies, before the Comte de Blergy.

"What!" said the old man, "thinking still of that trifle? M. Fourbrouse, if you speak of it again to me, it must be a quarrel between us."

Three more years passed, during which Fourbrouse, more favoured of fame than of fortune, gained daily more and more the esteem of the learned, and above all, of the Comte de Blergy, who ceased not to honour him with his confidence and friendship. But the poor young man could not pay the money, and dared not again speak of the debt to his benefactor.

At the end of these three years, the Comte died suddenly, leaving an immense fortune to his son and his two daughters, the eldest of whom had recently married the banker Montfort, and the youngest, the General Maugrand. Unhappily, amongst the millions that he left to his heirs, was found the obligation for one thousand francs, signed by the poor mathematician. * *

We left M. Didier making his inventory in the little chamber of Fourbrouse. The unfortunate student, standing in the recess of his window, looked on with folded arms; an unnatural calm, a sort of convulsive resignation had stolen over him; and on his impressive face, no sign betrayed the tempest of his thoughts, yet bitter were his reflections. "Ah!" exclaimed he mentally, "you who feel tempted to accept of succour from a generous hand, beware, lest your benefactor have sons, or daughters, or sons-in-law, to inherit his fortune, and come after his death to draw you into a reckoning for the benefit. If you have a name that you thought to honour amongst men, by the labours of usefulness, they will record that name in a process! They will have it called over by a huissier's clerk! They will make it the property of a scribe, who shall speculate upon the number of its letters! They will post up your poverty in the market-place! They will print in the journals, and on your gate, the description of your miserable moveables! They will sell them in the public square; and, in the evening go to a ball, where they will institute a raffle, for the benefit of the poor!"

Still, there was a consolation that mingled with the bitter thoughts of Fourbrouse; a something whispered to him, that if there were a name tarnished in the affair, it was, haply, not his, but that of the millionaire banker, those of the vain and titled men, the idle and gilded women, who had taken from him his poor table, his chair, and his bed; from him, the child of indigence and toil, although he had been the friend of their father, and because a few piles more of crowns were wanting to swell an heritage of millions.

Didier and his clerk had now completed their inventory of the young student's room, and a small kitchen adjoining, and the officer was about to enter into the old lady's chamber, when Fourbrouse sprang forward and seized his arm.

"Sir," said he, calmly, "I entreat you not to go in there;—my mother is ill, and just now she sleeps."

The huissier paused upon the threshold of the chamber, round which he cast his searching looks, and in a low voice dictated his inventory, while Fox looked at him with a flashing eye, ready to dart upon him, if he should invade the apartment of the invalid.

The old lady had, however, awaked, and from the foot of her bed, which was surrounded by old chintz curtains, she heard the whispering. "My poor Frederic," muttered she to herself, "always at his work and reading over his labours." But too soon she recognised, that it was not the voice of her son, and caught the words, "An old mahogany chest of drawers, with marble head; a pendule, in sculptured brass; two old arm chairs, covered with silk——"

A cry burst from the lips of the invalid—for she

guessed the truth. Fourbrouse sprang towards her, and strove to soothe her, while Didier finished his inventory.

Two days after, Fourbrouse, accompanied by his dog, followed a hearse, which took the road to the Cemetery of Mont-Parnasse.

It was a great night for the poor, the night of the 1st of March, 1833! In one of the most splendid hotels of the quarter of the modern Athens, the sumptuous apartments had been decorated with magnificence for the great philanthropic ball, of which we have already spoken, and which had Madame Octavie de Montfort for one of its lady patronesses. A long string of carriages brought, to this enchanted spot, all that Paris contained of brilliant women and men *comme il faut*. The aristocracy of birth, joined hands with the aristocracy of wealth, in this truly fraternal assemblage, where the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy expanded all hearts. The richness and variety of the costumes, the profusion of flowers, of lamps, and of gold, gave to the fête the aspect of a fairy scene. All nations and all epochs were there mingled and confounded. Marchionesses of the 18th century, Duchesses of the 15th, abbes, *mousquetaires*, pilgrims, pachas, chevaliers, Swiss peasants, French guardsmen, boatmen, and chieftains, were crowded together, and wavered to and fro, amid torrents of light and music. It was a sight to make one adore philanthropy and charity, and give thanks to Heaven that there were such people as the poor.

Madame Octavie de Montfort, by her beauty, her diamonds, and the splendour of her oriental costume, would have attracted all eyes, even if the rose-colored knot, the distinctive signs of her functions, as lady patroness, had not fixed attention upon her. She was the queen of this fête, where also shone her husband, in the guise of troubadour: her brother, M. de Blergy, in the rich costume of a courtier of Henry the Second's time; and her sister, the Baroness Maugrand, habited as a Chinese, and leaning on the arm of a mandarin, General Maugrand. These two dresses which had been expressly procured from China, and were of incredible magnificence, had cost 20,000 francs. But can one make too great sacrifices, when a fête for the benefit of the poor is in question?

All at once, a movement was observed at one of the doors of the saloon, and a mask entered, round whom the crowd gathered, attracted by the singularity of its costume. It was a man clothed in the garb of a *beggar*, carrying a wallet, and on whose garments were pasted innumerable papers of legal process. His breast, his back, his arms, his legs, were covered with them; Monsieur and Madame de Montfort were amongst the first to approach this mysterious personage, and read what follows, on a large sheet of stamped paper, which covered his breast.

The author has here given exact copies of the different instruments of legal process, on the part of the heirs of the Comte de Blergy, all whose names and descriptions are set out at full length, against the poor student, including the inventory, and ending with the advertisement of sale—which are described as covering the different parts of the body of the mask, but which our readers would not thank us to translate for them;—and the whole ends as follows:—

And on his hat, which was surrounded with a black crape, was a written paper, with these words in large characters—

"The charity of the men of the world."

By too constant association, the sincerest friendship and the warmest love may be estranged, or rather obliterated; as the richest coins are defaced by the friction of each other.

Original.

THE HUSBAND'S FIRST ERROR,

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

THE star is setting now, the little star
 You bade me watch, my love! and then to list,
 With its last fading beam, the hasty tread
 Of thy impatient foot, as swift it flew
 Across the dewy lawn, to meet me here,
 In our own rosy bower; our sweet retreat
 From care and meddling thought. Lo, it is gone!
 Its last soft light is shaded, and my soul
 Grows sad and desolate without thee now!
 Our little one is sleeping on my breast:
 Its soft warm cheek is pressed against my lip,
 In sweet unconscious innocence! I hear
 The soft and hallowed music of its breath,
 And drink its balmy fragrance! Oh, I feel,
 What naught on earth can feel, save that deep fount,
 Of strange and holy tenderness, which lies
 Forever dom'd within a mother's breast,
 Pouring its streams of blessedness and joy
 Through all her being.

'Tis a precious thing,
 A choice rich boon of heaven, to be a mother,
 And taste the nameless unaccompanied bliss,
 Which springs from such relationship! But hark!
 Methinks I hear the whizzing of a bird,
 Scared from its nightly slumbers; now again,
 The hawthorn hedge is sighing in the touch
 Of some swift passer—aye, it must be him.

Not yet, not yet—my love! The moon is high,
 And flings her solemn glory o'er the world;
 The hush'd, reposing world! The midnight breeze
 Is creeping o'er the bosom of the lake,
 Weigh'd down with summer fragrance; but its voice
 Is full of strange forebodings! Low and sad,
 The distant cataract is humming on,
 In its eternal solitary song.

The touch of holy meekness flings her spell
 Across the brow of nature; and I feel
 A deep and precious sympathy of soul;
 A nameless fellowship with that same spell
 Ineffable; and like the treasur'd depths
 Of all the soul's affections. Still I grieve,
 'Mid all this bright and pleasant vision; grieve,
 Because thou comest not! and I feel a void;
 A dark and gloomy solitude of spirit;
 An utter loneliness, which blessed dreams
 Of bright and joyous things can never cheer,
 While thou art absent, dearest! Never, never
 Till this sad mournful eve didst thou thus wait
 Beyond the appointed hour; thy buoyant foot
 Was like the young bird's wing, as near she comes
 To her first worshipp'd brood. Thy lip was warm
 With love's delighted breathings, and thy heart
 Was ever true, and guileless as the light
 Of young Aurora's smile. Oh, wake, my son!
 My precious innocent, awake and cheer
 The dark foreboding gloom, which gathers fast
 Around thy mother's soul!—but list, I hear
 A footstep now! a heavy, measured tread,
 Unlike the light and joyous step of him
 Whose life is blended with my own; and yet,
 It must—it must be him. Now rest thee here
 On this sweet violet bed, my lovely boy!
 While thy fond mother flies, with open arms,
 To meet her own beloved. * * * *

Changed—how changed!
 The folded arm, the cold, averted eye,
 The bitter taunt, the mockery of my long
 And patient hours of wakefulness; the laugh
 Of shame and conscious guilt; the reeling form;—
 Oh God, and is it so! Is this the meed

Of all my soul's devotion?—this the dark
 And mournful end of young affection's dream!
 Aye! what shall quench the burning agony
 Which scathes my bending spirit! what shall bring
 The holy charm again, which, yesterday,
 Flung such enchantment round my joyous feet
 As made them tread on roses!—Yesterday!
 Oh, how the light of innocence and love,
 Which then was on my path, is dark as death,
 And chills me with its dreariness! The heavens—
 The bright and glorious heavens! look desolate,
 In melancholy grandeur. Oh, my boy,
 How shall I meet thy playful happy smile,
 While shadows gather o'er thee! Hush, my heart—
 I feel that thou art breaking!

FAREWELL TO THE DEE.

I LEAVE thee, my own river Dee—I leave thy banks
 of green,
 The richness of thy harvest hills, thy summer woods
 serene;
 Thy birds, like living lutes, that sing through heaven's
 bright azure free—
 I leave thee—oh! my beautiful, my native river Dee!
 They tell me, that, in foreign lands, far nobler rivers
 sweep—
 So vast, the weary skies do rest upon their shoreless
 deep;
 That coloured birds, like tulip-beds, in living lustre
 glow,
 And far away, for miles, they say, ten thousand forests
 grow!

Yet tell me, if the flowers I love, I ever more may find,
 Or meet a valley half so dear as this I leave behind?
 What—what to me are forests wild, or birds of painted
 wing?
 Let me still hear in English groves the English black-
 bird sing.

I asked my mother why she sought to cross the dreary
 wave—
 To quit the farm where we were born—to lose my
 father's grave—
 And why the cot my grandsire built this very day was
 sold?
 She answered—while she wept the more—that she
 was poor and old!

But yet she hoped for better times, beyond the waters
 wide,
 And, come what would, while we were good, our God
 would still provide:
 And more I heard, and strove to hide upon my mother's
 knee
 The tears I could not all repress, yet hoped she might
 not see.

The forests—how I fear them still! for there the lion
 prowls
 The whole night through; the panther, too, with hungry
 fury howls;
 And when the white moon veils her brow, the tiger
 quits his lair—
 Yet wherefore should I dread to go?—my brother will
 be there!

Then, lovely river! though I ne'er may view thy
 waters more,
 Still may the bright heavens shine for thee in glory as
 of yore—
 Still may thy flowers in gladness spring—still bloom,
 though not for me!
 And bless—oh! bless thee once again, my own dear
 "wizard Dee!"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

"FAINT HEART," says the adage, "never won fair ladye." I know not who it was that gave birth to this "wise saw"—whether it is to be found in Homer, as some say all things may, (it is a long time since we read Homer,)—or whether some gallant son of Mars introduced it to the world by way of forwarding the views of himself and comrades. But this I know, that whoever the person may be, he has much to answer for: much to answer for to the ladies for subjecting them to the affectations and impertinences of our sex—much to answer for to us, for encouraging the belief that such a behaviour is pleasing to the fair.

Perhaps it may be urged that a misapprehension and misapplication of the adage have caused the grievance I complain of. It may be so; but it is not enough that a law is made with a view to encourage merit; it should be so framed as to defy a perversion to the purposes of evil. In the blessed days of chivalry, no doubt, the bravest knights were—as they deserved to be—the most successful pleaders in the bower of beauty. But let it be remembered, that, in those days, the gallants were as bold as lions in battle, but in a lady's boudoir, (if such an anachronism may be allowed,) meek as so many lambs. Now, I much fear, the high bearing of our gallants is chiefly displayed in the chambers of their mistresses, while craven hearts are found to tremble in the tent. Alas, for the days of chivalry! In a word—though I speak it with the most perfect good humour, and without a particle of jealousy—I consider the young men of the present day, a saucy, empty, assuming, ill-bred set of fellows, and altogether unworthy the favours of the belles of the nineteenth century.

I am not a nineteenth-century man myself, and I thank the gods (particularly the god of love) for that consolation in the midst of all my sorrows. Forty years ago things were very different: the young folks of that age were men of another calibre, men who paid some regard to *decency*, and were not ashamed to wear the blush of modesty upon all proper occasions. I was a lover then; and I confess, (though at the risk of getting laughed at for my pains,) felt as much alarm at the idea of "popping the red-hot question," as facing a fifteen-pounder. An offer of marriage at that time of day was matter of deliberation for weeks, months, nay, frequently for years:—not, as now, an affair of three interviews—a ball, a morning call, and an evening at the opera. No, no—Gretna Green was a *terra incognita* in those days; and except in plays and romances, no man ever dreamt of stealing a heiress *burglariously*, (for I can find no softer term for it,) or running away with a beauty, and asking her consent afterwards.

The manner of popping the question, certainly, must always vary considerably with the varying dispositions and habits of men. The young lawyer, for instance, would put it in a precise, parchment sort of a way—I, A. B., do hereby ask and solicit, &c.—while the poet, no doubt would whip in a scrap of Ovid, and make it up into a sonnet, or moonlight impromptu. I remember the opinion of a young beau of Gray's Inn, (macaronies we used to call them in those days,) who, on its being suggested that the best way of putting the query was by writing, replied, "No, that would never do; for then the lady would have it to show against you."

But to my tale. About twenty years ago, (I was not then so bald as I am now,) I was spending the midsummer with my old friend and school-fellow, Tom Merton. Tom had married early in life, and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who, to her "father's wit and

mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humour, and her aunt Deborah's notability. In her, you had the realization of all that the poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching eyes.—She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance—Narcissa, in Roderick Random, for instance—or Sophia, in Tom Jones—or Fanny, in Joseph Andrews—not the modern, lackadaisical damsels of Colburn and Bentley. If she had met the eye of Marc Antony, Cleopatra might have exerted her blandishments in vain: if Paris had but seen Mary Rose Merton, Troy might have been standing to this day. Such was the presiding divinity of the house where I was visiting. My heart was susceptible, and I fell in love. No man, I thought, had ever loved as I did—a common fancy among lovers—and the intensity of my affection, I believed, would not fail to secure a return. One cannot explain the secret, but those who have felt the influence, will know how to judge of my feelings. I was as completely over head and ears as mortal could be: I loved with that entire devotion that makes filial piety and brotherly affection sneak to a corner of man's heart, and leave it to the undisputed sovereignty of feminine beauty.

The blindness incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means so remote as at first it had appeared to be; and, having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make her an offer of my hand, and to bear the result, pro or con, with all due philosophy. For more than a week I was disappointed in an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored, notwithstanding I had frequently left the dinner table prematurely with that view, and several times excused myself from excursions which had been planned for my especial amusement.

At length a favourable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop, for the benefit of a Sunday school, and as Mr. Merton was churchwarden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became imperative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course, proffered my services, and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the centre aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "Pop the Question;" and when I did get a short slumber, was waked on a sudden by some one starting from behind a hedge, just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes, when I had fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary in a bower of jessamine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *te-te-a-te-te* with her papa. At another moment, she would slip a beautiful, pink, hot-pressed billet-doux into my hand, which, when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favoured lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluding, as usual, with an indirect allusion to a horsewhip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It's a gross falsehood—mine never come true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning, and recollecting the gossip's tale, I fondly hoped it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my Dulcinea, and was accepted. I jumped out of bed in a tremour. "Yes," I cried, "I will pop the question: ere this night-cap again envelope this unhappy head, the trial shall be made!" and I

shaved, and brushed my hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care; and made my appearance in the breakfast-parlor just as the servant maid had begun to dust the chairs and tables.

Poor servant maid! I exclaimed to myself—for I felt very Sterne-ish—was it ever thy lot to have the question popped into thy sophisticated ear? Mayhap, even now, as thou dustest the mahogany chairs, and rubbest down the legs of the rosewood tables, pangs of unrequited affection agitate thy tender bosom, or doubts of a lover's faith are preying upon thy maiden heart! I can fancy thee, fair domestic, standing in that neat dress thou wearest now—a gown of dark blue, with a little white sprig apron of criss-cross, (housemaids were not above checked aprons in those days,) and black cotton stockings—that identical duster, perhaps, waving in thy ruby hand—I can fancy thee, thus standing, sweet help, with thy lover at thy feet—he all hope and protestation, thou all fear and hesitation—his face glowing with affection, thine suffused with blushes—his eyes beaming with smiles, thine gushing with tears—love-tears, that fall, drop—drop—slowly at first, like the first drops of a thunder-storm, increasing in their flow, even as that storm increaseth, till finding it no longer possible to dissemble thy weeping, thou raisest the duster to thy cheeks, and smearest them with its pulverized impurities. But Love knows best how to bring about his desires: that little incident, simple—nay, silly as it may seem, has more quickly matured the project than hours of sentiment could have done: for the begrimed countenance of the maiden sets both the lovers a laughing—she is anxious to run away, to wash “the filthy witness” from her face—he will not suffer her to depart without a promise, a word of hope—she falters forth the soft syllables of consent—and the terrible task of “popping the question” is over.

Breakfast-time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress;—how I sanded Mary Rose's muffin instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar basin, and took a bite at the tea-pot lid. “Popping the question” haunted me continually, and I feared to speak, even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop!—every thing seemed to go off with a pop; and when at length Mr. Merton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to pop on their bonnets, I thought he laid a particular stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however, and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally; vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me, and when Mary observed that I was “very nervous this morning,” I felt as if I could have throttled the lad; and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns, and doomed him to the lowest pit of Acheron.

I strove against my fate, however, and made several observations. “Look,” cried Mary Rose, as we gained the end of the street, “what a beautiful child!”

I turned my head to the window, when the first object that met my eyes was a square blue paper, edged with yellow, on which was written in too, too legible characters, “Pop.” I believe I was surprised into an exclamation stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant, and the poor child came in for a share of my anathema. I didn't intend it, however, for I am very fond of children: but it served Mary Rose to scold me about till we came to the church door; and, if possible, bewildered me more than ever. We had now arrived

in the middle aisle, when my fair companion whispered me—“My dear Mr. —, won't you take off your hat?” This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth psalm while the organist was playing the symphony, sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed, found myself pointed due west, the gaze and wonder of the whole congregation.

The sermon at length commenced, and the quietness that ensued, broken only by the perambulations of the beadle and sub-schoolmaster, and the collision, ever and anon, of their official wands with the heads of refractory students, guilty of the enormous crime of gaping or twirling their thumbs, gave me an opportunity of collecting my scattered thoughts. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to awake from my mental lethargy; and by the time the worthy prelate had discussed three or four heads of his text, felt myself competent to make a speech in parliament. Just at this moment, too, a thought struck me, as beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desired tender of my person, and display an abundant share of wit into the bargain.

To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to matrimony, marked the passage, “Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?” with two emphatic dashes; and pointing significantly and confidently to myself, handed it to her with a bow. She took it!—she read it!—she smiled!!! Was it a smile of assent? O, how my heart beat in my bosom at that instant—so loud, that I feared the people around us might hear its palpitations; and looked at them to see if they noticed me. She turned over a few leaves—she took my pencil, which I had purposely enclosed in the book—and she marked a passage; O, ye gods and demi-gods! what were my sensations at that moment! not Jove himself, when he went swan-hopping to the lovely Leda—nor Pluto, when he perpetrated the abduction of the beautiful Proserpine, could have experienced a greater turmoil of passion than I at that moment. I felt the score—felt it, as if it had been made across my very heart: and I grasped the book—and I squeezed the hand that presented it; and opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes, (for the type was small, and my sight not quite so good as it used to be,) I read—O, Mary Rose! O, Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it!—“A woman may not marry her grandfather.”

POINTS IN COMPOSITION.

It is not to be supposed that sublime passages and elevated sentiments can be susceptible of such infinite variety, as to be always new and affecting. Every thing has its boundaries; nor is the case different with regard to true comedy; there is not in human nature above a dozen characters truly comic, and highly marked. Innumerable are the clouds that overshadow truth; her strongest and most glowing colours are not many; but of such of these as are of a primitive, a superior nature, an able artist never fails to make a proper use. Pulpit oratory, particularly that which relates to funeral eulogium, is exactly in the same—moral truths being once delivered with eloquence, the images of wretchedness and weakness, the vanity of grandeur, and the devastations of death, being once drawn by masterly hands, in time become common-place; we are reduced to the necessity of imitating, or of going from the point. A sufficient number of fables have been composed by a la Fontaine, all further additions enter into the same system of morality, and the course of adventure is nearly the same. Thus genius, after flourishing for a certain age, must necessarily degenerate.—Voltaire.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

"This ruin of sweet life."—*Shakespeare.*

Who has not heard of Mount St. Bernard, its convent, its monks, its dogs, and its glaciers? It has been the theme of the fashionable traveller, who has started either from one of the universities, or from one of the squares, to see the world, for nearly the last fifth of a century. Every coxcomb who can spare time and money to visit the lake of Geneva, goes a little farther, looks at Mounts Blanc and St. Bernard, and returns to England with a theme for the rest of his life.

Let me then be candid upon my own spirit of adventure, since I was guided in it by a similar ambition. On quitting Cambridge, where I graduated without honour either to myself or to the university, having the means of being idle and of seeing the world, which is but too frequently one and the same thing, I posted off to Switzerland, to explore the aforementioned lake and mountains, and in order that I might lay in a stock of conversation which would serve, upon my return to this dull land, to astonish the non-illuminati for the remainder of my days. I travelled with a friend, just as idle, and of similar views with myself. We had not been at Geneva more than a few days, ere we determined, in the true spirit of enterprise, to ascend the Mount St. Bernard, to explore the pass by which he of Carthage in ancient, and he of Corsica in modern days, the heroes respectively of Cannas and Marengo, descended the precipitous sides of that mighty "fragment of a former world," and covered the fair plains of Italy with their victorious armies.

Oh! what a glorious thing, thought I, will it be to expatiate upon,—to tell of accidents, not "by flood and field," neither "by lake and mere," but upon the European Caucasus, where the snows are, with reference to time, eternal, and where young lords and esquires go to breathe the mountain air, full ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

My friend and I took up our temporary abode in the little village of Saint Pierre, at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, resolving to avail ourselves of the first fine day to "climb its rugged steeps." In order to give the greater character to our adventure, we determined to proceed alone; and as we were informed, upon authority which we could not for one moment doubt, that, from the base of the mountain to the summit, there were directing posts at intervals of about every two hundred yards, we had the less hesitation in attempting the ascent without guides; more especially, too, as we were told that some enterprising spirits had successfully performed the same feat but a few weeks previously to our arrival. There is really a charming excitement in the thought of doing a bold thing, which shall provoke at once the admiration of the women and the envy of the men; for what man is not flattered at being envied by his fellows, when that very envy gains him the admiration of those converse problems in human nature which have such a mighty influence upon the actions of men, whether it be for good or for evil. I really was almost intoxicated with the bare idea that my moral exaltation in the world, would be measured and fixed by my physical exaltation on the mighty Alp, and therefore determined to ascend as high as the natural impediments and my natural resolution would permit. If, thought I, Doctor Paccard and James Belmat could scale the "cloud cap" cone of Mount Blanc,

"Where the gelid sky,
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,"

why should not my friend and myself ascend a mountain upwards of four thousand feet lower, especially when there is such a capital resting-place as the celebrated convent, scarcely more than half a mile from the summit? Swelling with this mental imposthume, and almost wild with the thought of having my name enrolled in future times among the archives of the British Museum or the Institute Royal, by the side of those of Paccard and Saussure, I prepared early one fine morning in September, Anno Domini 1829, to enter upon my perilous undertaking. Having had our shoes regularly spiked, according to the custom of true mountain wanderers, my friend and I left the village of St. Pierre, crossed the picturesque little wooden bridge which divides it from the base of the mountain, and with a sort of knapsack upon our backs, containing cold chicken and lemonade, we commenced our search of the picturesque.

The sun shone out in the full blaze of his glory,—the morning was bright and bracing, when we reached the foot of the mountain. Our path was soon indicated, for we found the directing posts regularly placed, and precisely as they had been described to us.—The first part of our progress was sufficiently easy, as the path was wide and the ascent gradual. The higher we advanced, the more beautiful the prospect became, which we occasionally rested to gaze upon with the most inconceivable delight. A prospect seen from the Alps, is especially exciting, not merely from what is actually presented to the eye, though every thing is new and prodigiously striking, but from the buoyant self-satisfaction with which it is regarded. It is contemplated with a glowing pride of heart, which imparts, so to speak, a microscopic influence to the medium through which it is beheld. Every thing is immensely magnified to the mind, though not to the outward senses, from the novelty of the surprise which it creates, and the natural tendency of the imagination when excited to exaggerate visual objects. We see before us what it has been the very sum of our ambition to gaze upon; we feel that we are standing upon a spot which it has been the pride of thousands to visit, and which thousands desire to visit in vain. We are impressed for the moment by the consciousness of a certain moral superiority that lifts us above the dull mass of our kind, and imparts an elevation and dignity to every thing around, from the powerful associations which it produces; and thus, while the eye wanders over the distant plains, we feel within ourselves the enviable self-gratulating sentiment arise—How few have seen nature in her rude but stupendous sublimity as I have! What a subject of conversation for the rest of one's life! An ascent of the Alps is indeed no ignoble triumph, and I confess I felt it at this proud moment. It was one of the bright green spots in the wilderness of my existence.

Such or similar were my reflections, and these were considerably enhanced by the circumstance of our attempting alone, the somewhat perilous ascent of the Mount St. Bernard. Many had scaled its lofty acclivities with the assistance of guides, but we had adventured unaccompanied upon our arduous undertaking.

As we advanced, the path narrowed and became exceedingly rugged, but those hirsute mountain occupants, the goats, which bounded here and there upon the lower regions of the mountain, gave a sort of domestic aspect to the scene which greatly diminished

its increasing asperity. We pushed boldly forward, the morning still continuing fine, but a mist every now and then rising from the hills, which threw a sort of opalescent dulness over the bright beams of the sun. After about three hours' energetic walking, we paused at a small tabular plain, which crowned one of the undulations in the hill. Here we seated ourselves upon a projecting ledge of stone, and took part of the refectory which we had provided, and then, much refreshed, commenced our labours up the narrow path that conducted to the summit of the cone. At this part of our ascent we deviated somewhat from the common track, to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding prospect, which was now vastly increased in magnificence, from the circumstance of our greater elevation.

"Here, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy, a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise."

After four hours' additional labour, we again paused to rest ourselves, but the increased cold and rarity of the atmosphere acted strangely upon our appetites, for we felt less disposed to eat than to drink; however, we picked the bones of a second chicken, drank a couple of bottles of lemonade, and again proceeded on our way. It was now about one o'clock. The brightness of the morning had considerably declined, and we began to feel rather anxious to reach the convent. A thick haze had wrapped the peaks of the neighbouring mountains, so that all objects except those in our immediate vicinity, had become quite indistinct. By this time the cold was so distressing, that it was as much as we could do to keep our limbs from becoming benumbed. Notwithstanding these trifling impediments, however, we continued our journey, and the very idea of overcoming difficulty, was excitement sufficient to give us every prospect of eventual success. Some of the passes had already become exceedingly troublesome to surmount, entire strangers as we were to such extreme rugged ascents, and but for the constant guidance of the finger-posts, we should have imagined that we had deviated from the proper track. Here and there foaming torrents bounded and roared across our path, swelled by the melting of the mountain snows; frequently confusing our inexperience, and greatly increasing the difficulty of our progress. When we had attained to an elevation between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, we turned out of our direct path in order to visit an extensive glacier which here almost entirely filled up an immense ravine between the Great St. Bernard and the neighbouring mountain. When we reached the margin of this glacier, the mist, which had for some time been hovering upon the lateral projections of the hill, suddenly dispersed, and the sun poured a broad flood of light upon the glittering masses before us. It appeared as if a mountain lake, lashed into billows by the "strife of elements," had been suddenly congealed, whilst its surges were at their "loftiest swell," and fixed into impotent stillness in the very climax of its commotion. Here and there huge pinnacles of ice rose above the general level of the glacier, assuming, upon a near inspection, forms the most singular and fantastic. We found no great difficulty in passing from the margin nearly to the centre of this barrier, as the undulations were close, and the hollows between them neither deep nor formidable; but as we advanced, these hollows became considerably wider, the icy billows loftier, and of more difficult access, while they were now often separated by deep fissures, called crevasses by the mountaineers, which threatened our progress with such formidable perils, that I considered it wise at once to retrace my steps.

Abruptions from the great mass of the glacier are

sometimes so sudden, that chasms are formed like the yawnings of earthquakes, and vast portions of the frozen mountain fall with a horrid crash into the gulf—To look down one of these frightful crevasses was enough to turn a stronger head than mine; and though Saussure, in his "Voyages dans les Alpes," recommends that the eye should be kept steadily fixed upon the precipice while you are traversing its brink, as the brain ceases to reel in proportion as the eye becomes accustomed to explore the dismal abyss beneath, I, nevertheless, could not muster sufficient resolution to gaze for more than a few moments upon those dreadful chasms, whose depths, to such a superficial scrutiny, absolutely appear interminable. The bright cerulean hue of the icy walls which shut in these bottomless pits, gradually darkening as the eye pursues its course downward, until it terminates in a Cimmerian black, positively curdles the blood of the traveller unaccustomed to explore these rugged lineaments of nature. I could not venture to gaze upon these interminable shafts of ice without an uncontrollable sensation of terror, and though my companion would have proceeded, being of a hardier courage than myself, I determined to retreat to the brink of the glacier, which I did with my best expedition, my friend following me leisurely, examining every portion of the frozen substance with the minute scrutiny of one who was steering up in his mind matter for the display of his *sertis*, when he should return among those to whom such things as we had this day witnessed, would be subjects for surprise, at least, if not for wonder.

We now returned to the path we had quitted, to which the friendly directing-post most accurately pointed. I began once more to breathe freely, and my heart bounded with the triumph of an achievement, when its pulses were again for a few moments stilled by the sight of one those Alpine contingencies, of which it is impossible for words to convey more than a very faint idea. Our road for the last half hour had been exceedingly abrupt, and was in some places so steep, that we were absolutely obliged to climb: for a considerable distance we had wound round a lofty battlement of the mountain, the craggy sides of which hung over our path, while every few moments patches of snow fell before and behind us as if they were the gentle heralds of a more fearful precipitation. We had scarcely scaled the most difficult part of the way, when we heard a prodigious crash above, as if the whole mountain had been suddenly cleft in twain by some internal convulsion; this was followed by a strange crackling sound, so continuous and multiplied as it was by the repercussions of the surrounding hills, as absolutely for the moment completely to confuse our senses. When I heard the first crash, however, I lifted my eyes to the brow of the lofty steep which had so ominously hung over our path, and to my astonishment beheld, what I supposed, in the moment of my bewildered surprise, to be the whole hill tumbling into the valley beneath. I soon, however, perceived it was only an immense mass of snow and ice that had accumulated on the rugged projections of its summit and sides; this had detached itself by its own gravity from its insecure support, and was falling upon the path we had just quitted, which it completely blocked up. In sum, we had seen an avalanche! *Mirabile dictu!* Here again was matter at once of triumph and of conversation for home display—for how few people have seen an avalanche! Had we been ascending the higher mountain, we should have been something puzzled about our return, as every trace of the path was obliterated where the snow had fallen, and an enormous barrier raised which we could never hope to surmount; but here we were under no alarm, since we had escaped extinguishment from the gelid deposit, as we knew that the convent was at no very great distance, and that there, we should find so diffi-

only in obtaining assistance to secure our safe return. Thus certified, we proceeded with light hearts and frozen fingers, sometimes

“Whistling as we went for want of thought,”

or, like the boy in the churchyard, “to keep our courage up;” at others, pausing to look at the landscape, which, in spite of cold and fatigue, often extorted from us a simultaneous burst of admiration.

At this point of our progress, we suddenly turned an abrupt angle that bore us from the edge of a precipice into a considerable glade, which sloped, with a very gradual elevation, for at least two or three hundred yards; at the termination of this recess, the path became again so steep that we were once more obliged to climb. Before, however, we reached this spot, the atmosphere had thickened to a very disagreeable density, and as we advanced it became so oppressive as absolutely to arrest our progress; we paused, therefore, upon a sort of landing-place in the ascent, for here it was almost like a natural stair, though very rude and difficult to surmount, hoping that the mist would shortly disperse and leave us a free path. Alas! our hopes were vain; it increased rapidly, until at length it became so thick as to have a very distressing effect upon our respiration. It was moreover considerably impregnated by large flakes of snow, which now fell around us in such profusion that we could scarcely see. To proceed, under these circumstances, was, as I conceived, impossible, and I confess I began to feel all the natural alarms of such a situation. My companion, however, who was of a different opinion, as well as of a different temperament, expressed his determination to push forward in spite of every difficulty, but I, being less rigidly nerved, made up my mind patiently to wait the issue, though, let me avow it, my apprehension at this time began already to be a little feverish. I adopted the most absurd resolution imaginable, as it afterwards proved. I remained perfectly inactive, seated upon a stone from which I had removed the gelid crust that had accumulated upon its small tabular surface, so that in a short time I felt the cold so extremely piercing as absolutely to cramp my limbs, while the skin of my face, which was exposed to the full influence of the atmosphere, seemed to lose its natural flexibility, becoming painfully stiff, and tingled as if it had been struck with nettles. I rose and walked to and fro, but had not the courage to climb the rugged steep before me, and the narrow indentation upon which I stood, was too confined to afford much scope for exertion. I could not excite my circulation into a glow, and I felt it every moment becoming more languid. I was by this time seriously alarmed.

The mist continued to thicken, and the snow to fall in large flakes with increased energy. I began to think seriously that, instead of returning among my friends to recount the wonders I had beheld in this region of cold and sterility, I should leave my bones to whiten on this celebrated hill, and have my body preserved in snow for the discovery and physiological speculations of a future generation. As the thought entered my mind, my brain whirled, and my pulse, rallying from the languor which had hitherto kept it sluggish, throbbled with a much more than ordinary acceleration. I was really terrified, but the increasing cold, from want of reaction, began gradually to paralyse my physical energies, and I felt myself rapidly sinking, in spite of my terrors, into a state of irresistible torpor. I seated myself again upon the stone, closed my eyes in an agony of anguish, of which I can pretend to convey no adequate conception, and concentrating the whole force of my thoughts upon the one awful idea of a sudden and premature death, resigned myself, though with anything but a philosophical insensibility, to my fate.

Merciful Providence! how was my heart given

when I cast my reflections towards my home, where I had an affectionate mother awaiting my return to her bosom, with all the lively anxiety of maternal solicitude. What would be her agony at learning my fate! I shuddered at these dreadful anticipations. The thought was harrowing. It was a mute anguish too big—too potent for words—too absorbing to exhibit itself by any outward expression of suffering. The scenes of my youth were now reflected back upon my memory with a vividness which seemed to bring all the bright features of the past into one dazzling focus; they blazed before my mind's eye with a light so concentrated that my spirit could not endure its intensity; my very soul seemed to wither under the overpowering effulgence from which it turned to the dark gulf that was opening, as I then fancied, deeper and deeper before it, with a shuddering anticipation of horror. I found, by this time, that my senses were gradually lapsing into confusion; there was an indistinctness in my recollection; still for a while the one prevailing thought of home kept a tenacious possession of my mind, but at length gave place to visions the most appalling. I saw the past, as it were, through a prism, which threw over it the most enchanting hues, but yet through a medium so dim and indistinct that every object was magnified by this very indistinctness, while the future was presented to my imagination in dark and terrific contrast, the beauty of the one adding additional force to the terrifying representations of the other.

I had long been accustomed to imbue my mind with classic recollections, and Virgil was an author on whom I dwelt with a continued feeling of delight. It happened that I had been reading the descent of *Aeneas* into hell upon the very morning of my unhappy expedition to the Mount St. Bernard, so that the impression of the scenes described in that inimitable poem, were vividly impressed upon my imagination at this disastrous moment. In proportion as the confusion of my thoughts increased, the terrors of Tartarus were pictured upon them with a vivid force of detail, by which they seemed absolutely realised. I saw the surly guardian of the dreary prison-house of the outcasts from Elysium; I saw the fiery lake, the pitchy waters of the Stygian river, the forms of condemned spirits flitting through the murky atmosphere. I fancied I heard the howlings of the damned, the dismal ululations of the triple-headed Cerberus, the shrieks of the tormented, the gibes of triumphing demons, the yells of the despairing. Alas! my wavering thoughts clung to phantoms of the most unutterable repulsiveness. Although I had become, in a great degree, comatose from cold and inaction, still my mind was absolutely quick with these embryos of horror, and similar visions continued to flit before it until it lapsed into utter unconsciousness.

How long I remained in this state I know not; but it is abundantly manifest that I was neither doomed to leave my bones to whiten on the Alp, nor to be pickled in mountain snow for the future benefit of natural history, since I am now alive to record this adventure. I have said that just before my senses left me, my imagination had been engrossed by the gloomy fictions of Tartarus. As soon as I recovered my recollection, which I did very gradually, the same dreary impressions recurred. When first I opened my eyes, a dim light seemed to mock the clear perception of my senses, but the objects around me growing imperceptibly more distinct, it is impossible to describe the agony of my feelings as I gazed upon them. I absolutely imagined myself to be in hell. I listened breathlessly, and distinctly heard an odd hissing noise close to my ear;—presently a vast opaque body was forced between my eyes and the light, and, for the moment, all perception of objects was entirely excluded. I felt a large moist substance applied to my face, like a piece of seethed meat drawn gently over it. It was removed for an in-

stant, then repeated; and this continued until, in an agony of terror, I flung my head on one side, and once more obtained the power of observation; when what was my consternation at beholding the head of a huge dog close to mine, with a tongue lolling out, so long and expansive, that it absolutely appalled me. I was laying upon my back, and so powerless as to be altogether unable to rise. On each side of the broad forehead of this canine monster, I fancied I could discern two additional heads, not quite so vast as that from which the tongue depended, but large enough to terrify a stouter heart than mine.

I was now satisfied in my own mind, that I was an inmate of the infernal regions, and at this very moment under the dreadful guardianship of the Plutonic Dog—the Tartarean Cerberus. As this impression grew stronger, the heads seemed to expand into the most gigantic proportions, and I lay beneath the glaring eyes of my triple-headed gaoler, almost palsied with horror. He put his huge jowl close to my lips, then dropped his enormous tongue upon them, and began to lick me, until, my strength increasing with my terrors, I gave a sudden start, and projected the upper portion of my body as far from his monstrous jaws as I possibly could. At this moment he set up a howl so continuous and terrific, that I thought it would have burst the very barriers of the infernal prison in which I imagined myself to be incarcerated. The dog now retreated, continuing his howl. I had by this time, in spite of my terrors, which remained unabated, more leisure and opportunity to look around me. I appeared to be in an interminable dungeon, into which a dim stream of light gleamed, sufficient to render visible every surrounding object, but whence it proceeded I could not discover. The place around me was a perfect Golgotha, strewed, not indeed with skulls, but with human heads; and this somewhat puzzled me, still my mind, fixed upon the certainty of its first impression, soon settled into the dismal belief that I was on the hither side of Styx, where soul and body were appointed to unite previously to passing that black and tideless river. It occurred to me, moreover, that Cerberus, to whose especial charge I must, as I imagined, have been entrusted, had left his portal to conduct me safe across the Stygian ferry.

Upon casting my eyes more deliberately around me, I saw a vast assemblage of human forms, all mute and motionless; some half draped in a loose cotton covering, and others entirely naked. Some glared upon me from their rayless eyes, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile;" others poured from their eyeless sockets a frightful expression of dark unvarying vacuity which absolutely made my blood curdle; some, again, had every feature fixed with a statue-like rigidity of lineament, which but too eloquently told of life departed; while others bore but the truncated resemblance of the perfect man,—a leg or an arm, or perhaps both, having crumbled from the trunk, which was thus left in a state of hideous and loathsome mutilation. This, then, I imagined to be Nature's great charnel-house, where the crumbled relics of the once living form were deposited, in order to take their natural shape and dimensions, ere they passed into those penal abodes to which they were everlastingly doomed. I cannot describe my sensations as I gazed upon these frightful remnants of mortality, so utterly at variance with the poet's sublime description:—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." I might, indeed, truly continue with the poet:—"And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?" when I saw it in such terrible deformity around me.

While I was occupied with these dismal cogitations, I was startled by the approach of three figures of grave

aspect, and in as grave attire, which I incontinently took to be those awful dispensers of Tartarean justice, Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus. I shuddered at the approach of these presidents of the criminal courts in the world of outcast spirits. One of them, however, advanced, poured words of sweetest soothing in my ear, lifted me gently from the charnel-floor, and, with the assistance of one of his companions, led me from this scene of most dismal phantasies. I was soon conducted into daylight. I rubbed my eyes, and could scarcely believe my senses, until I found my hand clutched in that of my friend who had accompanied me from the village of St. Pierre. Every thing was soon explained. The hell in which I had fancied myself to be, was nothing more than the BONE-HOUSE OF THE CONVENT OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

It appeared that my friend had reached this charitable asylum in safety. Upon his explaining my situation, the convent dogs were immediately despatched to the spot where I was laying insensible. I was found covered with snow, and supposed to be dead. My body was consequently consigned to the repository for the departed. One of the dogs which had followed the melancholy procession, directed by his strong instinct, had been shut in with me unobserved by his keepers. He continued to lick me until animation was restored, when he howled, and brought three of the monks to my rescue. My terrors had magnified his two ears into two heads. These strange impressions upon my mind will be in some degree accounted for from the circumstance, that in this cold region bodies do not corrupt after death, but gradually moulder; they emit no unpleasant effluvia, remaining for years with scarcely any visible change. In the receptacle for the dead already described, there are a great number of bodies in different stages of decay, in the process of which flesh and bones gradually consume together.

My friend and I were most hospitably entertained for three days at this celebrated convent, which we left with the impression that its monks are among the most liberal, benevolent, and generous beings upon earth. We made our descent in safety to the village of St. Pierre, and shortly after this memorable adventure, took our departure for England.

CASTLE OF VINCENNES.

MANKIND, till lately, were considered as a kind of Deer, which the privileged classes were to use for their own pleasure, or which they were to hunt down for spite or sport, as liked them best. In the mild reign of Louis XV. only, there were fifteen thousand *lettres de cachet* issued for a number of private, nameless offences, as for having formerly been favoured by a king's mistress, or writing an epigram on a minister of state. It was on the ruins of this flagitious system, (no less despicable than detestable,) that the French revolution rose; and the towers of the Bastille, as they fell, announced the proud truth in welcome thunders to the human race. The Castle of Vincennes rises in the skirts of the forest. It was once the residence of the kings of France, and it has been too often the tomb of the victims of their uncontrolled despotism. The draw-bridge, its flanked towers, and above all, its *donjon*, so often the prison of worth, talent, and sensibility, seem to have been spared by time, as monuments of the terrific influence of bigotry and tyranny over human happiness. I had so often read it, so much of that chivalrous spirit of France, which, early in life, captivated my imagination, expired here, sometimes quenched by violent or ignominious death; sometimes wasted away in slow, silent, life-wearing oblivion, that it seemed to me a monument of suffering presented to my view. The chamber is still pointed out that was occupied by Diderot; where, goaded by a sense of the injustice of which he was the victim, his great and luminous mind had nearly sunk under the blow.—*Lady Morgan.*

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

BY MOTHERWELL.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
 My heart is like to break—
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
 I'm dyin' for your sake!
 Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my brest-bane—
 Oh say you'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
 Sair grief maun hae its will—
 But let me rest upon your brest,
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life—
 A poor heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair—
 Or it will burst the silken twine,
 Sae strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
 When we thegither met—
 Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
 That our first tryst was set!
 Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae—
 And wae's me for the destinie,
 That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame—
 But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a world's shame!
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin;
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin!

I'm weary o' this world, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see—
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine—
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes thro' my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' thro' my heart—
 Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa-part.
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!—
 Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yaird,
 Step lightly for my sake!

The lavrock in the lift, Willie,
 That lifts far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
 On land whers'er ye be—
 And oh! think on the leal, leal heart
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
 That file my yellow hair;
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
 Ye never sall kiss mair!

THE PHANTOM KINGS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

A SOUND woke in the spirit land
 Of voices and of wings,
 A sound as when the gathered wind
 In the old pine forest sings;
 As if in air profound,
 Hovered a sea of sound.

The monarchs of the spirit-land,
 The shadows of renown,
 With the symbols of their old estate,
 Sceptre, and robe, and crown;—
 Another, and another,
 Rose up to meet a brother.

A brother from the living-land
 Came down to join the dead,
 With knighthood and with kingliness
 On brow and aspect shed:—
 And thus with welcome—him
 Bespake those shadows dim.

"All hail! and welcome, brother,
 From feasting and from strife,
 From all the golden canopies
 And thorny beds of life!
 From flatterer and from foe;
 False joy, and real woe!

"Hast thou been called a victor?
 Is thy land trophied well?
 Come down—and with our conquerors
 Choose out a place to dwell:
 They ruled from east to west,
 They are phantoms now, and rest.

"Look net back to earth, crowned spirit,
 But a moment since set free,
 We are strange—but thou art one of us,
 And now to man would be
 As much a thing to dread,
 As if long ages dead!

"Come with us;—all thy fathers
 Have joined us one by one,
 And all of every age and clime,
 That ruled beneath the sun;
 We have the first king here;—
 The last too shall appear.

"With fathers of their people,
 With slayers of their race,
 With chiefs of slave-girl palaces,
 Come down and choose thy place;
 To be one with us for ever!
 FOR EVER! and FOR EVER!"

And sound died in the spirit-land
 Of voices and of wings,
 And awfully and silently,
 Moved back the phantom-kings!
 To their appointed doom
 Of glory or of gloom!

OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

MADE BY PETER O'CONNELL, OF THE CROSS ROADS, MERCHANT.

PETER CONNELL first began the world as the keeper of a Shebeen house, about four miles from the town of Ballyporeen; by active exertion he gradually advances in the world, and at last arrives at the dignity of a squireen, at least so far as to be able to keep an horse and car, and to farm an extensive tract of land. This advance in the world is to be mainly attributed to the good sense and activity of his wife Ellish, whose industry and steadiness have been the means of correcting Peter's unsettled and intemperate habits, and of almost weaning him from Potheen. Unfortunately for poor Peter, at this period, his wife is carried off by a fever, and he is left without the ballast which enabled him to stand the storms and tempests of life; his grief at the loss is so poignant and bitter, that he flies for relief from his agony of mind to the bottle, the usual resource of our fellow-countrymen, and even of less volatile and better educated men, when in difficulties more easily overcome than Peter's; this is chiefly owing to his kind friends having encouraged him to drown care by a little sup, when he found his grief coming on.

Peter literally fulfilled his promise of taking a jorum in future. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle to bury the recollection of a woman, whose death left a chasm in his heart, which he thought nothing but the whiskey could fill up.

Peter proceeds on in this manner, having become an habitual drunkard, his health rapidly declining, under the artificial excitement, which "often kills but never cures;" his family and his landlord remonstrating with him, but in vain; as a "dernier resort" the priest is applied to, whose remonstrances would have been ineffectual, had he not threatened to stop the masses for the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, and to return the money Peter had given him for saying them—the latter part of the threat is that which would probably have never been executed. In consequence of the priest's interference, Peter at last promises to swear against more than a "reasonable share," and that evening goes to the house of the village school-master to get the oath drawn up.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said Peter, "I'm comin' to ax a requisit of you, an' hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in the flask, an' while we're takin' it, we can talk over what I want."

"If it be any thing widin the circumference of my power, set it down Misther Connell, as already operated upon. I'd dip a pen to no man at keepin' books by double entry, which is the Italian method invented by Pope Gregory the Great. The three sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrue Christian. 'The Waste-book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the Journal is purgatory, and the Leger is Heaven. Or it may be compared,' he says, in the preface of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic Church—the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant.' The larnin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arrah, have you a small glass, masther? You see, Misther O'Flaherty, it's consarnin' purgatory, this that I want to talk to you about."

"Nancy get us a glass—oh, here it is! Thin if it be, it's a wrong enthy in the journal."

"Here's your health, masther!—not forgettin' you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed thin, it's not in the journal, but an oath I'm going to take against liquor."

"Nothing is asier to post than it is. We must enter

it under the head of—let me see—it must go in the *spirit* account, under the head of Profit an' Loss. Your good health, Mr. Connell!—Nancy, I dhrink to your improvement in imperturbability! Yes, it must be enthered under the—"

"Faix, under *the rose*, I think," observed Peter, "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell of what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself, long ago. Misther O'Flaherty, I only want you to draw up an oath against liquor for me; but it's not for the books, good or bad. I promised to Father Mulcahy that I'd do it. It's reardin' my poor Ellish's sowl that's in purgatory."

"Nancy, hand me a slate and cutter. Faith that same's a provident resolution; but how is it an' purgatory concatenated?"

"The priest, you see, went go on wid the masses for her 'till I take the oath."

"That's but wake logic, if you ped him for them."

"Faix, an' I did—an' well too: but about the oath? Have you the pencil?"

"I have; jist lave the thing to me."

"Asy, masther—you don't understand it yit. Put down two tumblers for me at home."

"How is that, Masther Connell?—It's mysterious, if you're about to swear *against* liquor."

"I am. Put down, as I said, two tumblers for me at home. Are they down?"

"They are down; but—"

"Asy!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see!—two more behind the garden. Well! put down one at Father Mulcahy's;—two more at Frank Carroll's of Kilclay. How many's that?"

"Nine!!!"

"Very good. Now put down one wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy; an' two over wid Michael Morris, of Cargah. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here. I must confess I was always bright, but at present as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Asy, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all: I've calculated it."

"Well, we'll hould to that. Och, och!—I'm sure, avourneen, afore I'd let you suffer one minute's pain, I'd not scruple to take an oath against liquor, any way. He may an wid the masses now for you, as soon as he likes. Mr. O'Flaherty will you put it down on paper, an' I'll swear to it, wid a blessin', to-morrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, masther, I dhrink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumblers, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in the twenty-four hours."

"Why there's intelligibility in *that*!—wid great pleasure, Mr. Connell, I'll indite it. Katty, tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, masther, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doin' this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she deserved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you, your health agin! an' God grant you grace and fortitude to go through wid the same oath! An' so he will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

Made by Mr. Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Peter O'Connell, of the Cross-roads,

merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in purgatory, merchantress, on the other—

I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips, during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring twelve, the locality of which is as followeth:—
 Imprimis—Two tumblers at home, 2
 Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's, 2
 Tertio—Two more ditto behind my own garden, 2
 Quarto—One ditto at the Rev. Father Mulcahy's, 1
 Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's of Kileasy, 2
 Sexto—One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Nurchasy, 1
 Septimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah, 2
 —————
 12

N. B.—I except in case any Docther of Physic might think it right and medical to order more for my health; or in case I might get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off for a start at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends, where there's drink.

his
 PETER O'CONNELL.
 mark.

Witness present,
 CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

June the 4th, 18—

I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Mither O'Connell, merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

Dated this fourth of June, 18—

In spite of this oath to which Peter swears obedience, after adding Octavo—one more tumbler out of respect for decent Andy Cavanagh—1. He is still constantly drunk, and after some time obliged again to have recourse to Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Masther," said he, "we must tury and make the oath somethin' plainer. You see, when I get confused I'm not able to rimember things as I ought. Sometimes, instid of one tumbler I take two at the wrong place; an' sarra bit o' me but call'd in and had three wid one Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all; so I'd thank you to dhraw it clearer, if you can, nor it was."

"I see, Mr. Connell, I comprehend, wid the greatest see in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to Geography, for I'm at home there, being a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map of the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their places, so that you'll never be out of your latitude at all."

"Faix, I doubt that, Masther—ha, ha, ha!" replied Peter, "I'm afeard I will of an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do: but no matter; tury what you can do for me this time, any how. I think I could bear a long dozen still, if I don't make mistakes."

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

"Now, see this dot—that's your own house."

"Put a cross there," said Peter, "an' thin I'll know it's the Cross-roads."

"Upon my reputation you're right, an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, and we'll make it a Hieroglyphical as well as a Geographical oath. Well, there's a cross, wid two tumblers—is that clear?"

"It is, it is! Go an'—"

"Now, here we dhraw a line to your son Dan's—"

Let me see: he keeps a mill an' sells cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel and a yard-wand—There's two tumblers. Will you know that?"

"I see it—go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go astray."

"Well, what next? two behind your own garden. What metaphor for a garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant you. A bit of a hedge will do an' a gate."

"Don't put a gate in; it's not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink they say he's goin' a gray gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though."

"They're down; one at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we translate the priest?"

"Faix I doubt it will be a difficuquit business."

"Upon my reputation I agree with you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P. P; after his name; pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What'ud you think of two turkeys?"

"The priest wud like them roasted, but I couldn't undherstand that. No; put down the sign of the horsewhip, or the cudgel, for he's handy and argues well wid both."

"Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, and there'll be the sign of the priest."

"Ay, do, Masther, and faix the priest 'll be complete; there can be no mistakin' him this. Devil a one but that's a good thought!"

"There it is in black an' white. Who comes nixt? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade and barrow. Well, that's done. Two tumblers."

"I won't mistake that either; it's clear enough."

"Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy. Barde's a little lame, an' uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he holds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it."

"Wud there be no danger of me mistakin' that for the priest's ougel?"

"Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of Geography, they're two very different weapons."

"Well, put it down, I'll know it."

"Michael Morris, of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig driver—I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?"

"I ought; for many a pig I could him in my day. Put down the pig; an' if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I could him about four years ago—the fattest ever was in the country; it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat."

"The spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh, of Lisbuy. Now do you see, I've dhrawn a line from place to place, so that you've nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy?"

"Andy! let us see. Andy! Pook!—What's come over me that I've nothin' for Andy! Aye! I have it.—He's a horse-jockey. Put down a gray mare I could him about five years ago."

"I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a gray mare wid black ink."

"Well, make a mare of her, any way."

"Faith, that puzzles me. Stop, I have it! I'll put a foal along wid her."

"As good as the bank. God bless you, Mither O'Flaherty; I think this 'll keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me after dark, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a fitch. Sure you deserve it, after the trouble you tack."

Poverty is accounted disgraceful; but how notable the defect in him who boasts of high descent.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HURRICANE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

It is strange how calmly we read, or how carelessly we pass over, events in the public prints, which, did we witness them, or hear them described by an eyewitness, would melt us to tears, or startle us with horror. It may be the selfishness of our nature which pities more the little woe it is forced to look upon, than greater suffering which appeals not to our senses, but comes like a tale of olden times to our ear:—It may be the habitual incredulity with which newspapers—those “organs of the public mind”—are perused by the greater portion of his Majesty’s subjects: the consciousness that the same story told in seven different papers, will be told in seven different ways; and that the starving wretch who has moved our compassion in the police report of the *Times*, may, by a different version of his affairs, be made to provoke our laughter in the *Morning Herald*:—It may be our incapacity of attaching the same importance to things at a distance, and those immediately within our own observation:—I say it may be from any or all of these causes, (and a wide field does the question open to the curious in metaphysics,) but the fact is certain, that the description of a shipwreck or a hurricane, in which millions of property and hundreds of lives have been lost, is not read with half as much emotion (by the generality of newspaper readers) as the account of the sufferings of an under-valued, over-whipped, Westminster school-boy.

It was from one who had been a witness of the horrors of the Barbadoes hurricane; whose heart had been riven, whose reason partially obscured by the events connected with that appalling visitation, that I collected the few facts which form the ground-work of this narrative. “An ow’r true tale” it is, and one in which neither the obscure rank of its heroine, nor the *peu romanesque* crime and punishment of its hero, could prevent my taking the most lively and painful interest.

It was in the July of 18—, that the beautiful vessel, *La Gloire*, anchored off the coast of Barbadoes. She had on board her usual complement of men and sailors; her captain, Auguste Delmar; and passengers to different parts of the West Indian Islands. Among so many individuals, three particularly claim our attention; Charles Louvel, the second mate; Henri Lafitte, midshipman; and M. Van Brockel, a Dutch planter, and proprietor of immense estates in Barbadoes. Charles Louvel was a general favourite on board *La Gloire*; his frank, handsome face, shaded by the long ringlets sailors are so proud of; his gay laugh; his store of anecdotes, sometimes witty, sometimes pathetic; his untiring good nature; his activity and eagerness in whatever might be his employment for the time; his recklessness of danger: all these peculiarly sailor-like qualities had their due weight on the hearts and minds of his messmates. Only with the captain, who was strict even to harshness, Charles Louvel was not a favourite. Auguste Delmar was young, and proud of his command: educated himself in the strictest rules of subordination by the admiral his father; accustomed to hear, day by day, from the

lips of that revered parent, precepts and lessons inculcating order in the minutest things, as absolutely necessary to the quiet government of that little world, a man-of-war, he impressed it rigorously on those under him. The kindness of Louvel’s heart, his willingness to oblige his companions, did not excuse, in Captain Delmar’s eyes, an occasional carelessness in the execution of his duty; and Louvel’s song, and Louvel’s story, which counterbalanced in his messmates’ opinions, the habit he had acquired of occasional intoxication, only incensed his stern superior the more, since the unchanging gaiety of his manner seemed to prove a recklessness of reproof, and contempt of authority. No serious fault, however, had as yet drawn down on Louvel a marked punishment. Delmar, though strict, was just; and though he certainly would rather the man had not belonged to his ship, he took no harsh and oppressive means of proving his dislike.

But if the captain did not share in the enthusiasm Louvel inspired, Henri Lafitte, the youngest, sickliest, and palest, of all boys who ever were sent to “rough it” as midshipmen, amply made up for his lack of love. Too feeble for the sports—too timid and tearful for the jests of his wilder companions—too simple and neglected to be able to converse with the more gentlemanlike and intelligent of the little community; his long days and wearisome evenings were spent in that worst of all solitude—loneliness in a crowd of busy creatures. Shrinking from some, avoided or overlooked by others, taunted by a few, and going by the appellation of “la petite blonde,” or “Mam’selle Fanny,” the orphan boy scarcely ever moved his lips to speak or smile. He bore the lonely watch at night as he best could, remembering, as he looked across the cold waste of waters, the sweet face of his mother, shading the lamp with her hand, and bending over his bed to bless him; and then crept to his hammock to shed unnoticed tears. For him the waves had no freshness, the winds no melody, till the day that Charles Louvel first noticed his slight figure, leaning anxiously forward to catch the thread of the story he was telling. So struck was the seaman by the deep melancholy imprinted on so young a face, that he paused to gaze on him, and followed up the tale by an account of the exploits of a certain Captain Lafitte, who was Henri’s grandfather, and whose courage and kindness were scarcely surpassed by “the gallant, good Riou.” At no age is the pride of ancestral fame more strong than in the dawn of our days. Henri’s pale cheek flushed, his eye sparkled as the sailor spoke. And his companions—they who had taunted him—looked from the narrator to the neglected boy, and honoured him for being Captain Lafitte’s grandson. In the excitement of the moment, Henri himself seemed something of a hero in their eyes; and when the last battle was fought, and the death of Lafitte was described, waving his country’s flag above his head e’er his arm dropped powerless by his side, they unanimously gave three loud, hearty cheers.

From that hour the boy’s character seemed to change; he walked with a lighter step; he laughed at little jests; he listened to the wind singing through the shrouds, and mocked it; wondering that its voice had ever sounded sad to his ear; he mingled with the other midshipmen, and all of them assured him he was an altered being. But most he loved to talk to Charles Louvel of his home in France, of his fair mother; and of his sister, *la petite Fanchette*; of his buried father; and all those memories of the heart, which after years of

* I know a village full of respectable inhabitants, (staunch Whigs, whose every-day dress was a smock-frock and leather gaiters,) where the stoning to death of Miss Rachel Smith’s cat entirely overpowered the interest they felt, when the old ministry sat down to consider what they could do, if the new ministry were fairly turned out, and gave up the point in despair.

folly or of crime may smother, but cannot extinguish; even as the pure stars are clouded over, and yet burn brightly behind the mass of murky vapour which hides them from our eyes. To all these tales of Henri's childhood, Charles Louvel listened attentively; and he, too, would talk of his sister, or rather half-sister, since she was the daughter, not of his mother, but of a woman of colour whom his father (who was also a sailor) had fallen in love with when he came to Barbadoes many years ago. To this girl, according to Louvel's account, nothing could compare: not, as he himself said, that she was very beautiful, (except her eyes,) but her voice was so soft, and her step so gentle, and she loved Charles better than any other created being. It was for *her* sake he was so glad to go to Barbadoes: he had not seen her since she was fifteen, and that was three years ago; it was for *her* sake that he was so anxious, so impatient, for leave to go ashore as soon as the ship had reached her destination.

At length the happy moment arrived; with a light heart, Louvel sprang into the boat, singing, in the *patois* common among the French slaves, a well known Barbadian air:—

“Toi aimez moi, Marie,
Quand moi vais partir, ma chere!
Toi aimez moi, Marie,
Car moi vais mourir.”

Poor Louvel! little did he or any of his messmates think that it was to be the last time his voice should ever take the tone of gaiety; and that those simple but melancholy French lines, so carelessly repeated, contained a vague prophecy of his approaching fate. Surely it is a blessed gift from the merciful Creator, our ignorance of what is to be; and yet how often do we blindly seek to penetrate the future, though to know it were to double all our woes in the expectation of the blow, and make joy tasteless by the certainty of its fulfilment!

Charles Louvel had gained, in one half hour, the humble dwelling of the freed slave who was mother to his beloved sister Pauline. Symptoms of neglect—of disorder—struck him as he rapidly approached the door. It was open; he entered unperceived, and in the inner room he beheld his young sister, kneeling by the low matted bed, with a small crucifix in her hands, which she pressed to her bosom:—while low and stifled sobs from time to time escaped her. An exclamation of painful surprise broke from his lips; and Pauline, hastily rising, stood for an instant as if doubtful who she saw, then flinging herself on his bosom, she wept there with a weak wailing cry like that of a forsaken child. Long she wept; and it was not till many a sorrowful kiss had been printed on her brow, and the plaits of her black and glossy hair stroked back with a brother's fondness, as if the caress might help to soothe her, that Charles ventured to ask the meaning of the misery he beheld, and what ailed her mother, who lay on the mat in a heavy stupor. Pauline explained, with many a rapid gesture, to which her graceful figure and wild dark eyes gave eloquence and beauty, that for the last year every thing had gone wrong with them; her mother had been not only unable to earn any thing, but had required constant attendance, and was so much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, that it had, she firmly believed, brought on her death; that to add to their misery, the overseer of the estate her mother had formerly belonged to, had been to persuade her that the best thing she could do was to surrender herself a slave, since she was starving where she was, and would, at her mother's death, be utterly alone in the world. On her refusal to agree to this plan, Pauline said the overseer became furious, and swore he would have her claimed as one of the slave children belong-

ing to the estate, and seized accordingly. “I knew there were none to defend me,” said the poor girl. “I have lived in hourly dread of being seized; I have been afraid to move, even if I had dared to leave my mother. I have not so much money as would buy a cake of bread; and for the last three days I have tasted nothing but a slice of water-melon which an old woman gave me in charity.” Charles Louvel strained her to his heart, which throbbed with mingled feelings of agony, affection, and pride; and at length hiding his face in his hands, the rough sailor sat down and wept. When he became calm, he took Pauline's hands in his, and steadfastly gazing into her face, he said, “No, my poor sister, you shall not starve; you shall not be a prey to the cruelty of avaricious men. Captain Delmar will not hear our story unmoved; I will ask him for my pay in advance, and bring it you. You shall get the washing from our ship, and pay some one to help you; and before I go, we will arrange some plan for your leaving this island for the country where there are no slaves.” Pauline smiled through her tears, and waving her hand to him as he disappeared, she sank down again by the side of the invalid, to recommence her patient and unwearied watch.

When Charles Louvel stood again on the deck of *La Gloire*, his disappointment was great at finding the captain was gone on shore. His was a case which admitted of no delay, and naturally impatient as well as affectionate, his brain whirled almost to madness when he figured his young desolate sister spending another night without food. He turned abruptly, and asked two or three of his companions for money, but none of them were able to assist him; they all hoped and expected, but the present, the *present* was what he wished to brighten. The wild and almost impracticable plan of following the captain on shore, and *there* urging his request for some loan or advance of money, flashed across his mind. Then rose the remembrance of Delmar's stern inflexibility; of his resentment of any thing bordering on disrespect. “Even if I find him,” murmured Louvel, “can I follow him into a merchant's house, or stop him in the street and ask for my pay! No; and yet it is a matter of life and death. Pauline! my sister!” He paused irresolute. At this moment, M. Van Brockel, who was walking up and down the vessel, stopped, and feeling in his pocket as if in search of something, he turned to Louvel and begged him to go down into his cabin and bring him a telescope, which he had left there when looking over some papers. The seaman, with instinctive readiness to oblige, started from his reverie, and went below. He entered the cabin, found the telescope, and was rapidly preparing to go on deck, when his foot caught in the cloth which hung over the table; part of the cloth slipped; and a box which was near the edge, fell off, and opening in the fall, displayed a quantity of gold and silver coin, which rolled over the floor in all directions. A thought, rapid and electric, brought a crimson glow to Louvel's cheek. He knelt, and hastily picking up the money, flung it in, shut the box, (which he grasped as though he would have glued its fastenings together,) and stood at the cabin door. He paused—he thought of Pauline—he thought of her words—“for three days I have only eaten a piece of water-melon.” He went back and opened the box, and gazed at the heap of coin that glittered before his eyes. “How little, how very little of this, would make *her* happy! I could replace it when Captain Delmar paid me;—no one would know it. It would take an hour to tell this money over.” And with the last idea came a vision of Van Brockel counting it—of his discovery and disgrace. He covered his face with his hands, and with a bitter execration rushed from the spot. His foot was on the last step but one of the cabin stair, the fresh cooling sea-breeze fanned his

shook, when he recollected that, in his confusion, he had left the telescope for which he had been sent, on the table. Slowly he again descended—slowly he entered the cabin, and stood lost in thought at the fatal spot. Wild were his dreams—wild and quick; they chased one another through his mind like lightning flashes in a storm; and in one he saw his sister—his forsaken Pauline—seized by the ruffianly overboard, and dragged to a shameful and oppressive soil; he saw the slave driver raise his whip to strike her fending figure; he started fiercely, to interpose his arm between that delicate and graceful form and her tyrant guide; he struck a blow—the vision vanished, and the ringing coin vibrated below his heavy hand, as it rested, rumbled with its own violence, on the lid of the treasure chest! Oh, ye rich, when will the poor and wretched feel that they have no right to one atom of your superfluity, even though your gains should be hoarded only for the pleasure of counting them? Louvel thrust his hand into the box; he looked not to see whether it was gold or silver; he staid not to count the stolen money, but he took a handful, thrust it into his pocket, and ran on deck with the telescope. Van Brockel saw not his agitation—his eyes were fixed on the skies; he raised the telescope, and muttered a prophecy of a storm. Louvel turned away; he felt sick and faint as a frightened woman, but it was not fear of the coming storm which blanched his cheek.

Again the boat bounded over the waters; but Louvel sang not—spoke not: his head leaned on his clenched hand, while the surf drifted in his face; and his three companions looked at each other, and wondered. Suddenly he started. The surf near the shore was rough and violent. Each wave beat the boat back to the open sea. A vague and insane fear of being pursued and taken, crept into his heart: he had never before known what fear was; he felt it—it was a strange and thrilling agony. He could no longer bear it; he leapt into the waters—they closed above his head. "Shall I then perish without saving *her*?" thought he; and the thought sent a fresh vigour to every limb. With desperate energy he reached the shore, and rushed to the hut: he flung the money at her feet, and sank exhausted. A few moments passed away, and the girl spoke: "Pray with me, Charles, for my mother is just dead!" Her voice—her mournful voice smote on his soul. "I cannot pray, Pauline; but there is money—money to save you—to bury her—to ruin me." His words were wild: but his young sister heeded not, for she was gazing on the face of the corpse. At length she turned: "I ought to thank you, I know I ought; dear, good Charles," said she, "but you have surely brought a great deal of money; and, oh! Charles," continued she, with a look of surprise and disappointment, "I fear this will be of no use unless you can get it changed—it is not the coin of the country!"

A heavy blow from the hand of one we trusted—the sudden stab of the assassin's knife—the shock of an earthquake—are faint images of the stunning effect of this simple sentence on Charles Louvel. "Not the coin of the country!" He had then committed a grievous sin—disgraced his profession—risked his life—and wronged his neighbour, for a vain dream! "Not the coin of the country!" Pauline must then continue to suffer—perhaps perish of want. And yet they sat together with a heap of precious coin before them, as if to mock their misery! He could not change it, even if he had known where to go for that purpose. What should a seaman do with a handful of gold coin, of which he did not even know the value? He would be instantly discovered. He looked up at his innocent sister with an expression of utter despair. "Here, here," said she, eagerly, "here is a little silver piece that will do—this one. This one."

Charles rose, and they proceeded together to purchase food, and with many a promise of returning the next day, and a fearful hope of being enabled to replace the stolen money, he departed. That night, that first night of guilt and wretchedness, Louvel never closed his eyes, or if he did, a feverish start woke him with vague terror, from his momentary forgetfulness; the next morning was one of intense agony; he waited—he watched. Van Brockel at length made his appearance upon deck. Charles Louvel breathed more freely, and at length, having watched his opportunity, he prepared to descend the cabin stairs, but suddenly the captain, who had been conversing with Van Brockel, called to him sternly to remain. But why should we dwell on this painful scene? Suffice it that in the view of his assembled shipmates, Louvel was convicted of the theft; he produced the money, told his story, and was sentenced by Captain Delmar, who thought the present a fit opportunity for making an example of him, to receive a hundred and fifty lashes. This sentence was duly executed, and at length the tortured and exhausted man was left to the care of the surgeon, who commenced dressing his wounds; not a groan, not a sigh escaped the seaman—the quivering flesh raw with repeated stripes, was all which told of human life. Presently a timid hand undid the fastening of the door, and with an appealing look at the surgeon, Henri Lafitte entered. For a moment the dim eye brightened, and the sufferer faintly murmured, "Quoi, M. Henri, vous daignez?" "Tenez," said the little boy, while the tears rose to his eyes, "si la petite Fanchette mourait de faim, que peutez moi—aussi j'en aurai fait autant." The sailor grasped the boy's hand, and his lips trembled with an effort to speak; at length he gasped out, "you say that to console me, but nothing can comfort me—pain I can bear, but the shame! the shame!" Henri hesitated a few moments, and then he laid some money on the table, and said, "We have subscribed that for Pauline, how shall we get it conveyed to her?" An hysterical laugh was Louvel's only answer; he sank back in his chair; his lips parted with a ghastly smile, and the bubbling blood appeared on them. "He's dying—he's dying—my own kind Louvel!" shrieked the boy, as he knelt by his side. "Hush, Monsieur Lafitte," said the surgeon, "he has broken a bloodvessel, but he may recover."

In the hospital of Barbadoes, by the side of the wasted form of her adored brother, sat the dark-eyed Pauline; her face was wan with watching, her eyes heavy with tears; from time to time a low short cough started her into agony, and then again there was a dead silence. "I am so thankful that I shall not survive this disgrace," said Charles Louvel feebly, as he half turned his head towards his patient nurse. She could have shrieked and knelt to him, and begged him to live for her, and her only, but she stifled back her agony, for she knew that vehement emotion would kill him. "Is La Gloire still at anchor in the bay?" said he. "It is—it is—dear brother." "Well," said her brother, "I hope before she weighs anchor, my bark of life will have reached the port. I could not bear to think her sails were set, and she on her way to la belle France without me. I should feel deserted—deserted!" Pauline choked back her tears and was silent. The dying sailor closed his eyes, and faintly pressed the hand that held his. "Oh God," thought she, as she gazed on his wasted but still handsome countenance, "is this justice, or is it murder?" She looked again; the long black lashes lay on his sunken cheek, and his breathing was scarcely perceptible;

* "What, Mr. Henry, you condescend."

† "If little Fanchette was to die of hunger, perhaps I too should have done the same."

suddenly he opened his eyes: "did you ever love?" asked he. "I never loved any but you, Charles." "Not me—not me," murmured he, with a faint smile; "Not your brother—some one when I am gone—to cherish you; you are so beautiful, so gentle." "Oh never, never," passionately exclaimed Pauline, "if I do not love you, then shall I never love. I have had no thought, no dream of any thing but you, since we were children together. If you live, I live; if you die, I die. Why not you, brother, why not you?" and she repeatedly kissed the hand she held, while her tears flowed without restraint. But suddenly she checked herself and rose, "See," said she, with a mournful smile, "how I have wearied and agitated you. I will leave you—shall I leave you? and you will rest while I get some fruit for you." She left the hospital, and slowly wound her way to the market-place.

The air was hot and heavy; so heavy that she could scarcely breathe. Presently she met a crowd of people hurrying from the town; "What has happened!" exclaimed she. "The hurricane! the hurricane!" shouted some of those she addressed. "My brother!" said the wretched girl, "my brother! let me go to my brother!" But there was no returning; the dense crowds of terrified people pressed round her; she was borne onward as by the course of a torrent; onward and onward; some hurrying, others dropping and fainting by the way, disregarded by their companions, whose bereft reason left them the mere instinct of life. Still with a plaintive voice Pauline continued to mourn him whom she could not aid, and might not see. Suddenly the sound of a "rushing mighty wind" swept over the bosom of the earth, and ruffled the face of the waters; the multitude stood still like a frightened flock of sheep; they had no longer the heart to strive; they no longer knew which side to fly from the dark wings of the devouring hurricane spread above their heads. It came, and horrible desolation was spread in a moment through the island; they were scattered, that multitude—like autumn leaves; whirled here—dashed there—lifted up into the thick and choking atmosphere, or thrown to the earth by the fall of the palm trees which had shadowed them so long. The babe was crushed beneath the mother's breast; the bones of the strong man were crushed like rotten wood; the shrieks of the dying, the wail of the living, the screams of racking pain, mingled confusedly with the wild roar of the tempest wind, and the distant dashing and booming of the agitated ocean. Darkness was on the land and the sea—a horrid darkness which was not night; it seemed as if the last awful day had overtaken the sinful earth, and that its destruction had commenced; proud buildings, "the work of men's hands," fell crashing and thundering to their foundation, the solid earth. Temples dedicated to God, and pillared houses for the rich man, shared one common ruin—all was laid waste and desolate. Pauline remained insensible after the first shock, for some time: when she recovered, she found herself beneath a shelving rock, which, by the quantity of sea-weed lifted into it, she thought must be near the sea. From time to time, stones, branches, and other things were whirled past her; sometimes hitting her, sometimes eaving her uninjured; and all the while a horrible noise like the raging of a thousand furnaces, mingled with occasional crashing sounds, continued to affright her ears. Bruised, stiff, and languid as she was, she felt that none of her limbs were broken, and devoutly thanked Heaven; she crept to the utmost verge of the cavern or rock, beneath which she had been speed, and even amid the war of the elements, she slept.

For two days the hurricane raged; and then, having spent its fury, and performed the mysterious will of the Creator, the giant wind was lulled to rest, and the sul-

len waves dashed to and fro with lower crests at each succeeding rise and fall. Pauline crept forth, and having eaten part of a broken cocoa-nut, numbers of which lay scattered about, she with difficulty climbed outside the rock which had afforded her shelter, and from its summit gazed round upon the island. Oh! what a desolate scene was there! Ruined towns; villages swept away; woods overthrown; the ripe grain laid level with the earth; and the wrecks of vessels in the bay, where La Gloire had been so smoothly anchored! As this last thought passed through her mind, her brother's image rose before her. "Alas, alas! how shall I find strength to reach the hospital!" and she wept feebly. "Look! look!" exclaimed a boy's voice near her; "a woman is standing there, unhurt and alone." "Hush!" said his companion, "it cannot be a woman; see how fearlessly she gazes round her, over the ruined island: it is the Spirit of the hurricane!" "Spirit of nonsense," said the boy again; "it is a young and pretty creature, who has been saved by some strange mercy like ourselves. Come and speak to her, we may perhaps assist her." "No, no; let us look for Captain Delmar; God knows what is become of him: and that poor fellow Louvel! I would give a great deal to know that he was safe." Pauline heard not the last kind sentence; at the sound of Captain Delmar's name she fled, as if it contained in itself a power to kill. At length she reached the town: heaps of dead or dying wretches lay in its streets, crushed by the fall of their houses; in the principal street, underneath his horse, lay the lifeless body of young Delmar. Shuddering, Pauline passed on, to meet a yet more horrible sight. The hospital—that goal of her wild and unreasonable hopes—lay partly levelled with the ground, partly unroofed; the principal beam in the building, which was a yard in thickness, had been shivered like a stick; many of the sick had crawled outside the doors, and there died, too weak to creep further; some had been crushed within. Pauline's eye wandered in search of Charles Louvel; and half she feared to meet a mangled corpse; but as her glance rested on his pale, placid countenance close at her feet, she almost thought he still lived. She knelt and passed her hand across his brow—she felt his heart—all was stiff and cold: but in one hand a few flowers she had given him, were still clasped; and from the other, which was raised above his head, her handkerchief floated on the ground. Pauline clapped her hands, and shrieked hysterically. "Yes!" said she, "he has died without pain—he has died waving me back, for he knew the storm was coming!" As she spoke, she sank on his body, never to rise again. Nature's energies had been strained too far; and there, by him for whom alone she lived, she died. Henri Lafite and his shrinking companion, found their bodies, and buried them side by side; and many a year afterwards, their young brows saddened, and their voices changed, when they talked of THE SPIRIT OF THE HURRICANE.

DEATH.

This grim messenger seems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miseries of human life; but into courts and the seat of grandeur, with insult and terror. To languish under a gilded canopy, to expire on soft and downy pillows, and give up the ghost in state, has a more gloomy aspect, than, at the cull of nature, to expire on a grassy turf and resign the breathless clay back to its proper element.—What does a crowd of friends or flatterers signify in that important hour to the most glorious mortal? Which of his numerous attendants would stand the arrest, or descend into the silent prison of the grave for him, or answer the summons of the supreme tribunal.

LIVERPOOL.

THE commercial intercourse which has increasingly existed between this country and the city represented in the annexed engraving, renders it an object of interest to every American citizen; as to that intercourse is owing in no inconsiderable degree, the good understanding, the fellowship, and the social harmony which at present exist between the once hostile nations: thus bestowing upon both, not only commercial but moral advantages. The following description of the city of Liverpool, strikingly exhibits the effects of enterprize, which from an inconsiderable town, elevated it to a business importance which stands without competition, and proves the advantages always derivable from perseverance and industry.

Liverpool, a city in Lancashire, England, with markets on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Up to the close of the seventeenth century it was a very inconsiderable place, having only one church, which was a chapel of ease to Walton, a village three miles off. In 1669, an act was passed to make it a distinct parish, and erect a new church. Since this period it has been gradually advancing in importance; and, with respect to population and commerce, it is become the second port in the kingdom. It extends three miles along the east bank of the river Mersey, and about a mile in average breadth; contains twenty-three churches and chapels for the establishment, a much greater number of meeting-houses for dissenters, five Roman catholic chapels, and a Jews' synagogue. Among the public buildings, which comprise numerous specimens of architectural taste, the most important are the town-hall, exchange buildings, lyceum, Wellington rooms, corn exchange, infirmary, St. John's market, blue coat school, dispensary, asylum for the blind, theatre, atheneum, music hall, news room, custom-house, and a borough jail on the Howardian plan. The streets are generally spacious, some of them elegant, and the greater part lighted with gas. At the head of the institutions for literary and scientific pursuits, is the Royal Liverpool Institution, opened in 1817 at an expense of £30,000. To enumerate the asylums for the wretched and unfortunate, of every description and denomination, would be altogether incompatible with our limits. The increase and prosperity of Liverpool have been greatly promoted by the enterprise and skill of its inhabitants, by its local advantages, commanding the trade of Ireland and America, and by the wisdom of the corporation in abolishing all exclusive laws, and encouraging every species of industry and commercial talent. The principal manufactures, besides those connected with the shipping, which employ an immense number of persons, are fine porcelain, watches, glass, iron, salt, coppers, &c. The watch movement and tool business is almost confined to this part of the country; and the breweries, soap-works, brass and iron foundries, sugar-houses, &c., are on an extensive scale. Few towns possess accommodations for shipping at all comparable to Liverpool: it has, at present, six docks, the Dry Dock, Salthouse Dock, King's Dock, Queen's Dock, George's Dock, Prince's Dock, North Dock, and Brunswick Dock, which with their basins occupy nearly a hundred acres of land. The estuary of the Mersey may be properly termed an arm of the sea, opening to this port a ready access to the Western sea, and ships of any burden may come up fully laden to the town; while the system of canal navigation opens a communication inland with all parts of the kingdom. This port is now estimated to engross a fourth part of the foreign trade of Britain, a sixth of its general trade, and to furnish one-twelfth of the shipping: its customs amount to nearly £4,000,000, and its exports exceed even those of the metropolis. The town is governed by a mayor, and sends two members to parliament—48 miles S. of Lancaster, and 206 N. W. of London. Longitude 3 W. lat. 53 22 N.

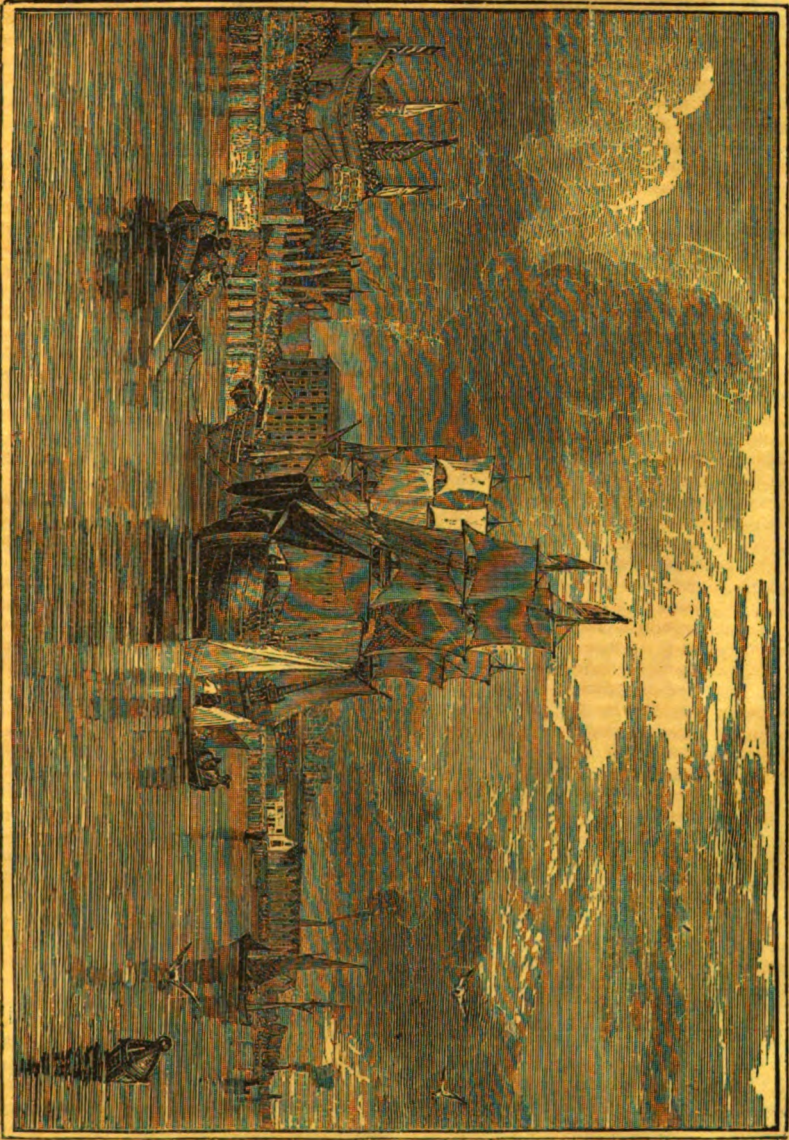
APOTHEOSES OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

APOTHEOSES, or consecrations, were very much in use among the Romans: for they consecrated their dead emperors, and ranked them in the number of the gods, that they might afterwards worship them as such. Herodian speaks thus of the ceremonies of such consecrations:—

"The Romans were accustomed to deify such of their emperors as had children to succeed them, which consecration they called an *apotheosis*. This ceremony was celebrated throughout the whole city, with a mixture of joy, sorrow, and religious worship. The body of the deceased they buried in the usual manner, with great pomp and solemnity: which done, the custom was to make an image of wax, as like the dead person as possible, and to place it at the entrance of the imperial palace, upon a bed of state made of ivory, and covered with a cloth of gold. On one side of this bed the whole senate sits in black, for a great part of the day: and on the other, the women of quality, who neither wear gold nor jewels, but appear in plain white habits, which is also their mourning. This ceremony lasts seven days, all which time the physicians come to visit the waxen body, and every time declare it to grow worse and worse. At the end of those seven days, when the body is supposed to be dead, certain young men, chosen out of the equestrian and senatorial orders, take it upon their shoulders, and carry it all along the *via sacra* to the old *forum*, where the Roman magistrates were wont to lay aside their authority; here, on each side, were scaffolds built—the one for the young men of quality, and the other for the ladies; both which sang the praises of the deceased in grave, lamentable tones. After this, they take the body from thence and carry it to the *campus martius*, where there is a kind of pyramid built, three or four stories high—every one of which is less and less to the top, and all four square. This is all of wood, and covered with gold tapestry, adorned with ivory and paintings, but the inside full of combustible matter. The form of this structure, in short, is not unlike those towers they build for light-houses. In the second story there are open doors, and in that, they place the bed, together with aromatics and perfumes of all kinds, and those in great abundance, piling up great heaps of them: for there is no nation, or city, or person in any dignity, but what sends on this occasion presents to do honour to the deceased prince. After they have thus made great piles of aromatics, and the cavalry is arrived, all the horse ride round the pyramid, observing a certain kind of cadence, not unlike the Pyrrhic dance. The chariots also drive about in the same order, with persons in them habited in purple, who personate such of the Romans as were famous either in war or in the administration of civil government. All which ceremony over, he that is to succeed in the empire takes a lighted torch, and sets fire to the machine, which others do on all sides. This fire soon seizes the aromatics and combustibles. This done, an eagle is let loose from the uppermost story, which, frightened by the flames, makes haste to soar out of sight—the people believing that it carries to the regions of bliss the soul of the prince. From that moment, they pay him the same religious homage that they bestow upon their other gods."

I cannot present our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called sharpers, more naturally, than under the shadow of a pack of dogs: for this set of men are like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey others pursue; others, take it; and if it be worth it, they will come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and of the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chase.

VIEW OF LIVERPOOL.



MY WEDDING DAY.

"The clear merry tones of a girlish voice awoke me from a sweet slumber, and still sweeter dream. Methought I was dancing the gallopade at the Montpelier Rotunda at Cheltenham, with my first love, the Honourable Captain Mowbray of the Guards, and enjoying the combined delights of rapid motion, exhilarating music, coloured lamps, green-house plants, and the intelligent glances of a pair of the finest hazel eyes in the universe. The unwelcome intruder on my slumbers was my sister Fanny, a girl of fourteen, who exclaimed in a cruelly shrill pitch of voice, "You have no time to lose, Emily;—it is half-past eight;—not a moment of to-day should be wasted;—it is the happiest day of your life!" I slowly opened my eyes; my sister held a taper in her hand, not, as might be supposed, as an emblem of the torch of Hymen, but as a matter of dire necessity: my shutters were unclosed, but instead of admitting light, they only made me sensible of the existence of a dense yellow fog—it was the month of December; the preceding day had been bright and frosty, but that contradictory and unpleasant operation of Nature, "a cold thaw," had taken place during the night, and a drizzling rain completely obscured the window pane:—if happiness reigned over this day, she certainly appeared in her dishabille!

It was my marriage morn—no wonder my sister deemed it happy; she, poor thing, was still subject to all the tortures, ordinary and extraordinary, of the school-room; back-boards, close bonnets, chemical lectures, four language-masters, and five hour's practising per diem; and on consideration, as my dream gradually faded from my mind, and I turned to the realities of life, I began to think it a happy day likewise. I was five-and-twenty, and had been perceptibly declining in prettiness for three years. I had met with many attentions, but few proposals. Captain Mowbray had nothing but poverty to offer me, and although I lamented the necessity of my refusal, I could not repent that I had given it. I had failed to accomplish an *entree* into Almack's; papa was unreasonably stingy in my allowance, and mamma unreasonably observant of my flirtations. My elected husband, Sir Mathew Medium, was a baronet of three thousand a year; I should have jewels and a carriage, I should be my own mistress, and perhaps my husband's. "Yes," I rejoined with a yawn, "It is undoubtedly the *happiest* day of my life!"

My *femme-de-chambre* began to array me: I looked in the glass; she assured me, with professional flattery, that I had never appeared to such advantage. I could not believe her: I was labouring under the effects of that unbecoming and unromantic malady, a violent cold in the head; the rose-coloured tint of my cheeks had departed to my nose, and the light of my eyes was as obscured and invisible as that of the sun. She threw a dressing-gown over me, and announced that Monsieur de Mille-fleurs, a celebrated French friseur, who had been recommended to me from high authority, was awaiting my commands. I followed her to the boudoir—it was a melancholy scene. It was, like my sleeping-room, filled with yellow fog, and was illuminated by a solitary lamp; the Frenchman stood by, brandishing his instruments of torture. I caught a glance of myself in the mirror; my white wrapper, pale cheeks, and flowing tresses, gave me quite the air of a victim: it was a scene worthy of the judgment-room of the Inquisition! I took down from my bookcase a small volume bound in crimson silk—it was an Annual of two year's standing—and resigned myself to the scientific fingers of my tormentor. It may seem surprising that I should feel any inducement at such a time to study an old Annual, but there was "attractive metal," in the pages of the one in question. Mowbray

had written a sentimental tale to illustrate an equally sentimental engraving in it. I read it with more admiration than ever, and when my *femme-de-chambre* ventured respectfully to remark that she "did not think I should like the effect of my *chignon*," I fretfully desired her not to interrupt me.

At length my labours, and those of Monsieur de Mille-fleurs came to a termination: just as I closed the Annual, he placed the last black pin in my garland of orange flowers. Fanny at that moment entered the room, and her undisguised laughter, and assurances that he had made a perfect fright of me, caused me to raise my eyes to the mirror. My hair was dragged away from my forehead in a style which gave an air of something between the lunatic and the vixen, and the huge towering bows and knots at the top of my head, assimilated ill with the pale and anxious countenance beneath them. It was too late, however, to level this unfortunate fabric, and erect a new one; time was wearing on, and I was quickly arrayed in the cold and comfortless splendour of white satin, gauze, and blonde, and pronounced ready to descend to the company who were now beginning to assemble. A tap at my door was just then heard, and two notes and a small box were delivered to me. The first note was from an aunt, whose presence at my wedding I had particularly desired; she was the widow of a rich nabob, who had left his property entirely at her disposal, and her long diamond ear-rings, innumerable sparkling rings, and superb India shawl, rendered her a desirable assistant on occasions of festivity like the present. She expressed her sorrow that she was prevented by sudden indisposition from attending on me, and hoped that I would oblige her by accepting the accompanying gift as a token of her esteem, good-will, &c. I knew myself to be in high favour with her, and ever since my marriage had been settled, I had exhausted my imagination in conjectures on the probable magnificence of her wedding present. I hastily opened the box, and took out layer after layer of cotton and silver paper; at last I arrived at the bottom, where I fully expected to find a deposit of jewellery, and discovered—three small, neat, China jars, for the mantel-piece I had never been formally introduced to them before, but I knew them perfectly well by sight: I had seen them at the Soho Bazaar, where they were ticketed one guinea and a half in price. The other note was from my favourite female friend, Louisa Danvers, who was to share with my sister Fanny the honour of attending me as bride-maid: it was also an excuse, but the reason was mysteriously expressed; "She had long been engaged in marriage against the wishes of her friends; fear of my prudential caution had prevented her from confiding the secret to me—her fate was approaching to a crisis. I should know more hereafter; in the meantime, as the notice was so short, she hoped that I would accept the services of her cousin, Harriet Sutton, as bride-maid in her stead." I was concerned at my friend's folly in devoting herself to the horrors of love in a cottage; and Harriet Sutton was a dowdy dependant, but still I was glad of her company: for I felt secure that Louisa must have invested her with the bride-maid's attire, which was to match with that worn by Fanny, a celestial blue silk dress, and white hat wreathed with convolvuluses. I descended out of spirits and out of humour. There is a French proverb, that "no woman is ugly when she is dressed;" but I felt that full dress in a foggy winter morning was no beautifier to any woman, or at any rate, not to me. The company were a shade less wretched in appearance than myself, for they had the comfort of bonnets and high dresses, but they all looked cold and de-

pressed; and the bridemaid, to my utter dismay, had been abandoned to her own resources of finery, and was arrayed in a dress of Egyptian brown silk, with three deep flounces, and an enormous Leghorn bonnet; the contrast between the freshness of appearance, and the obsolete fashion of these articles, plainly demonstrating that they had constituted her gala attire for at least seven years! Every body assured me that I had never looked so well before, and that this was the happiest day of my life, and I was too civil to contradict them.

Of the bridegroom little can be said; he was elderly, red-haired, very shy, and very corpulent—of course he could not be expected to look or behave like a hero. The carriages were announced, and we soon reached St. George's, Hanover square. As we entered the vestry-room, another bridal party were preparing to leave it. I remarked them with attention; their rank in life was evidently much below mine.

The bride was a pretty pleasing young woman, dressed with remarkable neatness and simplicity; her ingenuous features indicated health and modesty, and she had enough of the air of weeping to be suitable to the occasion, without disfiguring her appearance; the tears floated in her eyes, but did not descend on her cheeks. The bridemaid, evidently a sister by her extreme likeness, was almost as pretty as the bride, and might have appeared quite as much so, in an equally interesting situation. The mother, a comely placid looking woman, was contemplating her fair daughter with a smile of tranquil satisfaction; and the cordial good-humoured father was warmly shaking hands with his new son-in-law, an athletic, open-countenanced young man. The party were evidently all happy in themselves, and in each other; it was a simple, but a touching sight. I looked round on my own over-dressed, drowsy, listless train of superfluous attendants, half of whom I knew to be indifferent to, and the other half to be envious of me. I had long been convinced of the hollowness and frivolity of the gay world, but I had never before been so sensible of its vulgarity and bad taste.

The ceremony was soon performed, and we returned home, where a splendid *dejeune* was prepared; things now began to assume rather a more tolerable aspect. Gunter is one of the few artists whose performances always put English people in real good humour for the time, but still the event went off heavily; it might be recorded by that "word of fear," equally "unpleasing to the ear" of the fashionable and mercantile world, a "decided failure!" Mamma was thoroughly discomposed by the foggy morning, my pallid looks, the want of generosity in the present of my aunt, and the want of uniformity in the dress of my bridemaids. Papa was never very brilliant at any time, and being accustomed to late hours, he was on the present occasion more than half asleep. My sister Fanny seldom spoke in company, especially if it were desirable that she should do so; she was of that unhappy age, when girls are always silent when they ought to talk, and talkative when they ought to be silent.

Towards the close of the repast, a friend of the family entered the drawing-room; he had not been invited, but, like Paul Pry, he was in the constant habit of "dropping in" where his presence was not required; he was a good-natured man, and a great newsmonger, two striking recommendations, but he always contrived, with the best intentions of giving pleasure to his friends, to tell them news which was particularly disagreeable to them. After oppressing me with clamorous congratulations, he continued, his broad countenance odiously beaming with benevolence—"You do not want much, my dear, to add to your happiness on a day like this, but I have a piece of news to tell you about your old friend Captain Mowbray, which I am sure you will be delighted to hear. A miserly relation

of his, from whom he entertained no expectations, has just died, and left him heir of his large property; the amount was at first reported to be a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but I am glad to tell you that I met this morning with an intimate friend of the deceased, who assures me that any one might safely give Mowbray two hundred thousand for it, and get a good bargain by so doing!"—"I—am—rejoiced—to—hear—it;" I with difficulty stammered out, my heart palpitating almost to bursting, and the tears starting to my eyes. "And," pursued my tormentor, "it is particularly acceptable to him at this moment, for he had been engaged for some time to a charming young lady without money, and they had actually just made up their minds to marry and starve, when this fortunate wind-fall came to reward them for their disinterestedness." I attempted to inquire the name of the "charming young lady," but my temples throbbled violently; the room appeared to turn round, and hastily pleading sudden indisposition, I took the arm of my sister and retired. "Poor thing," exclaimed an unsuspecting matron, who sat near me, "her feelings are too much for her—joy overpowers as well as grief—this is the happiest day of her life!"

Left alone with my sister, I had fresh cause to lament the absence of Louisa Danvers, who united sense and sensibility sufficiently to prove an excellent comforter. Poor Fanny was a very inefficient substitute; she cried, and scolded me by turns, reminded me that she had always advised me to marry Mowbray, wondered that I should have hesitated to accept such a man, even if sure of living on bread and water with him; then lamented that I had not heard of his accession of fortune the day before, which would have been plenty of time to break off my marriage; and then again, recollecting the account of her engagement, vented her indignation on my unknown rival, whom she declared herself convinced was very artful, ugly, and disagreeable. I was glad to exchange her society even for that of my husband, and a short time saw me arrayed in my travelling apparel, and seated in a carriage which was to convey us to Richmond. The windows were dimmed with the incessant rain, my tears flowed with equal perseverance, and the conversation of Sir Matthew fell on my ear with just as dull and monotonous a drizzle. I cannot remember much of his discourse, except that he lamented the state of the weather, and hoped that it would clear, deplored the bad aspect of affairs in Ireland, and touched on the Slavery Question, and the East India Company's Charter.

Gloomy, however, as was the ride, I could not look forward with any pleasure to its termination; we were to pass the first few days of our honeymoon at the house of a married brother of Sir Matthew's. Mr. Medium was, like his relative a complete non-entity, but his wife I particularly disliked; she was a crafty, selfish woman, much beneath her husband in point of rank, but yielding to no one in vanity and ambition. Owing to Sir Matthew's long continuance in "single blessedness," she had flattered herself that the baronetcy and estate would eventually centre in her eldest son, and of course regarded me with very unpleasant feelings, as the destroyer of her maternal visions; conventional policy induced her to cloak her dislike of me in a double-voiced garb of courtesy, but natural coarseness of character caused her to over act her part so glaringly, that her flattery could not impose upon the most credulous hearer; there was something absolutely feline in the fawning excess of her fondness and caresses. Dinner passed as heavily as could be anticipated; no one was there but the family, and I had the consciousness that the eyes of all the servants and all the children were directed towards me, in eager curiosity to see how I should behave under my new honours of bridal consequence. In the evening the newspaper came. Mr.

Medium officiously seized it, that she might read aloud to me the paragraph of my marriage, which, with modern foresight, had been sent to the press the day before. Alas! she had little need to give me the intelligence: I was painfully conscious that I was married, without finding it necessary to refer to the fact in print. Having read the announcement, she turned to the next paragraph. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "it is no wonder your friend Miss Danvers excused herself from attending you as bridemaid—she was married herself on the same morning!" "Married! to whom?" exclaimed I, eagerly, my fancy running through a long list of younger brothers with whom Louisa had sung, waltzed, and flirted during the last season. She read the name of the bridegroom with dreadful precision and emphasis—"The honourable Captain Mowbray, of the Guards!" The symptoms of my morning attack returned upon me; I pressed my hand on my forehead, and was obliged to have recourse to my embroidered pocket handkerchief and *eau de Cologne*; but the window was instantly thrown open for my benefit, and a relief of foggy night air admitted, which enabled me to "sit it out!" "How strange it is, my dear," observed my unsuspecting husband, "that you should have twice been taken ill to-day, when you were hearing news about young Captain Mowbray!" My sister-in-law said nothing, but she fixed her keen gray eyes on my face, with an expression which denoted that she thought it any thing but strange.

This last *contre-tems* completely destroyed my spirits, and I said little more than yes and no for the ensuing two hours. Towards the close of the evening, the eldest daughter of my hostess, a port forward girl just emancipated from boarding-school, said to me, "Now your wedding-day is nearly at an end, Lady Medium, has it not been the *happiest* day of your life?" Had I been in the palace of Truth, I should certainly have replied that it had been the most miserable; but I was not desperate enough to feel inclined to "electrify my audience," by so startling a burst of ingenuoussness. Some author, whose name I forget, says: "As society can only be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, may serve the purpose just as well as the new!" I therefore determined to let the axiom in question pass uncontradicted; but like many other imperfect and minor moralists, although willing passively to sanction a falsity, I was not inclined actively to tell one. I therefore replied to the young lady's teasing question, with equal truth, politeness, and self-possession: "I only hope your own may be just as *happy*!"

FUNERAL OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

It is admitted that of all the ancient funeral pomps, none equalled in magnificence that of Alexander the Great, when his body was brought in state from Babylon, to Alexandria in Egypt.

The car was not only extremely rich and magnificent, but contrived also with a most wonderful art and workmanship: Hieronymus was the workman. First he made a golden coffin, not cast, but worked, and exactly fitted to the length of the body; he then half filled it with aromatics and perfumes, both to give an agreeable odour, and to preserve the body; upon this coffin there was a golden coverlid, and over that was raised a purple canopy embroidered with gold; the imperial arms were placed close to it. The car which carried this, had a golden vaulted roof adorned with scales covered with jewels. The roof was eight cubits high, and twelve long, and under it was placed a square throne, all of gold: there were two stags' heads in grand relief, on the side of the throne, from which, two gold rings, each of two palms diameter, hung down, and from them a large festoon, expressing

all the various colours of flowers, of an inimitable beauty and art.

At the top of the car there was a fringe in form of net-work, from which little bells hung down, yet of sufficient size to be heard at a good distance. In each corner of the roof there was a victory carrying a trophy. The roof was supported by golden pillars, with chapters of the Ionic order, and within these pillars, there was a lattice-work of gold, about a finger thick, and four tablets, disposed parallel to each other, adorned with figures of animals.

On one of the tablets, Alexander was represented sitting on a car, holding a sceptre, attended by the *Macedonians* on one side of him, and the *Persians* on the other, and before him the armour-bearers. In the second tablet, elephants armed as for war, followed the king, carrying *Indians* before, and *Macedonians* behind, on their backs; both nations in their proper arms. In the third tablet there appeared squadrons of horse drawn up in line of battle, and on the fourth, ships disposed as if ready for a sea-fight. At the entrance of the vault lions were placed. Between every two pillars there was a golden *acanthus*, which reached nearly to the top of the chapters. Over the roof there was a purple canopy exposed to the air, and bearing a golden crown, but as if composed of branches of olive, and when the sun glanced on it, the reflected light shone on the beholders like lightning. This grand car was supported by two axle-trees, which went into four wheels of the Persian fashion. The spokes were gilt; but that part of the wheel which touched the ground, was covered with iron plates. All that part of the axle-tree which was seen was gold, and in the shape of a lion's head biting a javelin. In the middle of the vault there was a hinge placed so artfully, as to prevent its rocking from side to side in rough and uneven roads. The car had four poles, and each had four rows of four mules each, to draw it, so that sixty-four mules were used to draw the car, and those the strongest and the best that could be procured. Every mule had a gold crown on its head, and a golden bell on each jaw, and a collar of jewels around its neck. All the people of the cities through which this car passed thronged to see it, and could scarcely satisfy themselves with gazing at it. The train which attended it was pompous, and in accordance with the splendour of the car: a vast number of pioneers and labourers levelled the road for it to pass, and the choicest troops attended. Aridæus, who had the charge of the corpse, after having spent two years in making preparations for this pompous march, brought the body in this manner to Egypt from Babylon. Ptolemy went with his army to meet the body, as far as Syria, and when he received it, paid to it all possible honour. He did not send it to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, but to Alexandria, a city which Alexander had built and named, and which was one of the noblest in the world, and there built a mausoleum, which, for its grandeur and magnificence, was worthy the greatness of Alexander.

When he had placed the body there, he celebrated his funeral with heroic sacrifices, and the most pompous games of every description.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at, that the wisest men in all ages, have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and where it chiefly consists. An eminent writer named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any of his own.

TO BEAU AND BELLE I FORTUNES TELL;

THE TYROLESE FORTUNE-TELLER,

AS SUNG BY MISS LOVE;

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY JOHN PARRY.

PIANO FORTE—VOICE.

Allegretto.

Clar. Bassoon. Flanti.

p

Tutti.

f

Ritard.

To beau and belle I for - tunes tell, Come round the Gypsy and Fil
us you well; Come, maidens dear, and ne - ver far A
lit - the wholesome truth to hear.

The musical score is presented in five systems. Each system consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score includes various performance instructions such as 'Clar.', 'Bassoon.', 'Flanti.', 'Tutti.', 'Ritard.', and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The smile that plays, a thousand ways, That courts ad-mirers by its

wanton gaze, Will ne'er obtain a faithful Swain, And then you know you sigh in

vain; But on your cheek let blushes speak The heart's best virtue which true

Lovers seek, And smiling eyes se-cure the prize, Girls list to me if you be

colla voce.
wise.

II.

Young Gentlemen, as Ladies then
 In merit are increasing, nine to ten,
 'Tis fit that you, should be so too;
 I hope, at least, to mend a few.
 The cruel stare, the vulgar air,
 Alarm the gentle and the modest fair;
 'Twas Heav'n's decree that Man should be
 Companion, Guardian, Guide, all three!
 And let me say, 'tis thus you may
 Obtain, and long preserve your lordly sway;
 Make Hearts, not Eyes, your lawful prize,
 Men, list to me, if you be wise.

TO NATURE.

"*Terra mihi, et rigui placant in vallibus amnes!
Flamma cœcum, sylvasq̄, inglorias!*"

GREAT daughter of the Sire Supreme!
In whose reflective charms we see,
Unscathed, the mitigated beams
Of viewless Deity.

O, lead me, Nature, to thy shade!
Far from life's varying cares and fears;
Affections spurn'd, and hopes betray'd,
And naught unchang'd, but tears;—

And guide me on, through sun and storms,
With thine immortal steps to range;
In variation, uniform;
Immutable in change.

Oh! teach me, on the sea-beat hill,
Or by the mountain torrent's roar,
Or in the midnight forest still,
Thy great and awful lore!

Nor less, beside the calm clear sea,
Or, in the leafy cool reclined,
With thine own greenwood minstrelsy
Restore a wearied mind;—

And grant my soul a bliss to own
Beyond earth's mightiest to bestow,
Which Love himself might give alone,
If Love be yet below.

Oh! I have loved thee from a child!
And sure, on childhood's rapturous hour,
Thine eye of loveliness hath smiled,
With most approving power;—

For in that season bright and sweet,
Roams the blest spirit pure and free,
Ere woman's art, or man's deceit,
Hath stolen a thought from thee.

And I would be thy child again,
Careless, and innocent and still;
Oh! snatch me from mine own wild reign,
To heed a holier will!

Oh! sadly is the soul unblest,
That ne'er the sacred joys hath known,
Of those who in thy temple rest
Majestically lone!

And, smit with a celestial love,
In secrecy converse with thee,
And hear thee bring them from above
Thy wondrous history!

How, when the great Omnifick word
Through the far halls of Chaos rang,
And life the dark cold billows stirr'd,
Thy charms to order sprang—

Forth danced, thy genial steps beneath,
Herbage and flower; to weave thy pall,
Campania brought her painted wreath;
Her roseate treasures, Gaul.

Recount thy Sire's unbounded power,
Recount his unexhausted love,
Who sent thee, from this cloudy hour
The shadows to remove—

And teach me, in thy still recess,
To search a clearer page than thine,
Where Mercy, Wisdom, Faithfulness,
Illumine every line!

So when I cease on thee to gaze,
May I thine author's glory see,
In realms whose voice shall chant his praise,
When thou no more shalt be!

MORNING, NOON, EVENING, AND NIGHT.

BY F. S. MULLER.

THE morning star—the morning star—when the sun-
beams brightly rise,
And gladden with their beams of light the distant
eastern skies;

Aurora hails their rising up above the distant hills,
The earth re-echoes with the songs of a thousand gush-
ing rills.

The night-stars droop their purple wings before the
dawning ray,

The flowers ope their rainbow leaves to welcome back
the day;

And every bird and mountain-bee, from woodland,
cell, or bower,

Come forth with joyous song and shout to hail the
morning hour.

The noontide ray—the noontide ray—when the sun-
beams from on high

Look down upon each mountain top in pride and ma-
jesty;

The hills are clothed in the gorgeous beam, and the
woodland streams flow on,

In golden sunshine, and in shade, in loveliness and
song.

And ocean depths are gleaming low, and down to their
gem-lit mines,

The noon-day sun-light pierces through, to where the
coral shines;

The heavens above have not a cloud to veil the sun-
beam's power,

Earth, air, and sky, are shadowless, at the noontide's
sunny hour.

The evening star—the evening star—when the golden
light of day

Is sinking down beneath the sea, with a beautiful
decay;

The twilight comes with her silent wing, spread o'er
the earth and sea,

The dews are falling to the ground and gemming lawn
and lea:

The winds have hushed their gentle voice, and closed
their silver wings.

The waves are flowing to the shore with mystic mur-
muring,

And hushed are every harp and song, in castle, hall,
and bower,

Bird, breeze, and bee, are gone to rest, at evening's
dewy hour.

The holy night—the holy night—when every voice is
still,

And the silver moon is rising o'er the dreamy Latman
hill;

When the shined stars are watching out, in beauty
from the sky,

And gazing down on every flower, and every sleeping
eye;

When the earth and sea are slumbering too, and naught
breaks on the hush,

Save the lone sound of a forest's stream, or a wander-
ing torrent's gush,

It is an hour of loveliness, of beauty, and delight—
It is an hour when eternity is watching o'er the
night.

THE PROPHECY.

"He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy."—*Henry the Eighth.*

It was the morning of the montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior colleger, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the pageant of the day. Morley, his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry collegers proceeded in regular array to Salthill, where the captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence, flourished a flag as preliminary to the busy proceedings of the morning. After this ceremony had been duly performed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of authorized robbery, stopping every passenger from the prince to the hargeman, and demanding *salt*, an Etonian synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road, on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of his path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness rather than amenity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew high upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck of beauty was indeed upon his lineaments, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.

The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of gray cotton, carefully gartered with white ribbons, and he was shod with a short buskin which reached just above the ankle. He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motle's the only wear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colours which composed it. Morley remembered to have heard, that a person had been frequently seen in the neighbourhood who was supposed to be mad, and who it now occurred to him precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded *salt*.

"*Salt!* what mean you?"

"*Money.*"

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from poor and rich alike."

"Exact! thou art then both publican and sinner."

"Come wilt thou depose thy tribute?" and he extended the mouth of a richly embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg! Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy livery belies thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave's serving man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee; but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape's serving monkey." The blood rushed to Morley's cheek in a torrent. "I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!"

"I beg not, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse thy demand—thou art not a very formidable assessor."

"Then force should compel it." The stranger smiled scornfully. "Come, disburse; a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation: we take any thing but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fie upon your custom. You rob!—ay, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well—I say it at all risks, and in good current English,—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your school-fellow, and purchase an honourable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalized larceny in his behalf, with the devil's requital. A word to the wise—if thou'rt a fool, why thou wert born no better than thy kind, and wert therefore born to be fooled."

"What mean you?"

"I mean, in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush to help to mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom thou art graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain."

Morley was staggered. He felt his heart throbb with indignation, but was absolutely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it at once so commanding and uncommon, associating, too, with it, as Morley did, an idea of insanity, that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills, and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed. Morley tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinal, like the sybil leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was sottish enough to do

a silly thing, merely for the sake of realizing the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, can'st thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be? 'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus, 'too much learning hath made thee mad.'

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the tremor within. There's lie written upon thy face; 'tis marked as legibly as coward upon thy heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is *unblushingly* contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throbbing of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitterness of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out. They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as 'the gall of asps' within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering. Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now control, exclaimed—

"Stay; one question more before we part. As I am to be unhappy, is my life to be long or short?"

"Let me see thy palm." He took Morley's hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, "Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birth-day; death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon it—but we must all die; what matters it when?"

Saying this, he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto buoyant spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavours to disguise.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that I can have any thing to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why then should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his integrity or to doubt his love."

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to be-

ware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind, the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced, and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This, Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in *statu pupillari* at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought, that such a trifling accident could in any way operate upon Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been any thing but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might, after all, be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly, however, after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man, who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumoured deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty, and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning, his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely three and twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not

control it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since even the sacred scriptures represent the hour of death as a matter hidden among the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering, afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years, he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birth-day, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year, however, rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very unchequered life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. She had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be assured of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was ever present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one-and-twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil: on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully ex-

pected to see it realized. His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birth-day at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were only now a few hours to the conclusion of this long-dreaded day, and the almost impossibility of any thing like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed, showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly:

"My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birth-day; there you are, alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left Morley's cheeks; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, "he has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet." Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied, and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly re-awakened had, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart, a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eyelid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote sullenly upon Morley's ear like the wail of the dead. He started, his cheek grew paler, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and, for a moment, he sunk back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should repair to the drawing-room, in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind. Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his

soul to be so easily dialogued. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection; maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humour, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded, and shortly after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She, however, at length

succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she flattered herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly, throwing on her dressing gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bedside, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not counted the *midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birth-day*. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

THE SOUL.

WHAT is the Soul? It may not be
A light which Chance hath waked to birth;
Nor is that power, Necessity,
The mother of the earth.
Philosophy in vain may teach
That Nature formed this glorious whole;
In worlds which science cannot reach,
"God!—God made man a living soul!"

What is the soul?—a deathless ray—
A gift of that immortal hand
Which from blind chaos struck the day,
And held, unpoised, the sea and land—
Who o'er the earth shed beauty rife,
Who gave sublimity its might,
Who waked the planets into life,
And bowed the starry globe of night.

From stern Necessity call *grace*—
Call *order* from the dreams of *chaos*—
Bid your material god replace
The heavenly fountain we advance:
The seasons would return no more,
The erring planets lose their track,
Confusion stalk from shore to shore
And Ruin shout to Chaos back!

Can *knowledge*, then, oppress the brain
O'erload the reason's glorious might;
Imagination's wing restrain,
And blind our intellectual sight?—
No: the rivers of the world combined
Have never fill'd the boundless sea:
And what is ocean to the mind?
Like time unto eternity!

Not knowledge hath debased the *sense*,
But *vice*—that, even in our youth,
Saith to religion's light, Go hence!
I will not, dare not, know the truth!
If I deceive myself, 'tis well:
Let me live on, and still deceive:
If sinners tread the *brink* of hell,
"Twere death "to TREMBLE and believe!"

Original.

ALL AROUND MUST PERISH.

Thus mighty Nature speaketh:—
All around must perish.
All that mankind maketh,
All that mankind cherish.

Childhood's fragile flower;
Youth-hood, bright and tender;
Manhood's giant power;
Strong ambition's splendour.

Youthful warrior's boldness,
Maiden and her lover,
Winter with its coldness
Soon shall crush and cover!

Battle's brazen clangor;
Fame's extended pinions;
Nations' envious anger;
Kingdoms and dominions!

Gently singing fountains;
Halls of minstrel's story;
Adamantine mountains
With creation hoary.

The forest's pride of ages;
The universal ocean;
That mystery of sages,
The stars' eternal motion.

The lightning's winged fleetness;
The tempest's awful power;
The thunder's rolling greatness;
The cataract's foaming shower.

The cloudless skies, extended
Around the circling world:—
All, all shall yet be rended,
And into chaos hur'd.

Thus mighty Nature speaketh:
All around must perish,—
All that mankind maketh—
All that mankind cherish.

ALPHEA.

I'LL FOLLOW THEE:

I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou goest, o'er land or sea,
On fortune's tide, or by fate's decree,
Still will I follow, follow thee!

Love is the holding chord of life,
And when 'tis sever'd both must fall;
For love will live to our final heat,
And never, never yield at all.
The lamp will burn when the taper's fed,
And the light will still be bright;
When one expires the other yields,
And sinks in endless night!

And such is love,
Wherever 'tis found, on earth, or sea;
Such as it was, 'twill ever be,
And I will follow, follow thee!

The world may coldly frown upon
The loveliest and the best;
'Tis not the evil one, alone,
That care's cold couch hath prest.
But in the wreck of all our weal,
We may be happy still;
For the sun will shine o'er the barren glen,
As bright as on vine clad hill.

And love like the sun
Spreads rapture on all it beams upon;
Then, when our day of life is done,
'We'll fade with it too, for our course is run!

I'll follow thee in scenes of bliss,
Of pleasure and of pride;
And should we tread the paths of care,
Still I'll be at thy side;
I'll share thy bliss—I'll soothe thy care,
With precepts from above;
My lot's with thee, where'er it be,
And this, and this is love!

I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou goest, o'er land or sea;
On fortune's tide, at fate's decree,
Still will I follow—follow thee!

THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

'Tis a pleasant sight on a vernal day,
When shadow and sun divide the heaven,
To watch the south wind wake up for play—
Not on the sea where ships are riven—
Not on the mountain, mid rain and storm,
But when earth is sunny and green and warm,
O woodland wind, how I love to see
Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree!

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,
Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms,
With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,
And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;
And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,
His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast;
And the beach, and the lime, and the ash-crown'd hill,
Stirs to its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,
Black knights of the forest so stately and old,
They must bow their heads when they hear thy call,
Aye, bow like the lily, those Norsemen bold;
And every tree of the field or bower,
Or single in strength, or many in power,
Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,
For the unseen wind is master of them!

It is gallant play, for the sun is bright,
And the rivulet sings a merrier song;
The grain in the meadow waves dark and light,
As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.
And over the hills, whether rocky or green,
Troops of the noon-day ghosts are seen;
The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,
With the gloom of the mountains amongst their crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,
They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;
And their plumes are ruffled, like all green things,
And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.
One hour—and valley, and wood, and hill,
May be sleeping and shining all bright and still;
Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,
Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean—
Beautiful this;—yet I love to see
Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE of the greatest misfortunes in life, is that of being compelled to live with those who, by the very character of their own minds, are prevented or incapacitated from appreciating ours.

There are people whom we love when they are absent from us, but who, when present, cause us to feel a repugnance towards them which engenders a temporary dislike, and consequently an unjust appreciation of their character.

Blockheads are exceedingly afraid of being quizzed, and cannot tolerate the slightest joke at their expense.

If you hear a man affecting to be very stupid, depend upon it he considers himself an exceedingly clever fellow.

There are 7,700 veins in an inch of coloured mother of pearl. Iris ornaments of all colours are made by lines of steel from 200 to the 1,000th part of an inch.

Love and devotion are supposed to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo, as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

Words must be fitted to a man's mouth. It was well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my lord-mayor, he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.

To buy books as some do, who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

Marshal Saxe computed, that in a battle only one ball of 85 takes effect. Others have computed, that only one in 40 strikes, and no more than one in 400 is fatal. At the battle of Tournay, in Flanders, fought on the 22d May, 1794, it is calculated that 236 musket-shot were expended in disabling each soldier that suffered.

If it were to be recommended for nothing else this was enough, that pretending to little, leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it.

Man in himself a little world doth bear,
His soul the monarch ever ruling there;
Wherever then his body doth remain,
He is a king that in himself doth reign,
And never feareth fortune's hott'est alarms,
That bears against her patience for his arms.

An Italian philosopher expresses in his motto, that time was his estate: an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

There is, perhaps, not an instance of a man of genius having had a dull woman for his mother, though many have had fathers stupid enough in all conscience.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Who can explain the operation of that sentiment which creates around the one object of our love, a halo of life and beauty, which extends to all animate and inanimate nature; and of that other sentiment which, when we cease to love, strips the object of our late passion of all its adventitious charms, and reduces it to the ordinary level?

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

I would apply to metaphysicians what Scaliger said of the Basque people.—“It is asserted that they understood one another, but I do not believe it!”

Paris, a city of pleasure, amusement, &c. in which four-fifths of the inhabitants die broken-hearted.

Should you meet with a young man who is exceedingly sensible, and neither talks nor can relish nonsense, you may rely upon it he has no genius of any kind. If, in addition to this great load of sense, he is a theatrical critic, and bores the company about acting, actors, and such stuff, you may safely pronounce him a blockhead.

No moral perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; theirs is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

When you set about composing, it may be necessary for your ease, and better distillation of wit, to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better, for an author like a limb, will yield the better, for having a rag about him: because, I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree, (which is the surtout of it,) to make it bear well: and this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument, why

wits, of all other men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher: because the richest minerals are ever found among the most ragged and withered surfaces of the earth.

Foul Envy, thou the partial judge of right,
Son of Deceit, born of that harlot Hate,
Nursed in Hell, a vile and ugly sprite,
Feeding on Slander, cherish'd with Debate,
Never contented with thine own estate;
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,
Whose words be gall, whose actions end in blood.

They that govern must make least noise. You see when they row a barge, they that do the drudgery work, splash, and puff, and sweat, but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles as 40 to 10, 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.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

Vanity is like those chemical essences, whose only existence is when called into being, by the action of some opposite influence.

Marriage is like money—seem to want it and you never get it.

As it is the chief concern of wise men, to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of Philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

We have heard of the solitude of the wide ocean, of the sandy desert, of the pathless forest, but, for a real, thorough, and entire knowledge far beyond Zimmerman's of the pleasure of solitude, commend us to a young damsel doomed to a sofa and female society, while quadrille after quadrille is formed in her sight, and the waltzes go round, like stars with whose motions we have nothing to do.

A man who practises pistol shooting, for the purpose of making himself formidable as a duellist, is uniformly an arrant coward.

RECIPES.

CURRY SAUCE.

Put into a sauce-pan two ounces of butter and a table-spoonful of curry-powder (or of powdered turmeric if more convenient,) half a grated nutmeg, half a spoonful of saffron, and two spoonfuls of flour. Add sufficient boiling water or broth to cover it, and let it stew a quarter of an hour. Strain it, stir in a little more butter, and serve it up.

TOMATA SAUCE.

Bake ten tomatas, with pepper and salt, till they become like a marmelade. Then add a little flour or grated bread crumbs, and a little broth or hot water. Stew it gently ten minutes, and before you send it to table add two ounces of butter and let it melt in the sauce.

CUCUMBER SAUCE.

Put into a sauce-pan a piece of butter rolled in flour, some salt, pepper, and one or two pickled cucumbers minced fine. Moisten it with boiling water. Let it stew gently a few minutes, and serve it up.

Engraved expressly for *The Lady's Book*, published by W. A. Wood, & Co.
No. 15, in Wall Street, N. York, Sept. 1843.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

THE BRIDE MAID;

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er;
Dancing is weary; and the joy of song,
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;
Music is hush'd; the flower arched halls
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee;
For luxury itself is satiate,
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose.

But see! the dawn's gray streaks are stealing thro'
The high-arch'd windows of a stately room,
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow
Of one, who with a breaking heart hath stol'n
From the gay revels of that jocund night,
To vent, unpitied, agony alone.
In fearful immobility of form
And feature sits she in her blank despair,
Like the cold sculptured mourner on a tomb,
When silent marble wears the touching guise
Of woman's woe—but oh! not woe like hers,
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang
Too stern for tears. Her dark, dilated eye
Is fix'd on things she sees not nor regards.
Her silent lute lies near—its chords no more
Shall wake responsive to her skilful touch;
For he who praised its sounds, and loved to see
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings,
Hath made all music discord to her soul.
Gems that a princess might be proud to wear
Are sparkling in her sight; but what, alas!
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes—
The cherish'd hopes of life forever crush'd,
And withering in the dust like yon gay wreath
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn
From the sad brow it lately garlanded,
And bade her maidens "hang it on her tomb!"

Invidious eyes were on her when she stood
Before the altar with the bridal train
Of her false love—ay! those who coldly scann'd
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect
The struggling pangs which woman's trembling
pride

In that dread hour, had nerved her to conceal
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears—
A knell to hers, at which life's roseate tints
Fled back affrighted, never to return
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betray'd
The tearless bride-maid's secret agony.

The task is o'er, and she is now alone,
Musing o'er memory of hopes that were,
But are for her no longer—vanish'd dreams
Are they for which she mourns. She'd mourn no
more

Could she behold him as he really is,
Stripp'd of the veil in which too partial love
Hath dressed its idol. She would turn away
And marvel that a heart so pure as hers
Had wasted tenderness on one like him.

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant-bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell,
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset-shore.
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves, that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath fitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools, now low and dark,
Where the wakening night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams,
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away—
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that beat head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

POOR ABERGAVENEY;

A CLERICAL MEMOIR.

THE country town of — boasted both physicians and surgeons in good store, and they were all more than ordinarily respectable; but at their head stood very pre-eminently Dr. St. Clare. He had been thoroughly educated, and possessed abilities highly capable of benefiting from that education. His mind was considered as at once religious and philosophical, and he discharged all the duties of life as one whose principles were well based. But, alas! who is perfect? Dr. St. Clare had one private, but master fault. On the Christmas-eve of 1801, his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, returned from college in order to spend the holy-days. It had been his first absence from home, and his return was looked forward to with excessive pleasure by his gentle mother, kind father, and nine happy boys and girls, all of whom received him with open arms. But his mother, whose mildness and spirit of acquiescence were proverbial, felt slightly irritated on this evening, by the Doctor hurrying the children, one after another, a full hour sooner to bed than usual, and when, at last, it came to "dear Tom's" turn, she could not help hinting that she had rather hoped to be somewhat later than usual on this happy occasion.

"My dear," said her spouse, "you should consider that Tom has travelled sixty miles to-day, and for a youth of his slight frame, and who has been more confined than usual for some months, that is rather severe work. I see he requires rest; and, besides, I have to ride early to-morrow morning, and as you always insist on seeing me breakfast, it is time, on your account, to retire."

She said no more, but withdrawing with her son, she left the Doctor in full possession of the dining-room.

They were no sooner gone than he rose from his seat, locked the door, withdrew the key, and snuffing the candles, put his hand in his pocket, and brought from thence a packet which might contain three sheets of ordinary post paper. This he turned over twice or thrice, peeped in at the ends, and examined the plain and scarcely impressed wafer seal.

At that moment the table cracked, as tables sometimes do in an overheated room. He started, dropped the letter into his pocket, and extinguished the lights. After a pause, he lighted a wax taper and retired to his consulting room, where no one ever presumed to disturb him. Here, however, he again secured himself, and lighting a large lamp which stood on a table, stirring the fire, and putting on a small tea-kettle, he once more withdrew the letter from his pocket, and waiting until the water was fully boiling, went through the usual process of softening a wafer. He had just effected his purpose, when the door bell was pulled with a sharpness that indicated impatience, and the Doctor, at the same moment, threw a thick cloth over the lamp.

"Has Mr. Thomas St. Clare arrived?" said a person in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, it would seem, was proceeding into the lobby; for the servant said, "You canna gang in, sir; they're all quiet, and have been this half hour."

"Quiet at half-past nine! You must be mistaken; they would never go so soon to bed on the night of their boy's arrival. I have just been to the coach guard for a letter, but he tells me that he saw my brother put it into the hands of Master St. Clare; and I must have it to-night."

"But, deed, I fear ye canna get it. The Doctor

and Sandy rede maist a' last night, and they're to ride soun the morn, and I canna disturb the house. It's an hour, I dare say, since Sandy gaed to his bed, and that's the way I'm opening the door. We're to hae company the morn—ye'll be here—and am getting forrit Sandy's wark, for thae rides maks him as gude as naeboddy."

It seemed as if the visitant's mind was too much occupied to permit his interrupting her, or even to speak when her harangue had ceased, for he stood silent a considerable time. At last he said—"Oblige me, my good girl—there, this is Christmas eve—oblige me by asking Master Clare for the letter. I was unfortunately detained in the country, else I should have been here four hours since."

"Would to God that you had," sighed the Doctor, who heard all that passed. "Would to God that you had."

The girl soon returned, and said, "Mr. Tom gae the letter to his father."

"Well, ask the Doctor for it;—he cannot be in bed."

"But he can; howsoever I'll see."

She returned, saying, "My mistress says the Doctor's no in his room, and that maybe he's out."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh fie! Whist!—and you to be a minister. What signifies the bit letter compared with an oath?"

"I am exceedingly surprised at all this. Why the door-chain was up—he cannot be out."

"Tut, to be sure he's out. The Doctor can do a hantle things that other folks canna do."

And so saying, according to the Scotch phrase, she "clashed the door in his face," and went muttering along the lobby, "keepin' folk claverin' there; however, I've warrant it's a guid shillin', and it's come in guid time noo when the mistress has ta'en it into her head to lock her wark-box."

All this time the Doctor had stood in no enviable situation. Indeed, short of the compunction attendant on crimes of the deepest die, we can scarcely conceive a more astounding confusion than his must have been.

When the door closed, he seated himself, drew his breath, separated his fore-finger and thumb in order to press the damp wafer into its former state; but his repentance and honour proved weak opponents to his master passion. Besides, the letter was from one of the professors under whose immediate care his son had been;—perhaps it contained remarks on his abilities or conduct;—and he almost persuaded himself that he had a right to see what was said of his boy. Mr. Abergavenny, the gentleman who had called for the letter, was the youngest of four sons and six daughters, while the professor just alluded to was the eldest, so that there was more than twenty years difference in their ages.

Slowly and attentively did Dr. St. Clare twice peruse what he had thus surreptitiously obtained; and with something approaching to a groan, did he restore the whole, as well as he could, to its original state. But somehow it did not please him; the wafer was rebellious, and the ends of the envelope could not be compelled into their former compact and exact folds.

He retired to bed, but could not be said to rest; and, after a feverish and wearisome night, he started up, on Christmas morning, long before day-light, ordered his horse, and rode forth, in the hope that the sharp air might brace his nerves, and the approaching light present objects to his view which might divert his

mind from the recollection of his meanness. How far he succeeded in either the one or the other we cannot tell.

Young Abergavenny was in his twenty-first year when the above mentioned incident took place. His father had been a country banker, and died in 1800, merely not a bankrupt, leaving a widow, six daughters, and his youngest son, all unprovided for. But yet, though almost a boy, and worth nothing, to him these seven females confidently looked for support. The eldest son (the professor) had married early, and found his fees, &c. &c. quite little enough for the support of a wife, an increasing family, and genteel appearances. The two others were abroad, had not hitherto supported themselves, and, for some years to come, must struggle for existence. There was but one road to the means of support for young Abergavenny—a Scotch Church,—and by a lucky coincidence, as it seemed, the old incumbent of ——— died a few months after Mrs. Abergavenny had become a widow. Her youngest son, the subject of this little memoir, had all his life been intended for the divine vocation; hence the females of his father's family now fixed their eyes on him as their sole hope: and, in fact, until he should be provided for, he had the pain of sharing in a maintenance procured partly by credit and partly by loans, if not gifts. Considering all these pressing circumstances, some people were shocked at the tardiness with which he went through the previous steps to being licensed; and still more so, when he could hardly be prevailed on to write a letter of thanks to the patron who, unasked, had sent him the presentation to the Church of ———, his native place.

John Abergavenny had hitherto been an universal favourite with all who knew him; which, owing to his father's situation and extraordinary popularity, was every body. His mother, in her anxiety to have the grateful and proper thing done towards their patron, had betrayed her son's backwardness, and were there not enough of people to propagate the surmises of ignorance and idleness? "What could the lad mean? Was he not sensible of his mother's and sisters' destitution? Did he not know that their existence, that is, their station, depended on him?" A cause was sought for his apparent ingratitude,—for the more than indifference which he had exhibited towards his good fortune, and for his previous slowness in fitting himself for discharging the heavy responsibility which it had pleased Providence to throw upon him.

It was speedily agreed on all hands that it was consciousness of inability. "But he had passed his trials." "Umph!" said some; and "Whough!" said others; "We all know what sort of trials are passed, and what sort of folks are passed upon us." But he was always reckoned a clever youth." "Yes, and a kind one: yet see how little he seems to rejoice in the prosperity that awaits his family."

During the intermediate time between the presentation and ordination, all eyes were upon him, and it was remarked that he had lost the brilliant hue of health which had hitherto shone upon his fair and sunny face, that his lively and sweet blue eye had become dull and sunken, and that the elasticity of his step was gone. The hitherto popular boy and youth began now to have enemies. What a taint there is in misfortune! yet no one knew what his misfortune was. His first sermon was anticipated by the majority with invidious sneering, by a portion with such obscure doubts as to prevent any committal of judgment on their part, and a few kind hearts did beat high with hope and fear.

The day arrived. He appeared to drag himself up the pulpit stairs; but he read a psalm, and got through a prayer with tolerable success. His text was remarkable and inapplicable to the particular day, at least so most people thought, even in the short space of

reading, in a slow and hollow tone—"As a madman who scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, 'I am in sport.'" As he uttered the last word, he fixed his eyes on Dr. St. Clare, whose seat was exactly opposite to him, and instantly fainted.

Dr. St. Clare happened that day to be the only medical man in church; but he seemed fixed to his seat, and suffered the poor young man to be carried out without even an inquiry.

Abergavenny was seized with a nervous fever, and did not leave his room for many weeks; during which time, as is usual, his place was supplied by the presbytery. It was rumoured that they taxed him with the singularity of his text on the day of his unlucky first appearance, and that he answered very coldly, and with a dignity which the excessive sweetness of his disposition seldom suffered him to assume, that "he did not know he was amenable to the Presbytery for his texts; and that he supposed, if he had chosen, in all scripture, the words most irrelevant, no one could dare to find fault since it was scripture."

The public mind very much resembles a collection of mob boys; a straw will turn it. "Hullo!" to the villain. "Hey!" to the saint. It depends on less than a breath which it *shall* be. Which it *should* be is often known only to God.

The previous change in Abergavenny's appearance, his sudden fainting, and his remarkable look towards Dr. St. Clare, which many had observed, turned the tide of disfavour for a space on the physician. "He had surely been guilty of something which had wounded the feelings of the poor young man, and every one knew that he was particularly sensitive." The Doctor had a secondary fault, one which is almost a natural consequence of intense curiosity, viz. a tendency to sneer; for the consciousness of possessing secrets known to nobody else is very apt to generate this cruel and unmanly quality. It was immediately resolved, in all the committees of scandal, that he had inflicted something of contumely on the young minister. This passed current for some days, but, on mature consideration, such a cause could not have produced such an effect. "No, no, the Doctor's a doctor; and, faith, doctors get into queer secrets—ay, that is just it." This was the more especially sufficient, inasmuch as Dr. St. Clare was always mute on the subject; and, generally speaking, a man is never so well justified as by silence,—that is, if he be of a certain standing in society.

The former feeling towards Abergavenny had been that of an ill-defined disapprobation, a something which, as it were, stood on the slenderest pivot, to be turned by any chance; but now there was a chillness towards him approaching to the freezing point.

The congregation for a time went to church uncertain which co-presbyter was to preach, and at length became totally indifferent about going at all. They had ceased to inquire after a man that they were scarcely disposed to call their pastor, and dozens were on the point of taking seats in the different secessions. But their inert attention was roused one Sunday morning by a report that Mr. T——, then a rising orator, was that day to hold forth. The very bells seemed to be inspired. There was a pith and clearness in the tingle which had not greeted the ears of the parish of ——— for a long time. The air was breathless, and the sun shone forth with that sweet complacency which we are apt to fancy peculiar to a Sabbath morn. There was a quiet bustle, especially in the suburbs. Chest lids were up—coats and hats were brushed—and a quarter of an hour before the usual time all the plebeian seats were filled. In five minutes more, shopkeepers, &c. &c., might be seen in their places; and even the aristocracy (for they, too, had heard the titillating news) arrived a short space too soon. All were

seated—noes were blown—the pinch preparatory to attention taken—Bibles turned up the right way—ladies leant their pretty cheeks on gloved or ungloved hands, as colour or ornaments might induce—and the patron sat with his arms recumbent on his green velvet cushion. All, in short, was insignificant of the deep attention of people curious to see and to hear. Eyes were eagerly bent on the pulpit stair, and the hearts of those liable to extra-excitation could scarcely be said to move. The minister's seat began to fill, and—good heaven!—Mr. T——, the expected orator, followed the ladies, and placed himself beside the youngest and the fairest! What next! An awful pause ensued! It is, in fact, astonishing how rational creatures can be so excited.—(Query, are they rational?) At last, with a firm step, an upright look, and, in fact, the bearing of one who has buckled on his sword and bared his right arm, Mr. Abergavenny entered his pulpit. There was a simultaneous change in position. The plebeians leant their heads on the fronts of their seats—the shop-keepers took a pinch of defiance, or opened and ruffled the leaves of their Bibles—the ladies withdrew their elbows from their leaning places, and reclined back, and the patron raised himself to his utmost sitting altitude.

Mr. Abergavenny looked five years older, than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah,—he always preferred the Old Testament,—and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us! Lo! certainly in vain made he it, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff, remained in unmovable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me in the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found any thing surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergavenny's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

So great had been the forenoon's excitement, that even the animated, thundering, and impressive Mr. T—— was listened to in the latter part of the day with something approaching to a yawn.

The unexpected discourse of Abergavenny served most of the parishoners for conversation during the week, and Saturday evening found man and woman anxious for the morrow's exhibition. Exhibition! the word dropped insensibly from my pen, and calls for an apology. It must be found in the deep tincture of Scottish feeling with regard to the pulpit gladiatorship of this country.

Ill-nature and suspicion were lulled asleep; no one

hinted that the sermon might be borrowed, or that, even if his own, it might be the top and cream of his mind. There was an unpretending sincerity about it which forced a belief of its originality; and there was a richness in the vein which gave ample hope of its not being soon exhausted. Not often had human penetration made so good a reckoning; as there was no other apparent effort, so there never was a falling off.

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergavenny lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days; but, "hitherto shalt thou come and no further." "What *could* be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of his youngest sister to the Rev. Mr. T—— took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sisterhood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergavenny called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unsocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leant to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains, and sometimes one old wife would seize the arm of another, and exclaim, "I'm no sure about this constant attendance at ilka body's last gasp—can folk no dee without him? It smells sair o' papistry." "Not only that," it would be responded, "but we a' ken what a cheerfu' merry lad he was, and hoo ill he liked anything that was sad or wæsesome; noo, wha kens but he attends the sick and deeing with such wonnerfu' care as a kind o' penance as they ca't! What an awfu' thing that is, folk poonishing themselves!" "It is that, woman. And then he gies sae muckle to the pair. They tell me that was the way lang syne wi' the papist priests—that they gae fourpence out o' every shilling they got, forbye platefu' o' meat at their monkish doors. I declare it gars ane a' grue just to think that maybe we sit ilka Sabbath hearing a papist! Au' whiles I think we're a' bewitched, for there's unco little gospel in his sermons." "'Deed that's true; but he draws us aye back on the Sabbath morning, and learned and unlearned a' like to hear him.'" Such discourses were now and then stirred up, as some fresh cause of wonder occurred, such as going out in the most inclement season and worst weather to visit, and, if poverty required, to nurse those who were labouring under the most infectious or loathsome diseases; and it was sometimes suspected that his charities ran him to the last sixpence before his stipend became due.

It was true, as old Janet said, all liked him as a

preacher, but all had not exactly the same opinion of his sermons.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, insomuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English church, even in prayer they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergavenny ever appeared before his people, and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance. They turned round and looked at each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalms and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part—but—I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why* is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die, all shall be known to such as care, saving the name of him who—but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anti-climax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the

smaller ones poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity,—what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous."

After enumerating many serious evils which may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel, if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man!'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow, emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sunk back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergavenny's neckcloth, and put his hand to his heart, to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedence seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the meantime, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation in life I have been unfaithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence: the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he, "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or have you any other meaning? It behooves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned him. But surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called an humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here? I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes

of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that you would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth, must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited, wrangling pet, who stoness for the trouble he occasions by the fan and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said, 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed for me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he must believe! At last, as I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all in a letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ——. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mother and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality, holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially why?—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?—Because, the son and brother was a Doubter! Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that one deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and, one by one, the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this?"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:—

"JUDGE NOT. THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THIS great general was certainly one of the heroes of the last century—a century abounding in heroes. His courage, his force of mind, his integrity, and his piety—will entitle him to that dignified appellation.

In one of his letters to Louis XIII. of France, who had written to him to express his sorrow, at being told that he was dejected on account of Wallenstein's successes in the field against him, he says: "I am not so ill at ease as my enemies wish to give out. I have troops enough to oppose to them, and troops which will never lose their courage but with their life. We skirmish together every day; and I think that Wallenstein begins now to experience what troops well disciplined and courageous can do, especially, when they fight for so noble a cause as that of general liberty, and defend kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and persecution."

When the town of Landshut, in Bavaria, surrendered to him at discretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him, and presented him with the keys of their town,—“Rise, rise,” said he; “it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to so frail and feeble a mortal as I am.”

Gustavus never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead toward the enemy; sometimes with, and sometimes without book. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. The effect of this chant, with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible.

Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army,—he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm, made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Coburg, which begins—“God is our strong castle.” The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and all the soldiers in the army. To this, succeeded a hymn made by Gustavus himself, which began—“My dear little army fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin.” The word given by the king for that day was, “God be with us.”

The ministers of Louis XIII. of France, were desirous to insert in a treaty between their sovereign and Gustavus, that the king of France had the king of Sweden under his protection. Gustavus spiritedly replied, “I have no occasion for any protection but that of God, and I desire no other. After God, I acknowledge no superior; and I wish to owe the success of my arms to my sword and my good conduct alone.”

The uncommon method which Gustavus Adolphus king of Sweden, employed to obtain the friendship of Banier, so celebrated for his attachment to this prince, and distinguished for the many victorious battles he fought,—deserves to be recorded. Perhaps no other king ever adopted such measures to gain a friend.

The father of Gustavus, Charles X., whose reign was marked with blood, killed Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with the young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase, and ride with him into a wood; when they came into a thick part of it, the king alighted from his horse, and said to Banier, “My father was the death of yours. If you wish to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately; if not, be my friend for ever.” Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at such magnanimity, threw himself at Gustavus's feet, and swore eternal friendship for him.

“Life,” said Voltaire, “is thickly sown with thorns, and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them.—The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us.”

SIR THOMAS MORE.

THIS great man was born in London, in the year 1490. His father was Sir John More, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, a gentleman of established reputation. He was early placed in the family of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Chancellor of England. The sons of the gentry were at this time sent into the families of the first nobility and leading statesmen, on an equivocal footing; partly for the finishing of their education, and partly in a menial capacity. The Cardinal said more than once to the nobility who were dining with him, "This boy waiting at table, whosoever lives to see it, will one day prove a marvellous man." His eminent patron was highly delighted with that vivacity and wit which appeared in his childhood, and did not desert him on the scaffold. Plays were performed in the archiepiscopal household at Christmas. On these occasions Young More would play the improvisatore, and introduce an extempore part of his own, more amusing to the spectators than all the rest of the performance. In due time Morton sent him to Oxford, where he heard the lectures of Linacer and Grocyn on the Greek and Latin languages. The epigrams and translations printed in his works evince his skill in both. After a regular course of rhetoric, logic, and philosophy, at Oxford, he removed to London, where he became a law student, first in New Inn, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn. He gained considerable reputation by reading public lectures on St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, at Saint Lawrence's church in the Old Jewry. The most learned men in the city of London attended him; among the rest Grocyn, his lecturer in Greek at Oxford, and a writer against the doctrines of Wickliff. The object of More's prologues was not so much to discuss points in theology, as to explain the precepts of moral philosophy, and clear up difficulties in history. For more than three years after this he was Law-reader at Furnival's Inn. He next removed to the Charter-House, where he lived in devotion and prayer; and it is stated that from the age of twenty he wore a hair-shirt next his skin. He remained there about four years, without taking the vows, although he performed all the spiritual exercises of the society, and had a strong inclination to enter the priesthood. But his spiritual adviser, Dr. Collet, Dean of St. Paul's recommended him to adopt a different course. On a visit to a gentleman of Essex, by name Colt, he was introduced to his three daughters, and became attached to the second, who was the handsomest of the family. But he bethought him that it would be both a grief and a scandal to the eldest to see her younger sister married before her. He therefore reconsidered his passion, and from motives of pity prevailed with himself to be in love with the elder, or at all events to marry her. Erasmus says that she was young and uneducated, for which her husband liked her the better, as being more capable of conforming to his own model of a wife. He had her instructed in literature, and especially in music.

He continued his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, but resided in Bucklersbury after his marriage. His first wife lived about seven years. By her he had three daughters and one son; and we are informed by his son-in-law, Roper, that he brought them up with the most sedulous attention to their intellectual and moral improvement. It was a quaint exhortation of his, that they should take virtue and learning for their meat, and pleasure for their sauce.

In the latter part of King Henry the Seventh's time, and at a very early age, More distinguished himself in parliament. The King had demanded a subsidy for the marriage of his eldest daughter, who was to be the

Scottish Queen. The demand was not complied with. On being told that his purpose had been frustrated by the opposition of a beardless boy, Henry was greatly incensed, and determined on revenge. He knew that the actual offender, not possessing anything, could not lose anything; he therefore devised a groundless charge against the father, and confined him to the Tower till he had extorted a fine of £100 for his alleged offence. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, a privy Counsellor, insidiously undertook to reinstate young More in the King's favour: but the Bishop's Chaplain warned him not to listen to any such proposals; and gave a pithy reason for the advice, highly illustrative of Fox's real character. "To serve the King's purposes, my lord and master will not hesitate to consent to his own father's death." To avoid evil consequences, More determined to go abroad. With this view, he made himself master of the French language, and cultivated the liberal sciences, as astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, and music; he also made himself thoroughly acquainted with history: but in the mean time the King's death rendered it safe to remain in England, and he abandoned all thoughts of foreign travel.

Notwithstanding his practice at the bar, and his lectures, which were quoted by Lord Coke as undisputed authority, he found leisure for the pursuits of philosophy and polite literature. In 1516, he wrote his *Utopia*, the only one of his works which has commanded much of public attention in after times. In general they were chiefly of a polemic kind, in defence of a cause which even his abilities could not make good. But in this extraordinary work he allowed his powerful mind fair play, and considered both mankind and religion with the freedom of a true philosopher. He represents *Utopia* as one of those countries lately discovered in America, and the account of it is feigned to be given by a Portuguese, who sailed in company with the first discoverer of that part of the world. Under the character of this Portuguese he delivers his own opinions. His *History of Richard III.* was never finished, but it is inserted in Kennet's *Complete History of England*. Among his other eminent acquaintance, he was particularly attached to Erasmus. They had long corresponded before they were personally known to each other. Erasmus came to England for the purpose of seeing his friend; and it was contrived that they should meet at the Lord Mayor's table before they were introduced to each other. At dinner they engaged in argument. Erasmus felt the keenness of his antagonist's wit; and when hard pressed, exclaimed, "You are More, or nobody;" the reply was, "You are Erasmus, or the Devil."

Before More entered definitely into the service of Henry VIII. his learning, wisdom, and experience were held in such high estimation, that he was twice sent on important commercial embassies. His discretion in these employments made the King desirous of securing him for the service of the court; and he commissioned Wolsey, then Lord Chancellor, to engage him. But so little inclined was he to involve himself in political intrigues, that the King's wish was not at the time accomplished. Soon after, More was retained as counsel for the Pope, for the purpose of reclaiming the forfeiture of a ship. His argument was so learned, and his conduct in the cause so judicious and upright, that the ship was restored. The King upon this insisted on having him in his service; and, as the first step to preferment, made him Master of the Requests, a Knight and Privy Counsellor.

In 1520 he was made Treasurer of the Exchequer: he then bought a house by the river-side at Chelsea.

where he had settled with his family. He had at that time buried his first wife and was married to a second. He continued in the King's service full twenty years, during which time his royal master conferred with him on various subjects, including astronomy, geometry, and divinity; and frequently consulted him on his private concerns. More's pleasant temper and witty conversation made him such a favourite at the palace, as almost to estrange him from his own family; and under these circumstances his peculiar humour manifested itself; for he so restrained the natural bias of his freedom and mirth, as to render himself a less amusing companion, and at length to be seldom sent for but on occasions of business.

A more important circumstance gave More much consequence with the King. The latter was preparing his answer to Luther, and Sir Thomas assisted him in the controversy. While this was going on, the King one day came to dine with him; and after dinner walked with him in the garden with his arm round his neck. After Henry's departure, Mr. Roper, Sir Thomas's son-in-law, remarked on the King's familiarity, as exceeding even that used towards Cardinal Wolsey, with whom he had only once been seen to walk arm in arm. The answer of Sir Thomas was shrewd and almost prophetic. "I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. However, Son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go."

In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and displayed great intrepidity in the discharge of that office. Wolsey was afraid lest this parliament should refuse a great subsidy about to be demanded, and announced his intention of being present at the debate. He had previously expressed his indignation at the publicity given to the proceedings of the house, which he had compared to the gossip of an ale-house. Sir Thomas More therefore persuaded the members to admit not only the Cardinal, but all his pomp; his maces, poll-axes, crosses, hat, and great seal. The reason he assigned was, that should the like fault be imputed to them hereafter, they might be able to shift the blame on the shoulders of his Grace's attendants. The proposal of the subsidy was met with the negative of profound silence; and the Speaker declared that "except every member could put into his one head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmet to make his Grace answer." After the parliament had broken up, Wolsey expressed his displeasure against the Speaker in his own gallery at Whitehall; but More, with his usual quiet humour, parried the attack by a ready compliment to the taste and splendour of the room in which they were conversing.

On the death of Sir Richard Wingfield, the King promoted Sir Thomas to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. At this time the see of Rome became vacant, and Wolsey aspired to the Papacy; but Charles V. disappointed him, and procured the election of Cardinal Adrian. In revenge, Wolsey contrived to persuade Henry that Catharine was not his lawful wife, and endeavoured to turn his affections towards one of the French King's sisters. The case was referred to More, who was assisted by the most learned of the Privy Council; and he managed, difficult as it must have been to do so, to extricate both himself and his colleagues from the dilemma. His conduct as ambassador at Cambrai, where a treaty of peace was negotiated between the Emperor, France, and England, so confirmed the favour of his master towards him, that on the fall of the Cardinal he was made Lord Chancellor. The great seal was delivered to him on the 25th of October 1530. This favour was the more extraordinary, as he was the first layman on

whom it was bestowed: but it may reasonably be suspected that the private motive was to engage him in the approval of the mediated divorce. This he probably suspected, and entered on the office with a full knowledge of the danger to which it exposed him. He performed the duties of his function for nearly three years with exemplary diligence, great ability, and uncorrupted integrity. His resignation took place on the 16th May, 1533. His motive was supposed to be a regard to his own safety, as he was sensible that a confirmation of the divorce would be officially required from him, and he was too conscientious to comply with the mandate of power, against his own moral and legal convictions.

While Chancellor, some of his injunctions were disapproved by the common law judges. He therefore invited them to dine with him in the council chamber, and proved to them by professional arguments that their complaints were unfounded. He then proposed that they should themselves mitigate the rigour of the law by their own conscientious discretion; in which case he would grant no more injunctions. This they refused; and the consequence was, that he continued that practice in equity which has come down to the present day.

It was through the intervention of his friend the Duke of Norfolk that he procured his discharge from the laborious, and under the circumstances of the time, the dangerous eminence of the chancellorship, which he quitted in honourable poverty. After the payment of his debts he had not the value of one hundred pounds in gold and silver, nor more than twenty marks a year in land. On this occasion his love of a jest did not desert him. While Chancellor, as soon as the church service was over, one of his train used to go to his lady's pew, and say, "Madam, my Lord is gone." On the first holiday after his train had been dismissed, he performed that ceremony himself, and by saying at the end of the service, "Madam, my Lord is gone!" gave his wife the first intimation that he had surrendered the great seal.

He had resolved never again to engage in public business; but the divorce, and still more the subsequent marriage with Anne Boleyn, which nothing could induce him to favour, with the King's alienation from the see of Rome, raised a storm over his head from which his voluntary seclusion at Chelsea, in study and devotion could not shelter him. When tempting offers proved ineffectual to win him over to sanction Anne Boleyn's coronation by his high legal authority, threats and terrors were resorted to: his firmness was not to be shaken, but his ruin was determined, and ultimately accomplished. In the next parliament he, and his friend Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, were attainted of treason and misprision of treason for listening to the ravings of Elizabeth Barton, considered by the vulgar as the Holy Maid of Kent, and countenancing her reasonable practices. His innocence was so clearly established, that his name was erased from the bill; and it was supposed to have been introduced into it only for the purpose of shaking his resolution touching the divorce and marriage. But though he had escaped this snare, his firmness occasioned him to be devoted as a victim. Anne Boleyn took pains to exasperate the King against him, and when the Act of Supremacy was passed in 1534, the oath required by it was tendered to him. The refusal to take it, which his principles compelled him to give, was expressed in discreet and qualified terms; he was nevertheless taken into the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, and upon a second refusal four days after, was committed prisoner to the Tower of London.

Our limits will not allow us to detail many particulars of his life while in confinement, marked as it was by firmness, resignation, and cheerfulness, resulting from a conscience, however much mistaken, yet void

of intentional offence. His reputation and credit were very great in the kingdom, and much was supposed to depend on his conduct at this critical juncture. Archbishop Cramer, therefore, urged every argument that could be devised to persuade him to compliance, and promises were profusely made to him from the King; but neither argument nor promises could prevail. We will give the last of these attempts to shake his determination, in the words of his son-in-law, Mr. Roper:—

“Mr. Rich, pretending friendly talk with him, among other things of a set course, said this unto him: ‘Forasmuch as is well known, Mr. More, that you are a man both wise and well learned, as well in the laws of the realm as otherwise, I pray you therefore, sir, let me be so bold as of good-will to put unto you this case. Admit there were, sir, an act of parliament that the realm should take me for King; would’ not you, Mr. More, take me for King?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘that would I.’ ‘I put the case further,’ quoth Mr. Rich, ‘that there were an act of parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope; would not you then, Master More, take me for Pope?’ ‘For answer, sir,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘to your first case the parliament may well, Master Rich, meddle with the state of temporal princes; but to make answer to your other case, I will put you this case. Suppose the parliament would make a law that God should not be God; would you then, Master Rich, say that God were not God?’ ‘No, sir,’ quoth he, ‘that would I not; sith no parliament may make any such law.’ ‘No more,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘could the parliament make the King supreme head of the Church.’ Upon whose only report, was Sir Thomas indicted of high treason on the statute to deny the King to be supreme head of the church, into which indictment were put these heinous words, *maliciously, traitorously, and diabolically.*”

Sir Thomas More in his defence alleged many arguments to the discredit of Rich’s evidence, and in proof of the clearness of his own conscience; but all this was of no avail, and the jury found him guilty. When asked in the usual manner why judgment should not be passed against him, he argued against the indictment as grounded on an Act of Parliament repugnant to the laws of God and the Church, the government of which belonged to the see of Rome, and could not lawfully be assumed by any temporal prince. The Lord Chancellor, however, and the other Commissioners gave judgment against him.

He remained in the Tower a week after his sentence, and during that time he was uniformly firm and composed, and even his peculiar vein of cheerfulness remained unimpaired. It accompanied him even to the scaffold, on going up to which, he said to the Lieutenant of the Tower, “I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.” After his prayers were ended, he turned to the executioner and said, with a cheerful countenance, “Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for thine own credit’s sake.” Then laying his head upon the block, he bid the executioner stay till he had removed his beard, saying, “My beard has never committed any treason;” and immediately the fatal blow was given. These witticisms have so repeatedly run the gauntlet through all the jest-books, that it would hardly have been worth while to repeat them here, were it not for the purpose of introducing the comment of Mr. Addison on Sir Thomas’s behaviour on this solemn occasion. “What was only philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his manners.”

He was executed on St. Thomas’s eve in the year 1555. The barbarous part of the sentence, so dis-

graceful to the Statute-book, was remitted. Least serious minded persons should suppose that his conduct on the scaffold was mere levity, it should be added that he addressed the people, desiring them to pray for him, and to bear witness that he was going to suffer death in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church. The Emperor Charles V. said, on hearing of his execution, “Had we been master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions than such a worthy councillor.”

No one was more capable of appreciating the character of Sir Thomas More than Erasmus, who represents him as more pure and white than the whitest snow, with such wit as England never had before, and was never likely to have again. He also says, that in theological discussions the most eminent divines were not unfrequently worsted by him; but he adds a wish that he had never meddled with the subject. Sir Thomas More was peculiarly happy in extempore speaking, the result of a well-stored and ready memory, suggesting without delay whatever the occasion required. Thuanus also mentions him with much respect, as a man of strict integrity and profound learning.

His life has been written by his son-in-law, Roper, and is the principal source whence this narrative is taken. Erasmus has also been consulted, through whose epistolary works there is much information about his friend. There is also a life of him by Ferdinando Warner L. L. D., with a translation of his Utopia, in an octavo volume, published in 1758.

THE COUNTESS POTOZKA.

MR. TWEDDELL visited a remote corner of Europe—Tulczyn, in the Ukraine, where he passed some time at the seat of the Countess Potozka, and in the company of her numerous guests, and her neighbours the distinguished family of the Duke de Polignac. He thus describes the princely hospitality of the Countess Potozka:—

“The Countess has indeed a princely establishment, about 150 persons daily in family. The Marshal Suwarrow, and a great number of his officers occupy a wing of the palace, which is a very large and magnificent building. I have an apartment of three rooms, to myself. The family never unites before dinner-time. Each person orders breakfast in his own apartment, and has all the morning to himself; this is very convenient; a perfect liberty of conduct upon all occasions. The Countess sends a servant to me every morning to ask if I want anything, and at what hour I choose to ride out. I have a carriage and four horses, and one of her servants to attend me whenever I please. We are just restored to tranquillity after a mighty bustle. There has been a great wedding in the family. We have had a great crowd of Russian Princes; and all the feet of the Ukraine have been summoned to dance.

“Marshal Suwarrow, the hero of Ismael, is a very extraordinary character. He dines every morning about nine o’clock. He sleeps almost naked. He affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold; and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humours: he finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if after the massacre at Ismael, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day? He said he went home and wept in his tent!

“I have seldom passed my time so pleasantly as in the Ukraine. But the greatest treasure to me was the society of the Polignacs, with whom I dined three or four times a week, and spent the whole day. It is truly a rare thing to see women who have always lived in the great world, and on its very pinnacle, and who, while they appeared made only for that, so highly possessed of every charm that gives a relish to private life.”

AMIAILITY.

There is no word more misapplied than amiability, nor any ingredient of our happiness so lightly considered, and yet so all-important, as temper, which, though very much kept out of view, exercises so strong an influence over the trivial occurrences which make up the amount of life's enjoyment. Amiability is commonly applied to such as are of an equable temperament—whose resentments are not easily excited, nor when aroused, violently expressed. But though I might congratulate the possessors of such dispositions, I would not applaud them for the exercise of a virtue, in merely following the natural bias of temper. Besides, there is a true saying, "beware the fury of a patient man;" these smooth and quiet tempers are able to cherish a concentrated venomous feeling, which is any thing but amiable, and perhaps wounds the deeper, that it is expressed in cold and measured terms.

There is another class who are generally called passionate, good-hearted people. These are the volcanoes and whirlwinds of the domestic world, and because, after they have outraged the feelings of friends, inflicted violence and injustice upon their unhappy dependents, they condescend, when reason returns, to feel—perhaps confess a late regret, they are termed good-hearted. Miserable they who share the goodness of such a heart! Others there are, who have been aptly likened to the continual dropping of rain; their ill temper does not vent itself in any one act of violence, but oozes out in perpetual peevishness. But many are the shapes that ill temper assumes, and all dismal. By indulging an asperity of speech in trifling matters, we discover and aggravate ill temper. We would often excuse ourselves by urging that it is only our way and manner; but that which renders another uneasy, even for an instant, is an evil way. Neither is the assertion strictly true, *the manner of the moment is the feeling of the moment*. Away then with this insufficient plea: amend the temper and the manner will be softened; cherish the spirit of gentleness, and kind words and a gentle demeanour will necessarily follow. The various cross accidents of life, and the petty vexations to which every one is exposed, occasion a constant demand upon the temper, and he who would pass usefully and pleasantly through the world, must acquire some government over his passion; for an unstable man, like a city without a wall, is at the mercy of foes and children, or like a helmless vessel, the sport of every passing wind. Our path is often rugged; sometimes so beset with difficulties that it is narrow too; some walk alone—some, surrounded with helpless beings, whose presence is at once their joy and their anxiety; while a few seem to bowl through life, so even is their course: but all are mutually dependent for kindness; every one needs the cheering influence of good temper—the soothing charm of a soft answer. How are the perplexities of business increased by the indulgence of unconciliatory dispositions. How many feuds and litigations arise from an easily offended spirit, or for want of a few calm words.

But it is in domestic life—man's last, holiest sanctuary, where, frightened from a selfish, clashing world, peace would seek an asylum, that temper would seem the dispenser of good or evil. Wearied, baffled, wronged, and chagrined abroad, we may find consolation in the charities of home. There we are sure of sympathy; there is faith unswerving; there the welcoming hand, the listening ear: but let us beware that we introduce not evil temper within its sacred precincts, lest we excite terror instead of confidence, and find forced submission in the place of sympathizing affection. Who has not painfully felt the influence of ill temper over his home enjoyments; how many a gloomy hour, a clouded brow, and silent meal, perhaps

without word, may be traced to this prolific source of unhappiness. How frequently under its evil, poisonous sway, do we wound the heart that we love. What bitter accents does passion prompt, whose import we would fain recall: but like water poured upon the earth, they may not be gathered up. And how often do the looks of our friends, the fearful obedience of our menials, and even the monitor within, ask us—"Dost thou well to be angry?" This one defect will cloud the brightest qualities. The gift of genius, the pride of integrity, linked with unamiable feelings, may win distant admiration, but cannot secure to us the love of those around us; and where is the heart that is satisfied with cold applause—that seeks not some object on which to repose its tenderness?

Worse than in vain, too, all religious profession, where the temper is unrestrained. Empty and unacceptable the most splendid offering, if on the altar of sacrifice we have not laid the spirit of anger: for, surely, the first step towards the source of benevolence must be the cultivation of his spirit. Pernicious as all will readily allow the effects of ill temper to be, to restrain and subdue it needs no common effort—is no light task. Most other errors steal upon us gradually,—we have a little time to fortify our hearts; but this, as it were, takes us by surprise: hence the necessity of resolute vigilance. Greater is he that ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city. Greater indeed, inasmuch as the concerns of the moral, outweigh in importance the revolutions of the physical world. The spheres which roll around us in such order and majesty, how almighty the design and power that appointed their mysterious course! These material existences obey the laws of their divine mover, and are subject to no erratic influence. "The stars stand in their courses, and none ever fail in their watches." But who shall govern the tumultuous spirit: what laws circumscribe its wanderings? With every promise aid from heaven, how difficult for man, even in one particular, to rule his passions! Yet arduous as the performance of this duty may be, it must be attempted, not only to secure our present happiness, but to warrant a hope of future felicity. And who is willing to forego this hope? Not the most debased of men. It is twisted around our heart-strings. Among all the pollutions of guilt, or the entanglements, the hurries of earthly cares, there are moments when the soul, conscious of its destinies, aspires, though perhaps but feebly, towards its native heaven. But how shall an envious, revengeful, violent spirit, enter the abode whose very atmosphere, we are taught, is composed of serenity, purity, and love. Shall the unmerciful find welcome at the throne of the merciful? Can the violent stand before him whose appellation is the Prince of Peace—whose last precious gift to men was peace? Let us not then be deceived, nor think slightly of that which is so intimately connected with our well-being. In the temper that we allowedly live, we shall probably die; and we have no reason to believe that the seal which death shall stamp upon our characters, will be effaced even by the hand of Omnipotence.

Why have those been statesmen who have never ruled, and heroes who have never conquered? Why have glorious philosophers died in a garret, and why have there been poets whose only admirer has been nature in her echoes? It must have been, that these beings have thought only of themselves, and constant and elaborate students of their own glorious nature, have forgotten or disclaimed the study of all others. Oh, yes! to rule men we must be men—to prove that we are giants, we must be dwarfs.—Our wisdom must be concealed under folly—our constancy under caprice.

THE WIDOW'S SUMMER EVENING.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

A SWEET wee cot, deep in a glen,
A burnie rinnin' saftly by,
Green hills ranged roun' on ilka side,
Aboon a smiling summer sky;—
Wi' sic a wild an' simple scene,
I in my wanderings met yestreen.

Beside that wee cot's hamely door,
I saw a lanely widow stand;
Her face was fair, an' youthfu' still,
But pale, as was the sma' white hand
On which she prest her drooping cheek,
As if in thocht too full to speak!

She lookit at the flow'ries wild,
That blush'd sae bonnie at her feet;
The rich auld trees, whar mony a bird
Trill'd high among the branches sweet:
And oh! it made me wae to see
The mournfu' meaning o' her e'e!

She lookit at the burnie clear
That glancin', trickled through the glen;
The heathery braes, sae calm and lane
Frae gaze an' tread o' noisy men;
The heaven a' gowden wi' the licht
O' sunset on a simmer nicht!

She lookit silently an' lang,
Till she could think to look nae mair,
Then wiped the starting tear awa'
Wi' ae lang ringlet o' her hair;
An' thus began unto herse!
The current o' her thochts to spell:—

"Ay! it's a bonnie simmer even,
And a' below, around, aboon,
Is sweet, an' saft, an' fresh, an' green,
In this bricht langest day o' June:
And a' is smilin' on the land
As if new sprung frae Heaven's great hand.

"On sic a nicht as this, I feel
Fu' mony a thocht o' bygone time
Come rushing owre my swelling heart,
When life wi' me was in its prime;
And ane I lo'ed was kind an' true,
The earth hides in her cauld breast now!

"I canna bide to look around
Upon thae green an' grassy braes,
The fringe o' gowd on yon hill-tap—
They speak sae weel o' ither days!
The vera scent o' thae wee flowers
Is fu' o' tales o' lang-past hours!

'Twas in this very glen my e'en
First opened on the rosy licht;
And here, in mair than freen'ship, flew
How mony a balmy simmer nicht;
And here sic dreams were dreamt o' bliss,
The warld ne'er kent sic happiness!

"Oh, heart o' youth! Oh, heart o' love!
How aft hae ye in fondness given
To earth sic pure and fadefless joys
As can belang to nocht but Heaven!
It cannot be but in that sphere
Ye'll find the hope that cheats ye here!

"It canna be that sauls were made
Wi' sic deep power to love in vain;
I canna think on Willie dead
And that I'm roaming here my lane,

Nor feel that baith, in some far home,
Shall live whar change nae mair can come!"

A peacefu' smile came owre her face
As thae last words fell frae her tongue,
Just like a sweet glint o' the moon
Upon the sleeping ocean flung:
Then slow she glided frae my e'e,
And left me to my wanderings free.

CHARLES EDWARD,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

"He reached, with his devoted few, the wild and desolate vale of Gortulog about sunset. His appearance was afterwards described by a person who lived to an advanced age, and who, being then a girl, was listlessly gazing down the glen, when it became suddenly filled with borstians riding at a furious pace—impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland superstition, are only visible between one wink of the eye and the other, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would cause the strange and magnificent apparition to disappear.—*History of the Rebellion in Scotland, 1745.*

SEE where they come with furious speed,
Along the wild and lonely vale!
No voice, no sound of man or steed—
They sweep as sweeps the rushing galé.
No shadows on the ground they cast,
Their's is no tardy mortal band;
Tidings they bear, with eager haste,
To the glittering realm of Fairy-land!
Their plumes are streaming on the breeze,
A white rose on their helms I see,
As darting through the yielding trees
They gleam between the light and me.
Be fix'd my eyes—close not awhile,
Nor let the pageant fade away,
That seeks my senses to beguile
With all its seeming brave array.
Ha! still 'tis here, and nearer now
The gallant horsemen spur amain;
But on each cheek, and on each brow,
Are traces as of mortal pain.
Even thus, amidst the gloomy wood,
The phantom knight pursues his way,
Onward through brake, and dell, and flood,
His train their restless lord obey;
Even thus their brows are stamp'd with care,
Even such their features of despair!
Their swords—what stains bedim each blade!
Can those be drops of fairy dew?
Their scarfs—alas! the tartan plaid,
Soil'd, torn, and dyed a crimson hue!
Hide, hide my eyes, the dreadful sight,
No dream, no vision ye behold;
But warriors, urged to desperate flight,
How vainly true—how vainly bold!
The fatal truth I see—I know;
'Tis he, fair Scotland's cherish'd flower,
Who pass'd this vale not long ago,
In all the pride of youth and power.
Upon his crest sat honour crown'd,
Beauty and joy were on his brow;
Not yet the year has mark'd its round—
Where are his glittering prospects now!
All vanish'd in Culloden's fight,
All scatter'd by a whirlwind's blast,
All fled, as from my straining sight
He and his band like shades are past!

* See the Legend of *Hellequin* and his phantom family.

THE PRINCE DE NEMOURS;

SECOND SON OF LOUIS PHILIP, KING OF THE FRENCH.

THE father of the Duke of Nemours is, as observed in a former number, indebted for his elevation to the throne of France, entirely to the mutability of fortune, but, to that elevation, the subject of the accompanying engraving does not owe his title, as he was previously in possession of it. This title originated in the name of a castle named Nemus, and which name was subsequently changed to that of Nemours, a small town in France, in the department of Seine-et-Marne. During the reign of Louis XIV. the duchy of Nemours was given by that monarch to his brother Philip of Orleans; and it continued in the possession of that house until the period of the revolution. The present Duke of Nemours is the second son of Louis Philip, King of the French; he was born on the 25th day of October 1814, and is, therefore, now, in his nineteenth year. On the third of February 1831, the deliberations of the Belgic National Congress, which then commanded the attention of Europe, terminated in the election of the young Duke of Nemours to the new throne of Belgium; but the proffer was declined by Louis Philip; as the acceptance of the Belgic crown by the Duke might be attended by a general war in Europe. This decision of the reigning monarch is ascribed to the influence of Lafitte, the prime Minister. We subsequently find this scion of a royal stock transferred to the battle-field, where his coolness and intrepidity excited the admiration of the most experienced of those who formed the protective expedition which lately occupied Belgium. The contest before Antwerp was particularly calculated for a display of chivalrous action, and it has been universally admitted that, upon the youthful feelings of the Duke of Nemours, it had its inciting effect. In introducing his name it is impossible not to refer to those circumstances which have attended the fall of two of the most powerful monarchies that ever existed: and to view with astonishment the various changes effected in that nation of continued change: where the people have, in fact, procured no permanent advantage; nothing but the possession of an unbeneficial novelty, which to-morrow may overthrow; and which, traced to its various causes and connexions, offers a lesson for the study of the philosopher, which embraces principles the most sound, and conclusions the most advantageous.

The recent events in Portugal, and the more recent recognition by England, France and Sweden, of Donna Maria, as sovereign of that country, lead to the probability, and, indeed, to the hope, that the throne of Braganza will not again be polluted by the blood-stained person of Miguel: hence, therefore, the activity with which speculation has been looking around for a consort for the prospective queen. Among the many mentioned are the Duke de Nemours, on whose part, a conversation appears to have taken place between the King of the French and the Duchess of Braganza, relative to the proposal that Donna Maria should marry the Duke, his son. But the heart of the young queen is not her own, *she* having previously bestowed it on her uncle the Duke of Leuchtenberg; and the proposition was therefore peremptorily refused by the Duchess of Braganza. It may not be uninteresting here to state, from a rather authentic source, the circumstances which attended this transaction: it will, at all events, show what difference there is in the mode of managing these things between Kings and Duchesses, and the plainer sort of people.

"A few days before the arrival of the Duke de Leuchtenberg at Strasbourg, the Duchess of Braganza was one Sunday at the Tuilleries. On a sudden his Majesty Louis Philip led her towards a window, and expressed a desire that the Duke de Nemours should marry Queen Donna Maria; but he had scarcely utter-

ed a few words when the Duchess interrupted him and said: "I ought, Sire, to speak to you with more frankness than an ambassador would in the diplomatic situation in which I am placed; but I love my daughter-in-law, Donna Maria, as if she was my own child. I also love my brother the Duke de Leuchtenberg, and cannot suffer you to repeat a demand which can have no result, seeing the mutual affection that exists between my brother and the Queen of Portugal." His Majesty Louis Philip appeared greatly piqued at these words, and orders were immediately despatched by telegraph to prevent by all possible means the entrance of the young Duke into France."

MILTON.

THE genius of Milton, the contemplations, the powers of intellect in invention and combination, are above example and comparison. In proportion to the terror excited by the sublimity of his design, is the delight received by his wonderful execution. His subject, and his conduct of it, exalt him to a supreme rank: to a rank, with which all other poets compare but as a second class. Homer's intercourse with the gods is, when they descend, as Satan entered Paradise, in mists and clouds to the earth. Shakespeare, though the first scholar in the volume of mankind, rises "above the wheeling poles," but in glances, and flashes of sublimity. Tasso up to the heavens "presumes;" but Milton "into the heaven of heavens," and dwells there. He inhabits, as it were, the court of the Deity; and leaves on your mind a stability and a permanent character of divine habitation and divine presence, of which no other poet gives you a thought. Others rise to sublimity, when they exceed; Milton's institution, his quality, his element, is sublimity; from his height he descends to meet the greatness of others. The constitution of Milton's genius, his creative powers, the excursions of his imagination to regions untraced by human pen, unexplored by human thought, were gifts of nature, not effects of learning. But the learning, though not the first subject of our admiration, is not to be passed over without a degree of praise to which, perhaps, no other scholar is entitled. To Hebrew, he added the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish: and these he possessed, not with study only, but commanded them in ordinary and familiar use. With these, aiding his own natural genius, he assumed a vigour of intellect to which difficulties were emptions that courted all that is arduous; that soared to divine counsels, without unworthiness; and met the majesty of Heaven, without amazement or confusion.

That the praise of Milton is, to have no thought in common with any author, his predecessor, cannot be urged. Though he thought for himself, he had a just deference for the thoughts of others; and though his genius enabled him, without helps, to execute; he disdained not to consult and direct himself by the most approved examples. It was his peculiar study to explore the traces of genius, in whatever authors had gone with eminence before him. He read them all. He took the golden ornaments from the hands of the best artists; he considered their fashion, their workmanship, their weight, their alloy, and storing and arranging them for occasion, he adapted them as he saw fit, to the chalice or pixis, formed from the sublime patterns of his own mind. To form the *Paradise Lost*, what learning have the sacred or the classic books that has not been explored? and what are the beauties, or the excellencies of either, that he has not there assembled and combined? 'Tis a temple constructed to his own immortal fame, of the cedar of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the marble of Paros.—*Cursory Remarks on Ancient English Poets, by P. Nave.*



PRINCE DE NEMOURS.

POOR ROSALIE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

"Though he shay me, yet will I trust in him."

[THE following pages record a remarkable circumstance which occurred a few years ago in some part of France; but as I made no memorandum of it at the time, I have forgotten the *when* and the *where*; nor can I recollect the names of the persons concerned. All I can vouch for is, that the *outline* of the story, and the leading events, are perfectly true.]

In a small village in, as I believe, the south of France, lived an elderly lady, who was supposed to be rich, though her style of living was rather penurious. But as her charities were many, and she denied no one but herself, she was regarded with affectionate respect; and was particularly commended when she took into her house a young girl, whom I shall call Rosalie, the daughter of humble, but of very estimable parents.

Rosalie's childhood was happy; and so might her youth have been, had she not lost one of the best of mothers when she was only twelve years old: a mother who, having had rather a superior education, sedulously endeavoured to impart her knowledge to her daughter. Rosalie's father, for some years after the death of his wife, seemed to think his child sufficient for his happiness; but at length he married again; and, in his second choice, he gave to himself and his daughter a domestic tyrant. Poor Rosalie toiled all the day, and sometimes half the night, to please her task-mistress, who, as soon as she had a child, insisted that her husband's daughter should be its nurse, and do the chief part of the household work besides.

As child succeeded to child, Rosalie's fatigues increased every year; and if her father ventured to repay her patient industry by an affectionate caress, his wife desired him not to spoil still more, by his foolish fondness, a girl whom he had sufficiently spoiled already.

Happily, Rosalie's mother had been enabled to instil into her mind the duty of entire submission to the divine will; she, therefore, bore her hard lot with cheerful resignation.

But, however little her harsh and unkind step-mother appreciated her worth, Rosalie was beheld by the whole neighbourhood with affectionate pity and esteem, except, perhaps, by those mothers who were mortified to hear her called the prettiest as well as the best girl in the village; yet even they were forced to own she was pious and dutiful, "though certainly they could not think her a beauty;" and every one was pleased when the old lady before mentioned, offered to take her as a sort of companion. At first, the step-mother declared she could not afford to lose her services; but, on the kind friend's promising to pay all the expense of a servant in her place, and on her giving handsome presents to the children, the selfish woman consented to give up Rosalie, and the dear pleasure of tormenting her.

It was a great trial to Rosalie and to her father to be separated; he, however, was consoled by the belief that his ill-treated child would be happier away from home; but she had no such comfort. On the contrary, she feared that her too yielding parent would miss her ready duty and filial fondness. Still, as her health was beginning to suffer for want of sufficient rest, she felt the necessity of the removal, and was deeply thankful to her benefactress.

As the old lady had only one female servant, Rosalie became her waiting maid as well as amanuensis; and the gardener, a married man, who did not live in the house, officiated sometimes as her footman. The chief part of her fortune was settled on a nephew and niece who lived at a distance; but she informed Rosalie and her friends, that she had left her in her will a comfortable independence. Her motive for mentioning this bequest was, probably, the suspicion which she was known to entertain, that a young man in the village, of a higher rank than Rosalie, beheld her with admiration; and she hoped that his parents might not object to the marriage, should a mutual attachment take place, if they knew that she had provided for her protegee.

The poor girl herself was too humble to suspect that any one admired her. She only knew that Auguste St. Beuve, who was a general favourite, spoke to her with great kindness, and that he sometimes stopped to converse with her when he met her on the road. But there is reason to believe she had overheard him pass some encomiums on her person on the memorable evening when they met at her cousin's wedding—the only festival she had ever been permitted to attend—and that she had remembered and repeated these praises at a moment, which, as it afterwards appeared, was big with her future fate.

Rosalie left those nuptial festivities at no late hour, yet long after the gardener had gone home. The other servant, who was always deaf, and who then was more than usually sleepy, let her in, and immediately went to her own bed; while Rosalie, who slept in the old lady's apartment, undressed in the sitting room adjoining, for fear of disturbing her. Never had the poor Rosalie looked so well, and never (for some years at least) had she felt so happy. It was the first marriage that she had ever witnessed; the first time she had ever worn a dress that was peculiarly pretty and becoming; and her youth, for she was only just eighteen, made her pleasure in both these things natural, and perhaps excusable. But still, her greatest delight had been derived from her father's presence. He had been with her all the day, and without his wife! And she had hung on his arm: he had told her she looked well, and danced well; and, what was far more precious, he had said she was a good girl, that he missed her every day, and that he loved her dearly!

Certain it is, that, lost in agreeable thought, she stood looking at herself in a glass far longer than she had ever done before; and, in the intoxication of her vanity, newly awakened by the praises which she had overheard, she exclaimed aloud, as she drew off her gown, "Oh, le joli bras! Oh, le joli bras!" (O the pretty arm!) And she prepared for bed that night, vain and conscious of her personal beauty. But her heart soon reproached her for having given way to a mean, unworthy pride; and she said to herself, "Well, if weddings and entertainments always turn heads as these have turned mine, I hope I shall never go to another: but then," she modestly added, "perhaps I am weaker than other girls!" However, prayer relieved the burdened heart of the young and humble penitent, and she soon sunk into the deep unconscious slumbers of healthy innocence. Alas! to what overwhelming agony did she awake! Having risen, spite of her fatigue, at the usual time, she was quitting the room with as light a step as she entered it, looking back to

be certain that she had not disturbed the old lady, when she saw that the curtains of her bed were turned back, that the bell-rope was tied up, and, on approaching nearer, she found that something was drawn quite close round the neck of her benefactress; and that, while she slept, probably, some murderous hand had deprived her of life!

At first, she stood motionless, paralyzed with horror, but restored only too soon to a sense of feeling. She rest the air with her shrieks! The gardener, who was already at work, immediately rushed into the room, followed by the other servant; and they were as distracted as she was when they found what had happened. In a short time the room was filled with many who mourned, more who wondered, and some who began to suspect and accuse. "Who had done this cruel deed? Who had a motive to do it?" The first thing was to ascertain if she was quite dead; and they proved she had been dead some hours. The next duty was to see whether she had been robbed; and it was discovered that her pockets had been turned inside out, and some old plate had been removed from a closet below. There was no trace of any footstep in the garden; but the window of the lower room was open.

Doebless she had died by strangulation; but was it possible that Rosalie had heard no noise, no struggles? And she was strictly interrogated; but her eye was wild, and her senses so disordered, she seemed incapable of understanding the questions put to her.

There were some persons present who believed that this was consummate acting; and when, on being asked if she knew what the old lady had in her pocket, she said, "Yes;" and taking her murdered friend's purse out of her own pocket, exclaimed, "Here, take it, take it!" It was thought that, actuated by remorse, she had desired them to remove from her what she had endangered her soul to gain.

"But where is the pocket-book, and plate?"

"What pocket-book—what plate?" was her agitated reply.

"Surely, she who knew where to find the purse, knows where to find the rest of the stolen goods!"

"Stolen!" repeated the poor girl, uttering a piercing shriek, as the consciousness of being suspected came over her mind, "stolen! the purse was given me to buy figgins for the poor—the poor—the poor indeed, now! Oh! my dear, lost, murdered benefactress!" Then, throwing herself on the body, she gave way to such a burst of agony, that even the most suspicious of her observers could scarcely believe she was even privy to the murder.

It was now discovered that the piece of linen which lay near the corpse, was an apron of Rosalie; and though it was contrary to all probability, that, if she had been guilty, she would not have removed this fancied evidence out of sight, still, agitation of mind was said to account satisfactorily for this suspicious circumstance; and ere one half hour more had elapsed, Rosalie, stunned, bewildered, and unable to do any thing but weep, was committed to the prison of the next town, on the charge of having STRANGLED HER BENEFACTRESS.

The gardener and the other servant had both been examined; but he was able to prove an alibi, and there was no reason to suspect the deaf woman. It was some time before Rosalie entirely recovered the use of her reason; and she almost lost it again when she recollected where she was, and why she was there. But Rosalie now felt the advantage of being habitually pious; for, knowing in whom to trust, she was at length able to look her accusers in the face, with calmness and resignation. To her solemn assurances that she was innocent, the reply was: "Then if you did not commit the murder, who did?"

"I neither know nor suspect," she answered; "and I could have no motive to commit it, for to whom was my poor friend's life of such consequence as to me?"

"Nay, nay, you knew she had provided handsomely for you in her will."

"I had forgotten that," she exclaimed. "Oh! my best, my only friend!" and she sobbed with renewed agony.

A further trial awaited Rosalie. She expected that her step-mother would believe her guilty; but she was not prepared to hear that her father refused to see her—he who, but a few hours before, had said, he loved her so tenderly; and her health sunk under this blow. But, as the surgeon said her life was in danger, he went to the prison, though reluctantly; as his wife had tormented him into believing, or admitting, that Rosalie might, possibly, be privy to the murder; still, the moment that he saw her, and that rustling into those arms which vainly endeavoured not to close on her, she exclaimed, in a tone which truth alone can give, "Father, I am innocent, quite innocent!" He pressed the poor sufferer to his bosom again and again, saying, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "I believe thee! I believe thee!" From that moment Rosalie's health revived. However he visited her no more, as he was again worried into an acknowledgment that it was just possible she might be implicated in the black deed, though he could not conceive how; but the reason of his absence was concealed from her, lest she should have a relapse.

There was another person whom Rosalie vainly hoped would visit her in her distress; Auguste St. Beuve—whose praises had betrayed her into the weakness of self-admiration—neither came nor sent! And the poor girl was frequently repeating to herself, "And does he, too, believe me guilty?"

Her trial had been delayed, in order to give time to discover the plate and pocket-book, and also to find out who, amongst the young men in the village, were the most intimate associates of Rosalie. Accordingly, the strictest inquiries were instituted; but the virtuous and modest girl had no associates whatever of the other sex; and though one young man visited her in prison, it was believed that he had no previous acquaintance with her. Auguste St. Beuve was the only one who had ever paid her any attention, and his situation in life placed him above suspicion.

At length, after she had been for many days persecuted by the entreaties of her priest and others, that she would confess, the hour for her appearance at the awful bar arrived; and she stood there unsupported by any earthly aid, save that of conscious innocence. The trial was long—the examination severe—and the circumstances were deemed strong against her. To every question, she answered in a modest, humble, but firm manner; and whether it was that her youth, her beauty, and gentle graces prepossessed her judges in her favour, or whether the legal proof was not sufficient, she was, at the end of some painful hours, unanimously acquitted, and instantly discharged. Alas! the delight of being declared innocent was damped to poor Rosalie, by the fear that she should not be permitted to find shelter under a parent's roof.

Avarice, however, did for her what justice should have done. The heir of her poor friend, convinced of Rosalie's innocence, and pitying her sufferings, offered to pay her immediately the legacy which his aunt had left her; but the sensitive girl shrank from accepting it. She was suspected of having committed, or concerted the murder of her benefactress in order to hasten her possession of the sum in question. She, therefore, positively refused to run the risk of confirming any one in the belief of her guilt by receiving it. And she persevered in her delicate and well-motivated refusal, till her father, instigated by his wife, command-

with her to accept the money; that she complied, and not reluctantly, when she found that, on condition of her paying for her board, she would be again received into his house.

Once more, therefore, she was under her father's roof; and she tried to bear, in the pleasure of being near him, and still beloved by him, the increased persecutions which she had now to undergo. Her tyrant was continually telling her that she still believed her to be the murderer's accomplice; at least, therefore, she could not do too much to show her gratitude for being admitted under the roof of a respectable person; and there were times when Rosalie had reason to believe her father was persuaded to be of his wife's opinion. She had, also, the misery of finding herself sometimes shunned by those who had once professed a friendship for her. Auguste St. Beuve no longer stopped to talk with her when they met; and it was evident that, till it should please heaven to bring the real murderer to justice, a stain would always rest on her character.

At length, her daily trials, spite of her trust in Providence, deprived her of strength sufficient to labour as usual; and she had soon the added misery of being told by her brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, that their mother said, she was a very wicked woman, and they ought not to love her. It was at the foot of the cross that Rosalie sought refuge on these occasions, and there she found it—there she found power to bear her trials without murmuring, though she could not conquer the increasing debility which anxiety of mind and ever fatigue had brought upon her. She had, meanwhile, one solace dear to her heart—that of visiting the graves of her mother and her friend, of decorating them with funeral wreaths, and of weeding, with pious hand, the flowers which she had there planted. As her health was now evidently too delicate to permit her to perform her wonted tasks, her step-mother insisted on being paid more for her board; and she would soon have left her penniless, but for the following circumstance:—One young man, as I have related above, and one only, had visited her in prison; led thither, for he was unacquainted with her, merely by the generous wish to prove his entire belief in her innocence.

This young man left the village suddenly, soon after Rosalie's acquittal took place, after having, for some time, appeared disturbed in mind. A few weeks subsequent to his departure, he informed his relations that he should return no more, having left France for America. It was instantly reported and believed that he and Rosalie had secretly been lovers and accomplices in the murder; that when she had received her legacy she had refused to marry him, and that he had gone away in order to conquer an unsuccessful attachment, and also to avoid all chance of detection. This event put the finishing stroke to poor Rosalie's misfortunes. She was now almost universally shunned; and even her father, when he witnessed her sorrow at the young man's mysterious departure—the effect of gratitude merely—was sometimes induced to believe it was the result of self-upbraiding.

"And is it possible," said Rosalie, "that you can think him a murderer, and me his accomplice?"

"Why no—not positively so; but appearances are strong against you both."

The truth was, that, having repeatedly admitted to his wife the possibility of Rosalie's guilt, he had tried to reconcile his weakness to his conscience, by believing that he might have admitted a truth.

And it was a father whom she tenderly loved, her only earthly hope, who had thus spoken to her! It was almost more than the poor Rosalie could bear; but she remembered that she had a father in heaven, and was comforted.

To remain where she was, was now impossible; nor

could her step-mother allow her to stay, as she was told it would be a disadvantage to her own daughter, if she harboured such a creature. Accordingly, Rosalie was told that she must seek a distant home.

This was now no trial to her. Her father had owned that he thought she might be guilty; she therefore wished to fly even from his presence. But whither should she go? There was one friend who would, as her father thought, receive her for her poor mother's sake, even in her degraded state; and to her care, by a letter which she was to deliver herself, her father consigned her. Nothing new remained, but to take an affectionate farewell of her kindred as might be permitted her; to visit the grave of her mother and her friend, breathe her last prayer beside them, and take her place in the Diligence which was to bear her far from her native village, in order to remain an exile from her home; till He, who is able to bring "light out of darkness," should deign to make manifest her innocence. She was going to a small town in Burgundy; and it was with a beating heart that the injured girl quitted the Diligence, and, with her little bundle, asked where her mother's friend resided. The question was soon answered, and the residence pointed out; but she had the pain of hearing that she was dead, and had even been buried some days. However, she found that her son-in-law and his wife were at the house, and she ventured thither. But no sooner had the master and mistress, in her presence, read the letter together, than they both changed colour, and with an expression of aversion in their countenances, declared that, under her circumstances, they could not admit her into their family; and Rosalie, in silence and in sorrow, turned from the door. Whither should she go now? The evening was then far spent; therefore, for that night, she hired a bed at a small guinguette, or sle-house. In the morning she decided on quitting the town, and proceeding on foot to the next village, lest those who had denied her entrance into their house, should prejudice the townfolk against her. Accordingly, she set off quite early in the morning, and arrived, after a few hours, at so pretty a village, that she resolved to stay there; and, if possible, hire a small room, and try to procure a service or some employment.

She was not long in procuring the first, and hoped she had procured the second; but, when the person who was going to hire her heard her name was Rosalie Mirbel, and whence she came, she regarded her with a look of painful suspicion, and, saying she would not suit her, shut the door in her face.

What was it now expedient for her to do? Should she change her name, as it was evident that it was only too well known? But this, the principle of truth, inculcated in her by her mother at a very early age, forbade her to do. All she could do, therefore, was to go forward, and as far as she could from her native place, in hopes that the farther she went, the less likely it was that she would be recognized. The next day, when she paid for her night's lodging, she saw, by the countenance of the man of the house, that he had been told who she was; and, on going out, she saw a crowd evidently waiting to look at her; nor could she, though she walked very fast, escape from the misery of hearing some abusive names applied to her, and execrations of her supposed crime.

Rosalie clasped her crucifix only more closely to her breast, and continued to trust that the hour of her deliverance from unjust suspicion would, in time, arrive.

It was noon before the faint and weary sufferer reached the suburbs of the next town, and saw a kind looking woman, in deep mourning, sitting at work at the door of a cottage. Her pale, care-worn cheek, and her dress, encouraged her to accost her. Perhaps the recent loss which she had sustained had softened

her heart; and Rosalie ventured to request, first, a draught of milk, and then a lodging if she had one to let.

"Thou shalt have both, my child," was the ready answer. "Come in and sit down, for I am sure thou art tired."

Rosalie did so, and, as soon as she was rested, she was shown the neat apartment which, at a moderate rent, she was to occupy, and which had only just been vacated. She then told the good woman her name was Mirbel, Rosalie Mirbel; and she anxiously fixed her eyes on her face, to see what effect that name had on her. To Rosalie's great alarm, she, too, started, but not with any sign of aversion; on the contrary, she took her hand, and, gazing on her with tearful eyes, said, "I am glad thy name is Rosalie. It was that of my dear lost child, and I shall like thee the better for it;" then, throwing herself on her neck, she wept the dead Rosalie in the arms of the living one. It was with a heart full of thankfulness that Rosalie lay down that night; hoping that she had not only found a permanent home, but a second mother. When Rosalie had been some days in her new abode, and had obtained as much employment as she required, through the exertions of her hostess, she wrote to her father, giving him her address, and begging to hear from him. She had long resolved not to spend any of the money still remaining of her legacy: that she reserved for her brothers and sisters. "I shall not live long," thought Rosalie; "my heart is nearly broken, but one day my father and they will love me again—one day my innocence will be made known; and they will be very sorry to think how cruelly they judged the poor Rosalie, who, as they will then find, loved and forgave them."

At length, she could not be easy without telling her kind friend who she was; and accordingly she said, "Dear Madelon, I have a sad secret weighing on my mind, and I cannot be satisfied without revealing it to thee."

"Nonsense!" replied she, "I hate secrets!—I will not hear it, darling!"

"Oh, but you must!—you do not yet know who I am."

"I know," returned Madelon with deep feeling, "that thou art the child of sorrow, and that is enough for me!"

"Good, generous being!" cried Rosalie; "but I am called more than the child of sorrow, I am, though falsely, accused of—of—"

"I know it, I know it already! Some one passing through the village, saw thee and knew thee, and came to tell me what thou wast said to be; but I did not believe thee guilty!—no, no, dear child, how could I! She a murderess—said I, when I have seen her averse even to kill the bee that stung her! No, no—and I sent him off with his wicked tales!"

"Then you will not cast me from you, my best friend!" said the poor girl, bursting into a flood of soothing tears, and throwing herself into her arms.

"Never, never!" And this was the happiest day that Rosalie had known since her misfortunes. But no reply came from her father; and, though she wrote to him every year, for five years successively, she never received an answer. "Well then," said she to her indignant companion, "I will write no more, and try to be contented with knowing I have a parent in you, Madelon." Still, spite of her habitual trust in the goodness of Providence, this neglect of a beloved parent had a pernicious effect on her health, and it continued to decline.

Her beauty, which had been chiefly derived from the brilliant colouring and plumpness of youth, was now considerably faded; still, occasional fever sometimes restored to her eyes their wonted lustre, by giving a crimson flush to her cheek, which even ex-

ceeded in tint the vanished bloom of health. Another trial was now hanging over her. Her adopted mother was evidently labouring with some secret uneasiness—she was restless—she often went out—and she saw her frequently talking apart with her landlord; and, when Rosalie went with the poor woman, as usual, to pray at the grave of her daughter, she used to throw herself along the turf, and weep with a degree of violence such as Rosalie had never witnessed in her before; and she once overheard her say, "while I can—while I can." Still she continued to assure Rosalie that nothing material was the matter. She was too soon, however, acquainted with the truth. Madelon's landlord unexpectedly appeared before her, during the good woman's absence, and when she was almost too ill to see any one. He then abruptly told her that, having found out who she was, he had given Madelon notice to quit in so many days, unless she sent Rosalie away. "This," added he, "I tell thee myself, for I suspect Madelon has not had strength of mind enough to do it."

"She has had too much kindness to do it," she faintly replied.

"Indeed!" rejoined the landlord; "I suspect she means, old as she is, to seek some distant home with thee."

"Ha!" cried Rosalie, remembering her late uneasiness, "I believe you are right, and that she does mean to quit a house which she could keep only on such terms. Oh, it is very hard on us both!"

"Not on thee, girl; thou hast only what thou hast deserved. It is hard on the good Madelon, especially as she has saved some money; and how could her friends be easy to let her live alone with a young woman who?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Rosalie, trembling with indignant emotion, "I understand the vile insinuation, and I will depart!—and secretly, as this is the case. But at present I am too unwell to undertake a journey: and who knows but I may be in mercy permitted to die here, and then my unmerited persecutions will be ended."

"Girl! girl!" replied the landlord, "thou hast been only too much favoured, in being permitted to live so long." So saying, he withdrew, leaving Rosalie more miserable than ever. When Madelon returned, she was alarmed at finding her worse than when she left her; and she was surprised at the more than usually affectionate manner in which Rosalie welcomed her.

"My dear child!" said the good woman, "I trust that nothing shall ever part thee and me. I could not now bear to separate from thee!" And Rosalie, bursting into tears, shut herself up in her own room.

"Ah! I see she thinks she is going to die," said Madelon to herself; "and I think so too sometimes. Well, if she does I shall not long survive her; it will be like burying my own Rosalie again!" Little did she suspect that Rosalie was intending to quit her for ever. "Thy will be done!" said Rosalie, in the secret of her heart, that night, "and I will again go forth a friendless wanderer!" comforting herself with the remembrance of what the preacher said in his sermon the preceding Sabbath-day, "that God judgeth not as man judgeth;" and with the text which he took from Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!"

The next morning, as she was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she

used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the window, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again; but she withdrew immediately, because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the same man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from evident intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, "*Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!*" and then ran out of the garden. At first Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered; but, the next moment, conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone; and on the night of the murder! But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated must have overheard them—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them, and must consequently have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction; and, in Rosalie's mind, it amounted to positive conviction: but was it sufficient to convince others? There was the difficulty; but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going away from that spot. What could she do!—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost; therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road to the town mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she run a risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message, and was told the magistrate would see her in a few minutes, that she recollected in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of such weak self-admiration, she was going to appear; but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and which she must not shrink from. When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so overcome that she could not speak, but burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my poor girl?" said he; "and who are you? Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!"

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollected to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

"To be sure I do," said he; "and a young girl who lived with her, was tried for the murder."

"Yes—and acquitted!"

"True; but I thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie, somehow or other, was guilty."

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself; then, raising her meek eyes to his, she said, in a firm voice, "She was innocent, sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel."

"Thou!—then looks are indeed deceitful," replied the magistrate, fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

"Not so, if I look innocent," she answered.

"But what can be thy business with me, young woman?"

"I am sure I have discovered the *real* murderer; and I come to require that you take him into custody on my charge."

"He! what! oh, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled; so thou art going to turn informer—is that the case?"

"I am innocent, I tell you, sir, therefore can have no accomplice; and I never saw this man in my life till three days ago."

"Girl! girl! dost thou expect me to believe this? What is he?"

"A carpenter."

"What is his name?"

"I do not know."

"And where is he?"

"In the neighbourhood."

"But where could I find him?"

"I do not know."

"Then how could I take him up!—and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!"

"Not till you have heard me." Then, rendered fluent by a feeling akin to despair, she told what even to herself began to seem an improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect on the magistrate was such as to overwhelm her with shame: for, repeating over and over again, "*Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!*" he gave way to the most immoderate laughter; but, when he recovered himself, he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she could dare to expect that, on such trumpery evidence as this is, he should take up any man, and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring; and against a man, too, of whom she knew neither the name nor the abode. Rosalie, now, for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself the proof of the man's guilt must be, sunk back upon a seat in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

"And you do not believe me?—and you will not take him up!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Certainly not. Recollect thyself! What! is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm, a proof that he has committed a murder?"

"But you know that is not all."

"No; but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thy self-praise—heard thee"—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed, "Do not laugh—I cannot bear it! You will drive me out of my senses!"

"Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee, does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee, and repeated them to him, and he, recognising thee"—

"But I never saw him in my life till now."

"Indeed!—recollect thyself! He must have known thee, personally at least; that thou canst not deny."

"Certainly not; and he saw and heard me, also, that fatal night; and I tell you again he is the murderer!"

"But listen, young woman; art thou prepared to assert that on that night, and that night only, thou wast ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?"

"I am—it was the first and only time."

"And thou expectest me to believe this?"

"I do."

"Why, girl, it is most unnatural and most improbable!"

"But it is true: and even then I was only repeating the praises I had overheard."

"Well, then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection?—and that will not help thy suit at all, I can assure thee. Besides, in this case the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm, as seen at the window."

"Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. See!" she cried, baring her now meagre arm, "Is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, sir; and, if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me!"

"Young woman," he replied, in a gentler tone, "I see thou art unwell and unhappy, and I would oblige thee if I could do so conscientiously; but recollect, the charge is one affecting life!"

"So was the charge against me; but, being innocent, I was acquitted; and, if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must he be."

"But then a stain will rest on the poor man's character."

"So it does on the poor girl's, as I know from fatal experience," replied Rosalie, in the voice of broken-heartedness. "Oh, sir! had you seen this man, and heard him, as I did, mistaking both the voice and manner of a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar, and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say."

"I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet that is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial."

"But cannot he be confronted with me?"

"Surely!"—here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek, for she heard the well-remembered song; and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate as if for protection, exclaiming, "There he is! Oh, seize him—seize him!"

"Where, where?" cried he, running to the window. Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out as he staggered along the road to the town.

"What! that man with the scarlet handkerchief tied round his hat?"

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if he should know that man again, pointing to him as he spoke.

"Know him again, sir?—I know him already!" replied the servant. "His name is Caumont, and he is the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window shutters."

"And what sort of man is he?"

"A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place, I hear—and is much given to drinking; but he is a good workman, and is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him."

"So, so," said the magistrate, thoughtfully, (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks) "A queer man—does not stay long in a place—given to drinking! You may go now, Francois; but do not be out of the way."

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie, for a considerable time, in the strictest manner; and he also dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction.

"Without difficulty!" said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning though modest glance; "have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?"

"Well, put, young woman," replied the magistrate, smiling; "perhaps the man confided in the cantonment conscientious scruples of a magistrate; but, what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did; and at all events, I now feel authorized to apprehend him."

Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him; while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officer reached the guinguette, or public house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance; and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent on exhaustion. The moment that he saw them enter, he changed colour; and, subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed, in a faltering voice, "I know what you come for, and I have done for myself! But I am weary of life;" then, without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who, very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie, she looked like the guilty, and he like the innocent person, so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony, but more especially, his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment; and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison, to take his trial the ensuing week. The hair of the old lady was then written to, and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest; and Rosalie passed the intervening time in a state of agonizing suspense. At length the day of trial arrived, and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges. With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of justice now, to those which she experienced on a former occasion! Then she was alone, now she was accompanied by the generous, confiding Madelon; now she was the accuser, not the accused, and her mild eye was raised up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

The proceedings had not been long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither resolved to speak the whole truth; and he confessed, without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone planned, and he alone committed the murder in question. At these words, a murmur of satisfaction went round the court; and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who, unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the smiling Madelon.

He then gave the following detail:—He said that, as he passed through the village, he had heard at a public house, that the old lady was miserly and rich; that, having lost his last penny at a gaming table, he resolved to rob the house when he heard how ill it was guarded, but had no intention to commit murder unless it was necessary; that he stole in, in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting room, before Rosalie returned; that from the window of that closet he had seen and heard Rosalie; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two murders, and kill Rosalie first; but that, when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him; besides, she was in such a sound sleep, there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face in order to stifle her breath, and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket-

bank, searched the plate closet, carried away some pieces of plate, and buried them a few miles off, and had only dared to sell them one piece at a time; that he had never ventured to offer the draft at the banker's—that he had, therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for raking his precious soul—and that, unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could; but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him and the young girl, who had, he knew, been tried for his crime, thus strangely and unexpectedly together at this far distant place, and where he seemed to run no risk of detection; that then the evil one, intending to destroy him, had prompted him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. "But," said he, addressing Rosalie, "it is rather hard that you should be the means of my losing my life, as I spared yours. I might have murdered you, but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold!"

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judges assure her she had only done her duty; she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal from whose sentence there is no appeal; and "Have mercy on him—don't condemn him to death!" burst from her quivering lips. No wonder, therefore, that before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness, met death with every sign of penitence and remorse, and was engaged in prayer with the priest till the awful awe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie to learn from the priest that Caumont desired the young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greater part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul.

The next day, all ranks and conditions of persons in the village thronged the door of Madelon, to congratulate Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances; but her gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favour; while her apparent melancholy and declining health inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes; and the landlord of Madelon, ashamed of his unjust severity, was desirous to give a village fête on the occasion, as some reparation for his past conduct.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice in, in the death of a sinful fellow creature, however just might be his punishment; and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation was a little damped by the consciousness that it had been purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation, to commemorate it otherwise than by prayer and thanksgiving, breathed at the foot of the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed; and, as she had not heard of him for more than a year, and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty respecting him which proved a counterbalance to her joy. "But I will write to him," said she to Madelon, "and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet, oh! there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!"

"Shame on him for it," cried Madelon, "he does not deserve thee, darling!"

"Hush!" cried Rosalie, "remember, he is my father, and I will write this moment."

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage door, and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father,—and the first words that met her eyes were, "My dearest, much injured, and innocent child!"

"Oh!" said Rosalie, faintly, "as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial, and—but no!" she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, "no—this letter is dated days before even the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him!"

"To be sure," said Madelon, "the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago, but had been ill!"

"Oh, merciful Providence!—oh, blessed Virgin!" cried Rosalie; "how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded! Now is the rankling wound in my heart healed, and for ever! My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont! Madelon, that I shall now soon recover I doubt not. But what is this?" she cried, reading on; "My wife is dead, and on her death bed she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to thy letters, and then had suppressed thy letters themselves, so I was led to believe that thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew thou wast alive, as one of our villagers had seen thee several times during the last five years; but judge how pleased though shocked I was, when she gave me one of the intercepted letters, and I read there the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child! Long had I repeated of having *seemed* to think thee guilty, for, indeed, it was always seeming. Come, come directly to my arms and home! Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee; and, if our neighbours still look cold on thee, no matter, we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee."

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through, without being blinded by tears of thankfulness, for this proof of a father's love; nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her conjugal enemy, her step-mother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died penitent, and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

"Well, then," said Rosalie, "now I shall return to my native village, and so happy! And who knows but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly? Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now such a happy home!—and how ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly!—Auguste St. Beuve, and every one! Madelon, dear Madelon! is not this a blessed day?"

Madelon replied not—she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out, "It may be a blessed day to thee, yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart! Thy home may be a happy one, but what will mine be? Unkind girl!—to be so very glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee, and believed thee innocent even when thy own father!"

"Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck: "Indeed, I have no idea of home unconnected with thee; my home will not be complete unless it is thine also—and thou must go with me!"

"What! and leave my dear Rosalie?"

"To be sure; I know thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon."

"Yes, darling; but then thou wast friendless and unhappy; but now!"

"I shall be unhappy still, if she who would so kindly have shared my adversity, does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes, thou must go with me, and we

will come, from time to time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave."

"But if thy father will not let me live with you."

"Then we will live in a cottage near him."

"Enough!" cried Madelon. "I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling!"

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening, and their meeting was indeed a happy one. Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one else should be equally convinced; and he took care that the papers which contained the proceedings should be widely circulated.

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money, not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice—as in that she only did her duty—but as some amends for all the unmerited suffering which she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home, accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom the former had warmly invited to live with them, was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbours—nay, the whole village, came out to meet them. Amongst the rest, Ro-

salie observed Auguste St. Beuve; but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her previous character against every suspicious circumstance, had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. This young man had suddenly followed to America unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had long loved. He had married and buried her there and, on his return to his native village, he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him, and had thereby rendered some service to Rosalie.

But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer under unmerited obloquy, was considerably damped by the alarming change in her appearance. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind; and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having "fought a good fight," restored her to health.

While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating those words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul—"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST HIM!"

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"No conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel; nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness."—*Fletcher.*

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng,
Were gather'd in one spot,
The dwellers of a thousand homes,
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there,
The mother and her child;
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke, none mov'd, none smil'd.

Those lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by;
After that heart-sick Hope deferr'd,
They met—but silently!

You might have heard the gliding brook,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
For that deep Quiet's sake;
Your steps the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break!

What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?
How could the ever sounding life
Among so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the heavens,
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human souls
In reverential love?

Or did some burdening Passion's weight
Hang on this in-drawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,
Lay on each lonely heart;
Kindred were there, yet hermits all—
Thousands—but each apart!

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

Love rear'd his shrine in Chantilly*—its walls
Resounded with the mirth of other days,
When monarchs feasted in its marble halls,
And jewell'd pomp, and pride, and beauty's blaze,
And deeds heroic, lent their lustrous ray
To gild thy setting sun—renown'd *Conde!*

Grief raised her voice in Chantilly—and long
An exile, wander'd forth her latest lord;
But, say, did joy lift her forgotten song
What time she hail'd the royal sire restored?
No!—quench'd his Light of Home—ah! home no
more—
A casket rifed of its brightest store.

Oh, who shall paint the maddening thought that
rise,
Wasting with wo the Father's aged breast—
Low in the dust his blooming hero lies.
And he—when wearied nature sinks to rest,
Last of his line, shall yield his tardy breath,
While alien hands divide the spoils of death.

One wish remain'd—it grew from day to day
A yearning and a passion—'till his heart
Loathed this frail tenement of earthly clay,
That held him from his dearer self apart,
And long'd to pierce the visionary gloom,
And clasp his martyr'd child in realms beyond the
tomb.

Ill fated Chief! around thy lonely bier,
Darkness, and clouds, and mutter'd horrors close;
Yet, let not pity check the generous tear,
If vast thine errors, vaster still thy woes—
And he who bids the raging billows cease,
Can to thy contrite spirit whisper Peace!

* L'Isle d'Amour is one of the prettiest parts of the garden.

† "Comment peut-on vivre?" was, a few days before his death, the exclamation of the aged prince.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS;

FOUNDED ON A RECENT CIRCUMSTANCE.

I WOULD I were absolute Queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to their gracious Majesties, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queenship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding-schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects, who desire wives with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas! Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heigho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the “cat i’ the adage,” and must be fain to let “I cannot, wait upon I would.”

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain’s wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woe as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother’s disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I who was intrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation’s wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study: my pleasures were “all of this noisy world,” all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother’s bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth: the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, “still as a frozen torrent,” yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving

rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonnish widow, and delightedly resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels: song, and light, and odour, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music. Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favour as for honour and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature’s own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to “darkness and the worm?” is it not something to have been a portion of the “spirit of delight,” a dispenser of so many of the “stray joys” that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it embodes the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright my gift of nature; I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim; my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me. The flowery opening of the world’s path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable acuteness; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E—, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardour, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favoured lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train; I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as

well as that of any one else; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True, there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was still indifferent to all—so that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the tise of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favour. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighbourhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same reason after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout. Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousandfold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study. Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth: but folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was, indeed, a fervent and true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, Genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, labouring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure: for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic away of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honours and unendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their thoughts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the uttering way

to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervour of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exercise weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity! For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhonoured. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of Christian morality: I had not, indeed, become so once religious, but thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

I left church, my imagination full of the power divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanour and endearing modesty, of mental curiosity so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E——. They needed not to fast, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favour—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest Christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its impeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys

of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the æsthetic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fitly enthroned; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or pining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poetry, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I deserted from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silence into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be—*as, but for my love of him, I would have been.* But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted," as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded. I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin-born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected

me. Sometimes she thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revelation would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were far ever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye, and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny de use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the base imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my underservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death! O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortune are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that

the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too, that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate, "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever-haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, on leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unhopd joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time free from the prying observation of others, and this together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralyzed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on

intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of *La Pastorelle*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss — are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill;" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes into Devonshire next week, for a change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I nor loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, the imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E—— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E——. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E—— had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the infliction of a visit from Lord E——, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:—

"My dear Augusta—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to all his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion

as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognised me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait, you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother,

"HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of release from Lord E——. I flew to nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"My dear Brother—If you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my own heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As to my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E—— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once, from his abhorred thralldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c.—more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, and sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection, by urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mightily indignant thereat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and drawing my harp towards me, sang with mock pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved; and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion

based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes, were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss ——, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E——, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears on the bosom of my dear confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overflowing tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled the ring of our betrothment, as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect, was not a dream.

Since then, years have passed, many and full of blessings. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious husband, has reverted to our dutious children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them, in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

THE MISERIES OF BEING AN AGREEABLE FELLOW.

"I'd rather be an umbrella
Than an 'agreeable, pleasant fellow.'"—*Old Song.*

"In all my wand'rings through this world of care,
Of all my griefs—and heaven has given my share,"

I have ever found my "agreeable" qualities the
greatest curse nature could have put upon me. From
my earliest hours

"I could smile, and smile, and smile, and be agreeable."

Nature seemed to have formed me just as she was
taking her wine, for I was, and am still

"An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man."

I can dance, sing, scrap-bookise, play the guitar,
speak Italian and French, scandalize my best friend,
choose a hunter, agree that "charity covereth a mul-
titude of sins" with Miss N—e, and take a hand at
carte with her Grace of ———; but, like the hero of
the "Happy Valley," I am still miserable—not a sec-
ond elapses between the "never ending still begin-
ning" raps at my door—my purse is drained by the
unpaid invitations of my acquaintances—night after
night am I compelled to be the Apollo of the scene—
my cheek has become bronzed by the "tropic flames
of beauty's eyes," and a constant exposure to the noon-
tide sun in gipsying parties, water excursions, park
driving, and ciceroneing—nay, so enormous is the de-
mand for my company, that my tailor has set up his
carriage, and my boot maker has taken his casino at
Kew by my patronage alone. In vain I learn Zim-
merman by heart, in hopes of becoming a "bore;" in
vain I speak to my law friends of the game laws or the
Catholic bill;—their "Oh las," disarm me at once,
and I must be "at my pleasant work again."

And now for my tale of woe. I have before said,
that even in the springtide of childhood I was agree-
able—from which, with "all sedition, privy conspir-
acy, and rebellion," good reader, "good Lord deliver
thee!" lest like me, thou live to see the miseries of it,
and become unthankful.

It would little amuse the reader (gentle or ungentle)
to know how often I was "Dalby'd, Duffy'd, and God-
frey'd," or carried down from the nursery to be "little
deared" in the boudoir, or caressed in the servants'
hall;—pass we over all that to my school days, when

"Ushers flogg'd, and boys gave forth their 'Ohs.'"

"Never believe a great broad-faced, beetle-browed
spoon, when he tells you, with a sigh that would upset
a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are
those he spends at school," says the editor of the Scotch
Magazine. I beg to be an exemption from this rule,
and trust the reader will not doubt my veracity, when
I affirm that mine were the most delightful of my ex-
istence. Far different from the rough, unchristian
usages of pedagogues, birches, and unfeeling ushers,
were my hours. Of an evening, when all "my com-
mates and brothers in exile" were boring their brains
over Homer, Xenophon, and those "ancient monsters;"
or, "sweetly sleeping, sweetly snoring," on their stone-
like beds, I was seated comfortably by the drawing-
room fire, or promenading the shrubberies of my tutor,
making the "agreeable" to his lady, or regaling her
guests with *colosa la Veluti*; instead of the intamous
"sky blue" wherewith my schoolfellows dosed them-

selves; my breakfast consisted of buttered toast, an-
chovy paste, cream, coffee, and various meats, and
when the little unfortunates were turned out mid ice
and cold, to warm their limbs with exercise in the
open air, I was permitted to draw near the blazing
hearth, or the "Doctor's tea-table:" and all because I
was "agreeable."

I spent the time in this manner for four years, at the
termination of which, being eighteen, I was sent to
Oxford, and then I found the misery of being "com-
panionable." Instead of making my way with credit
and distinction to the highest classes, I found myself
lamentably deficient; my former master's "fair leader"
had completely ruined me with toast and kindness,
and I stood below many "men" (*anglice* boys of nine-
teen or twenty) whose heads scarce reached my waist-
coat. I was not long at "Queen's" before it was
known I could sing a good song, empty a bottle, gave
the most elegant dinners of all the collegers, and had
the most indecent Venuses money could buy, to stock
my "rooms" with. Then again commenced my ruin
—my wine parties were frequent, my vehicle con-
stantly rolling, my companions agreeable, and my
studies neglected. At length the examination ap-
proached, and I endeavoured to make up by hard
study and perseverance what I had lost by over kind-
ness and visiting; but it was useless—the day came
— the questioning commenced, and I was "spooned."
Mad with vexation and disgust at the publicity of my
disgrace, I was seeking my rooms, when my path was
impeded by the foul fiend himself, in the shape of
Henry Augustus Demander,—before my arrival reck-
oned the most delightful fellow of all the Halls. That
he hated me I was well aware, for I had many proofs
of malignity. "Good morning, squire," said the tor-
turer, advancing towards me with a laugh that savour-
ed strongly of the fiend, "how are ye this morning?—
nay, man, do not look so ferocious, for I will not rob
you of your well-earned honours, I have no ambition
of 'spoonbilism,' believe me." Heated to the utmost
by passion,

I hastily seiz'd him, full dress'd as he was,
For I very well knew what the knave meant;
And swinging him rudely, too rudely, alas,
He stumbled and fell on the pavement.

But like another Antæus, instantly rose with redoubled
strength, and would, no doubt, have made my face
any thing but beautiful, had not my guardian angel
descended in the shape of Dr. Study, the head digni-
tary of my college. Afraid of being detected in such a
situation, Mr. Demander took to flight, leaving me in
the possession of half a yard of his gown and a lewd
copy of Ovid. I had not been at home more than
half an hour, when my late antagonist favoured me
with an invitation to meet him next morning, as "be-
came a man of honour and a gentleman," at a short
distance from the town. Although no coward, I must
confess an antipathy to that false idea of courage
which frequently leads men to murder each other to
support their "honour," and to prove to the world how
willing they are to be made "butts" of on the slightest
occasion. Such lives are scarce worth preserving if
they be at the disposal of every knave that can draw
a trigger. Such were my contemplations as I sat pe-
rusing my enemy's note; but when I remembered

that all eyes were upon my conduct, I gave up my philosophy, and calling for my desk,

"I penn'd an answer—sent it—fought,"

and wounded Mr. Henry Augustus Demander in the right arm, which, as it enabled him to wear a black silk sling, and look "interesting," he no doubt freely forgave me. Fearing expulsion, like many great men, I prudently resolved to retire, (vulgariter, avoid kicking out,) and accordingly left the university, wishing my agreeable qualities at the bottom of the bottomless pit.

Having lost all chances of succeeding in obtaining a living by this "untoward event," I next turned my thoughts to the army, wisely resolving as the "church militant here on earth" had refused to enlist me, to seek it beneath the banners of his Most Gracious Majesty; and as the war in Spain was then going on tolerably successfully, that is to say, there being not more than five hundred men killed per diem, I purchased a commission in the —th regiment of hussars, of the Right Hon. George —, who liked the sound of the band better than the booming of

"Great ordnance in the field;

or,

"The shot, the shout, the groan of war,"

and joined the great Arthur at Badajoz: every one knows (or may know, if they will read Lieutenant-Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War) the hardships we warriors underwent in that part of the world: my sufferings, like every other officer's, were very severe: at Salamanca I was obliged to pistol a charger, that three months previous to my departure from England, had cost me three hundred and fifty guineas. At Burgos, I saw my baggage, containing three full dress jackets, valued at fifty pounds each; and a dozen pair of "Hobby's best," carried off by a fellow with mustachios that might have served to sweep the roads; and at Talavera, was forced to feed upon beef-steaks and onions dressed in the breastplate of a guardsman! I know not how, but so it was, whether the Frenchmen thought it a pity to slay such a handsome set of fellows as composed our regiment, or had compassion on our "innocence,"—but on our return to England we found only twenty-four men, and those chiefly of the file, had perished, while in most other corps the loss was immense. Perceiving in the gazette a lieutenancy in the —th dragoons was vacant, I wrote to my colonel, begging his interest to procure it: he promised, and I had every hope of obtaining the promotion, for the commanding officer was a man of high family; but my hopes were vain—the secretary wrote me that it had been already obtained by the son of an earl. Seeing little hope of advancement, at the close of ten years I sold out, contrary to the desire of my brother officers and my colonel, who, I afterwards found, on applying at the horse guards for my pay, had sent a request to the highest quarter that my petition might not be granted, as I was a "damned pleasant fellow, and he did not wish to lose me from the mess;" and thus was the "service" deprived of a faithful soldier, because he was too "agreeable" to be promoted. Disgusted with the world and worldlings, I drove down to an estate of my father's, in Suffolk, determined to "misanthropise" and be romantic; but all my plans were disconcerted by the

"Large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands"

of Miss Emily Hathenden, whose estate bordered on my own. As scenes of passion, like law cases, are far more agreeable to those interested in them, than to those who do not participate in the glorious uncer-

tainty of either, be it sufficient to say, that after the usual quantity of nonsensical love epistles, vows breathed by moonlight, presents, eye discourings, and sighings, I obtained a promise from my lady love that she would be mine;—but "vanity of vanities!" just as I was about to select the usual quantity of lace and jewellery, for the first appearance of my "lady" as a bride, down came Mr. Courtem in a chaise and four told me he was going with his family to Switzerland for the summer months, and I was such a "devilish pleasant fellow," the ladies had "sworn" they would not go without me. I could not possibly refuse, as this gentleman was very likely to be prime minister on the downfall of the opposite party, and had promised me the first borough that became vacant; besides, his son had been my second at Oxford, and Mrs. Courtem used to send me such presents at my first academy; but yet I could not readily tear myself from her whom I loved so tenderly. We wept, we promised eternal faithfulness to each other, broke a sovereign (sixpence is a vulgar coin) and parted. Months flew by, and I returned with my friends to England, picturing the happiness in store for me, and forming plans to increase it; but,

"Alas, for human happiness!

Alas, for human sorrow!

Our schemes all come to nothingness!"

They were but schemes, airy castles, baby-houses,—which a fillip of fate throws down in an instant. Anxious again to behold my heart's idol, I ordered post-horses, and went down immediately to her father's seat, and learned with aching brain and heated heart she was married. Thus did I lose the best wife in the world, because, forsooth, I was "an agreeable fellow!"

These, gentle reader, are a few of the miseries my "agreeableness" has brought me into; were I to write them all, six octavo volumes would scarce contain them: if therefore like me you have the misfortune to be a pleasant companion, for your own sake "check the inclination;"—quote Greek; call Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, the Sorrows of Rosalie, namby pamby; run down Rouge et Noir or Ecarte; dress vulgarly; sing without a voice; abuse Ascot with the Hon. James —, or drink port with the guards,—do any thing that is nonsensical; but if you wish to be at rest,

"Eschew the agreeable vein,"

lest it bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

CHARLES A. —.

One of the best and most wholesome signs of the progress of sound thinking, in matters of education is, that while classical literature is not so inordinately and exclusively cherished as formerly, every faculty to acquire it is ten times more encouraged. Thus we have in progress translations of the classics—not, indeed, so good as the classics themselves, but still the next best thing. And really for those orders of men who wish to know, but can scarcely afford time to the preparatory acquisition of two difficult languages, these translations are of inestimable use. As a reservoir for great and abstract principles of action, individual and political, the ancients are but of trifling value; but every thing that should accompany, illustrate, enforce, adorn such principles, are to be found among them in so copious and golden a profusion, that he who wants to well express modern opinions, should imbue himself with the nobleness and simplicity of ancient language. What an unfailling tutor for a pure style in English, is the knowledge of Latin!

THE TRAITOR;

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

IDA—BERTRAM.

IDA. At length we meet; how I have sought for thee,
That my full heart might vent itself in words,
And so find rest. Oh Bertram, is it true?
Hast thou entrapped, betrayed, lured on to death
The man who was thy general? whose arm
(Thou could'st not slay him but in manacles!)
So oft hath fought and conquered by thy side?
Hast thou done this?

BERTRAM. I have. And were it still
To do again, I would repeat the deed.
From the hushed camp, at midnight, forth I led him,
Under pretence to show the secret pass
Which leads to Ilderstein. His boasted watch
Heard not the creaking of the iron doors
That closed upon their proud victorious chief.
He thanked me as we went; yet chide not thou,
For, Ida, had I loved thee less, perchance
I had been less a traitor.

IDA. Love me, Bertram!
Love me! why so you loved Count Insinger—
Or said you loved! so stood in his bright presence—
So watched his open, undeceiving eye—
And read therein the temper of his mind—
Whom yet thou hast betrayed to chains and death.
And thou didst let him thank thee! Bertram, Bertram!
Did not thy blood run cold when his true hand
Grasped thine? when from his unsuspecting tongue
The words of thankfulness gushed forth, as 'twere
From the full fountain of a grateful heart?
Didst thou not shrink and shudder at his touch?

BERTRAM. He is mine enemy, and thine; the foe
Of all thy father's house; the oppressor's tool
Wherewith we are ground to dust. I was his soldier—
But that was when he loved the armour's rust
Better than ermined robe or waving plume—
He is too courtly for a general!
And as I loved him once, so now I hate him!

IDA. Why, meet him then upon the open field;
There, front to front, make ye your quarrel sooth;
And God be with the right! Now mark me, Bertram!
Thou hast been counted brave. When horrid death
Was round thee, and above thee, and beneath thee—
When the loud clash of arms, the roar of guns,
The shouts confused of those that fought and won,
The feeble groans of those who fought and fell,
Were hoarsely mingled in one common sound;—
And the sulphureous canopy of smoke,
Slow floating on the carnage-sickened breeze,
Gave distant glimpses of the routed foe;—
High hast thou felt thy heart in triumph bound.
Look back to them, for never shall those days
Return to bless thee with a glorious joy.
Go where thou wilt, the curse of fear goes with thee!
The consciousness that thou hast played the traitor—
That in this wide and weary world of ours,
There is one voice whose tones would chill thy heart,
One eye before whose glance thine own must quail.
This single thought shall scare thy midnight hour,
Dash from thy feasting lips the untasted cup,
Unnerve thine arm in combat, blanch thy cheek,
And make a coward of thee, German soldier!

BERTRAM. Ida!

IDA. There is a mournful mockery in thy tone,
For it doth bring me back thy better days,
When my lone prayers, breathed forth at Heaven's
high throne
Were not thy scoff; when on that iron brow,
Guilt had not set his seal, nor fierce revenge
Lit up a dreadful fire within thine eyes.
Then thou didst love me; then my voice could sway—
Then life—oh! happy days!

BERTRAM. Thou weepst, Ida!

IDA. Should I not weep, remembering what thou wert,

To witness what these fearful years have made thee?
But he! thou'lt free him, Bertram, wilt thou not?
For my sake—mine! Ah! wherefore dost thou pause?
Even now thy shrinking and irresolute eye
Wanders from place to place, as though the earth
Were a broad tablet, from whose written rules
Thou might'st direct thy course. Wilt free him, Bertram?

BERTRAM. I have no power.

IDA. I know thou hast not power
To open wide his prison doors, and say,
"Go forth, and breathe again the mountain breeze,
And slake thy hot brow in the mountain stream,
And climb with vigorous limb the mountain's side,
And grasp thy brother warriors' hands in thine,
For thou art free!"

This, Bertram, this I know thou canst not do;
The lion thou hast toiled, the hunters guard,
And well by day and night their watch is kept.
But thou who couldst so wisely plot to slay,
Can'st thou not plot to save? Is there no hope,
No wild escape, no glimmering ray of light?
Oh! if you ever loved me, free this man!

BERTRAM. Vain is thy adjuration! vain thy prayer!
The feverish brow lies cold; the well nerved limbs
Slackened and stiff, no longer need more space
Than half the narrow dungeon could afford.
Death—death hath freed Count Insinger!

IDA. Oh, heaven!

But thou dost jest—thou couldst not tell it me
So calmly, were it true; thy lip would quiver,
Thine eye would shrink; thy hand, thy hand, would
tremble;

Thy voice would falter forth the horrid words,
Even as a tale of blood is ever told;
Thy brow—oh, God! that grim and gloomy smile
Sends a chill poison creeping through my veins!
And yet it is not true! he could not die!
Young, proud, brave, beautiful; but yesternorn
The chief of thousands, who would all have given
Their life's blood, drop by drop, for love of him.
He could not die! Who told me he was dead?
The timeless energy, the aspiring hope,
The proud ambition, the unshaken truth,
That dwelt within his heart—have all these perished!
Is his name but a sound! his memory
A fitting shadow, which from time to time
Shall steal across our hearts and sadden them,
And pass away again like other shadows?
Is all that was Count Insinger cold dust? [Pause.
Save me, dear Bertram, playmate of my youth!
For horrible dreams are madd'ning my poor brain;
Catch me, and fold me closely to thy bosom,
Ere that dark rivulet of crimson blood
Which flows between us part our souls for ever.
Hark! there are voices ringing through the air;
They call thee, "murderer," but answer not.
I'll hide thee! not in the earth, for there he lies;
Nor in the sea, for blood hath tinged its waves;
But in my heart—my wrung and broken heart!

[Sinks down.]

I had a loved companion of thy name
In days long past, and for his sake I'll hide thee;
And thou shalt bear a message from my lips
To his far distant ear. He'll weep for me—
I know he'll weep: I would have wept for him,
Though he forsook me. Tell him that his name
Was the last sound that lingered on my tongue.
Bertram! it is earth's music! Bertram! now! [Dies.
BERTRAM. If thou hadst cursed me, pale and broken
flower,
I could have borne it! if thy heart's deep love
Had turned to hate, I could have braved that hate.
But this! oh God!—

THE MINIATURE.

Look on this picture.—Shakespeare.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DIAPER GARNET was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently, introducing his thumbs into the arms of his waistcoat, casting an eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around; and, in short, betraying evident comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addition to a constant flow of high spirits, and an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jeweller's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem Mrs. G., many others of inferior value and lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the recommendation of plate, what could possibly thwart his advancement in life?

His thoughts had been occupied all the morning by a review of the flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound sayings of his master, old Agate, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent churchyard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. He remembered, with a triumphant smile, (for he had now discarded them,) his juvenile faults, vices, and indiscretions; he conjured to memory that auspicious day, when, twitching from its congenial cotton, one of his own wedding rings, he insinuated it on the left hand fourth finger of his Lucy; and, above all, he had the eye of retrospection upon those three per cents transferred into his own name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, just over the way.

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have sworn that he deserved these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and cherubic countenance, as he warbled a soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeously dressed in an open blue coat, a velvet waistcoat enriched by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He was going presently to the exhibition with Mrs. Garnet.

The approach of a young lady dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's young Dream," and brought signals of recognition into his visage. "Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "'tis a world since I saw you! how is your excellent father?" Miss Lucy satisfied him upon that point.

"Mother!"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, all's well," retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner. A dreadful accident happened just now. Oh! there are many lives lost by cabs—this was a young man, very fine young man too; here's his card—Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg. But what ails you, my dear Miss Penfold? you turn pale—sit down—that's right—hillock!—what the deuce!—fainted, by the Lord!"

With these words Mr. Garnet leaped over the counter, and sought to restore the young lady by the application of salts. As he hung over her, he could not help

thinking that he had never seen her look so charming before. Miss Lucy Penfold was, certainly, a very pretty girl, but Garnet had tender recollections that rendered her additionally interesting. He had once sighed for her, and sighed in vain. A desperate thought crossed the threshold of his brain. He quailed at the idea of welcoming it. "Eh! what? shall I? Mrs. G.'s not in the back parlour. No one will be the wiser. I'll snatch a kiss."

Just as he was about to perform this felonious feat, Miss Lucy revived, and murmured in a faint voice, but with a trembling emphasis, "Did you say, sir, that the young gentleman was killed?"

"Killed, Miss!" said Garnet, striving to recover a composure, which the surprise of her revival had in some measure disturbed; "killed, Miss!—young gentleman!—cy—Fogg—oh, no—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. No, I said dreadful accidents *did* sometimes happen; but, you're so susceptible. Miss Penfold, pray be calm;" and he attempted a glance of tender interest at the invalid with one eye, while he sought to include, with the other organ of vision, a prospect of the back parlour.

"And now, Miss Lucy," resumed the indiscreet goldsmith, "that you are a little composed, pray take the protection of my arm to your father's; nay, I will not be refused."

"Well, since you are so very kind," said the young lady, "and as I'm still very weak, I will defer the business I came about, and accept your offer;" and the pair slowly departed from the shop.

CHAPTER II.

"I'LL teach Mr. Garnet to pay attention to ladies in the shop," exclaimed a pretty little woman as she issued from the back parlour, with a roguish smile upon her small lips. "I do believe the man was going to kiss the young person. Oh these men! Well, he shall never hear the last of it. I'll take care of that—but what's this lying upon the ground?"

It was a miniature portrait of a young gentleman in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white kerchief, and somewhat ostentatious frill; his hair neatly curled for the nonce, and his eyes directed sideways, as though he were looking for the frame; in which ornament, however, the picture, was deficient.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Garnet, sitting down on the shop stool, and leaning her hand on one knee, "a very nice young man, indeed. I wonder who he can be; how different from Mr. Garnet? Certainly," she resumed, after a pause, looking obliquely at the picture with her head on one side, the more critically to examine it, "certainly G.'s face is that of a griffin by the side of this—he shall smart for this morning's impudence, the little villain." So saying, and carrying the painting with her, Mrs. Garnet retired again to the back parlour.

Presently in runs Mr. Garnet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and drawing his watch from his fob. "My dear Lucy, are you ready?" said he, with forced vivacity, for his conscience smote him, as he dropped his head through the opening door of the back parlour, "we shall be too late for the exhibition."

"Not in such a hurry, Mr. Garnet," said his wife, calmly, "we are too late as it is, I'm sure. Pray, sir, come in." Garnet crept forward with the look of a culprit.

"Who was that young lady in the shop this morning, sir?"

"Who—in the shop—this morning," faltered the goldsmith; "ha! ha! ha! that's a secret, Mrs. G.—a little private affair of my own," added he, with a rueful pleasantry, as though, by gaily avowing a secret intrigue, he should ward off suspicion; "a secret, I say, not to be divulged," rubbing his hands, and winking his eye knowingly.

"Then you should keep your secrets better, Mr. Garnet, that's all I know," said the lady; "you think I didn't see you kiss the girl, I suppose. Ah! Mr. G., Mr. G."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Garnet," cried the jeweller, with a cool confidence worthy of a better cause, yet inwardly quaking at this unexpected discovery, "really you make such strange charges; you're such an eccentric woman;" hardly conscious of what he uttered; "you are such a little quiz, you know you are, aren't you now?" and here he attempted to pinch her waist coaxingly, and began to dance about the room to hide his confusion.

"Well, well—it's no matter, Mr. Garnet, it is a happy thing for me that I have a consolation elsewhere," said Mrs. Garnet, pouting, and looking tenderly, at the same time, at something which she held in her hand. "What have you got there, my dear," cried Garnet, with renewed nerve and vigour of speech—"a lock of my hair, eh? Come, come, you must not shear off Sampson's hair by stealth, thou fond Delilah."

"It cannot concern you what I have in my hand," returned the wife, kissing the precious treasure fondly.

"Nay, now, I insist upon seeing what it is, Mrs. Garnet—resistance is vain—ha! a portrait!"

"Yes, a portrait, sir."

"Really, Madam, this is very indiscreet, not to say culpable," said Garnet, seriously—"I never had a portrait taken. Let me look at it. The portrait of some fellow, I'll be sworn."

"Why, Lord bless me! Mr. Garnet, how you tease," exclaimed the lady, with provoking coolness—"as though it could signify to you whose portrait it is. I have had other beaus in my time, you may be sure."

"The beau may go to the devil!" cried Garnet, with a look of defiance, exploring the remotest corners of his pockets, and striding about the room in a fury.

"For shame, Mr. Garnet, to mention the devil in my presence," simpered the lady, without lifting her eyes from the portrait at which she was fondly gazing.

"I will see it!" shouted the jealous jeweller, as, like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, which

"Moves altogether, if it move at all,"

with a simultaneous spring, like a tiger, he obtained possession of the miniature. "Pretty doings, pretty doings, upon my word!" exclaimed he with a hysterical chuckle—"this is excellent, upon my word—ha! ha! ha! upon my life, it's good—not three months married, and—capital!—ruin and misery—glorious!—despair and madness!"—and the overpowered little man rushed madly into the shop with the portrait.

CHAPTER III.

"I CERTAINLY was a great fool," said Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg, a young gentleman of imposing appearance, as he stood musingly at the front of the Royal Exchange, "to quarrel with Lucy as I did, and to fly in the face of old Penfold, by beating him at cribbage;—besides, that trip to Margate was in every respect ruinous; and now I find the door shut in my face, and the servant inaccessible to silver. I'll go down to the little goldsmith who helped me up, after my fall from the cab—he may, perhaps, assist me."

So saying, our soliloquist walked down the street, and soon found himself in Garnet's shop.

That distracted man was seated on a stool behind

his counter, upon which both his elbows rested—his head having fallen into his extended hands. He was busily engaged in examining something before him—"I am come, sir," said Fogg, with respectful politeness, "to thank you for your kind attention to me. I am the ex-cab passenger of this morning."

"Sir," sighed the goldsmith, slowly raising his head, "the unfortunate are ever entitled to such services as—ah! what?" and he fell to a second scrutiny of the counter, and then, tilting himself back upon his stool, leaned against the edge of a glass case behind him, and pushing his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, gazed with a wo-begone countenance at the stranger.

"May I ask, sir," said the other with surprise, "what you have been, and are gazing at with, permit me to say, such lack-lustre expression?—a portrait!—by heavens! my portrait. How came you by this? Speak, goldsmith; where did you get it? Confess, jewel-setter, confess."

"Where did I get it?" returned Garnet, in a deeply moral tone, as though it were a prelude to a religious discourse, shaking his head and pointing to the door of the back parlour—"there—my wife."

"Your wife!" shrieked the other, falling upon the shop stool with all the immobility of the national debt, and, like that incubus, as though he were never to be removed.

"My wife, I say," repeated Garnet, beating his forehead—"Lucy, there, reluctantly gave it up to me."

"Lucy!" screamed Fogg, burying his face in his hands—"lost, for ever lost!"

"Lost, for ever lost," echoed the goldsmith, "my good sir, do take your elbows off that glass case; if it *should* give way, they'd play the deuce with the brooches below: lost!—then there's a pair of us—God bless my soul!"

"Please, sir," said a man, as he entered the shop, pulling off his hat, and smoothing two inches of straight hair on his forehead—"you promised to wait on Mrs. Deputy Tomlins at three—it's now half past"—

"By the by, and so I did," cried Garnet, as he bustled from his stool, and drew a small case from a drawer. "I'll be with her instantly. Pray, Mr. Fogg, don't stir till I return—this matter must be investigated," and seizing his hat, and throwing up his eyes and hands, he darted from the door.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg remained for a considerable period buried in profound grief;—at length, raising his head, he murmured with a vindictive pressure of his teeth together, "Ass that I was—idiot—incurable fool—to go to Margate—on pleasure, I think I said to myself—on pleasure, ha! ha! and left my Lucy to be snapt up by a mercenary and morose brooch-seller. But why, why do I reproach myself? Is she not to blame? Is not perverse Penfold culpable? Then welcome revenge! Come hither, immense Roland, for a prodigious Oliver: the thought pleases me; yet how?—But why?" he resumed, deviating into another train of thought, "Why do I sit here like a fool?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," answered a boy who had been called to mind the shop during the absence of Garnet, looking from under the enormous brim of a hat, six sizes too large for his small skull.

"Peace, mysterious cub, peace," cried the distracted one, eyeing him with a baleful look—"I am ill, faint, weak, and wo-begone;"—then, sitting bolt upright upon the stool, and elevating his eyes, he turned round as on a pivot, till his face fronted the glass door of the back parlour. "In there, in there, boy," darting his finger before him—"a glass of water might be procured?"

"Pray, sir, walk in," said Mrs. Garnet, who had been eye-piercing through the corner of the cambic blind for a considerable time, and now opened the

door—"you seem unwell—pray come in and rest yourself."

"Ten thousand pardons—but I am indeed indisposed," cried the bereft, as he tottered into the parlour.

"I fear, Madam," said he, when he had swallowed a glass of water, "that I give you much trouble; but an announcement on the part of your brother has so agitated me."

"My brother, sir?" interrupted Mrs. Garnet, calling up from the depths of memory a little boy who had died of the measles twelve years before—"my brother, what do you mean?"

"Your brother, madam, I repeat," answered Fogg, impatiently, "just now stepped out to Mrs. Deputy Tomlins—has agitated me by a communication—he is blessed with the possession of a lovely wife."

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Garnet, with a soft smile, which, however, was instantaneously exchanged for a visage of extraordinary gravity, as she recognised the original of the portrait, and noted the strange manner in which he confounded relationships. The wildness of his eyes, also, favoured the idea that he was a recently self-emancipated maniac.

"Has he been married long?" said Fogg, with an alarming start, as a torturing reminiscence shot through his brain.

"Oh, no, sir! a very short time indeed," said the trembling wife, a vision of the incurable department of St. Luke's intruding itself into her mind.

"But why do I ask these idiot questions?" he continued, querulously; "my dear madam, you are goodness itself to listen to my ravings; permit me, when I am more calm, to call and repeat my acknowledgments of your kindness;" then seizing her hand, and kissing it, "farewell," he cried, and opening the door, stumbled over the couchant form of Garnet.

That blighted goldsmith was, indeed, drawn up into a compendious mass of concentrated misery. His hands were tightly clenched upon his stooping knees, his neck sunk between the shoulders with the lax pliability of a turtle's; and the one open eye was endeavouring to peer through the blind, with a ten-argus power of vision. "Wretch!" he gasped, as the other tumbled over him, but further utterance was denied him—"Wretch! ah! you say true, I am indeed a wretch," said Fogg, rising, with a grim smile, "but you—oh! how much the reverse! too happy in the possession of such a wife;" and he retired shuddering from the shop.

CHAPTER IV.

GARNET thought verily that his lot was too much for man to bear; and, accordingly, applying to a closet just behind him, he drew forth a bottle, and directed the neck to his mouth, leaning leisurely back that a sufficient portion of the cordial might find its way to his inner man. While in this constrained posture, he was interrupted by the entrance of somebody into the shop, and turning round, and hastily replacing the cork, the presence of Miss Lucy Penfold greeted him. "Oh! my dear Mr. Garnet, pray tell me," said that young lady, "do you know the gentleman who just left your shop?"

"I do, Miss, I do," answered he with unnatural emphasis, setting down the bottle in the closet, "his name is Fogg—a fog that has obscured my sun of happiness for ever: look there, look at that room; it contains my wicked wife."

"Your wicked wife, sir!" said Lucy, confused; "what do you mean? you surely are not so foolish as"—

"I have discovered all," he roared. "I have discovered an attachment subsisting between Fogg and my wife!"

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Garnet," cried the young lady, sinking upon the stool, "you do not mean!"

"I mean revenge," said he, clenching his teeth and hands.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, sir, do not talk so; it is I who am the most miserable of human beings:" and she sunk back faintly.

"God bless my soul!" cried Garnet, "why you are not going to faint again, I hope; you're subject to fainting fits, I fear;" and he scrambled to the closet, and seized the bottle; but, finding that the young lady was recovering, he stealthily placed it to his own lips in a trice, and returned—"What's the matter, Miss Lucy, what is the matter?" he whimpered, wringing his hands, "I have trouble enough of my own, Heaven knows; surely!"—and lifting his head, he met the reflection of his own face in a glass opposite. A thought flashed across him: he drew up his shirt collar. "Surely," he continued in a softer tone, "this concern cannot be for me.—Oh! might I hope that in that bosom?"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried Miss Penfold, weeping, and pushing him from her.

"Oh! yes, yes, yes," returned he,—*"say yes, then at least I shall be blest."*

"You will, will you, Mr. Garnet," cried a voice with terrific shrillness in one ear, while the other was seized upon and wrung excruciatingly; "these are your sly ways, are they? to pretend jealousy of me, in order to cover your own designs. Oh! Mr. Garnet, Mr. Garnet!"—and here his partner fell into a passion of tears.

"Something strikes me that I shall go distracted," said Garnet, hopelessly raising his spread palms to his head, and sitting down upon the stool—"Oh, misery!"

"Misery, indeed," retorted his wife, sobbing with convulsive sighs, "you have made me miserable, you know you have."

"There now!" cried Garnet, appealing to Miss Lucy, as he sprang from the stool with his extended hands sticking out from his sides like the fins of a fish, "did you ever hear the like? the woman has lost all sense of shame; didn't I see the man kiss your hand through the blind? didn't I see it, I say, with this eye," shooting his finger towards the organ in question.

"And didn't I see you this morning, Mr. Garnet—now, confess—through the very same blind!"

"Hush, hush, woman!" interrupted Garnet, solemnly, "you know not what you say, deserted alike by reason and virtue."

"I am sorry, madam," said Lucy, interposing, "that there should be any misunderstanding, but I trust that I am in no measure the cause of it."

Mrs. Garnet made no answer, but retired into the parlour.

"I came, Mr. Garnet," she continued, "about a trifle which I fear I must have lost; nothing was picked up in your shop this morning?—not that it is any longer valuable to me."

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Lucy," answered Garnet, not heeding the question. "Picked up? yes, information that has distracted me."

"Good morning, sir; I hope to find you calmer when I see you again:" and the young lady departed.

"Calmer! yes in the stiffness of death, perhaps," murmured Garnet, with a bitter grin.

"Mr. Diaper Garnet," said his wife, coming forward with red eyes, a white handkerchief, and a severe placidity of countenance, "we must part; your unjust suspicions of me, coupled with your own shameful proceedings, render it absolutely necessary that we should part."

"Ha! ha! this is too much, this is too much, upon my soul," chuckled Garnet, with a stifling and in a fearfully guttural tone—"ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" and now reason seemed to be taking an eternal leave of him, but that, as he tossed his head back at the last interjection, it came in contact with the edge of a glass

case, with a crash that threatened the cleaving in twain of his skull.

"What need of this violence, Mr. Garnet?" resumed his wife, alarmed at his forlorn aspect; "we can never more agree on this side the grave; it is better, therefore, that we should separate."

"Oh, hour of wo! that it should come to this," groaned the goldsmith, physical and mental pain struggling for the mastery. "Go in, Mrs. G. and we'll talk of it presently. You are right, we never can be happy again;" and when his wife was out of sight, he fell into a fit of tears.

CHAPTER V.

IN the meantime, Fogg had betaken himself to a chop-house in the neighbourhood, and there (for even despair has an appetite) solaced himself with a beef-steak. He, however, found himself, in half an hour, opposite Garnet's shop. "Yes, I will see her for the last time,—I will learn from her own lips the reasons of her cruelty and desertion of me, and then leave this hated country for ever." So determined, he drew himself up before the shop window, and examined with a vacant eye the gold pins and bracelets. Garnet observed him, as he stood at the back of the shop bathing his afflicted head with an embrocation of vinegar. "Oh! I am looked upon as a mere cipher in my own house, that's quite clear—the deuce take the fellow's impudence, he's coming in; well, I'll confirm my suspicions at all events, I will not wrong Mrs. G. rashly," and under the counter dived the goldsmith. Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg now walked in, and tapping at the door of the back parlour, was admitted. "I am come, madam," said Augustus, in a melancholy tone, "for a purpose which true lovers must applaud, to take a last farewell of your sister-in-law—lead me to her."

"My sister-in-law!" cried Mrs. Garnet; "oh, sir, do leave me! You have been the innocent cause of much misery in this family. Your unhappy infirmity can alone excuse"—

"Madam," interrupted Fogg, "where is Mr. Garnet's wife—fate shall not hinder our final interview."

"She is here, sir, I am Mr. Garnet's wife."

"Gracious heavens! what mystery is this?—Propitious powers! who then is the young lady I met coming into the shop this morning? Oh, joy unutterable!"

"I know not who she is," said Mrs. Garnet; "but this I know, that, in consequence of her, I am the most miserable of women."

"How, madam!" cried Fogg, "what horrible mystery is this?—explain."

"Must I confess my husband's shame, and my own despair!" cried the lady, in a state of doubtful perturbation.

"Do, madam, by all means, I entreat—let Garnet's disgrace be made manifest, or any thing, rather than my suspense should continue."

"There is something wrong, then?"

"Something wrong? Madam, you tremble"—

"An unfortunate and guilty attachment between Mr. Garnet and that young person."

"Ha!" bellowed Fogg, seizing a pair of scissors which lay on the table; "where are the unprincipled pair; even this small instrument would suffice,"—and he stalked about the room, opening and closing his weapon with demoniac violence; "but oh! why do I rave? forgive me, best of women! that I have put you to the torture of confessing this degrading fact," and he fell upon one knee before her. "Ha! what noise was that?" rushing to the glass door, the pair were just in time to behold Garnet, as he rose up, strike his head against the counter, over which he scrambled, and rush from the shop.

"Is Miss Lucy within?" cried Garnet, panting, as

the door of Penfold's house was answered, in obedience to his peremptory knocking.

"She is, sir."

"Send her here instantly."

Miss Penfold, who, alarmed at the extraordinary noise, was loitering on the stairs, approached. "Put on your bonnet and shawl, and come with me," said Garnet.

"Really, Mr. Garnet, after this morning's"—

"Pho, pho, nonsense," said he, "you're wanted, I say;" then lowering his voice to a whisper, and putting his forefinger to the side of his nose—"they're there."

"Who are there, sir? I do not understand you."

"My wife and"—and he swelled up his cheeks as though he would fain enact Boreas, "and Fogg! come, come!" Miss Penfold made no further objection, but suffered herself to be hurried by the excited goldsmith to the scene.

"Ha! ha! have we caught you?" cried Garnet, with a triumphant shout, as he dragged Lucy after him. "Miss Lucy Penfold, look there, I beg of you; here's a caution to wives and families."

"Unheard of audacity!" said Mrs. Garnet, "to bring her into the very room with us! look, sir, do you see? Do you mark the perfect shamelessness of the guilty parties?" Fogg did indeed look and see, but he seemed to be curiously examining vacancy.

"Come, come, this won't do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it's discovered."

"It is, indeed," retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, sir, I look to this gentleman for redress and protection:"—turning to Fogg.

"From me, madam," said Fogg upon his knee, "expect that love which ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another."

"Say you so?" quoth Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy.

"Deign, Miss, to receive assurances of my affection; and if this portrait will avail to impress"—

"My portrait again, by heaven!" cried Fogg.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found"—said Mrs. Garnet.

"Lost and found! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," springing into his wife's arms. "My dearest Mrs. G., but how is this? explain Fogg, dear Fogg, explain. Do you know Miss Lucy Penfold?" Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"Oh, your most obedient! I see how it is;" and the joyous goldsmith danced about the room—"let's be merry"—and he drew out the decanter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and we'll all go together this evening to old Penfold."

"Well, there never was such an extraordinary mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all, in simultaneous concert with the goldsmith.

ΩΩΩΩ.

THE palace of vengeance was a vernal paradise, the eglantine bowers of the graces, the rose and myrtle groves of love. The presiding genius, jealous of the happiness of two lovers, places them in this magical spot. They enter with the feathered feet of rapture—oh, amiable solitude, delicious silence and friendly shade! The genius was certainly a man of the town, one experienced in the promenade of Bond street; his project could not fail, the eternal iteration of the same attentions, and the same ideas, communicated a languor to their rapture; in a word, our two lovers finished by a frank and reciprocal confession, that they had long viewed each other—first with indifference, and now with considerable pain. A paradise was the palace of vengeance! So much for solitude.—*J. Leitch.*

A FEW WORDS ON COURT FOOLS.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And like the haggard check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as the wise man's art."—Shakespeare.

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot." Shakespeare banished the hobby-horse, and the Lions have well nigh banished Shakespeare. The Fool (confessed) has shared the fate of the hobby-horse; his bells no longer jingle, noisy and senseless as his wit; his Marrotto is no longer flourished in mockery and disdain; gone are his gibes and his gambols, his songs, and his flashes of merriment; and, save in the magic pages of Wild Will of Warwickshire, and of his potent rival, the Magician of the North, (honoured be his memory!) all traces of this motley race have faded from our view.

To give some idea of the important parts which have been played by this now extinct race of actors, is the object of the present communication, which, if it exhibit no pretensions to the learning with which Mr. Douce and Professor Fogel have treated the subject, or to the wit displayed upon it by Mr. ———, in the *Liberal*, may perhaps be written in a more appropriate style, to wit, after the manner of fools—foolishly.

"Les Four sont aux Echecs les plus proches des Rois," and in by-gone days, the court jester enjoyed the same proximity to royalty, in the presence-chamber, which his namesake still retains upon the chess-board. To trace the origin of this strange office would be to inquire too curiously, and would lead to the bestowing of a larger proportion of tediousness upon the reader, than he might be inclined to receive. Let us, therefore, pin our faith upon the assertion of the learned Divine, who preached the funeral sermon of one of the greatest fools of his day, Hans Miesko, the court jester of Philip II., Duke of Stettin.

Hans Miesko was born about the year 1540, at Schwibus, in Silesia, and having, at an early age, betrayed symptoms of idiocy, was placed by his parents in the hospital of that town. Fool as he was, however, Miesko not being satisfied with this arrangement, soon fled from the hospital, and led a wandering life till he came to Stettin, where the reigning duke, Philip, took him into his service as court jester. Though his tricks and his jests so pleased his first master, that he retained his office until the duke's death, and would appear to have been equally grateful to Philip's successor, Duke Francis, not one of them has been handed down to us, and Miesko would probably never have been remembered, but for his death, which was rendered remarkable by a *funeral sermon*. This strange effusion was not only preached, but printed; not only printed, but that more than once; the first edition appearing in 1619, immediately after the death of the individual whom it celebrated.

Philip Cradelius, the learned pastor of St. Peter's church, was the preacher selected for the performance of the unprecedented task of pronouncing a funeral oration in praise of a fool; and in the remarkable discourse which he delivered upon the occasion, he deduced the origin of these motley followers of royalty, from the time of David; who, when "afraid of Achish King of Gath, changed his behaviour, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard. Then said Achish unto his servants, 'Lo, ye

see the man is mad: wherefore, then, have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?'"

There, gentle reader, is an origin for you: one, i'faith, almost as ancient as that of the pure blooded Welshman, whose pedigree commenced a few centuries before the creation. Of a verity, Goerpius Becannus, whose learning and patriotism were enlisted to prove that the connubial dialogues of Adam and Eve were carried on in high Dutch, must have assisted our friend Cradelius in tracing out this somewhat far-fetched derivation. And now, as great writers are allowed to quote themselves, for a few remarks which we have made elsewhere upon this point:—"Although this derivation is somewhat far-fetched, it will probably be the means of enabling us to form a correct opinion upon the subject; by the supposition which it gives rise to, that the origin of court jesters is to be found in the protection afforded by the powerful, in times of semi-barbarism, to the idiot and the natural, with whose antics unenlightened minds have, at all times, been amused—a conjecture borne out by the fact of such persons having, in more recent times, been frequently selected for the purpose."

Among the many recorded examples which we have, of half-witted knaves being summoned to exhibit their pranks for the entertainment of royalty, Miesko himself appears. Another instance occurs in the history of Silesia, where Boleslaus, the son of Boleslaus I. is stated to have been slain by the court jester, whose anger he had provoked. The readers of the curious and inordinately high-priced Romance of Tuerdank, must also recollect the narrow escape which the hero, (Maximilian I.) had in the castle of the Tyrol, from being blown up by gunpowder, through the carelessness and ignorance of one of this class of jesters. This same witless wearer of motley, it would appear, though thus brayed in a mortar, got never the wiser; for some time afterwards, he and Maximilian being engaged in a battle with snow balls, he struck the emperor so severe a blow in the eye with one of them, that it nearly blinded him. In spite, however, of these accidents and offences, Maximilian took great delight in the company of these professed merry-makers; and if his associating with them was at times attended with unpleasant results, the fidelity which was exhibited by one of them, the celebrated Kunz von der Rosen, was enough to justify the imperial patronage.

Kunz von der Rosen was indeed the favourite and confidant of the emperor, and so great was Maximilian's delight in the fidelity and the good humour of the jester, that he kept him constantly about his person. Many of the historians of the time have indeed refused to recognise Kunz as a court fool. Manlius designated him "a wit; I will not call him a jester," says he, "for gems are rarely found among pebbles."

Such gems as Kunz are indeed rare; we will pass over his merry sayings and jovial tricks, that we may record one act of his life, which may well be looked upon as a vindication of Maximilian's extraordinary

partiality for him. The similarity which it bears in its incidents to those admirably told scenes in *Ivanhoe*, where Wamba rescues his master, cannot fail to strike the reader. Kunz's persevering endeavours may possibly have suggested to the gifted author of that spirit-stirring romance, the part which his prototype there plays so effectively.

When Maximilian, who was then but King of the Romans, convoked a meeting of the states in 1488, in order to bring his restless subjects into submission, Kunz advised him not to venture into Bruges, lest evil should befall him; but Maximilian proceeded there, regardless of this advice. When the king arrived at the gate of St. Catherine, Kunz rode up to him, and said in the presence of all the attendants, "I see your majesty will not listen to the advice given to you by myself and your faithful counsellors, but will needs be made prisoner. I give you warning, that in such case I will not bear you company. I will go with you as far as the castle, but I shall then retire by the Ghent gate. When you see the villages and pleasure houses burning on all sides of the city, bethink you of what your foolish Kunz forewarned you." "Ah, Kunz," said the king, "I see well that you put no faith in the good promises which my children of Bruges have made to me." Kunz acknowledged that he would as soon trust the devil himself; and the result proved that he had good ground for his opinion. He entered the city with the king, and then rode out at the other gate to Duke Christopher of Bavaria, at Middelburg. Soon after this, a tumult arose in the city, and Maximilian having proceeded to the market-place to subdue it, was dragged from his horse by the insurgents, and imprisoned in the house of a grocer, where he passed the night miserably enough in the company of some of his courtiers. There was he, with nothing but a bench to lie upon, confined in a small chamber whose windows were guarded by iron bars, and every moment expecting to be put to death.

During the king's imprisonment, Kunz von der Rosen was not idle, but displayed his unparalleled fidelity in two plans, which he matured for the liberation of his master. In the first place he constructed two swimming girdles, one for himself and the other for the king's use, to enable him to cross the moat of the castle to which he had been removed, and escape from the city by means which he had provided for the purpose. The scheme was, however, frustrated; for some swans, which were there kept, attacked Kunz as soon as he let himself down into the water, making a terrible outcry, and beating him so severely with their wings, that it was with the greatest difficulty, that he escaped from them. Had they chanced to bite through his swimming girdle, he must certainly have perished. As an old chronicler quaintly observes, "the swans thus proved themselves faithful adherents of the French party."

After this mishap, Kunz bethought him of another contrivance. He got a barber to teach him how to cut hair and shave; and as soon as he was master of the art, stole into Bruges and disclosed to the prior of the Franciscan convent, whom he knew to be well disposed to Maximilian, this new project for the release of the king. He requested the prior's permission to adopt the tonsure, and that he would bestow on him the dress of the order, and allow one of the brotherhood to accompany him, so that, being thus disguised, he might gain admittance to the king in the character of his confessor; then having shaved his head, and attired him in the guise of a Franciscan, the prisoner might return with the monk to the convent, and from thence escape to Middelburg in a small barge, which, with four men and three horses, was to be in readiness at the St. Catherine's gate. "But Kunz," inquired the prior, "what are you going to do when the king has escaped?" "Why," replied he, "I shall put

on the king's clothes, so that when the men of Bruges seek the king, they will find a fool in his place, with whom they may do whatsoever they list. I am content to die the death of a martyr, so that my lord and master escape, and these rebels be betrayed by a fool." The prior delighted at his fidelity, granted all his requests, and bade the monk who accompanied him, say that Kunz was the king's confessor.

When they came to the place where the king was confined, and those who had the custody of his person demanded what they wanted, Kunz threw back his hood, and displaying his tonsure, said he was the royal confessor, sent by the prior of the Franciscan convent to hear the king's confession, and give him spiritual consolation under his afflictions. The monk having confirmed this statement, Kunz was allowed to pass. No sooner had he got into the king's presence, than he began to lecture him pretty roundly: "See now, my noble king, I have found you here; God's martyrs shame you, why did you not follow the advice I gave you. But I have risked my life for you, and by God's help I will deliver you out of the hands of your enemies. This time, however, you must do as I bid you."

The king did not know what to make of him; he knew by his voice that it was his favourite Kunz, but wondered how, in spite of his disguise, he had contrived to pass the sentinels. When the jester saw the king thus troubled, he said to him, "Dear Max, be not surprised; do you not know your faithful fool Kunz? I have brought my barber's implements with me, so let me shave your head; for your sake I have learned how to do so. I will then change dresses with you, and remain here in your place; but as soon as you are shaved, you must pass the sentinels in my clothes. When you get out, you will see a Franciscan, who will conduct you to the convent. The prior, with whom I have arranged every thing, has got a barge and horses in readiness; and by this time to-morrow you will be with your friends at Middelburg. I have passed myself off for your confessor, but if we are not quick, my story will be doubted, and your deliverance will be prevented."—"But my dear Kunz," asked the king, "what is to become of you?" "Never mind that," said Kunz, "I will give you my cloak, and lie down in your straw, and behave just as if I were King Max himself. So when the men of Bruges seek you, and find me, they will find the fool, and the king will have vanished."

Maximilian, either because he was aware that help was at hand, or because he considered it beneath his dignity to escape from prison in such a fashion, answered, that he saw plainly Kunz was not aware how the case stood. "He could not, on account of the promise he had given, depart from Bruges without the knowledge and consent of the citizens. Moreover, he had been faithfully promised by them that his person should be respected." Kunz got very angry at this answer, and replied, "My dear Max, I find you are still as foolish as ever, and will not follow my advice, so that I have taken my perilous journey to no purpose. God help thee, thou foolish king; thou art too pious for these Flemings." He then bade the king farewell, and went weeping out of the apartment. As he passed the guard, the officer asked him how he found the king. "Piously disposed," replied Kunz. "What are his designs?" continued the officer. "God knows," said the jester; and so saying, he departed, and retreated to Middelburg instead of the king.

Although in the present instance, this feeling of gratitude and fidelity was carried to an extent unprecedented in the history of court jesters, the feeling itself appears frequently to have existed among the wearers of motley. Our own history furnishes us with a proof of this, in the preservation of the life of William the Conqueror, when he was only Duke of Nor-

mandy, by his fool Goles.* What might have been the consequence of Goles' not interfering in this instance, it were difficult to decide; but the fidelity and strong arm of a fool, as contributing, by saving the life of the Conqueror, to the subjugation of this country, and to the consequences of that event, must certainly be regarded as one of those trifling causes which so often lead in the end to mighty results.

Many similar proofs of attachment on the part of this strange race of beings, are no doubt to be found. We can add another which occupies a page in the history of Thuringia. After Albert the Boorish had had a family by his wife Margaret, the daughter of the Emperor Frederick II., he became enamoured of one of her ladies in waiting, Cunigunda of Eisenberg, and had a son by her. This Cunigunda sought the life of Margaret, and bribed the court fool, who used to come daily with two asses laden with wood and water, to the castle of Wartburg, to twist the neck of the Margravine in the night, so that people might suppose she had been strangled by the devil. The fool agreed to do so, and was accordingly concealed in the bed-room of his victim; to whom, however, he disclosed the whole plot, entreating her forgiveness. This was readily granted, and her chamberlain being consulted, advised her as the only means of safety, to leave the castle instantly, which she accordingly did, by letting herself down from the window of her apartment. Before her departure, she took leave of her children, kissed them, and in her anguish so bit her eldest son in the back, that he was ever afterwards called Frederick the Bitten. She then fled, accompanied by one female attendant, and the faithful jester, to Hirschfeld, and was conveyed from thence, by the contrivance of the abbot, to Frankfort on the Main, where she died broken hearted in 1270.

Such instances of attachment on the part of these retainers are far more valuable in our eyes, than all the jests and quips which history and tradition have recorded of them, and yet these are neither few nor insignificant.

We have already shown, that Kunz von der Rosen was neither knave nor fool. The faithful German was not however the only fool *en titre d'office*, who could say with the clown in Twelfth Night, "Cucullus non facit Monachum, that is to say, I wear not motley in my brain." The worthy who mingled with his motley, the livery of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, might well claim companionship with him. The duke was eternally talking of Hannibal. His fool, who no doubt had been thoroughly bored by this never ending theme, revenged himself, by calling out to the duke, as they fled from the victorious Swiss at Granson—"Monseigneur, nous voila bien Annibales." The name of this satirist of the bells and bauble was worth recording, although, like the celebrated Hamilton, he should have been of "single speech" notoriety. But many a good thing is afloat in the world, without a father to own it; while, on the other hand, the wit of the day, whosoever he be, is generally converted into a founding hospital for stray jokes, which are by common consent fathered upon his well-known reputation. It is not half a century since, that every new book of old jests was named after some celebrated wag, and all the jokes in it, though as gray-headed as my grand-dad, were ascribed to some well-known contemporary wit—Garrick's Jests, Quin's Jests, and Mrs. Pinkerton's Jests, we have ourselves seen.

But, to cease from this digression, Triboulet, the Jester of Francis I., is another instance of the happy combination of wag and wit, a reputation which his observation on the subject of the French monarch's expedi-

tion into Italy, is alone sufficient to justify. Triboulet was present at the preliminary council of war, at which the best means of invading Italy were discussed. When the council was about to break up, Triboulet exclaimed, "You all think, no doubt, that you have given his majesty a great deal of good advice, and yet you have forgotten the most important part of the business." "What is that?" was the general inquiry. "Why," said Triboulet, "you have never considered how we are to get back again. Do we mean to stop in Italy?" The fatal result of the campaign proved that the jester's counsel was well-timed. Nor is this the only instance with which history presents us, where the opinion of a fool has proved worthy of the attention of the learned members of a council, as the following anecdote will show:—

The Duke of Mantua was once called upon to decide a question of precedency, between the Doctors of Law and the Doctors of Medicine, at Pavia. He accordingly summoned a council learned in such matters, who, after deliberating for a considerable time, left the point still unsettled. At length the duke's jester, who was present, said that he could easily decide the case. "Let us hear your wise decision?" said the duke. "Why," said the fool, "you may decide by precedent. When a rogue is to be hanged, he always goes before the executioner."

From these anecdotes, and another which is preserved, of a fool being present at the controversy between Luther and Eccius, at the castle at Leipsic, the importance attached by royalty to this class of retainers, and the high degree of favour which they enjoyed is rendered apparent. Had all who donned the motley been alike witty, this fondness for their society, in times when the resources of literature were open to few, would not be matter of surprise; and we could readily imagine cities contending for the honour of supplying their monarchs with nimble-witted fools. But when we see the stuff of which the majority of these "perverters of words" were made, we think the privilege which was accorded to the good city of Troyes, of furnishing the French king with his fools, a compliment of a very doubtful nature. That such a strange privilege existed, is, however, a fact. In the archives of that city, there is still preserved a letter from Charles V. to the burgomaster and magistrates, announcing the death of his fool, and desiring that, according to old established custom, they should supply him with another. Nor is this the only public document in existence, connected with the curious subject of the present paper. In Rushworth's Historical Collections, the reader may treat himself to the perusal of the instrument, by which the king in council banished Archee from the court, and deprived him of his office of royal jester.

Archoe's successor, Muckle John, appears to have been the last individual who was duly invested with the dignity of court fool in this country. It is true that Killigrew has been recognised by many as filling that character at the court of Charles II.; but it is clear, that although he performed the duties of that situation, and plied his wits for the entertainment of the merry monarch, he did so merely, as George Selwyn, attended executions, "*en amateur*."

In fact, the monarch and his courtiers vied with each other in playing the fool; had they stopped there, and not combined knavery with their folly, it had been well for the country and for themselves. But let that pass; the new fashion of playing the fool, banished the old one of keeping a fool; and what the taste of the licentious court of Charles commenced, the march of intellect (pardon the novelty of the phrase) has since confirmed, and but for the labours of the antiquary, all memory of these privileged buffoons would have passed away.

* This fact is recorded by Wace, in his "Roman des Ducs de Normandie." MS. Reg. 4, cxi. Vide Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. ii.

MOSAIC RELICS.

In the very name of Italy there is a poetic attraction, to which, all acquainted with the history of its ancient glories, readily yield: but that of the disinterr'd city of Pompeii, is decidedly superior to any other which that land of beauty possesses. Seventeen centuries have passed since Vesuvius buried the city of Pompeii beneath its eruption; and covered it from human observation. About eighty years ago, some labourers, who were employed on a vineyard over it, accidentally discovered it, and by the active operations, which, from time to time, have since been applied, about one third of the city has been redeemed from its sepulchre. The acquaintance thus furnished with the habitations, architecture, private luxuries, and other data, from which we may judge of the manners and customs of the ancients, is highly interesting: and is more authentic than all the volumes which mere speculation may dictate. The growth of the architectural taste of Italy seems to have been rather slow until the latter period of the existence of the Republic, when the Grecian architecture came into fashion at Rome. Lucius Cassius is mentioned as the first who introduced columns built of foreign marble: he was soon rivalled by Scaurus, and, as to interior structure, by Mamurra, whose rooms were lined with marble: and it is recorded that, to so great an extent did this architectural luxury proceed, \$232,500 were offered, by Domitius Ahenobarbus, for the house of Crassus, and refused. This extravagance was so great, that the economical example set by Augustus, failed to produce the desired result; and while to this indulgence in luxury, Rome may ascribe her early "decline and fall," we are indebted to it for those specimens of art which have never been surpassed, and in all probability will still continue to astonish the civilized world. A variety of these have been discovered, but Pompeii has furnished the most beautiful yet brought to light. In April 1762, a mosaic picture was found in the house called the Villa of Cicero, which was considered by those who were able to appreciate its merits, as one of the most splendid specimens of mosaic execution ever yet beheld. Of this, an engraving accompanies this number of the *Lady's Book*, and represents four masked figures; each playing upon a separate instrument; and finished in the most masterly manner. The drapery, it will be perceived is a beautiful performance of art, and the whole derives additional interest from the name of the artist being worked in it at top, and described in the engraving just alluded to.

It is executed in black letters and reads ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΙΑΗΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ. Dioscorides of Samos worked this. The next engraving represents a female in the act of painting a representation of the bearded Bacchus. She appears dressed in a light tunic, in which the observer will see the same beautiful arrangement to which his attention was drawn in the folds of the other drapery. A small box stands beside her, such as Varro says was used by painters, and which was divided into compartments where the brush was dipped, and in her left hand she holds a palette upon which she mixes her colours. These relics are pronounced as the most beautiful and perfect which have yet been restored from the ruined city. Day after day exhibits some new testimonial of the magnificence of Pompeii, which after an interment nearly as long as the existence of Christianity, now rises as it were from the dead; a splendid but silent evidence of the imbecility of man's work, when stricken by the powerful and victorious hand of Nature.

These discoveries are evidences of the perfection which long-buried generations had attained in the fine arts; and, while they serve as models for the ambitious artist of our own day, are equally serviceable to the moralist, to whom they are voiceless but powerful admonitors.

THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccaccio, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world owes so much. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the *Decameron*, has given the following portrait.

"His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, without morals; but to make some amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country," he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the Labyrinth of Crete."

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccaccio and of Petrarch to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but, scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarch, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as that author expresses himself; in which he extolled Italy to the skies; and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatic, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. Whilst all on board were in motion to do what was necessary for the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast, which was struck by a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury.

The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless, and half-burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarch in relating this catastrophe to Boccaccio, says, among other things, "This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

Petrarch was gloomy and low-spirited, except while he was reading or writing. To avoid the loss of time during his travels, he constantly wrote at every Inn where he stopped for refreshment. One of his friends, the Bishop of Cavillon, being alarmed lest the intense application with which he read and wrote, when at Vaucluse, should entirely destroy his health, which was already greatly impaired, desired him one day to give him the key of his library. Petrarch gave it to him immediately, without suspecting the motive of his request; when the good Bishop instantly locking up his books and writing desk, said, "I interdict you from pen, ink, and paper, and books, for the space of ten days."

Petrarch felt the severity of the sentence, but suppressed his feelings, and obeyed. The first day of exile from his favourite pleasure was tedious: the second, accompanied with an incessant head-ache; and the third with a fever. The Bishop, affected by his condition, returned him the key, and restored him to health.

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.

ΝΙΟΣ ΚΟΥΡΙΑΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ



THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS.

NOTHING of the sublimity of horror is associated in the mind of an Englishman with the mention of "Jack Ketch;" we even denote him by a pleasant *soubriquet*: we feel no convulsive shudder when we hear of his whereabouts; we do not cross over the way when we meet him in Fleet street. We regard him, with the exception of the vice of drunkenness—some triling brutality of manner—a rather too prominent expression of contempt for the refinements of society, "taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses," as a mighty respectable professor—in his way. Perhaps the familiarity which our laws permit between him and the public, may have detracted from all that should have been imposing or impressive about him. But "*Exécuteur des hautes œuvres*" is regarded in France in a far different and more formidable light. Although a resident in the centre of the French capital, he is never seen but in the public performance of his dreadful duty:—a degree of cautious and not impolitic mystery is attached to him; and such are the feelings his very name excites, that the mere announcement of his presence, in the common walks of life, would render the very Boulevards sacred to himself alone; would disperse the myriads of barricaders in the noontide of their patriotic travail—would calm the tremendous clamours of the Chamber of Deputies, and prorogue or dissolve it without the solemnity of proclamation. Should he deign to usher in the Duc de Bourdeaux, he might clear a way for him to the Tuilleries and the throne, without dread of competition or resistance. The mandates of the *Procureur-generale* himself, which summon him to his duty, are deposited in a *bouche de fer*, inserted in the large and massive iron grating that guards the entrance to his dwelling; for perhaps not one could be found, daring and reckless enough of public opinion, to consign them in person to their terrible address.—He reads and obeys. In the darkness and depth of night, with his assistants, he arranges the materials of death: no word is spoken as he labours in his awful calling; the feeble light which enables him to prepare the machinery, glimmering on the scaffold, renders the guards that surround it barely discernible: while they, motionless and dumb, seem rather phantoms of the night than breathing men. If allowed to trace such an official to the solitude of his shunned domicile—to see him seated, Crusoe-like, beside his hearth, and to consider the economy of his unprofessional hours—something might be learned of good or ill which might point a moral, if it would not adorn a tale. To him it has been given to know the last words, looks, and actions of many, unobscured by affectation or deceit;—the secret affections of numbers, long concealed from the world's view, have been laid open, once and briefly, yet prominently, to his sight. He has witnessed the eloquence of remorse or of innocence, at the hour of death, when the retrospect of a lengthened life of sin or misfortune has been comprehended, perhaps, in one last sentence, one parting word or look, more emphatic than all that "saint or sophist ever writ."

Grave reflections these; but they were passing through my mind as I rung at the bell of a small neat house in the *Rue des Marais du Temple*; the door being opened, I was ushered into a low well-furnished room, wherein a man, of the age of sixty, was employed touching the keys of a piano with his right hand, while his left arm embraced a child about ten years old, of remarkable beauty, whose features strongly resembled those of him who held her. The old man was Henri Sanson, the public executioner of Paris! Having previously adapted my address to one whom I

had imaged in my mind as bearing in his traits the repulsive record of his trade, I had to re-order my ideas, and assume a different manner. For, as I contemplated his mild and open countenance, in which manly beauty was not wanting, I felt myself bound to acknowledge, by a corresponding courtesy of demeanour, the salutations of a man of the world, wholly free from embarrassment or affectation. The intention of composing a treatise on the various public punishments adopted at different epochs of French legislation, was offered by me as an apology for the unaccustomed intrusion to which he was subjected. He politely acceded to my request for information, and conducted me to a chamber containing a large and well-selected library. Here, all the awkwardness I had previously felt, as to discourse with the singular being who stood before me, was at once dismissed; and the titles of the various volumes which I examined soon led to free conversation, during which my host displayed great taste and judgment in his observations on the various works I brought under his notice: expressing himself as one would do, who had profited largely what he had read. It was clear that his books formed his chief society: abandoned by the world, he can here hold converse with the illustrious dead, and can render himself familiar with the sentiments of the good and great, of the present or a past age, without dread of the expression of that scorn, disgust, and horror that would attend any attempt at personal communication with his fellow men; Sanson loves to talk, and talks exceedingly well; but, in the whole course of a visit of two hours, which was prolonged by the interest excited in me by this extraordinary person, he forgot not for a moment the distance placed between him and society in general: he showed that he was fully aware of his situation, and does not affect to despise the feeling it is calculated to produce in others; but, having made up his mind to sustain it, calls up all his philosophy (for it may well be termed so) to support him in an existence without the pale of social intercourse. Among his books my eye fell on "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*."

Reverting, however, to the professed object of my visit, he unlocked the door of another chamber, in which the various instruments of extreme punishment formerly used, are yet preserved by him. It is, truly, a fearful museum: and the examination of its contents gave rise to many inquiries on my part, which led to many curious anecdotes which he recounted, particularly as to the last moments of the condemned. I could not but feel the contrast, of the office of the man with the sensibility he displayed in his narration, and the humanity which he evinced as he adverted to the dreadful circumstances in which he had borne so prominent a part. It is unnecessary to quote them; but all he related of the sufferers in the hour of death, had something singularly forced, unnatural, and painful. *Castaing* was believed generally to be innocent of the crime for which he was condemned, yet, as Sanson told me, he confessed his guilt upon the scaffold. He showed me the sabre with which the Marquis de Lally had been beheaded. It was prepared for the occasion, and three were cast before one could be found likely to answer the purpose. It was usual at that period for young men of fashion to assist* (as the term

* This extraordinary taste was much indulged in at the time. The celebrated George Selwyn travelled from London to Paris, day and night, to be present at the execution of Damiani. He was repulsed, at first, by the guards who surrounded the scaffold, until he

is) on the scaffold at the last hour of the condemned, as they did on the stage at theatrical performances. The crowd upon that occasion was great, and the space limited, the arm of the executioner was jostled at the moment the sabre was balanced above his head, the blow was diverted from the neck of the unhappy victim, and a common cutlass was resorted to, by one of the executioner's assistants, to end the agonies of the sufferer. A notch in the blade of the sabre is exactly of the size and in the form of a human tooth.

I have said that Sanson, during the conversation, gave proofs of no ordinary humanity. He summons up his resolution to the dreadful task he has to perform, and his firmness fails him not at the moment of duty. Yet, as soon as he receives the fatal order of the *Procureur-général*, he has always a visible and violent struggle with his feelings, ere he brings himself to obey. He at length proceeds to prepare, with apparent coolness, the machine of destruction, and all the apparatus of death, but as soon as his sad work is finished, his countenance becomes pale and death-like—he returns to his solitary home and shuts himself in

stated that he had come from London expressly to witness the ceremony. "Make room for the gentleman, he is an Englishman and an amateur," was the bitter observation of a *gen-d'arme* as he civilly made way for the stranger.

his chamber, where he long refuses nourishment or conversation, and tears start from his eyes when induced to advert to the circumstances of an execution.

The man had impressed me with feelings decidedly distinct from those which I anticipated as the result of my communication with him, and as I took leave of him (I know not whether from forgetfulness or otherwise) I held out my hand. His countenance suddenly changed as he drew back several steps from me; it expressed astonishment and confusion—all his ease of manner had fled at once, and I was again reminded of "*la Main Sanglante*."

To save the subject of this paper from a charge of vulgarity, by the world in general, let it be remembered that, during the Irish rebellion, a gentleman of name, family, and fortune, and the high sheriff of a county, had, if I recollect, the thanks of both houses of Parliament voted to him for acting as executioner, when no other could be found, to a formidable criminal; that, in the year 1790, on the proposition of Maton Delavarenne, seconded by Mirabeau himself, it was especially decreed by the French legislature, that the public executioner should be comprehended in the number of citizens, and that, formerly, in the state of Wurtemberg, after having exercised his profession a certain number of years, the headman was honoured, by having conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

JUST FIFTEEN.

BY O. W. W.

In the freshness of morning and spring-time of youth,
The heart is affection, the spirit all truth;
The calm open brow is unshaded by care,
And a light, like the soft light of pleasure, is there.
Each thought of her soul is in innocence dress'd,
Her smile turns the sweetest on those she loves best;
The dark hair lies parted, uncurl'd, on her brow,
And her cheek hath the freshness of health's sunny glow.

The tones of her voice are unguarded and sweet,
Her form the most graceful, her step the most fleet.
Like a bird she is singing some musical strain,
You hear a gay laugh by the flower-covered plain,
The roses are missed from your summer parterre,
And you know the light foot of the maid hath been there.

She wanders with Carlo, or sits in her bower,
Now viewing a landscape, now plucking a flower;
And when 'tis enwreath'd in a fanciful twine,
She bears it to brother, and whispers—'tis thine.
Her mind is just tinged with one shade of romance,
And though first in the circle and first in the dance,
She seeks the broad oak or the grove with delight,
To look on the stars as they flash through the night.
If she thinks of the future, how joyous it seems!
Lit up with the magic of youth's sunny dreams;
She fancies no cloud o'er its surface can lie,
No shadow may darken the blue of its sky—
That life is a garden, where the wanderer can meet,
When one flower hath perish'd, another more sweet.
Her heart is affection; a smile or a tear,
If you praise, or reprove her, will ever appear;
And so she but fancies you altered—her strain
Will cease, till she fancies you love her again.

I have said she admired o'er the green turf to stray,
To gather a wild flower, or dance with the gay—
But although like a bird, ever joyous and wild,
She feels that she cannot be always a child;
So turns to her music, her drawing and book:
She sits, you observe, in that still quiet nook—
I have run o'er my sketch as she studied alone,
And now—look how lightly the fair one hath flown.

NIGHT ON THE GANGES.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

How calm, how lovely is the soft repose
Of nature, sleeping in a summer night;
How sweet, how lulling the current flows
Beneath the stream of melted chrysolite,
Where the broad Ganges spreads, reflecting o'er
Its silvery surface, with those countless stars,
The ingot gems of heaven's cerulean floor,
Mosques, groves, and cliffs, and pinnacled minars.

The air is fresh, and yet the evening breeze
Has died away—so hush'd, 'tis scarcely heard
To breathe amid the clustering lemon trees,
Whose snowy blossoms, by its faint sighs stirr'd,
Give out their perfume—and the bulbul's notes
Awake the echoes of the balmy clime,
While from yon marble-dome pagoda floats
The music of its bells' soft silvery chime.

Mildly, yet with resplendent beauty, shines
The scene around; although the stars alone
From the bright treasures of their gleaming mines,
A tender radiance o'er the earth have thrown.
Oh! far more lovely are those gentle rays,
With their calm lustre, than the fiery beam
The sun pours down in his meridian blaze,
Lighting with diamond pomp the dashing stream.

No tint is lost amid those mantling leaves:
There, smiles the glossy peep—the bamboo
Its bright and vivid colouring receives,
And the broad plantain keeps its tender hue.
Beneath the towering mosque and graceful *mahut*,
The humble dwelling of the forest glade,
Peeps forth the lowly native's straw-thatched hut,
Reveal'd beside the green hill's deepest shade.

With snowy vases crown'd, the lily springs
In queen-like beauty by the river's brink;
And o'er the wave the bright-leaved lotus flings
Its roseate flowers in many a knotted link.
Oh! when the sultry sun has sunk to rest,
When evening's soft and tender shadows rise,
How sweet the scene upon the river's breast,
Lit by the star-lights of these tropic skies.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL;

THE WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR—COMPOSED BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

ESPRESSIVO—ANDANTINO.



Legati. Farewell, mother!



tears are streaming, Down thy pale and tender cheek,



I in gems and roses gleaming, Scarce this



sad fare-well may speak! Fare-well, mo-ther!



now I leave thee, (Hopes and fears my bo-som

swell,) One to trust who may de - ceive me;

Fare - well, mo - ther! fare thee well.

II.

**Farewell, father! thou art smiling—
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness, to which I go.
 Farewell, father! thou didst bless me,
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;
 He may wound, who can caress me;
 Father! guardian! fare thee well!**

III.

**Farewell, sister! thou art twining
 Round me with affection deep,
 Wishing joy, but ne'er divining
 Why "a blessed bride" should weep.
 Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
 Thou'rt more dear than words can tell:
 Father! mother! sister! brother!
 All belov'd ones, fare ye well!**

Original.

TO MARY.

FAREWELL! since thou wilt roam
 From thine own land, and from thy childhood's bowers,
 To seek a clime of sunshine and of flowers,
 Far o'er the wild waves foam—
 But wheresoe'er thy wandering footsteps be,
 May life be bright for thee!

Yet, though the glowing skies
 Of that fair isle unfold its fruits and flowers
 In gorgeous beauty all unknown to ours,
There, none but strangers' eyes
 Will meet thine own, and pensive thou wilt hear
 Their foreign accents falling on thine ear.

Though soft those sounds may be,
 Sung in the light of the pale evening star,
 Or to the breathings of the gay guitar,
 Beneath the citron tree—
 Yet not to thee so sweetly will they come,
 As if they spoke of home.

Then, why wilt thou depart
 From those whose hearts have clung to thine through
 years
 Of gloom and brightness? Mary! will not tears
 Even to those glad eyes start,
 When in a stranger land thy thoughts shall dwell
 On friends, that love thee well?

I would not have thee grieve,
 But yet remember those whose prayers shall be,
 Still for thy safe return breathed fervently,
 In the lone silent eve—
 Firm be the links that bind affection's spell,
 'Till we shall meet again, farewell! farewell!

THEY TELL ME LIFE, &c.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

THEY tell me life is like a dream, a bright, brief dream
 and o'er;
 They tell me life is like a stream, that seeks the ocean
 shore;
 They tell me life is like a flower, that blooms but to
 decay;
 If so, then life is only death, in holiday array!

But ah! I cannot think thy brow, my beautiful and
 bright,
 Is but the seat where death enthroned, feeds on thine
 eye of light;
 Nor can I think that thy dear cheek, so redolent of
 bloom,
 Is damasked only to attract the despot of the tomb.

For have not on thy brow, my love, my fond lips oft
 been prest?
 And have I not in rapture oft, reclined upon thy
 breast?
 And ah! how often have thy lips to thy betrothed's
 flown!
 They tasted not of death, my love, I felt them but
 mine own!

Out on the withering thought that dooms such lustre
 to the grave!
 I say 'tis false, for unto me, Heaven all thy beauty
 gave;
 Away! away! I give to Death, to despot Death the
 lie,
 For God himself in love has said, "the virtuous never
 die!"

CORNET WELLWOOD.

My grandfather, who died many years ago, commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands, received his first commission in the —th heavy dragoons, somewhere about the year seventeen hundred and sixty. He was then quite a gay young fellow, and as romantic and ignorant of the world as youths of eighteen always are—ought to be. This same ignorance of the world is a most ridiculous phrase, for as it means only an ignorance of the faults and wickedness which one meets with in life, it gives us to understand that there is no other kind of people in the world but thieves and liars. The old worn-out cynic, who boasts of his experience, and acts as if all men were dishonest and unworthy of one's confidence and esteem, is in reality more ignorant of the world than the young enthusiast who expects every man to be as generous and as unselfish as himself. But this is a digression. My grandfather was perhaps if any thing too enthusiastic; but, luckily, in the very outset of his career he became acquainted with a person, whose name is still greatly celebrated, from whom he derived considerable benefit and instruction. I need not allude to this kind preceptor more particularly at present; his usefulness will appear in the course of my story. The young soldier started from home with his pockets well filled by the liberality of his father—a good horse below him, which was intended for one of his chargers—pistols primed and loaded at his saddlebow, and thinking himself a new Alexander going forth to conquer the world. His servant and heavy luggage had been sent off two or three days before, and the young man anticipated great pleasure in his journey from the rich vale of Gloucester to Chatham, where his regiment was stationed. The first day conducted him, without any adventure, to the Black Horse at Burford—a hostel which no Oxonian of the present day will forget, if he has tasted a frothing tankard of Jemmy Stevenson's beer. While he was seeing his horse properly attended to in the stable, he was struck with the remarkable appearance of a person who kept pacing to and fro in the stable-yard. He wore a long loose horseman's cloak, which completely concealed his figure; but the large silver buckles in his shoes, and a full-bottomed wig, curling a good way over his shoulders, surmounted by a little old-fashioned three-cornered hat, gave him altogether the look of some venerable relic of the days of Queen Anne. He stooped greatly as he walked, and every now and then making a dead stop, and gazing earnestly up into the sky, he muttered some strange sounds, which the young soldier could not by any means understand, and accordingly imagined to be Greek. The hostler could afford him no satisfactory information as to who the object of his curiosity was. He had only arrived an hour or two before him, and the little shaggy pony he rode was in the next stall to the magnificent charger of the youthful traveller. As he passed the stranger, in going into the house, he addressed him, in hopes of finding out something more about him. "Good-night, father," said the young man, "here is a most beautiful moon."

"Poh! don't talk about any thing beautiful standing in a stable-yard; if you were on the deck of a brave frigate on the still bosom of the Atlantic—if you were on the summit of some ruined tower, seeing its light reflected in broken patches on the lake—or glimmering on the top of breathless woods—you might talk of its being beautiful; but here, within two yards of a dunghill—*laugh!*—call it a full moon, or a bright moon, or a useful moon, but never mention the word beautiful."

"But, my dear sir," replied the other, "it is you and

I who are in the stable-yard, and in such unromantic proximity to a dunghill, and not the moon. What you say, might do very well if any person in the moon had applied the epithet to us; but I maintain, in spite of all you can advance, that the moon is a beautiful moon."

"Have it your own way, young man, and beautiful let it be. I am not so romantic now as I have been. Is there nothing else in the sky that you consider beautiful?"

"Every thing—star, cloud, and vapour."

"But is there no star in particular? not that bright little light at the corner of that fleecy cloud—you see it?"

"Yea."

"That is the only star in heaven that you ought to care a rush for. 'Tis yours."

"Mine! oh! you are an astrologer, old gentleman. I should be obliged to you for a cast of your art."

"I'll give it you to-morrow. To-night I must leave the stary host to take care of themselves, while I follow their example in the supper-room of the Black Horse."

"We'll sup together, if you have no objection," said my grandfather, delighted to have made acquaintance with so out-of-the-way a character; and they proceeded very amicably into the house, to see what provision the larder could supply.

The stranger still retained his horseman's cloak, and, under the plea of dim sight and old age, he ornamented his nose with a pair of large horn spectacles. His conversation was quite as curious as his appearance.

"And so you have left your home to join the army? I thought there was something military in your air the first moment I saw you. On what day do you reach your destination?"

"This is only Monday," replied the young man, "and Chatham is not above two quiet days' journey from this place."

"Your horse is a good one?"

"The best in the county of Gloucester. I would not part with brown Hamlet for fifty golden Georges."

"But you have made other provision for the war besides a charger? Ill fares it with the soldier at quarters who has not a purse as well as a sabre."

"Tut, man, I have both; but my journey has made me thirsty as well as hungry. What shall we drink?"

"'Tis all the same to me," said the old man. "I have been in all lands, and drank their wines at the fountainhead; but my favourite was a wine we drank deeply of when we were at Breda. 'Twas Palatinate; and Charles used to say to us, his father had paid right dearly for it with a Spanish war, so it mattered little whether his son ever paid for it to the tapster."

"And who was your friend Charles," said my grandfather; "he seems to have been a jolly sort of fellow."

"Why, tawny Charles Stewart, the king, to be sure—a much pleasanter companion, I can tell you, than sly Noll the Protector."

My grandfather nearly dropt the bottle of good Hock from his hand, when he heard he was sitting with a boon companion of the merry monarch.

"You look astonished," continued the other, "but I could tell you more wonderful things than that. Few people give me credit for so much experience as I have, but I was quite a young fellow then, not much above three-score."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed my grandfather, "that you were sixty years of age in the time of Charles the Second?"

The old man nodded.

"Then, in the name of Heaven, how old are you now?"

"Pretty nearly your own age, Master Wellwood— younger, perhaps, if we consider our lifetime from the space between us and the grave, and not between us and the cradle."

"You mean that you have a chance of living longer than I have?"

"A chance? A certainty. I have but entered on my first youth yet; and you too, I am informed, will be blest with length of days."

"Your informant was particularly obliging. His means of knowing how long I am to live were of course undeniable."

"Of course. It is impossible for me to be deceived. The stars themselves have told me."

My grandfather entered with all the eagerness of his age into the rhapsodies of the enthusiast. He half believed in the agency of stars and conjunctions of planets, and was quite bewildered by the strange assertions of his new acquaintance. However, he did not trouble his head much about whether his statements of his extreme longevity were true or not. He found him, at all events, an exceedingly agreeable companion. Age, whatever it might have done for his eyesight, had only sharpened his appetite, and strengthened his head. The palatinate had evidently no more effect than water upon a brain accustomed to it in the banished Court at Breda, and even stout punch was entirely thrown away upon so seasoned a vessel. My grandfather, in the meantime, possessing no such preservative against the effects of his libations, after speechifying incessantly for a full hour, revealing every item of his birth, parentage, and education, was at length conveyed to his couch in a state of the most profound oblivion of nearly every thing that had passed.

Next morning he was greatly disappointed, on finding that his companion of the night before, had set off on his journey long before he was up. He breakfasted in sober sadness, paid his reckoning, and, mounting brown Hamlet, pursued his way to Oxford. After resting a short time in that "famous University," he proceeded at a slow pace towards Henley, with the intention of resting there for the night. When he had left Oxford four or five miles behind him, he thought he perceived the old astrologer a short way in advance, urging his shambling gray pony into a trot, an exercise to which the wearied animal seemed to have a very decided objection. A few minutes served to overtake him, and my grandfather was rejoiced to discover he had not been mistaken.

"I am glad, Master Wellwood, you have overtaken me, for this poor little pony will go all the better for your company."

"And yourself none the worse, Master Hasdrubal—for I think that was the name you told me—though, by Jupiter, my memory is not so clear this morning as it ought to be."

"My name is indeed Paulo Hasdrubal, as you so correctly remember; and I shall be delighted not only with your company, but in this disturbed road, with your protection also."

"Fear nothing, old Hasdrubal; I have two friends in my holster shall give good account of any one who molests us. Your pony does not seem to carry his years so well as you do yours. He won't go much farther to-night."

"I hope to get him on at any rate to Henley," replied the old man, "where, indeed, I have a little business; but if you are not in a hurry, Master Wellwood, and will give him a little breathing time, there is a pretty little copse about half a mile on, where we can retire, and pass half an hour over the contents of my little basket."

"Agreed with all my heart," said the other; "and

you shall amuse the time with an account of some others of your strange adventures."

"Come on, then," said the astrologer; and by dint of extra flogging, and the example of brown Hamlet, the pony quickened its pace, and in a few minutes they diverged from the high-road, and found themselves in a thickly-leaved coppice, about three hundred yards to the right. The old man took off his saddle, unbridled the worn-out pony, and let him pick up the grass at his ease. My grandfather merely fastened his horse to a tree, and, sitting down beside the old man, did ample justice to the luncheon contained in his basket.

"Well, father," he said, "your teeth seem pretty good, considering what capital use you have made of them for an age or two?"

"Yes, thanks to the planet Saturn under which I was born, who ate lumps of stone when he was much older than I am, and swallowed them as if they had been slices of butter. My nerves are as good as ever, my aim as sure, my hand as steady, and in the daytime, even my eyes as good. See."

As he said this, he took a pistol from the holster of his saddle, lying beside him, and, tossing an empty bottle into the air, shattered it into a thousand pieces with the ball.

"Well done," exclaimed my grandfather; "you are a first-rate marksman, Master Hasdrubal. Let me try."

"Willingly, my son; but empty the bottle before you throw it away. There is still a mouthful in it. Here is my other pistol."

The bottle was thrown up, fired at, and missed.

"Confound the bottle," said the young man. "Let me have just another trial. I'll go for one of my own pistols."

"No," replied the other, "we may perhaps alarm some traveller on the road: let us rather pass the time as they do in Algiers."

"How is that?"

"In telling tales. When I was there, as a galley-slave, I became a great favourite with my master by my talent in setting him to sleep with my long-winded stories."

"Were you long there?"

"Longer than I wished—but you shall hear. It was in the first James's time, towards the end of his reign"—here my grandfather started, but made no observation, setting the narrator down in his own mind either as the devil, or as some old dotting enthusiast—"Yes, it was somewhere about a hundred and thirty years ago," continued the old man, as if in answer to my grandfather's start of surprise, "that I found myself one morning without any money in my pocket, and not any settled plan in my head, walking on the landing-place on the shore of Boulogne. A little vessel attracted my attention, bearing right in for the harbour; and with the undefined curiosity of men who have nothing else to think of, I waited its arrival, to see the passengers it contained. When it lay to, a small boat put off, and in it I perceived five men, besides the sailors, who rowed to land. The first who stepped on shore was a tall, handsome man, though rather meanly dressed; but there was a courtliness in the air with which he tendered his assistance to a thin young man, who next leapt upon the sand, which riveted my observation. The two who had disembarked walked hastily towards the town, while the three other individuals remained for the purpose apparently of making arrangements with the boatman. The strangers directed their steps to the place where I was standing; and as they passed, I could not avoid—in spite of the vulgarity of their clothing, and their evident desire to avoid observation—lifting my hat from my head, and paying them the lowliest obeisance. The taller of the strangers stooped as soon as he saw me, and said to his companion—'I say, Jack Smith, this won't do. Here

we are discovered the moment we put foot on foreign ground. What fools to part with our long beards at Dover?"

"Bribe him, Steenie, or hire him to accompany us," said the other stranger, with a stutter which did not altogether conceal the dignity of his manner while he spoke.

"My Lord of Buckingham," I said, "and you, whom seeing in such unusual guise I dare hardly name, I shall neither be bribed nor hired. If my services can be of use, command them—if not, pass on; there is a seal upon my lips which shall never be broken."

"A right good fellow, and one to be trusted, I warrant," replied the Duke. "Follow us, good fellow—but keep your bonnet on your head. Jerkins like ours deserve no such observances."

"I followed the gentlemen, and in an hour found myself the trusted companion of Prince Charles and Buckingham, who had left England the day before to prosecute their journey to the Court of Spain. Dick Graham, my fellow-servant on the expedition, was of incalculable use. I used to think myself a person of a very decent degree of impudence before; but I found myself the most modest of mankind compared to Dicky Graham. In several places our masters were recognized—their faces and stations were too eminent to remain long unknown. Dick Graham exhausted all the Biblical knowledge he had acquired in three years' study at the university, in calling down curses on himself and others, if the gentlemen he followed, were not Master John and Master Thomas Smith, two worthy young squires from the county of Suffolk. If any one appeared a little tardy of belief, Dick only pointed to his sword, and as his reputation as a master of the rapier was pretty well established, his statement derived considerable authenticity from the vigour with which he seemed determined to enforce it. I will not tire you with all the adventures of our journey, which doubtless, as you are a well-read young gentleman, you are well acquainted with already; but you are to imagine us safely arrived at Madrid—cannons firing, drums beating, bells ringing, and the haughty King of Spain sitting humbly, in all our processions, at the left hand of the Prince of Wales. After a while the negotiations seemed not to get on quite so favourably as at first. Buckingham and Olivarez hated each other with a fervour of detestation, which only rival courtiers can entertain. But my situation about the Prince's person became no sinecure, in consequence of these bickerings of the favourites. Buckingham had occasion for a trusty messenger to convey some useful information to the Duke de Medina Sidonia, and did me the honour to make me the bearer of it to that nobleman at his summer palace, on the banks of the Guad-Alquivir. Such a palace was not to be found in all Spain; for my own part I preferred it to the newly built Escorial. After having delivered my despatches, I went forth to make a survey of the surrounding country. And here, for the first time, and the last, I knew what it was to be in love. All this passed so many years ago, Master Wellwood, that you would perhaps have little interest in my description of bright eyes, red lips, and glossy hair, which have now for the better part of a century been defiled in the dust of death—better, far better than to be hidden and dimmed and buried in the living sepulchre of a joyless old age. We met often—we loved; and even now I recollect the agony of our hearts when the period of my return approached. One more meeting, unobstructed by the inquisitive eyes of the Palace, we resolved to have. A bower well known to both of us was the place fixed on—half way between the magnificent river and the village of Saint Lucar de Barrameda. We met just at the Spaniards' witching hour of night, when the planet consecrated to love rose clearly over the grove of olive-trees in which our bower was placed; but not long

had we been engaged in mutual professions of attachment, when a band of armed men rushed into the place, and holding glittering scimitars to our hearts, ordered us to follow them in silence.

"Lost! lost!" exclaimed the lady. "My brother has discovered us, and there is no prospect of any thing but death."

"Your Highness," I whispered in reply, "give way too readily to despair."

"Hush, hush, my friend—I am no princess now, for I fear we are fallen into far more evil hands than even those of an enraged brother."

"How? what fear you?"

"The pirates. See, we are going toward the bay; and yonder, a little way from the point, rides a felucca, which no doubt will carry us to Algiers. Give them no clue to who or what I am; call me naught but Mariana—your sister—wife—any thing to conceal from them who I really am!"

"I must hurry over the remaining scenes, Master Wellwood, as it now draws near our time to jog on towards Henley. We were indeed conducted to Algiers—separated—though with a promise, if ransom came proportioned to our apparent consequence, we should be restored to each other in all safety and honour. But where was I to apply for a ransom? Buckingham and the Prince I knew too well to trouble on the subject, as their rage at being disappointed in the object of my mission would blot out all the tenderness they had ever entertained for me, and all regret at my loss. My companion had no friend from whom she could hope any thing. Were she even to be restored to her family, she well knew that her state would be one of greater slavery than even among the barbarians. Months passed away, and as there was no appearance of a ransom, our condition, or at least mine, for of Mariana's I was ignorant, became good deal more rigorous and unpleasant. At last it degenerated into actual slavery, but from this I was saved by the kind offices of an old man, one Malek, a prophet and astronomer, to whom I had been useful on my first arrival in the city. He took me into his service; he taught me the secrets of his stupendous and profound philosophy, which only fools and idiots pretend to despise. He opened to me the book of fate, and the future is at this moment clearer to me than the past. At last he said, 'My friend, I know you long to be re-united to your lady, and it is in my power to aid you. On the next great festival, the Dey has a public display of skill in all the military exercises. You, I know, are a very good horseman, and I will furnish you with bullets for your pistols, with which it is impossible to miss. A horse also shall meet you on that day. Ask no questions, but when you see the animal, whisper in its ear, 'Malek mi grande jehuri'—spring into the saddle, and you shall have nothing left to wish for. The appointed day came, and, old as I am, Master Wellwood, if you will allow me, I will show you the manner in which I became possessed of the noblest Arabian that ever dashed up the dust of the desert in its speed.'

The old man rose as he spoke—walked quietly up to my grandfather's horse Brown Hamlet—untied his bridle from the tree, and, whispering something in his ear, sprang lightly as a youth of twenty into the saddle. "Now, Master Wellwood," he said, "I see you are interested in the continuation of my story; but I have no time to tell you it just now—my pistols you will find both unloaded—my pony is very slow, to be sure, but very useful: and as to my face and figure, they are pretty good, I think, for an old man, that recollects all about James the First and Charles the Second, and only rewards himself for his anecdote with the charger of a Gloucestershire bumpkin." In a moment, the shrivelled skin was pulled from his face, the flaxen wig thrown off, and the horseman's cloak cast aside, displaying a very handsome young man about five-and-

twenty years of age, dressed in the extremest style of the fashion of that day.

"Fool, idiot, ass, to have listened so long and earnestly to a confounded swindler in the disguise of a philosopher!" exclaimed my grandfather, grasping in vain one of the pistols which he himself had discharged at the empty bottle.

"Your horse, Master Wellwood," continued the other, keeping adroitly out of reach, "is fairly mine; I have whispered 'Malek mi granda jehuri' in his ear; and so farewell, and a pleasant journey to you to Chatham."

Saying this, he galloped off with a loud laugh, leaving the young soldier in no very enviable situation. However, resolved to make the best of his bargain, he saddled the old pony, and followed as quickly as he could. Brown Hamlet was out of sight, and it was absurd to think of trying to overtake him. He contented, himself, therefore, with trotting on quietly towards Henley, resolving to raise the hue and cry the moment he reached the town. In passing through a little village, he asked if a person had been seen answering the description of his recent acquaintance, but the man he addressed, instead of replying to his question, laid his hand on his bridle, and said, "Where the devil, young man, didst thee get this here pony?"

"I found it," replied the rider.

"Thee found it! I know thee did, and it was just on the same day that old farmer Hutchins found a broken head—you robbed the old man, and stole his property."

"Leave go the bridle, you scoundrel, or I'll blow your brains out," said my grandfather, losing patience, and seizing one of his pistols. The man, in great alarm, gave the pony its head, and the pistol kept the crowd, which had quickly gathered round him, at a respectful distance. My grandfather pursued his way for about three quarters of a mile, closely followed by the most active of the villagers, who in truth found no great difficulty in keeping up with the most rapid speed of the miserable steed. At last, at a narrow lane which led up to a cottage, a few yards from the road, the pony first of all made a dead stop, and then in dogged defiance of whip, spur, and bridle, stumbled up the narrow path at a shambling sort of trot, and stood patiently at the first door he came to. The pursuers in the mean time blockaded the lane, and an old man issuing from the cottage recognised the pony in a moment. "Ah! Bessy," he cried, "I are so glad to see thee—and thee, thou be'at the murderin' villain as sprang on me from the hedge and stole poor owld Bessy away from me. I'll pay thee now, I warrant, for the patch I wore on my head a full month after I met thee. Off with thee—off and be hanged!" My grandfather endeavoured to make the pony move, but all in vain. It stood stock-still at its ancient home, and in a few minutes the young man was dismounted, and secured by the united efforts of a score of men

and women; the latter of whom began to pity his unhappy situation very much, when they saw how young and unlike a murderer he was. Well, of course there was no great difficulty in establishing his innocence, but still even to do this, occupied more than a week, and he found he was ten days behind his appointed time when he presented himself to his commanding officer at Chatham. That gentleman was busily poring over some important despatches when he sent in his name.

"Well, Cornet Wellwood," he said, without lifting his eyes from the paper, "have you had a pleasant ride?"

"Not very much so, Colonel."

"No? what was the cause? didn't you find the ladies agreeable? Now, I think Miss Cecilia seemed very much disposed to make the excursion as delightful to you as she could. In fact, Wellwood, you are the luckiest fellow in life. You have not joined us more than a week. You are already the favourite of the regiment: the ladies are all in raptures with you, and, in short—but who the devil are you?"

"I? I am Cornet Wellwood. I am extremely sorry I have been prevented by the most untoward circumstances from joining the regiment till to-day."

"You? you Cornet Wellwood—and who the deuce is the jolly fellow we have had here delighting us all the last ten days? I myself have lent him a hundred guineas till his remittances come up from Gloucester;—before he arrived, he wrote to his servant, who had come up here with his luggage, to leave it, and go on particular business into Yorkshire immediately. He has just accompanied Sir Charles—and his daughters, on a horse of Major Mowbray's—but he will be back in half-an-hour, and then the mystery will be cleared up." The mystery was very soon cleared up, but not much to my grandfather's satisfaction—his representative in the regiment never made his appearance, nor did Major Mowbray's horse, or the Colonel's hundred guineas, ever find their way again to the proper owners. A letter was left for my grandfather in his room, informing him, that, by sending fifty guineas to a certain inn in London, and asking no questions, Brown Hamlet would be restored. "And now, young gentleman," it proceeded, "never believe in any stranger's honesty who begins telling you long rigmarole stories about himself. Never lay yourself open by too much communicativeness till you know your man. Accept this advice as a slight return for the pleasure I have experienced while honoured by your name, and do not think too harshly of The Highwayman, Duval."

My grandfather took Duval's advice, and bore him no ill-will for the tricks he had played him. I have heard him say that he had made so favourable an impression on the officers during his short residence with them, that even the Colonel was very sorry for his fate, when he heard a few years after, that he was hanged.

MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate I do not know
The reason why I love you so
Devotedly; but when a day
Without thy presence drags away,
I feel as though a year had flown,
And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,
It scarcely seems an hour to me;
Yet tho' no suicide am I,
Nor very anxious am to die;
My soul unmoved the hope surveys,
That Kate may shorten all my days.

FAIRIES.

RACK of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye,
Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
Who rode upon the breathing of a rose;
Drank from the harebell; made the moon queen
Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
The pink-veined honey suckle; and who rode
Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves—
Where are ye now!—And ye of eastern tale,
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls;
Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,
Where are ye now!

PERSEPOLIS.

A FRAGMENT.

ME THOUGHT that I was wandering amid the stupendous ruins of Persepolis. I stood surrounded with what seemed the remains of another world, and the spirit of former ages came over me.

Enormous masses of fallen stone lay around, and innumerable columns in every stage of decay; some prostrated on the marble pavement, others still rearing their majestic heads, comparatively unscathed by time or tempest, but all were clad in the mantle of moss and ivy, which told of desolation and the lapse of centuries.

And silence was here, deep and unbroken,—yet it was that unearthly silence which appeared to speak with the whisper of unseen beings. The moon slept on altar, and temple, and frieze; her clear light making all distinctly visible, even the long colonnades which swept away in endless succession to the very verge of the horizon,—but the extreme brightness of her beams brought out the shadows in that depth and darkness which invests them as it were with reality and mystery.

Something like fear came over me—what could produce it? I well knew no human being was within many miles of me, and supernatural dread I never had. But I felt not alone; it seemed as if I was surrounded with beings which gazed on me with a solemn yet unceasing look. It had been perfectly calm, but as I looked up at the wan and unclouded moon, I saw a lonely plant in the clear relief of her beams waving slowly in the rising breeze. Ah, thought I, is thy slender stalk and heedless flower the only banner which waves o'er the place of the mighty! I wished to call up visions of the beings who once peopled this now deserted plain, but, though my memory ranged through the stores of history and tradition, yet I could not conjure up a single image in the mind's eye.

I was sitting on the broken step of what had been the grand entrance to a temple; by the hieroglyphics engraved on the still remaining columns, probably that dedicated to the sun. I contemplated with awe the vast expanse of pavement, which, though now chiefly covered with fallen stones and long grass, still indicated the extent of the interior area of the temple. At the eastern extremity were a few steps ascending to an elevated stone platform. It was the spot where the altar had stood—the moonbeams straggling between the opposite columns, showed the broad and low step on which the worshippers had knelt while offering their sacrifice. I sighed as I gazed, and a distant murmuring seemed to echo to my thoughts. It was but the wind rushing past, its melancholy sound harmonizing fitly with the scene around.

There was a time, thought I, when this "City of the Dead" stood in all the freshness of a new creation, and in the magnificence of prosperity, when her marble palaces and mighty temples were thronged with the multitude of her dwellers, and when the barren desert around was covered with vegetation and greenness. Where are now her princes and warriors, her priests, the sages, and lawgivers of the East; and where the crowds of artisans and peasants,—if such indeed there were in this place of palaces? Alas! my musings all resolved themselves into the conviction of the mutability and nothingness of all things human. Whilst thus wrapt in meditation, methought the scene became gradually changed. The walls of the temple, scarce perceptible before, now rose up in pure and dazzling whiteness, the low mouldering pillars reared their encrusted capitals as high as those which were still erect, and the entablatures appeared, surmounted with the lofty pediment, and adorned with rich and grotesque friezes.

I looked towards the altar, and it appeared high,

large, and square; galleries, arches, colonnades, and roof rose up rapidly and magnificently. All appeared distinct as in the blaze of noonday. Hundreds of statues stood in niches, or lined the sides of the walls, and every part seemed finished with the utmost perfection of design and execution. Small time now had I for wonderment. The sighing of the wind was changed to the sound of distant music, which, as it neared, was deadened by the trampling of multitudes. My heart beat—the footsteps approached nearer and nearer, they were on the steps. I gazed ardently towards the entrance, fear was swallowed up in expectation,—another moment, and my eyes would open on beings who breathed thousands of years gone by. The tread passed over the threshold, and onwards to the altar. I could see *nothing*;—but the swell of the harp came deep and near—I could hear rustling, as of banners and the sweep of long garments over the marble pavement. The steps were stayed before the altar, and I looked earnestly on the shrine; a small light smoke shot up, wreathing its top in eddying curls to the roof; and when the first clouds were dispersed throughout the expanse, a clear, bright, though slender flame appeared in its place. In a moment, the temple resounded with the warlike music of innumerable trumpets. It swelled louder and louder, till at length it ceased suddenly, as though under the influence of a single performer; but it was some time ere the wave of harmony subsided among the extensive and lofty colonnades. No sooner had the last swell died away in the distance, than again music was heard, but it was soft, plaintive, and melancholy. At first it appeared to descend from the heavens, but as it gradually increased to its full cadence, I found it was a choir of female voices proceeding from one of the many galleries which were hung, as it were, midway between the roof and the floor of the temple. It breathed peace, but it produced solemn and mournful sensations. I could distinguish articulations, but the language was unknown—it seemed, however, soft and melodious, and from the alternate piano of a single voice, followed by the deep melody of the chorus, it was evidently a hymn. I became as it were entranced—the statues, the pillars, the altar, and even the temple itself faded from my sight, and I felt as though lifted from earth towards the skies. Again was I brought back to a knowledge of this wondrous scene by the voice of multitudes, which now joined in the chaunt of the chorus.—It rose like the roar of a torrent, and the lofty area of the temple seemed too small to contain the harmony.

There was something inexpressibly beautiful in this music. I could distinguish the full manly voice of the warrior, the low deep chaunt of the priest, the shrill voice of youth, and the silver tone of woman. Their hallelujahs grew louder and louder, they became the voices of giants, the firm pavement trembled under the influence of the sound, and I could observe the tapered shafts of the pillars acquire a tremulous motion. Still it swelled, the roar of a deity descended from the sky to join them, my ears could no longer drink in the stupendous sounds.—It became one mighty peal of harmonious thunder—and, in vain struggling under a combination of hurried and excited sensations, I sunk overpowered on the pavement.

All was silent, I looked up, the moon again gazed sadly down, I looked around—the huge capital lay by the side of its apparent pillar, the altar had dwindled to its original slight elevation, the long grass, gently agitated by the fitful breeze, threw its dancing shadow on the ground, and the wind itself murmured softly and sadly among the distant ruins.

SONG OF THE GASCON PEASANT.

BY VISCOUNT NEWARK.

[The Garonne rises in Spain, among the highest peaks of the Pyrenees, in the wild Vallee d'Arron, but immediately enters France, and, while yet a rivulet, divides Gascoigne and Languedoc—flowing down by Valentine to Toulouse—then away through Guyenne, to Bourdeaux and the sea.]

I.

Come, laughing maid of Languedoc, thy sunny tresses
twine

With tendrils of the plant we love—the fondly cling-
ing vine!

Beneath the vine that fondly clings, ye maids of gay
Gascoigne,

Let us keep his flowery holiday, our happy blue Gar-
onne!

II.

Oh let him boast, the Spanish churl, in Arron's sunless
vale,

The sources of the stream we love, and bid its foun-
tains hail!

The babe hath fled its rugged nurse—the child is all
our own—

And we drink a merry course to thee, our happy blue
Garonne!

III.

Then hie thee down to Valentine, and towers of old
Toulouse—

She, too, to kiss thy sparkling wave, Guyenne's proud
maiden sues—

But, on the plains of fair Guyenne, the seed it is but
sown,

When the Gascon reaps his harvest, by the banks of
young Garonne!

A SONG.

On Lilla is a lovely lass
As ever man did woo
Her eyes all eyes on earth surpass,
They kill and cure you too!
Her winsome waist, however laced,
A hand might span it all:—
Her shoulders fair, lit by her hair,
Whose yellow tresses fall
Like sunbeams shed upon a bed
Of lilies in mild June,
Or golden light in summer night
Soft streaming from the moon;—

These are charms which moral men
May behold with careless eye;
I, who am devoutest then,
Love them to idolatry!

Her ruddy lips like scarlet heps,
The balmy breath between;
Her soft sweet tones, who hears them owns
The music which they mean;
Her hands and arms have each their charms;
Her nimble stepping feet,
The very ground loves their light sound,
Soft as her bosom's beat:—
Her winsome waist—her shoulders, graced
With sunny showers of hair—
Her voice, how sweet!—her dancing feet,
Her face, like heaven's fair;—

These are charms which moral men
May behold with careless eye;
I, who am devoutest then,
Love them to idolatry!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

FOLLY consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

How sudden do our prospects vary here!
And how uncertain ev'ry good we boast!
Hope oft deceives us; and our very joys
Sink with fruition;—pall, and rust away.
How wise are we in thought! how weak in practice!
Our very virtue, like our will is—nothing!

"I swear by the constancy of my bosom!" exclaimed a despairing lover to his mistress, "that my passion is unfeigned and sincere."—"Swear not by thy bosom," returned the lady, "for that is false." It was made of linen.

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt-water, yet is still fresh.

So far is it from being true, that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.

However academies have been instituted to guard the avenues of the languages; to retain fugitives and

repulse intruders: their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain. Sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraint; to enchain syllables and lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride unwilling to measure its desires by its strength.

Who forgets, and does not forget himself, in the joy of giving, and of accepting, is sublime.

Members of dilettanti societies are generally especial asses—their eternal talk about the fine arts, drawing, colouring, harmony, composition, chiaro-scuro, foreshortening, design, and so forth, is enough to turn the stomach of a horse. The thing is more insufferable, because they absolutely know nothing of the subject, and have about as much real appreciation of genius, as a pig possesses for the inventions of Watt or Dredalus.

The imagination is a good servant, but a bad master.

Some writer observes in reference to the miserable and abject language formerly used on these occasions, "That the first inventor of dedications must certainly have been a beggar."

The first war undertaken for religion was that of the Arminian Christians, to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximin.

Always endeavour to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with; and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

If the talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste His works. Admitted once to his embrace, Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before: Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart, Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

He knows nothing of men who expects to convince a determined party man. And he nothing of the world who despairs of the final impartiality of the public.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

During the time of the persecution of the protestants in France, the English ambassador demanded of Louis XIV. the release of those who had been condemned to the galleys on account of religion. "What would the King of England say," answered Louis, "if I were to desire him to set free the prisoners in Newgate!" "Sir, replied the ambassador, "his Majesty would undoubtedly comply, if you claimed them as your brothers!"

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.

"I cannot do it," never accomplished any thing. "I'll try," has done wonders.

Like to the falling of a star;
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or pearly drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Calumny is like the wasp that teases, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself, unless you are certain to destroy it—otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a bustle is here made about my head.

When an old woman begins to doat and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities, that her imagination forms in delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the

greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by mankind is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heel of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

It is observed too often, that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some euclitics in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man has use for, are wholly overlooked.

We nobles, (say the aristocracy,) intercede between the king and the people. Yes—as the greyhound intercedes between the huntsman and the hares.

I am every thing; the rest of the world is nothing—so say despotism, aristocracy, and their partizans. I am one among my fellow-men, and each of them is as myself—thus speaks the friend of popular institutions. How shall we decide?

A doctor and a poet quarrelled; an indifferent person was referred to to settle the dispute; the latter made the following reply:—

"You're faulty both—do penance for your crimes: Bard, take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes."

RECIPES.

BREAD SAUCE.

Take four ounces of grated stale bread; pour over it sufficient milk to cover it, and let it soak about three quarters of an hour, or till it becomes incorporated with the milk. Then add a dozen corms of black pepper, a little salt, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Pour on a little more milk, and give it a boil. Serve it up in a sauce-boat, and eat it with roast wild fowl, or roast pig.

Instead of the pepper, you may boil in it a handful of dried currants, well picked, washed, and floured.

SHALOT OR ONION SAUCE—SAUCE RAVIGOTE.

Take a handful of sweet herbs and the same quantity of shalots or little onions, and cut them up small. Put them into a sauce-pan, with some vinegar, salt, pepper, and sufficient broth or warm water to cover them. Let them boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Take the sauce from the fire and set it on the stove, or on the hearth, and stir in, till it melts, a piece of butter rolled in flour, or a spoonful of olive oil.

UNIVERSAL SAUCE.

Take a pint of good broth, or a pint of drawn butter. Stir into it a glass of white wine, and half the peel of a lemon grated. Add a laurel leaf, or two or three peach-leaves, and a spoonful of vinegar. Let the mixture simmer on a few coals or on hot ashes, for five or six hours or more, and it will be good to pour over either meat, poultry, or fish, and will keep several days in a cool place.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



THE FINEST AND MOST

By L. A. G. & Co. Philadelphia

THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1833.

ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH; OR, THE POST-OFFICE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

ALL places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton was discourse—that species of discourse which Johnson's Dictionary entitles "conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves." Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, talkings, sayings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly; for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.'s pair of fowls, and Mr. B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbours' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the White Hart: not that there was anything remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the Morning Herald (for the post came in of an evening,) and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for anti-quarians and pic-nic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short, there was "no nothing." It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge; and shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakspeare, "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new." Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a mad-house, a second that he had killed

some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was on the twenty-third of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to "John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton." Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on tip-toe to peep, while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in decyphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. "Oh, the monster!" shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great." Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. "He told me," gasped the landlady, "that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!" Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

"I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing," observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

"I dare say," returned the post-mistress, "Williams is not his real name."

"I don't know that," interrupted the landlady; "Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him: he sha'n't poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself."

"Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters;" and the post-mistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentlewoman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

"Murder will out," said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which, like Tom Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past the wretched hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner-table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. "He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a beautiful young creature, not above nineteen!—"I see how it is," thought she, "the old wretch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain, the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!"—All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. "I am happy, madam," said the little bustling magis-

trate, "to have been under Heaven the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious design of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused: consequence of three wants—want of words, bread and ideas.

"My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife"—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

"I can explain all," at last interrupted the visitor. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius: he is writing a melodrama called 'My Wife'—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being very immoral.

"Quite mistaken, sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterward, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud, in the hope of your approval, at least, of your indulgence."—and with the same hope, I bid farewell to my readers.

LOVE ME!

Love me—Love me—like the stars
That love to shine at night,
With sparkling eyes
In joy arise
To kiss the gloom and make it bright.

My heart—My heart is a gloomy veil,
That time has darken'd o'er;
But come with the light
Of thine eyes, star-bright,
And darkness shall be no more.

Love me—Love me—like the sun
That warms while it lightens too;
Brings flowers to life
With sweetness rife,
I care not for life without flowers to view.

My heart—My heart's a garden wild,
Its flowers are left to perish;
But come like the sun,
And smile upon
The heart's garden roses, and cherish.

Love me—Love me—like the moon,
For the moon is chaste and bright;
And Love to endure,
Must, like moonlight, be pure,
And holiness be in its light.

My heart—My heart's like a placid brook
That lies in a garden fair;
And the sun-rays at noon,
And the stars at the moon,
Must beam on and brighten there.

THE PARTING.

O! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder,
Without a sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear!

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow!
The vow both then did tender
Within this hallow'd shade—
That vow we now surrender;
Heart-bankrupts both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye;
Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh!
Well, well! adieu's soon spoken,
'Tis but a parting phrase—
Yet sad, I fear heart-broken,
We'll live our after-days!

Thine eye no tear will shed—
Mine is as proudly dry;
But many an aching head
Is ours before we die!
From pride we both can borrow—
To part we both may dare—
But the heart-break of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear!

Original.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS;

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

And therefore thou may'st think my 'aviour light;
 But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.—*Shakespeare.*

"This is certainly extraordinary—very extraordinary indeed," said Arthur Ravensdale, as he stood gazing on an open letter which he held in his hand; "a lady wishes to see me alone on Fairmount, at nine o'clock on Thursday evening, to communicate something of importance—she will observe punctuality and expect the same from me—what in the name of wonder can be the meaning of all this? Surely so unbecoming a request can never proceed from any one I ought to meet. To see me alone! at night! in a solitary place in the country! O nonsense! what lady would ever dream of such a thing? It must be an idle jest intended to be played off on me by some of my thoughtless acquaintance—pity it is they have no better employment. And yet this note bears upon it the marks of authenticity—is written in a fair undisguised hand, and yet has a little tremulousness about it which seems to indicate that it was indited under some agitation. I wish I had asked the bearer from whence it came. She wishes to communicate something of importance—that sounds serious—perhaps it may be matter in which my welfare is concerned—even my life may be in danger. Yet if so, why this secrecy? would it not be more honest and open to speak out plainly? There could be no necessity to lure me to a lonely spot at night—that looks badly—it may be a trick of some villain to plunder me—I believe I had better remain quietly at home."

But Arthur Ravensdale, notwithstanding this deliberate conclusion, could not remain quietly at home—there was an air of romance about the thing which chimed in with his own ardent propensities, and would not let him rest. I hold that curiosity is not so censurable as many would imagine—for although in the instance of our common mother its effect was rather deleterious, yet it must be admitted to be the base of all knowledge, and the cause of many important advantages. One hates to be tantalized with an unsolved mystery; and it was this feeling that induced our hero to forego his first determination, and finally fall into the wishes of his unknown correspondent. He felt an insatiable desire to know who it was, and what it was that called for his presence in such a place and at such an hour, and not being able to make the discovery in any other way than the one pointed out, he determined at length to hazard all consequences, and visit the place of rendezvous at the time requested. He took the precaution, however, to arm himself for the occasion, lest perchance the object should prove other than it professed to be, and require such protection.

It was a beautiful calm night in the "leafy month of June," when Ravensdale set out to meet his mysterious summoner. The full moon was already high in heaven, and shed a softened charm over the whole landscape. Every one knows the picturesque beauty of the scene which had been selected for this singular meeting. On the present occasion, it wore peculiar attractions. The night, as I have said, was of the loveliest—the river flowed along with the quiet of sleep—except when its waters broke over the long-stretched dam—and here and there, a little boat was gliding along, and challenging observation by the glitter of its oars in the moonlight—on the hills, groups

of wanderers were gathered—and at different points from amid the shade of scattered trees, the sound of music was heard, mingled with the voice of light-hearted hilarity.

To the feelings of a youth of five and twenty, who possessed rather a poetical temperament, and who was already under the influence of unusual excitement, the scene could not fail to produce peculiar emotions. He wandered about the hill, in a kind of mental abstraction, until his ideas became perfectly confused, and a host of "thick-coming fancies" began to crowd into his mind. In this state, he stopped by the stairs which lead from the hill to the north east, and stood leaning upon the railing, when he felt an arm gently put into his, and with a quiet pressure urging him forward. He looked round, and beheld at his side a lady of most graceful form and genteel appearance. She did not speak, but with an action of her hand, pointed to the road that leads northward along the border of the river, and motioned him onward. He was not in the mood to disobey, and they went silently along together. After traversing the road for the distance of about half a mile, they came to an opening in a wood, which formed an abrupt valley, with a spring at the bottom. Into this valley the lady led the way, and having reached the fountain, she seated herself on a rock by its side. Hitherto she had not spoken, and a thick green veil, with which she was covered, entirely prevented our hero from ascertaining whether she was one whom he had previously known or not. She now addressed him with a voice of trembling sweetness—"Arthur Ravensdale," said she, "you may well believe that I have not asked this interview without the greatest hesitation. I know that all the prejudices and feelings of society are arrayed against a course, which would be pronounced at once indelicate and unfeminine. For a thousand worlds I would not have you suppose me insensible to that true modesty, which forms the brightest jewel of the female character. I have sought the aid of reason and religion, and I find nothing adverse to either in the purpose I have undertaken. I feel that my happiness is deeply, nay, inextricably involved in it—yours may be also. How far that is the case is what I wish to solve."

To Ravensdale the whole matter was perfectly inexplicable. He certainly understood the words she uttered, but what relation they had to his circumstances he could not possibly imagine—he stood in mute astonishment.

"I perceive," she continued, "that you are surprised at my words, and I do not wonder that you should be. But I beg you not to judge me prematurely, or in accordance with the preconceived opinions of the world—only let my conduct be approved or condemned as it shall stand the test of abstract propriety, under all the circumstances of the case. In what I am about to confess to you I ask your indulgence, not because I consider it wrong myself, but because it may be looked upon in that light by others—perhaps at the first blush by you. Yet I trust your good sense will enable you to decide without prejudice, and do the right to the world, to yourself and to me."

She paused a moment and seemed somewhat at a

how to proceed. Her auditor was more completely bewildered than ever, and waited eagerly for the further development of her views.

"This is not the first time we have met, Mr. Ravensdale," added she, "though you may possibly ere this, have forgotten the circumstances of our former interview. With me that interview is an indelible remembrance, which notwithstanding it has been kept for years hidden in the recesses of my own heart, refuses to be effaced either by time or discipline. If either would have removed it, I should not have called on you now to listen to the acknowledgment of my weakness. But I find my endeavours to suppress the feelings then inspired, only tending to increase their strength. There was no way left to me, short of a life of hopeless concealment, but the almost untrodden path I have pursued. Pardon me, therefore, Arthur Ravensdale, when I say that I love you—when I throw myself upon your mercy, and ask you not to despise me for the confession. You do not know me—neither do I wish at present that you should—when you, you will possibly remember that I have some small claim on your regard. I urge not this, however, as an enforcement of your affection—for I wish only the free offering of your heart. If on recognition and due reflection, you can freely return my regard, I am yours for good and ill; and shall be rendered most happy in the accomplishment of the ardent, but suppressed desire of seven tedious years. If otherwise, and I fail at last in my cherished hopes, I shall not reproach you, but in the retirement which disappointment will render welcome, shall continue to hold you in undiminished esteem, and to maintain the warmest desires for your welfare."

If Ravensdale was surprised before, his astonishment was in no wise lessened by this candid, but—he felt bound to acknowledge—modest and unassuming declaration. He felt himself placed by it in so perfectly novel a situation, that all the rules upon which he had been accustomed to act, were entirely inapplicable. He knew not what to say, but deeming it necessary to make some reply, he was about to blunder out some complimentary expression of his sense of the honour she did him, and how unprepared he was for such a communication, or something to that effect, when she prevented his purpose by laying her hand gently on his arm, and saying, "Do not answer me now, Mr. Ravensdale, we are both too much agitated for further parley. This paper," (and she put a small note into his hand,) will give you a hint, which will most probably enable you to recollect the circumstances under which we have met before. Reflect on it seriously and without prejudice, and in one month let me have your answer in this place. It is now proper that we separate—do not think unkindly of me—and for the present, good night!"

As she spoke, Arthur took her presented hand.—"Shall I not see you in safety to your home?" said he. "No," she replied, "not now—there is a bright moon, and I shall reach it without interruption. For the present I must remain unknown. On your honour, sir, I charge you not to follow me."—And as she concluded, she turned away, and was immediately lost in the bend of the road.

It was some moments after she had left him, before our hero was sufficiently master of himself to think of turning his steps homeward also. He could scarcely persuade himself but that all he had seen and heard was a mere dream, and it is quite uncertain whether he would not have settled down in that conclusion, had not the paper which he still held in his hand, given tangible demonstration of its reality. As soon as he reached his domicile, he hastened to ascertain its contents. It presented only these few words—"Remember the waterfall on the Catsbergs." Few as they were, however, they acted like a talisman, and imme-

diately brought before his mind the whole train of adventures connected with his visit to the mountain which we shall now proceed to relate.

No one who has ever visited the Catskill mountain will be likely soon to forget the beauty of the view from that elevated point, where art has contrived a resting place for the weary traveller, and provided comforts and luxuries of social life, amid the beauties of nature. The prospect is indeed one of the grandest that can well be conceived, and produces a feeling in the mind somewhat similar to that excited by a view of the ocean. The idea of vastness predominates—but that very vastness, if I may so express it, almost defeats itself, by destroying in a great measure our idea of size and distance, and making large and remote objects appear much smaller and less important than they really are. Comparisons must first be instituted with things of known size, before we can fully take in the extent over which we are gazing. North, South, and East, for miles and miles, the eye wanders over one uninterrupted landscape, of beautiful and varied aspect, bounded only by the far-off mountains, which stretch in a line of hazy blue above the horizon. Intermidately, a thousand objects present themselves to the admiration of the spectator. Here, a city presents its glittering spires to the sun; there, a smaller village smiles in miniature with its white dwellings—while over the whole country cottages and farm-houses are scattered among the green meadows and harvest fields, each with its picturesque share of flocks and herds. In two or three spots, little lakes look bright in the midst of verdure, and beyond a noble river, shorn by distance of its grandeur, runs through a wide extent of country, till it is lost in the confusion of indistinctness. The shadows of the clouds which play about the tops of the mountains, give a beautiful variety to the foliage of the forest trees, which here in shade and here in sunshine, present at once almost all the different degrees of verdure of the early spring and more advanced summer. It is good for a man's fancy and his feelings also to be occasionally among the mountains, for he knows not otherwise the combined beauty and magnificence of nature, or forgetful of it, is apt to fashion his ideas of the world he inhabits, upon the littleness of human invention, which he sees around him. He must be possessed of unenviable apathy, who can stand for the first time on a mountain top, without peculiar emotions.

We must forgive Arthur Ravensdale, however, if he did not go into raptures on arriving at that elevation of the Catskills, which is generally known as the Pine Orchard; for as the sun was at least two hours below the horizon, the view which we have endeavoured to describe was entirely shut out by the darkness of the night. He perceived, however, by the coolness of the atmosphere, that he had obtained a considerable height, and being willing to postpone his ecstasies until morning, he was satisfied for the present to be assured by the moving lights in the extensive edifice before him, that society and its attendant comforts were yet within his reach. Accordingly he entered the house and threw himself upon a seat, which travel had rendered welcome, when he was presently aroused into great attention by a voice of the most captivating sweetness, chanting in a strain of simple melody the following words—

As the waves from distant fountains
Rolling onwards to the main,
After wandering 'mid the mountains,
Mingle sweetly on the plain—

Even so will kindred natures—
Tho' too long detained apart;
And unknowing form and features—
When they meet, unite in heart.

There is something very peculiar in the effect of music upon particular moods of the mind. It often melts into the soul and overturns all the sternness of stoicism; and yet the reason why it does so is positively a mystery to ourselves. Like the juice of the grape, it becomes indefinitely overpowering; we feel its force, but we are not able to detect its latent influences. Thus it was with Arthur Ravensdale, for without being able to assign any manly cause for his emotion, even at the singing of that little air, he wept—he was ashamed of it, but he did absolutely weep! This unusual tenderness of feeling, however, gradually wore away, and was succeeded by the most intense anxiety to discover from whom the music had proceeded. For this purpose he walked out upon the terrace, but the song had ceased, and every chamber was in profound darkness and quiet. A long time he watched and waited, in the hope that the music would be renewed—but at length the recollection of the fatigues of the day induced him to seek a repose of which his exhausted frame stood much in need. He retired to rest, but not to sleep; for that voice had taken such possession of his mind, that he could not dismiss it from his memory. Twenty times did he start up from un-sound slumbers, under the impression that the song was again sung; and as often did he lie down again disappointed, until, at length, fatigue overcame imagination, and soft sleep, like a dew, fell refreshingly over his faculties.

It was early dawn when our hero awoke. The gray mists were beginning to move among the hills, and some bright streaks of crimson on the light clouds that skirted the horizon, indicated the hour of sunrise to be near. All was as silent as if Nature herself literally slept, except an occasional bird, whose unbroken joy gave it early wakefulness. The tints in the east became gradually brighter and brighter, until at length the sun appeared, and began to illuminate the tops and sides of the mountains. As yet the valley lay entirely in shade, for day had only risen upon the more elevated grounds. Slowly, however, the rays began to creep along the forests, sweeping away the night fogs before them, till at last they spread over the whole extended country, and imparted a beauty even to the little smoke wreaths, that from the distant habitations were giving token of the stir of life and activity.

Ravensdale was standing on the edge of a rock watching the scene with intense interest, when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the leaves, and looking to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived on a neighbouring precipice a girl apparently about seventeen, gazing with silent admiration over the scene which had just occupied his own attention. Her figure was light and graceful, and she possessed a face which expressed so much intelligence combined with sweetness of disposition, that a common observer could scarcely fail, even at first sight, to find himself unusually interested. In a susceptible youth like Arthur Ravensdale, who was then but eighteen, it is not to be wondered, therefore, if it excited feelings of a most ardent and enthusiastic character. His warm imagination had been already considerably awakened by the scene before him, and he was just in tune for the wildest workings of romance. He forgot the sunrise and the landscape, and saw nothing but the beautiful fairy before him. "She is an angel!" exclaimed he, in the fervour of his young fancy; "lovely as the light of day!"—"Thou speakest unadvisedly, young man!" said a voice behind him, which was that of Samuel Had, a tall, slender figure of about six feet." Emily Merton is but a mere woman, and I fear a thoughtless one too!"—"You know her then!" eagerly inquired Arthur.—"No," replied the Quaker. "I know nothing of her excepting that that is the name by which she is here called."—"But do you not think her beautiful?"—"Why as to the outward,"

said Mr. Had, "I cannot but say that the girl is comely to look upon; but then," added he with a faint smile, "thou should'st adhere to facts; and it certainly is not the strict truth to say she is an angel!"—"Well sir!" replied the youth, "I will not dispute with you the point of veracity; but give me the poetry of life, and you are welcome to all the prose. Why such a being as that——" He turned as he spoke, to the spot where she had been standing, but she had vanished; Samuel Had was also stalking away, and Arthur had no resource but to come down from the clouds and follow to the breakfast room.

It was to little purpose that he helped himself to the food before him, for his whole attention was absorbed in Emily Merton. He contrived to happen to sit on the opposite side of the table, where he could feast on her beauty, and was so exceedingly polite in his attentions during the hour of breakfast, that she gradually began in the unaffected simplicity of her heart, to converse with him on some topic on which their sentiments were congenial, and before the meal was ended, she seemed much pleased with his vivacity and intelligence, which combined with a handsome exterior, rendered him an object of no mean interest. The feelings, however, which influenced each, were so carefully guarded, that not the slightest expression of them could be observed, beyond what common courtesy would fully warrant. When the breakfast was concluded, therefore, Arthur did not feel himself warranted in obtruding farther on her attention, and betook himself to the woods, intending to while away part of the morning by visiting the splendid waterfall, which the little stream of Katerskill forms in the bosom of the mountain forest.

If the view from the bluff on which the mountain house is situated, is one of grandeur, the scene of the waterfall is no less magnificent. It unites the wild and the picturesque in an eminent degree, presenting the uncommon spectacle of a little brook pouring its quiet waters into the depths of an abyss of more than two hundred and fifty feet, first by a wild perpendicular leap, and afterwards by breaks from rock to rock, to the bottom of its romantic ravine. On either side of the descent is a steep and rugged path, better suited (especially that at the bottom of the lower fall,) for the sure feet of a mountain goat, than those of a human being. Ravensdale had been sitting for some time in the spacious amphitheatre which forms the basin of the first fall, watching the glittering stream as it plashed down before him, and was about commencing his further descent, when, as he was carefully letting himself round a hazardous turn of the path, he thought he heard above him the words of the last night's song, chanted again by the same sweet voice which had then so deeply interested him. He paused to listen, and forgetting in the raptures of the moment his dangerous situation, was only aroused to a sense of it, by finding himself losing his foothold, and slipping down the abrupt descent. To stop his course he grasped a small bush that grew in his way. It was the only object within reach to which he could cling to prevent his being dashed among the rocks below; but what was his emotion when he perceived that it was not sufficient to support his weight, and that its roots were gradually loosening from the earth. The cold dew of horror hung upon his forehead, as he thought himself doomed to inevitable destruction, and he endeavoured to condense into one aspiration the thoughts that became his need. He watched with no envious feelings the particles of earth rolling down one by one as the bush separated itself from its hold, till at last it was only supported by its larger and stronger root, which also was on the point of giving way. A dim dizziness came over him, and he was just about relinquishing his grasp, when he heard a voice above him say—"Give me your hand"—and looking up he saw Emily

Merton clinging to a stout tree with one hand, while she stretched the other towards him to accept the proffered aid. There was no time, in his situation, to calculate the consequences, or think of the possibility of involving her in his own fate. On the instant he seized her hand, and the next moment the bush to which he held gave way, and rolled to the bottom of the gulf. His heart beat again when he found himself in comparative safety; but Emily Merton's strength was inadequate to do more than merely support him in his still perilous situation, until further assistance could be obtained. It speedily came in the lank person of Samuel Had, and by his timely and kindly interference, both the adventurers were presently restored to a firm footing on the upper ground which overlooked the cascade. "It was well for thee, young man," said the Quaker, with a jog of his elbow, "that this damsel did not prove so much of an angel as thou wouldst have made her this morning—I think thy chance might have been a slender one had she been less of flesh and blood material."—"She is an angel of kindness, nevertheless," answered Ravensdale; "let me at once pour out to her the fulness of my soul for this preservation." He turned to the spot where she had stood the moment before, and was about to throw himself at her feet, but she was gone. Samuel Had gazed around him with little less astonishment than the youth, and almost began to believe that she was in reality more of a spirit than he had been willing to imagine. "The girl hath departed," said he, "truly she hath a light foot, as well as a strong arm—eh, Friend Arthur!—and though I may not think with thee that she belongs to the tribe of angels and fairies of whom thou talkest, she is certainly one of the uncommon ones of the earth. I would she had not fled so hastily. Yet, if thou regardest a good dinner, and I think thou needest refreshment, we had better follow her example." With this he led the way back to the mansion house, giving Ravensdale, as they went, many kind and wholesome admonitions on prudence and moderation.

Arthur cared much less for his dinner than he did for obtaining another interview with his fair preserver. In her then were united the melodious voice of the preceding night, and the captivating beauty which had so interested him on that same morning. Beside all this, he now owed his life to her undaunted intrepidity, and he was anxious to see her if it was only to thank her for her disinterested kindness. Dinner came, but she was not there—she had left the house before his return; and though for seven years Arthur Ravensdale pursued his inquiries, he was not able to gather any tidings on the interesting subject of Emily Merton.

From the explanations into which we have thus entered, the mystery of the lady in the green veil will, we trust, be sufficiently understood. If Arthur Ravensdale hesitated about accepting her invitation to their recent moonlight interview, he was now equally anxious for the approach of the time she had appointed to receive his answer. To find Emily Merton in this way was a thing he could not have expected. And yet, so much was he influenced by the prejudices of society, he could not help arguing with himself on the propriety of her conduct. "What will the world say?" he soliloquized, "will it not upbraid her for a disregard of its customs, and charge her with a want of delicacy in these advances? And yet why should not a woman have in this respect the same privilege as a man? There is no abstract impropriety in the declaration of affection on the part of one more than the other. An opposite opinion narrows immeasurably the circle of a woman's choice, and, no doubt, frequently induces marriages prejudicial to the happiness of the parties. If she were permitted the liberty to select, not only from among the extremely limited number of her particular admirers, but from the wider field of her acquaintance, a partner congenial to her heart, her

chance of happiness would be infinitely greater than when she is obliged to take the best man that offers, though, perhaps, but the best of the bad, or draw a life of hopeless celibacy. The well-being of the race requires that the world should intermit some of its prejudices—there is as much harm done by false delicacy, as there is good effected by that which is not. No—no—let the world say what it will, Emily Merton has acted rightly—and though some fainthearted mortal, may blame her candour, I shall never visit her the less for having taken the first step towards eternal happiness."

Having come to this deliberate conclusion, Arthur Ravensdale went with no little emotion to the appointed place of rendezvous, in the valley by the fountain, where he found the lady, enveloped as before in her green veil, already in waiting. "Emily Merton—is it indeed Emily Merton I behold?" exclaimed the youth, pressing her hand ardently to his lips.

"Do you then agree to take the veil?" enquired she, playfully raising it, and exposing again that lovely face that had so fairly caught his heart upon the mountain.

"Certainly, sweet Emily," replied he, "when you are to be my confessor. You have taken it already too long—I have been for years anxious to see you—to thank you for what I can never repay, and ever now, but for your kind consideration—"

"Aye, there's the point, Mr. Ravensdale, there's the point. You must know that I have striven hard to play the part of Shakespeare's heroine, who 'never told her love'—but it wasn't in my nature, and I could not do it. But to be serious, dear Arthur, I was a thoughtless girl when you first knew me, but that is gone with years—yet, as respects yourself, I am not dissatisfied with my conduct either then or now. My present course will probably be condemned, but if I am justified in your opinion, I shall hope for the final indulgence of society. I believe we have no mutual acquaintance, and this will account, in connexion with my retirement in the country, for our not having met since that memorable summer. I knew not what impression might have been made on your mind by the scenes of that period, and I had no means of ascertaining but in this one way. I could not live on in this uncertainty—had you even said nay to my hopes, I should have been comparatively happy. You do not think I have foregone the dignity of my sex—do you, dear Arthur?"—A warm kiss imprinted on her cheek was the best answer he could give; and in a few weeks he gave better proof of it by making her his wedded wife.

It was a mirthful, happy day when Arthur and Emily called their friends together at her mother's country mansion to celebrate their nuptials. "First love" had remained unforgotten in their hearts since their earliest meeting; and although it seemed to both for a long period, as if indeed "its hopes had all gone by," yet the protracted delay their affections had experienced, was now fully compensated by the condensed satisfaction of that interesting moment, when they plighted each other the promise of lasting love and duty.

All went on quietly and cheerfully, and evening began to decline upon the landscape, when a heavy footstep was heard in the entry, the parlour door flew open, and Samuel Had stood before them. He stalked up to Arthur and Emily with his usual long strides, and taking their hands between both his—"Excuse an old man's weakness," he said; "I heard of this and I could not help coming to give you my benediction. Emily, thou art not quite an angel yet, but a right true woman—is she not, Arthur?—Ah! ye're a goodly pair, and I am most glad to see you together.—Farewell.—Bless you—children—bless you—bless you!"

The tears streamed down the old man's cheeks.

"But you are not going, Mr. Had?" said Arthur; "but you will surely stay and pass the evening with us." Emily added her kindest request. "Oh! do, Mr. Had, we have not seen you so long."—"No—no—my dear children, thank you truly, but I must not now—an old man is always best under his own roof at night—Emily, this is not the first time thou hast given him thy hand—I know it is not—he found good service in

it before, eh, Arthur!—and I trust he will again—so my boy, be kind to the little wild girl of the mountain—Heaven bless you both!—Farewell!"

The old man went away with an overflowing heart—but many a time and oft in after days did he renew his visits in the happy family of Arthur Ravensdale, to talk about past times, and repeat his reminiscences of the scenes and adventures on the Catskill mountains.

THE WIDOW'S BRIDGE.

"Go, speed thee forth, my gallant boy,
With thy mother's blessing o'er thee,
And the shield of thy sire, who so nobly trod
In glory's path, before thee!
Speed to the tourney's mimic strife,
Where knight, with knight careering,
Learns to rise o'er the tide of war,
When through the battle veering.

"Though every hope of future joy
In early life was blighted,
Bound to him dead, as living, I've kept
My truth to thy father plighted.
Yes, since of thee, my sainted love,
The infidel bereft me,
I have known no care, no joy, but to watch
O'er this pledge of affection left me!

"Then speed thee forth, my boy, and learn
When thy country's flag waves o'er thee,
To avenge thy sire, and free from the Moor
The gallant land that bore thee."
His way to the walls of Alicant,
Theresa's son is wending;
The squire who bore his shield and lance,
Alone his steps attending.

With hope and with visions of glory elate,
His youthful heart was beating;
The smiles of the fair and the shouts of the brave
His fancied triumphs greeting.
O'er hill, and valley, and plain, he rode,
His courser proudly speeding;
And fearless he plunged in the mountain stream,
The onward way impeding.

Fearless he plunged, but what availed
His feeble arm engaging
A torrent, with recent tempests swollen,
And the ocean's fury raging?
One moment saw the noble boy
His life to fame devoting,
The next he lay a mangled corse
On the rapid waters floating.

Theresa sat in her lonely hall,
To watch her son returning;
Her breast with all a mother's hope,
But a mother's terror, burning.
One glance she gave, and every thought
Of peace and joy was banished;
She heard the tale, and every hope
Save that in Heaven, vanished!

An arch, spread o'er the fatal stream,
Attests her pious care,
That no defenceless widow's son,
Again should perish there.
And the traveller passing in safety o'er,
When the mournful tale he hears,
Breathes a prayer for her who reared the bridge,
And with it mingles tears.

THE EVENING STAR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
When sunbeams melt upon the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And Mam'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee!
Erin's Anacron.

'Tis sweet to gaze, at early morn,
On the wavy spears of the golden corn—
And sweet to mark the new-born day,
When Night with her clouds hath pass'd away—
When the far-off hills and the mountains high
Are glancing clear mid the azure sky—
And the milk-maid gaily hies along
With her noiseless step and her murmured song—
And the pearly dew-drops glittering lie,
Like the bright tears rained from young Beauty's
eye:

But to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet my love 'neath the Evening Star.

'Tis sweet to seek the woods at noon,
When the air is scorch'd with the breath of June—
And sweet to rest 'neath the green arcade
That the clasping boughs of the ash have made—
'Tis sweet to list the minstrel bee,
As he hums his lays on the wild rose tree—
And sweet the voice of the whispering stream—
When the heart roams free in its Eden of dreams,
As their glittering waves in the sunlight glide
O'er the golden sands, like a crystal tide:
But to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet my love 'neath the Evening Star.

Then come, oh come, thou lovely one!
With the lingering rays of the setting sun—
Come, when the winds float gently by,
Like the dreamy tone of the wild harp's sigh—
And the pale moon sails mid the stars that lie,
Like silver isles, in the sea of the sky;
And I'll lay me down on the stilly ground,
And list for thy light step's echoing sound—
And I'll gaze afar through the dewy air,
For the waving locks of thy shining hair:
Then come, for to me thou'rt lovelier far
When seen by the light of the Evening Star.

Come, oh come to that fairy dell—
Whose shadowy bosom I love so well—
Come, when the heavens above are still,
And there are no sounds on the lofty hill,
Save the shrill cuckoo, or the blackbird's tones,
Or the lonely stock-dove's floating moans,
Or the gliding fawns as they whisper afar,
Like the 'plaining notes of thine own guitar;
Come, oh come, with thy speaking eyes,
And thy throbbing heart, and thy low-breathed
sighs,
And thy radiant cheek, with its crimson light,
Like a young June rose in the moonshine bright—
For to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet thee, my love, 'neath the Evening Star.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

It is thirty-five years, this very month, since I was quartered with my regiment in—ford; I recollect the time particularly, for I got my company in the Thirty-seventh, on the same day that I received an invitation from Mr. Morden, with whom I had formed a mail-coach acquaintance, to spend a week with him, and join his nephew in partridge-shooting. This gentleman's house was fourteen miles distant from the town, and situated in a very retired part of the country. It was a wild but beautiful residence, placed upon the extremity of a peninsula, which jutted into an extensive lake. To a sportsman it offered all the inducements that shooting and fishing could afford. But it had others besides these; no man lived better than Mr. Morden—and his daughter Emily, and her orphan cousin, who resided with her, were decidedly the finest women who had attended the last race-ball. No wonder then that I accepted the old gentleman's invitation willingly, and on the appointed day put myself into a post-chaise, and reached the place in time for dinner.

The house was one of those old-fashioned comfortable Irish lodges, which are now extinct, or only to be seen in ruins. It was a long low building, covered with an infinity of thatch, which bade defiance to rain, cold, and storm. The tall and narrow casements reached the ground, a handsome flower-knot extended in their front, bounded by a holly hedge, and woodbine and other creepers festooned the windows with their leaves and berries. At some distance a well-stocked haggard peeped over a spacious range of offices; the lawn was studded with sheep, which appeared overburdened with good condition; and as I drove up the avenue, I passed a well-featured, well-clad simpleton, urging before him, from a neighbouring stubble-field, a flock of turkies, as formidable for numbers as for size. In short, every thing about the place bespoke the opulence and comfort of the proprietor.

Mr. Morden was a clever and respectable man; he was land-agent to several large estates—noted for plain and unpretending hospitality, punctuality in business, and a character of unusual determination.

The old gentleman received me with friendly sincerity, and his handsome daughter added a warm welcome. They apologized for not having company to meet me, but "two families which they had expected had been detained by some unforeseen occurrences at home." Dinner was shortly after served. Like the host, it was excellent without display—the wines were superior—and when the ladies left us, the claret went round the table merrily.

"We are in trouble, here," said Mr. Morden, addressing me, "and you have come to a house of mourning. We have just suffered a serious, I may say, irreparable loss, in the sudden death of two favourite dogs. They were of the genuine breed of Newfoundland, and for size, courage, and sagacity were unequalled. Poor Emily has cried incessantly since the accident."

"Were they stolen?"

"Oh no! I wish they were, for that would afford a hope that chance or money might recover them. No, sir, they would not follow a stranger; alas! they died yesterday by poison. We unfortunately laid arsenic in the meal-loft to destroy rats; and yet, how the poor animals could have got to it is a mystery! the steward declares the key never left his possession. I would give a hundred guineas the meal had been in the bottom of the lake. By Jove! no loss short of the death of a friend, could have given us all so much uneasiness. They were my daughter's companions by day,

and my protectors at night. Heigh, ho! come, sir, pass the wine." Tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes as he spoke of his unhappy favourites, and from the valuable properties of the lost dogs, it was not surprising that their death occasioned so much regret to the family.

We joined the ladies in the drawing-room. After tea Mr. Morden took a bedroom candle, and apologized for retiring. "Old habits best suit old people, captain; but I leave you with the ladies, who will sit up till cock-crow, if you please," and bidding us a good night, he departed.

"Emily," said young Morden, "you are still thinking of your favourites; well, I will ride the country over till I find you a handsome dog. Julia, hand me that violin from the piano, and Captain Dwyer will dance a reel with you and Emily."

"Heavens! who is at the window?" exclaimed Miss Morden, suddenly; "it looked like that nasty beggarman who has been haunting the house and grounds these three days. Ah, Wolf and Sailor; had you been living, that vagabond would not have ventured here at this late hour." Henry Morden had left the room on hearing his cousin's exclamation, but soon returned, assuring the lady that the beggar was a creature of her imagination; he had searched the shrubbery and flower-garden, and no mendicant was to be found in either.

The alarm was speedily forgotten, and we danced reels till supper was announced. The doors were locked, the windows fastened, the ladies wished us good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

Henry and I remained for some time in the eating-room; the clock struck twelve, and young Morden conducted me to my apartment, and took his leave.

I felt a strange disinclination to go to bed, and would have given any thing for a book. For temporary employment I unlocked my gun-case, put my fowling-piece together, and examined whether my servant had sent all necessary apparatus along with it. I opened the window-curtains. The moon—a full, bright harvest moon, was shining gloriously on the lawn and lake; I gazed on the sparkling surface of the waters till I felt the chill of the night breeze; then closing the shutters, reluctantly prepared to undress.

I had thrown my coat and vest aside, when a distant crash was heard, and a fearful noise, with oaths and screams, succeeded. I rushed into the corridor, and encountered a terror-stricken maid-servant running from the extremity of the passage. Miss Morden next appeared; she was in complete dishabille, and had hastily thrown on a dressing-gown. "Good God! Captain Dwyer, what has occurred?" A volley from without prevented my reply, and the crashing of the windows, as the glass was splintered by the bullets, made it unnecessary. "The house is attacked," she said, and then with amazing self-possession, added, "there are always loaded guns above the kitchen fireplace." We both ran down the corridor, she to alarm her father, and I to procure a weapon; young Morden, armed with a sword, met us. "The attack is upon our kitchen," he said, hastily, "it is our weakest point; this way, Captain,"—and we both entered it together.

There was a bright fire burning on the hearth. The large window was shattered to pieces; and the idiot I had noticed on the lawn was standing beside the ruined casement, armed with a spit, making momentary passes at the breach, and swearing and belabouring frightfully. I leaped upon a table to seize two muskets which were suspended in the place Miss Morden had described. I handed one to Henry, when

the fire blazed out suddenly, and discovered me to the banditti without. Instantly three or four shots were discharged. I heard a bullet whistle past my head, and felt something strike my shoulders like a sharp cut from a whip, but having secured the gun I jumped from the table uninjured. We heard Mr. Morden in the passage; his manner was calm and collected as he ordered the servant-men to the front of the house, and despatched his daughter for ammunition.

Meanwhile, a dropping fire continued from without; from within no shot had been returned, as the robbers sheltered themselves effectually behind the angles of the offices and the piers of the gates. From some hurried words we overheard, they were arranging a determined attack.

"They will make a rush immediately," said the elder Morden, coolly, "and here comes Emily in good time; don't come in love!"—and he took some forty or fifty cartridges, which she had brought in the skirt of her dressing-gown. Notwithstanding the peril of our situation, I could not but gaze a moment on the white and statue looking limbs of this brave and beautiful girl. "Go, love, tell John to bring the Captain's gun-case from his chamber; and do you, Emily, watch from the end window, and if you perceive any movement that side, apprise us of it here. Now, my boys, be cool; I'll give my best horse to him who shoots the first man. You have a good supply of ammunition, if we could but coax the scoundrels from their shelter, and I'll try a *ruse*." The old gentleman took the idiot's spit, placed a coat upon it, while Henry and I chose a position at either side of the broken window. Mr. Morden raised the garment to the breach: it was indistinctly seen from without; three bullets perforated it, and it fell. "He's down, by ——!" roared a robber, exultingly. "Now Murphy, now's your time; smash in the door with the sledge!" Instantly a huge ruffian sprang from behind a gable; his rush was so sudden that he struck twice with shattering force. We heard the hinges give—we saw the door yielding—and, at that critical moment, young Morden's gun missed fire! "Curses light upon the hand of him that loaded it!" he cried, as he caught up an axe. and placed himself determinately before the door, which we expected to be momentarily driven in. Murphy, perceiving the tremendous effects of his blows, called to his comrades to "be ready." He stood about five yards from me; the sledge was raised above his head—that blow would have shivered the door to atoms—I drew the trigger—the charge, a heavy one of duck-shot, passed like a six-pound bullet through the ruffian's body, and he dropped a dead man upon the threshold. "Captain Dwyer," said Mr. Morden, calmly, "the horse is yours!"

I had now received my own double gun, and gave the musket I had used so successfully to Henry Morden. The death of the ruffian with the sledge brought on a heavy fire from his comrades. Between the volleys, they summoned us to surrender, with fearful denunciations of vengeance if we resisted longer. We were within a few yards of each other, and during the intervals of the firing, they poured out threats, and we sent back defiance—"Morden, you old scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain of the gang, "in five minutes we'll have your heart's blood."—"No," was the calm reply, "I'll live to see you arrayed in cap and halter."—"Surrender, or we'll give no quarter."—"Cowardly scoundrel! come and try your hand at the sledge!" said the old gentleman, with a cold and sarcastic smile, as he turned his eye on me, where I was watching the door, with the confidence a man feels who has his own trustworthy weapon to depend upon.

"Morden! we'll burn the house about ye."—"Will you put the coal in the thatch, Bulger?"—"Morden, you have a daughter!" and the ruffian pronounced a horrid threat. The old man shuddered, then in a low voice tremulous with rage, he muttered—"Bulger, I'll

spare five hundred pounds to hang you, and travel five hundred miles to see the sight!"

"The coal! the coal!" shouted several voices, and unfortunately the scoundrels had procured one in the laundry. "By heaven! they will burn us out," said Henry, in alarm—"Never fear!" replied his cooler uncle; "the firing must have been heard across the lake, and we'll soon have aid sufficient."—But a circumstance occurred almost miraculously that averted the threatened danger. The moon became suddenly overcast—heavy rain-drops fell, and in an instant an overwhelming torrent burst from the clouds, rendering every attempt the robbers made to ignite the thatch abortive. "Who dare doubt an overruling Providence?" said the old gentleman with enthusiasm; "surely, God is with us!"

The storm which came to our relief appeared to dispirit our assailants, and their parley recommenced. "Morden," said the captain of the banditti, "you have Lord ——'s rent in the house; give us a thousand pounds, and we'll go off and leave you."

"All I promise I'll perform," said the old gentleman, coldly. "Bulger, for this night's work you have earned a halter, and I'll attend and see you hanged."—"Dash in the door," exclaimed the robber in a fury; "we'll have the old rogue's heart out!" A volley of stones rattled against the door, but produced no effect, and again the robber parleyed. "Will you give us a hundred, Morden?"—"Not a sixpence," was the laconic answer; once more stones were thrown, shots discharged, and threats of vengeance fulminated by the exasperated villains. At last, the demand was reduced to "twelve guineas, a guinea for each man."—"They'll be off immediately," said the old gentleman; "they know assistance is at hand: would that we could amuse them for a little longer." But the ruffians were already moving, and Miss Morden presently announced that they were embarking, twelve in number in a boat. "Now for a parting shot or two," said Henry Morden. We picked up a dozen cartridges, and sallied from the house as the banditti were pulling hard across the lake. We opened a quick and well-directed fire, which they feebly, and without effect, replied to. While a musket-ball would reach them, we plied them liberally with shot; and, as we learned afterward, mortally wounded one man and slightly injured two others. As we returned to the house, we met some fifty countrymen, armed with all sorts of rustic weapons, coming to our relief. Without a moment's delay we launched boats, and set off to scour the country; and at noon, so prompt and vigorous had been the pursuit, that six of the gang, including the wounded robbers were secured.

We reached the *Wilderness* completely exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and the fatigue of the preceding night. We refreshed ourselves, and went to bed, but previous to returning to my room, I visited the scene of action. Another blow, even a very slight one, must have driven in the door; and in the rush of twelve desperate ruffians, the chances would have been fearfully against us. Murphy lay upon his back; he was a disgusting object. The charge of heavy shot made as large a wound as a cannon-bullet would occasion. He was the strongest brute I ever saw; not more than five feet eight inches in height, but his limbs, body, and arms were a giant's; he was a blacksmith—a man of infamous character, and of a most sanguinary disposition.

Our escape from the robbery was fortunate indeed; Mr. Morden had seven thousand pounds that night in the lodge, for he had just received the rents of two estates. It was almost entirely paid in specie. This was of course known, and two desperate bands, who had kept the adjoining counties in alarm since the rebellion was suppressed, united, for the purpose of robbing "the *Wilderness*," and securing the immense booty.

The body of the smith was sent away—and having brought the battle to a close, I shall explain some matters connected with this daring outrage.

A man named Mitchell originated the intended robbery, and arranged the method of attack. He was a slight, low-sized person, but his activity was amazing, and no attempt was too hazardous for his desperate courage to undertake. On the morning of his execution—(he, with the three others, was hanged at the subsequent assizes)—he gave us a cool detail of his plans.

The dogs were to be destroyed, and the premises reconnoitred. In the disguise of a beggar he effected both; laid meat, prepared with arsenic, for the poor animals; then made his way into the kitchen, and ascertained that the fastenings of the back door were defective. He purposed surprising the family at supper, or forcing an entrance when they were asleep. The first attempt he made at the drawing-room, but quickly perceiving that he had been observed by Miss Morden he retired hastily. A council was held by the robbers, and it was fortunately determined to postpone the attack until the family had gone to rest.

Nothing could be bolder or more likely to succeed, than Mitchell's desperate resolution. It was to leap feet-foremost through the window, armed with a dagger, and open the back door for his associates. He made the attempt, and providential circumstances alone prevented its being successful. That very morning, a small iron bar had been placed across the window, it caught the robber in his leap, threw him back with violence, and the noise, attended with the outcry of the idiot, alarmed the family instantly.

Circumstances, they say, will often make men courageous. In this case it had the same effect on two beings of a very different description—a lovely girl and an idiot boy. Miss Morden throughout the trying scene displayed the coolest courage—and the poor simpleton, who commonly would avoid the appearance of a gun, armed with his spit, defended the breach like a hero.

We met at dinner. Julia, Miss Morden's cousin, would hardly venture to join us, for her brother rated her timidity severely. When the alarm was heard, the fearful girl buried her face beneath the bed coverings, and remained in pitiable agitation until the contest ended. Mr. Morden took her from his daughter's arm, kissed her, and congratulated her on their delivery from the last night's danger.

"You little coward," said the old man, jocularly, "you must give your deliverer one kiss for your preservation;" the blushing girl received my salute. Miss Morden took my hand. "You too, Emily, will you not reward your protector!" Without coquetry she laid her lips to mine, and that kiss was sufficient recompense for twice the peril I had encountered.

For me no praises seemed sufficient; the successful defence was attributed to my exertions; and the fortunate shot that killed the villain smith was never to be sufficiently commended.

My visit ended—I was in love with Emily; but then I had little chance of succeeding to the property, which afterward, by a chapter of accidents, fell to me; and a company of foot was all my earthly riches. She was an heiress; would it be generous to take advantage of a casual service, and press a suit that would be as painful to refuse as unlikely to be granted? I mean (so says vanity) by Mr. Morden. No; I overcame the temptation of risking a trial, and returned to—ford, possessing the esteem and good wishes of every inhabitant of "the Wilderness."

I was on parade some mornings after I rejoined the regiment, when a horse, splendidly accoutred with a superb tiger-skin, holsters, saddle, and every housing fit for a field officer, was led into the barrack-yard by a groom. The animal was a perfect picture of sym-

metry and strength; a dark chestnut, sixteen hands high, and worth at least two hundred guineas. The groom presented me a letter—it was from Mr. Morden—the horse was a present.

Emily and her cousin married most happily, and we have often met since. They treat me as sisters would a brother and we frequently talk of the night attack upon "the Wilderness."

Three years passed away; the gang had been incessantly followed by Mr. Morden, and were extirpated, with the solitary exception of Captain Bulger. Dreading the sleepless vengeance of that determined old man, this ruffian fled the country, and established himself in a disaffected district of the South.

In the interim, I got a majority in the Seventieth, then quartered in Cork. Soon after I joined I happened to be field-officer of the day on which a notorious criminal was doomed to suffer. The regiment had given a guard, and curiosity induced me to attend the execution.

I entered the press-room. In a few minutes the malefactor appeared in white grave-clothes, attended by two priests. It was "mine ancient enemy," Bulger! Suddenly the sheriff was called out, and after a short absence returned, accompanied by a plain, vigorous country gentleman, enveloped in a huge driving coat, and apparently like one who had travelled a considerable distance.

I looked at the criminal; he was the ruin of a powerful man, and the worst-visaged scoundrel imaginable. He was perfectly unmoved, and preserved a callous sort of *hardiesse*, and as the priests hurried over their Latin prayers, made a careless response whenever they directed him. The door leading to the drop was open; the felon looked out upon the crowd most earnestly—"He is not there," he murmured; "he caused my apprehension, but he will not see me die!" and added, with a grim smile—"Morden, you neither kept your word nor proved your prophecy!" The muffled stranger stood suddenly forward—"I am here, Bulger! I paid for your apprehension, and have come some hundred miles to witness your execution."

"Morden!" said the dying felon, solemnly, "if a ghost can come back again, I'll visit you!"

The person addressed smiled coldly. "I found you unable to execute your threats while living, and, believe me, I apprehend nothing from you when dead."

The clock struck—the sheriff gave the signal—Bulger advanced to the scaffold—the drop fell—and in two minutes he was a corpse.

IRON HOUSES.

THE new process for smelting iron by raw coal and hot air blast, is producing a great change in the iron trade; and it is anticipated by good judges, that no long period will elapse before cast iron of the quality known as No. I. will be manufactured at the cost of about 40s. or 45s. the ton. When this takes place generally, it must inevitably produce an effect which will pervade almost every condition of society. Rich and poor will, by degrees, find themselves enclosed in iron cages; and fir joists, and slate roofs, will become things to be alluded to as betokening something venerable from antiquity. The introduction of iron into building operations will, no doubt, spread rapidly, as the price of cast iron falls; and, if unskillfully done at the outset, we may have a number of imperishable monuments of bad taste before our eyes wherever we go. It is, therefore, of importance that good examples should be given in time, and that architects should be prepared for the change, so as not to leave the matter to the caprice or taste of the workmen of the founderies.—*Landon's Encyclopædia of Architecture.*

PARISIAN SKETCH.

THE BOULEVARDES.

Do you want, dear reader, to study character? If you do, visit the Boulevards of Paris; in that moving panorama you will find all the varieties of French character, mingled with a tolerable sample of sturdy John Bullism, and of the airs and graces of that most fustian of all animals, an English dandy.

Begin we, then, with the *Boulevard des Capucins*, or as it is also called *Boulevard des Italiens*. The houses are mostly shops, but interspersed here and there with some noble mansions *entre Cour et Jardin*. The shops are handsomely laid out; the *cafés*, from the extreme elegance and delicate cleanliness of their appearance, tempt you to enter; and certainly there is not one in which the most fastidious epicure would not be satisfied with the tea, coffee, or the substantial comforts of a *déjeuner à la Fourchette*. But here, as almost every where else in Paris, magnificence and misery are nearly allied; for this, the handsomest part of the Boulevards, is disgraced by a melange of paltry book stalls, old picture-dealers, pedlars, dog-fanciers, chair-menders, and stocking-grafters.

The company are generally elegant idlers, who either lounge up and down, or seat themselves in groups, and discuss the merits of the new play or novel; and above all of the last political pamphlet. The ladies take a decided part in these *conversations*, and contrive to make even politics subservient to the interests of coquetry. The English of distinction also figure there, and are easily distinguished from the French by the tranquil steadiness, or the listless indolence of their manner; I speak of the gentlemen. As to the ladies, they may be distinguished for two reasons, their superior beauty, and the generally bad taste of their dress; for the latter they have usually to thank their French milliners or dress-makers, who seem to make a point, perhaps out of regard to the national honour, of disfiguring foreigners as much as possible. Sometimes may be seen mingling with this elegant crowd, the honest provincial, who comes to satisfy his national pride with a view of the wonders of Paris; and the stolid John Bull, who desires to satisfy his spleen by finding fault with every thing he sees, hears, eats, and drinks. He hates the French only because they are not English; wonders how the devil he ever could be such a fool as to come among such a set, and devoutly consigns himself all alive and in a lump to the infernal gods if ever he is caught in Paris again.

Here, too, all the most elegant equipages in Paris are exhibited in the drive, and it is but fair to say, that those of the English nobility and gentry bear away the palm. But, would you see the Boulevard to advantage, you must visit it between the hours of eight and ten on a summer evening, when the walk is literally filled with well-dressed groups, some sitting, others strolling up and down, but all talking at once, as for a wager.

Twenty minutes quick walking transports you to a scene of a totally different description. The Boulevard Saint Martin is the evening promenade of the rich cit and *Madame son épouse*, whose profusion of trinkets, cachemire shawl, and handsome English lace veil, draws many a longing glance from the pretty and simply attired *demoiselle de comptoir*, who, as she leans upon the arm of a smart shopman, indulges the hope that she too may one day sport a similar toilette. Here, too, may be seen industrious mechanics with their wives and children, released from the labours of the day, enjoying, what the French all do with uncommon zest, an evening walk. These groups present as great a contrast in their dress as in their manners, to those you have just quitted. The cit consequential and over-dressed—the others vulgar and joyous.

Again the scene shifts, and the *Boulevard du Temple* presents you with a set of beings, the major part of whom belong to times long past. The small remains of the emigrant *noblesse*, the man, bending alike beneath the weight of years and poverty, yet preserving, in spite of an antiquated and often threadbare dress, an air of high breeding, and of that genuine urbanity, the characteristic of the old French. The ladies of those by-gone days are scarcely to be distinguished by their dress, for that is in general modern, but the dignity and grace, *l'air noble et imposant* which once heightened the lustre of their beauty, still remains when every other charm has flown. The republican soldier, who would willingly starve upon his own scanty pittance, could he but once more see the tri-coloured flag wave over the conquered continent; the Bonapartist, whose principal enjoyment is to recount the glories of the Emperor's reign. These are the promenaders of the *Boulevard du Temple*, who regularly take their quiet evening stroll, or else sit conversing with a gravity, which would almost make you doubt of their being French, were it not for the eternal shrugs, and the abundance of gesticulation with which their discourse is seasoned.

What a contrast to this quiet scene does the next Boulevard, that of St. Denis, present. Before the *grande Semaine* it resembled a fair, that is to say, that merriest of all fairs—an Irish one—in every thing but drunkenness; for, to do the French justice, they were, before these glorious days, a temperate people. Fortune-tellers, tumblers, dancers, and quacks exerted themselves for the entertainment of the company, who consisted of market-women, corn-porters, and the lowest class of mechanics; well-clothed, apparently well fed, and bearing in their countenances every mark of contentment. I defy the crying philosopher himself to have witnessed their mirth, without joining in it. Now the company is indeed the same, but how different in appearance; clothed in rags, with famine in their faces, despair in their hearts, and execrations on their lips, intermingled here and there with the frantic mirth produced by inebriation, now too common a vice. And let them not be too severely blamed for indulging in it; without the prospect of employment, or the means of procuring food for themselves or families, the cheapness of liquor offers a temptation too powerful for those starving unfortunates always to resist. Oh! let us hope that happier times are at hand; that all civil dissensions will soon cease, and that France blest with peace and union, will see the humblest of her children in possession of bread earned by honest industry.

HEARING TO THE BLIND.

BLIND people have a peculiar method of presenting the ear, and in some cases acquire the power of moving it when much interested. The incessant use they make of it gives them an indescribable quickness: they judge of every thing by sound; a soft sonorous voice with them, is the sound of beauty; and so nice a discernor is a blind person of the accents of speech, that through the voice he fancies he can see the soul. From the idea, they form notions of character, that often lead them into erroneous conclusions. If you notice a string of horses upon travel, you will find that the first horse points his ear forward, and the last behind him, keeping watch; but the intermediate ones, who seem not to be called upon to do this duty, appear careless and perfectly at their ease.—(Dr. Darwin's *Zoonomia*.) Sir John Fielding possessed a great faculty of this sort; and he could recollect every thief that had been brought before him by the tone and accent of his voice for more than forty years.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature*.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

THE man whose name introduces this biographical sketch, was probably one of the most incongruous and eccentric characters that ever claimed a notice from the minds among which he distinguished himself. Without a religion he was a Christian, without education he was a philosopher, without a relative he was a philanthropist, and without necessity he was a miser. In his heart's vocabulary, you may in vain look for the word "friendship," and while he did all for the city of Philadelphia, its necessitous inmates may perish. He was like that Roman Emperor, who, while he possessed thousands, refused a gift to the needy, that he might supply posterity with an aqueduct, and himself with an immortality.

Stephen Girard was born in the environs of Bourdeaux, on the 24th day of May, 1750. From the circumstance that his education was *extremely* deficient, it is probable that his parents were of a very low and vulgar condition of life; and it is not unreasonable to suppose, that this deficiency induced him to withdraw himself from society so exclusively as he afterwards did. At the age of ten or twelve years he left his paternal home, as a cabin boy, in a vessel bound for the West Indies. This step is supposed by many to have been taken in consequence of paternal bad treatment, or neglect; but, it may, more probably, as well as more charitably, be ascribed to that spirit of enterprise and ambition which always distinguished him. His stay in the West Indies, was of no prolonged duration; when he embarked for New York, still remaining in the capacity of cabin-boy. From New York he made several voyages with Captain Randall, into whose friendship he gradually introduced himself, by his fidelity, industry, and temperance, until he became a decided favourite. When Captain Randall retired from his profession, he promoted Girard, who, in the mean time, had risen to the situation of mate, to that of Captain of a small vessel, in which he made several voyages to New Orleans. In these voyages he generally made some small "adventures," as they are called by seamen; in all of which he was, to some degree successful. To the profits of these he was gradually making some addition; until, after a few years, he was enabled to become part owner of a small vessel and cargo. This vessel he commanded himself, and in his various speculations fortune favoured his every exertion.

He first visited Philadelphia in the year 1769; and established himself in business in Water street, on a small but secure scale. He had now some leisure to see the passing crowd, and now and then to scan the features of some passing beauty. That Stephen Girard was susceptible of the softer feelings of our nature is seldom admitted by those who have been most intimately acquainted with him; and he is supposed to have prescribed matrimony, less as the means of promoting happiness than of increasing wealth. The daughter of an old boatman, or caulker, then living with Colonel Walter Shee, happened to have attracted the unamorous attention of the future owner of millions, while she was at the pump to get some water. She was barefooted, and the effect of her then celebrated beauty was much enhanced by her apparent unconsciousness of her charms. Her dress was of an humble description, and over her shoulders, her hair of a rich blackness, fell in shining and dishevelled luxury.—Although Girard had but one good eye, he was able to see that her two possessed light enough to counterbalance his defect, and he forthwith began to visit the house of her father where, after some time, his visits were but coolly received. They were supposed to

have had an improper object in view, Girard being so superiorly circumstanced in life, compared with an humble servant. As soon as he understood her parents' feelings, he made a formal avowal of his intentions, and they were married in the year 1770: he being then in the twentieth year of his age. By this marriage he had one child who died in its infancy. In 1771, he entered partnership with a Mr. Hazlehurst, to whom he had been strongly recommended. The firm purchased two brigs, for the prosecution of a trade with St. Domingo; but the speculation failed, the two brigs having been captured and sent into Jamaica. In 1776, he opened a small grocery in Water street, with a store attached in which he bottled wine and cider, by which he acquired large profits: and in 1779, he obtained the occupancy of a range of frame houses, at the east side of Water street, where he stored old cordage, blocks, sails, and other old *ship-building* materials: with probably the expectation of being yet able to make use of them at his own "account and risque." In 1780, he engaged in the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade which proved very lucrative, and, two years afterwards, he leased, for ten years, with a promise of renewal, a range of stores running northward from the house in Water street in which he died. From the rent of these he derived large profits, and at the end of the ten years obtained a reluctant renewal: in this time he laid the foundation of his future fortune. He effected a partnership with his brother John, which was dissolved by mutual consent, in consequence of mutual misunderstanding. A circumstance now took place which is ascribed to various causes: by some to an unworthy motive, arising out of an inhuman feeling, and by others to direct necessity: be this as it may, his wife was placed as a lunatic, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, on the 21st of August 1790, where, after a confinement of twenty-five years, she died on the 13th of September, 1815. If, on this subject, a doubt of his motive could exist, that doubt may readily be removed by the exalted character of that excellent institution; and the no less exalted reputation of those who were its superintendants, directors and managers. On the dissolution of partnership between himself and his brother, his advance to wealth was rapid. Indeed, he seemed to have been fettered by co-operation, and made more progress by the aid of his single mind: and here, it is but justice to say, that during the devastating existence of yellow fever, in this city, in the year 1793, when the spirit of the plague howled through the abandoned streets, as through a wilderness, when friendship forgot its endearments, and humanity felt not its nature, Stephen Girard became the Samaritan of Philadelphia, nursed the infected with a desperate fidelity, and through the rise and fall of the pestilence forgot his own health, to administer to the wants of others.

At the time of the insurrection of the negroes at St. Domingo, the flying settlers placed much wealth and property on board his ships which were then lying there. Of these, numbers were met and barbarously murdered by their own slaves. The heirship being thus destroyed, he became the just owner of the property. In the year 1791, he commenced building some ships, with which he carried on a trade with Canton and Calcutta, and Fortune, so proverbially fickle to the rest of mankind, continued to lavish upon him her abundant gifts. On the 12th of May, 1812, he commenced his banking operations with a capital of one million two hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps, no private bank in any country ever had so strong a claim upon national gratitude as the Girard Bank.



STEPHEN GIRARD.

When, in 1814, the treasury was exhausted and bankrupt, when confidence was crushed, hopes destroyed, and the nation apparently on the verge of ruin; when such was the state of public opinion that at seven per cent. the paltry sum of five millions of dollars could not be had, Stephen Girard stood forward and subscribed for the entire: thus not only risking all for his country's salvation, but inspiring a general confidence, which was of the utmost importance at that truly eventful period. In May, 1830, he purchased his coal estate in Schuylkill county, consisting of 30,000 acres of coal and timber land: and in this purchase his characteristic foresight was not less remarkable than in all his former speculations. We now approach the goal of his existence; and here it may, perhaps, be necessary to introduce some of those eccentric *smallnesses* which individualized him, as conspicuously as his spirit of enterprize: but, in the light of the two splendid instances of humanity and patriotism, they become dim; and if we remember them, it is to cast the veil over them, and feel that he was human.

And if for a moment, the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.

In the last week of December, 1831, he was seized with *Bronchitis*, which disorder was at the time very rife. The exertions of his eminent medical attendants were unavailing; and one of the most adventurous spirits that ever vivified an earthly tenement, departed from the scene of its activity and enterprize, on the 26th of December, 1831. Mr. Girard's body was interred in the Roman Catholic burying ground, at the corner of Spruce and Sixth streets; and no native of this city, visiting that spot, should forget that he lived for Philadelphia.

MAHOMEDAN SERMON.

God alone is immortal! Ibrahim and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadjah, the first born of faith; Ayesha the beloved; Omar the meek; Omri the benevolent; the companions of the Apostles, and the sent of God himself, all died; but God most high, God most holy, liveth forever. Infinities are to him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam. The earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny, but HE liveth and reigneth forever.

God alone is omniscient! Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before him. The dark night is unto HIM as the rays of the morning, for HE noticeth the creeping of the small pismire, in the dark night, upon the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

God alone is omnipresent! HE touches the immensity of space as a point. HE moveth in the depth of the ocean, and the Atlas is hidden by the sole of his foot.—HE breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in paradise, and enliveneth the pallid flame in the profoundest hell.

God alone is omnipotent! HE thought, and worlds were created. HE frowneth, and they dissolve into smoke. HE smilith, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Herman are the whisperings of his voice; the rustling of his attire causeth lightning and earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment he blotteth out the sun.

God alone is merciful! When he made his immutable decrees in eternal wisdom, HE tempered the miseries of the race of Ishmael, in the fountain of pity.—When HE laid the foundation of the world, HE cast a look of benevolence into the abysses of futurity, and the adamantine pillars of justice were softened by the beaming of his eyes. He dropped a tear upon the embry miseries of unborn man, and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless pit. HE sent his

prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes, and hath prepared the pavilion of the Houris, for the repose of the true believers.

God alone is just! HE chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment. HE promulgated the ineffable creed; and the germs of countless souls of believers, which existed in the contemplation of the Deity, expand at the sound. His justice refresheth the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

God alone is one! Ibrahim, the faithful, knew it;—Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai;—Jesus pronounced it; and the messenger of God the sword of his vengeance, filled the world with that immutable truth.

Surely there is *one God, immortal, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, most merciful, and just, and Mahomet* is his apostle.

Lift up your hands to the Eternal, and pronounce the ineffable creed:—*There is one God and Mahomet is his Prophet.*

With their fathers have Ibrahim and Soliman slept,
O'er Cadjah, of faith, have the night-heavens wept;
The beloved Ayesha, and Omar the mild;
The benevolent Omri, as pure as a child;
The Apostles, and he, the commission'd, have died,
But God, the most holy, shall ever abide.
As arithmetics' num'rals to man, even so
Does HE, the Omniscient! infinities know.
The earth, at the breath of his bidding shall sever;
But HE liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.

Michael, whose wings are effulgent with eyes,
Is blind before him who illumines the skies;
To him is the night, when no planet appears,
As the rays when the morning its brilliancy bears;
For the tread of the ant in the midnight HE sees,
And the motion of atoms caught up by the breeze.

As a point does HE touch the immenseness of space;
The sole of his foot can the Atlas embrace;
In the depth of the ocean of limitless night,
HE moveth and liveth in glory and light.
HE breatheth thro' paradise, cheering perfume,
And enliveneth hell to its innermost gloom.

HE thought; and the worlds his omnipotence spoke;
HE frowns: the creations dissolve into smoke;
HE smiles; and the damn'd in their mansions rejoice;
The thunders of Herman are shades of his voice;
Lightnings—earthquakes are caus'd by his rustling attire;
And the shade of his garment blots out the sun's fire.

When, in wisdom, his laws he immutable made;
HE, the mis'rics of Ishmael in pity, allay'd.
When he made, in his goodness, the world, he then
smil'd,

And the beam of his eyes made futurity mild.
On man, yet unborn, a bright tear he let fall,
Which the flames of the pit shall extinguish for all.
His prophet HE sent to diminish our woes,
And the Houris to bless the believers' repose.

The cause to the distant occurrence he brings,
Immutably chain'd to the fitness of things;
HE decreed the unfaithful to error's control;
To futurity's torments he suited their soul:
To nations announc'd the ineffable creed,
And in bosoms pre-ordin'd implanted the seed:
His justice refresheth the faithful, but, where
The damn'd are confined, 'tis confess'd in despair.

God above is but one! as our Ibrahim nam'd,
And as Sinai's thunders thro' Moses proclaim'd;
It Jesus pronounc'd, and the messenger-chief
Fill'd the world with that doctrine's unchanging belief.

ALFNA.

THE RECORDER OF BALLYPOOREN.

AN ELEGANT RECORD.

A medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicious, quarrels, reconciliations, wars,
Then peace again.

It is not many months since the following marriage advertisement, in most of the Irish newspapers, excited equal curiosity and amusement wherever it was read:

"Married, by the Rev. Oliver Bible, Mr. Patrick Hogan, Recorder of the Ballypooreen Petty Sessions, to Miss Anne Switzer, of the same town."

The curiosity was to know, who could the lady be, with the extraordinary un-Irish name; and the amusement was created by the high-sounding appellation which was given to the poor and paltry office of a petty sessions clerk.

The village of Ballypooreen is, or rather was, one of those quiet and retired nooks, the very look of which promises, to those who dwell in it, security against the inventions of ambition, and the equally dangerous visitations of fame. Even in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, there had not been a *burning* within a mile of it, and only three tithe-proctors were ever shot in its vicinity, and that was so long ago as the times of the *old White-boys*. No Catholic monks had raised an abbey in its neighbourhood, and no old castle was erected beside it, which Cromwell might have dragged down in his devastating progress through Ireland. It had neither a Well nor a Cross to tempt a visit from the infirm or the wandering pilgrim, and there was no inducement for the antiquarian or the fashionable tourist to pass through its solitary, and almost grass-grown street. No attorney had embroidered its humble denizens in law, and the only "professional gentleman" ever found in it was a desperate apothecary, who once opened a shop, but who, in six months after he had displayed his yellow pestle and mortar, poisoned himself. The only active person in the town—the only one who had business to do, was Mrs. Dorney, an old and an experienced practitioner, who diffused joy and gladness wherever she came, as she was never known to depart from a house in Ballypooreen without announcing that there was to be, or there had been, an increase to the population. Commerce neither brought to the quiet inhabitants of the village wealth or cares; the far travelling pedlar conveyed to them all the luxuries of life, and all the news of the great world, from which their agricultural avocations removed them. The few Palatines and descendants of the German Protestants (imported by James I.) who lived in the town, had been many a night drunk, in toasting "success to the British arms in America," long after the independence of "the Colonies" was acknowledged; and Buonaparte was some time upon the throne of France, before they had heard of the decapitation of Louis XVI! In such a state of happy ignorance and contented quietude, it is probable that the people of Ballypooreen would have continued to exist, but that some wise men (for they were magistrates) determined that petty sessions should be held in the village of Ballypooreen, as most convenient to their respective residences. Thus, as you will shortly see, was an election created, and thus ended the peace of Ballypooreen!

What a change was produced by that determination! Those who had never dreamed that there was a wiser man in the world than Cornelius O'Kelly, the schoolmaster, nor a better dressed man than their parish priest, Father Carney, now beheld both individuals sink into insignificance before the ponderous learning of Counsellor Langley, (a non-practising barrister,) and

the gorgeous liveries of Colonel Wilson, an old East India commander—both magistrates, most regular in their attendance at petty sessions. With the hebdomadal sessions, came magistrates and barristers, attorneys and attorney's clerks, with "all the quirks and quiblets of the law;" and with the law came "actions for assault and battery," a thing unheard of before in Ballypooreen; for though its people fought with one another, as all Irishmen do, they never, until the sessions were established, thought of revenging themselves by the law for any injuries they might receive. The broken head that was given on one market day, was sure to be repaid upon the other, and though the Hogans might suffer to-day, the Hickeys would be certain of enduring a reverse to-morrow. The primeval character of the people has suffered from the change; the law has begun to take its course, and instead of a pugilist being confined to his bed by a broken limb, for his unwonted prowess upon some particular occasion, it is now his hard fate to be confined as many months in gaol. From being a decent, open, fair fighting village, it has degenerated into a nasty, litigious, summons-giving, process-serving town. The people have begun to live in an unnatural state of society, and amongst the evils of civilization which first invaded them, was that of "ambition." The same passion that agitates rulers, that overturns governments, that makes emperors and unmakes kings, that starts candidates for county elections and ruins them in the process—divided the people of Ballypooreen as to the election of a recorder for their petty sessions.

No sooner had the increase of litigation in the neighbourhood created a necessity for the erection of a court-house, and no sooner had that magnificent pile of brick and mortar been raised from its foundation, and crowned with a roof of real blue slates, the wonder and admiration of all the straw-thatchers in that part of the country, than the election to the new office of "Recorder," (so designated by Counsellor Langley,) separated the town into two desperate and relentless factions, one calling itself "the true Irish," and the other, "the Church and State party; in other words, "Radicals" and "Conservatives."

Many were the meetings, many the debates, and many were the gallons of potheen drank by "the Irish," before they could determine upon a candidate. The schoolmaster, Cornelius O'Kelly, was first named by them, and it must be admitted he was the prime favourite of the populace; for it was said by many, and strongly hinted by himself, as an additional claim to the honour of their suffrages, that when he was not more than a *gossamer*, he had been "out doing business" with the Whiteboys; every one knew, too, that he had been "taken up in '98" as a Croppy, and escaped, through "a flaw in the indictment," with the slight punishment of three hundred lashes; the recollection of the good it did him, made him the most unsparing of the rod of any pedagogue in the entire province of Munster. Besides, he had the gift of the tongue, and could make a speech of three hours in favour of the REFRAK, and the entire abolition of all church imposts and taxes. These were great, they were super-eminent qualifications for a Recorder, and if the popular vote could have decided the election, Cornelius O'Kelly would be preferred to any other man in the parish. But then, the humblest of "the Irish" party knew that the very qualifications which

made Cornetius a favourite with them, were matters which would be objected against him by "the enemies of the country." Even Corney himself admitted this, and resigned his hopes in favour of a less obnoxious candidate, Patrick Hogan, who purchased the pedagogue's "vote and interest," by a pound of tobacco, a gallon of government whiskey, and a skin of butter.

Pat. Hogan, the nominee of "the Irish," possessed only one recognizable claim upon his faction—he was a papist, but unlike his brother parishioners, he was a cunning little fellow, who never busied himself in any body's concerns but his own. He tilled a small farm of ten acres, which he held at a low rent, and of which he acknowledged the due value, by "always voting with his landlord, no matter who was up for the county." He never read newspapers, never talked on politics, but as he himself expressed it, "always kept his tongue the right side of his cheek." He was very seldom seen drunk, and was never in more than a dozen quarrels in his lifetime, and was, in these respects, remarked as "one of the soberest and quietest boys that was ever beheld." It was well known that he was "finely harmed," for he had, at school, gone through "Voster" three times, "Dowling's Book-keeping" twice, and had actually parsed part of "Cordery," and read the half of the first book of Virgil! On this account, it was said that Patrick knew "almost, but not quite, as much as the clergy himself." Though Paddy was despised for his want of public spirit, he was much respected for his abilities and education, and generally loved for his unvarying good temper. It was admitted that he was a handsome young fellow, and what the intelligent matrons called "a clane, decent lad;" but still he was not a favourite with "the ladies" of his own party, because he was never seen at chapel "to throw a sheep's eye at one of them." It was, besides, more than suspected, that he was so heretical in his affections, as to have fallen in love with Miss Ann Switzer, the prettiest girl that walked on a Sunday, with a Protestant prayer-book in her hand.

It could not be denied that Ann Switzer had fine, large rolling black eyes, glossy, dark hair, a well-rounded, plump little figure, the prettiest feet that ever tripped over a cowslip, and as neatly moulded an arm as was ever shaken over a milk-pail. Pat. Hogan certainly adored her, and with the emoluments of the office to which he aspired, added to the profits of his farm, he might well claim her, and her hundred pounds fortune. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Old Switzer was the leading "Church and State" man in Ballyporeen, and he, too, was the most active supporter of Corporal Hall, the second candidate for the Recordership.

The nominee of the church and state party, Corporal Hall, was a gallant, rollicking, hard drinking, hard fighting, old Orangeman, who had often bled for his king and country. He came, he said, originally, from the county Cavan, where his fathers held lands for many a year, under the "bold Barrys" and "mighty Maxwells," and where he had acquired, amongst his first ideas as a child, a love for King William, and the 'prentice boys of Derry; with a hatred of "all the abominations of popery." He had, at an early age, enlisted in the militia; and had seen service, in the year 1798, in the county Wexford, where he acted in the noisy occupation of a drummer; and was one amongst the seven of his division who escaped from the pikes of the rebels, when two hundred yeomen were slaughtered by them. It was his boast, that in that encounter he killed three men and a boy before he "beat a retreat." But from that time forward he never could see a papist, without being ready to swear that he had a pike concealed in his pocket; and when he was drunk, which, upon an average, was about five times in the week, he "cursed and d—d all the Romans, as enemies to the church,

and the king." With such qualifications to render him disliked, there were few Roman Catholics in Ballyporeen who would raise their hands against him; first, because they knew he would return any blow he received "with interest and costs;" and next, because he was the driver on Colonel Wilson's estate, and never had to make a distress for rent, that he did not give timely warning to the tenants "to take their best cows off the land." His having fought against the rebels, his hatred of the papists, and his noisy exclamations for church and state, constituted his claims to favouritism from his own party. The only objection that could possibly be started against his holding the office of Recorder, was but a slight one—"that he could not even write his name." The office, it might be said, was one which required a person capable of writing a plain, good hand; but his friends said, "Is a loyalist to be rejected, and a papist to be preferred, merely because the one knows his *apertean*, (alphabet,) and the other hasn't yet learned it?" Besides, it was wisely urged, that when Corporal Hall got the situation, "he could be taught his pothooks-and-hangers, and pay another for doing the business for him, as his betters have done many a time before him." Such arguments were unanswerable; and, accordingly, Switzer and his faction determined to start the Corporal against Hogan.

The time for opening the court-house, and appointing a petit-sessions' clerk, was fast approaching; and it became the duty of the respective candidates to put forth all their energies to command the majority of votes. There was a time, when all the patronage of the parish was centered in one magistrate—the Rev. Oliver Bible, the Rector,—a man who possessed nearly as much influence as Father Carney himself: for though violent in politics, and a zealot in religion, he took whatever share of tithes were bestowed upon him, and no more: and the consequence was, that his income was as limited as his popularity was extensive. In such a case as the present, however, the Rev. Oliver Bible had but a single vote; and there were three other magistrates attending the petit-sessions. These were, Counsellor Langley, Colonel Wilson, and Patrick O'Grady, Esq.; the latter, a gentleman more distinguished for his following a hare than signing a petition. There were two of these whom Hogan thought might be calculated upon as favourable to him, Counsellor Langley and Colonel Wilson; because the one had written a pamphlet (which, by the way, no one ever heard of) in favour of Catholic emancipation; and the other, since he had got promotion in the army, through the influence of the Whigs, declared himself "a liberal." To secure the favour of the two magistrates, Hogan despatched to the Counsellor a new edition of "Macnally's Justice of the Peace," which he bought in Clonmel, and was then in great repute with the *unpaid*; and to induce the Colonel to vote for him, knowing "his honour" to be an antiquarian, he made him a present of an old brass-hilted sword which his father had found in a bog-hole, and declared to be a genuine relic. Having thus, like many another great man, made his way by bribery, he assailed the religious scruples of the Reverend Rector, by requesting the worthy divine to lend him "a Protestant Version of the Scriptures." And the good opinion of Mr. O'Grady was secured, by his swearing, in presence of the 'squire, "that the likes of Mr. O'Grady's mare, *True Blue*, was never seen crossing a double ditch; and that when a body saw her running, it was like a young greyhound coursing a butterfly."

The church and state party saw, with dismay, that Hogan was winning his way with all the magistrates. When all the underhand tricks of Hogan, and the undue influence he had acquired by his cunning canvases of the electors, became known to the friends of Hall, they resolved to counteract them by a bold stroke of

policy—in short, by an overt act of partizanship in favour of the brave Corporal.

Old Switzer had the honour of concocting the plan for carrying Hall's election. The old Palatine knew that though two of the magistrates pretended to be "liberals," they disliked the papists as much as his worthy Rector or he himself did. He knew, too, that a demonstration of the force and power of the Orangemen in the district, would be most likely to have its influence upon their minds. Accordingly, as the 12th of July was approaching, he resolved to have, what was never before heard of in the province—an Orange procession in the town of Ballyporeen! Great was the joy and exultation of the Palatines at the idea. They had often heard of an Orange procession from Corporal Hall, but had never yet seen one; and he was so well acquainted with all the details of the important fete, that its entire management was confided to *their* candidate.

One fine morning then, in the month of July, the villagers of Ballyporeen were roused from their slumbers by the loud and martial music produced by five or six fifers, two trumpeters, and three drummers; all of whom were playing as loudly as each man had the power, and who were marching up and down the town, followed by fifty hardy, weather-beaten farmers, wearing scarfs of the gaudiest colours that could be procured—orange, blue, scarlet or pink—and each man carrying a stick, a rusty sword, an old gun (perhaps without a lock,) or a pistol devoid of a barrel. In the centre of these strutted the Corporal, who carried a large flag on which was painted, "*They Cing and Koanatchewshun.*" His entire person was enveloped in stripes of glazed calico, of different colours; but in which the orange and blue predominated. Old Switzer brought up the rear. His large and manly frame was adorned in a similar manner to that of his friend Hall; and he, too, bore a flag, on which the same ingenious orthographist who ornamented Hall's banners, had inscribed, "*Hole an they Law for ivir.*" There were other banners, which bore such inscriptions as "*Cing William,*" "*Glorous Memry,*" "*Bine trathur,*" &c. &c. &c. This gallant procession, after parading the town three times, to the amusement of the inhabitants, marched up to the court-house, where an orange and blue standard was erected, and in honour of which a feu-de-joie was fired—four of the guns of the entire party being found capable of discharging a blank cartridge each. The Orangemen then left the town, amid the huzzas of the people, and followed by the innumerable offspring of Ballyporeen. This was a great, and a mighty, and a glorious day for the gossoons. Every one of them that could muster a pop-gun, was firing away with *haves*, as he ran after the procession; while the shillelahs of the fathers, and the crutches of the grand-daddies, were flourished by youthful hands, and with a dexterity indicative of the immense use that would hereafter be made of such arms, when the weekly fair or monthly market, or a future election, should call for their exercise.

It was with a proud and most military step that old Hall marched at the head of his "merry men." He fancied, as he strutted along, and looked upon the banners and the group that surrounded him, that the good old times were returned again. He thought that he was on a foraging party against the rebels, and in his imaginative loyalty, he cut down with his rusty broad sword, every tall thistle that came within his reach, and in doing so, bawled out, "he was knocking the head of some impudent insurgent from Vinegar Hill." The little papists who followed in his track, imitated the capers in which the gallant commander indulged; and as each tiny urchin bent down a yellow *boukerlaum*, or a white-topped dock weed, he joined in the cry of old Hall, and exclaimed "*down with the rebels!*" Gladsome was the progress of this extraordinary party through the country—the women laughed

at them, as they held forth their little children to see the fun; and the men who were working in the fields, shouted after them, and then observed to each other, "this is the Protestants' *May-day*, by dad! when they get tipsy, they're queerer fellows nor ourselves." The procession was a triumph for old Switzer—it was a merry one for his companions; but it was most successful for old Corporal Hall. The Orangemen took care to reserve their music for the special edification of the different magistrates, and who between the din, and the noise, the numbers, and the confusion that environed their respective residences in the course of that day, individually promised to support the man who was upheld by so "respectable, influential, and independent a body of voters." If then the joy was great when the procession marched out from Ballyporeen, it was actually uproarious on its return. Hall, like other candidates in similar circumstances, promised every thing. He promised old Switzer that he would "learn to write in a week;" and he assured every one of the multitude that they might go to law as long as they lived, for he would never charge them sixpence for "a process" or "a decree," though they were litigating with the entire county of Tipperary. Thus far all went on well and prosperously; the "Irish" were defeated; all the tricks and manoeuvring of Hogan were rendered abortive; and Hall was "almost the same" as invested in the high and mighty office of recorder of the important and hereafter-to-be-celebrated town of Ballyporeen.

The corporal was one of those bibulous individuals, who, on every occasion of life, can find an excuse for imbibing any given quantity of liquid stronger than water. If his spirits were low, or if they were high; if he met a friend, or quarrelled with an enemy; if he were hungry, or had eaten; if he were running, or walking, or sitting; if it were morning, or noon, or night; if it were summer or winter, windy or calm, wet or dry, cool or hot,—each and every occasion was a reason, and an excellent one too, for the Corporal to take a glass of whiskey, a pint of porter, or as much potheen as you could give him. A trifling occurrence required a *glass*; an unforeseen event, two of them; an accident, three; and any extraordinary circumstance was to be drunk *ad libitum*. Such were Hall's maxims—such his rule of life: and to do him justice, he was a most consistent candidate: he was never known to violate the one, nor depart from the other. His promised elevation gave him the excuse for stopping at every shebeen house on his way home, and "seeing his friends drink;" and in order that they might be induced to do so, he most readily gave them the proper example. In drinking success to the "constitution," he lost his own; and the innumerable toasts to "*his health*" cut him off "in the flower of his youth." The progress of his inebriation upon that evening might be thus marked:—on his return, when five miles from Ballyporeen, he was drunk; at four miles' distance, he was very drunk; at three miles, excessively drunk; when within two miles, he was stupidly drunk,—and by the time he had reached the outskirts of the village, he could not lie on the floor without holding! His companions were worthy of such a leader—there was not one of them perfectly sober—all differed in degree from the merely tipsy, to the Corporal's standard of intoxication. In this plight did the gallant heroes return to Ballyporeen; but how different was the reception that awaited them, to the adieu with which they had set forward!

If there be one place in the world, where the sister of Mars has, since the deposition of the heathen deities, been allowed to rule, that place I believe to be Ireland. In no other country but Ireland does she exercise so universal a sway; for she is seldom able, except here, to rouse up men to quarrel with each other, when they congregate together for the purposes of

pleasure or amusement. Horace says, "it is Thracian like to use the sword in the midst of feasting," had he lived in these days, he would have observed, that it is only Irish-like to bring the shillelah to a dance, a wedding, or a fair. Other people, when they have amused themselves, generally retire, pleased and satisfied with each other, to their respective homes: it is Irishmen only who stop to fight. The congregation of Hall's supporters in Ballyporeen, was too favourable an occasion for mischief to let pass without a quarrel, and accordingly she sent Corney O'Kelly over the town, while the orange and blue flag was floating over the Court-house. The ancient prejudices of the fighting pedagogues were aroused—he too, like old Hall, thought, when he looked on it, of Vinegar Hill; but it was with far different feelings. This he considered would be a favourable opportunity for avenging the defeat which his party had many years before sustained; and accordingly he resolved to take advantage of it. He hastened to the bog-hole, and for the first time since '98, he unearthed the musket, which he had then concealed, with the intention to use it whenever "his country should demand its service."

In a short time after he entered the town, Corney O'Kelly was seen running from house to house, and carrying upon his shoulder a ponderous gun, which, from its length and thickness, seemed to be one of those formidable matchlocks, with which the Spaniards had once fought upon the Irish soil. Corney as he entered the houses of the papists, explained to them that the exhibition which they had looked upon in the morning, was an Orange procession, and that he knew well that the Orangemen went out to collect all the protestants in the neighbourhood that had fire-arms, and that they would return in the evening and murder every man, woman, and child in the town of Ballyporeen, that was known to be a papist. He said, he knew that was what they meant to do, for that was what the Orangemen used to do, when he was out in Wexford! Shrieks, cries, and groans arose from the women, when this announcement was made to them; while the men collected in groups, and as they got their scythes, alpeens, and stieks in readiness, they cursed the Orangemen, and swore they would not let a living man of them enter the town that night. Amongst others who were visited by Corney O'Kelly, was Hogan, but he, instead of yielding to the schoolmaster, resolved to prevent the mischief and bloodshed which must be the consequence of a conflict between the two parties—one of them having fire-arms, and the other sufficiently equipped to do immense injury, and "determined to have a fight."

Hogan, with such benevolent intentions, hastened to the house of old Switzer, where he saw the lovely Anne, and explained to her the necessity of immediately sending forward a mounted messenger to the nearest police station, with directions to bring in all the constabulary force at once. His business was told in a few words, and then he explained to her the state of his affections for "the pretty Protestant," and she, inspired by gratitude for his anxiety for a parent's safety, and not a little taken by the figure of the dapper little papist, bid him "ask her father's consent." The messenger had been despatched, and as the lovers never could tell how long their conversation lasted, it is impossible now to guess it; but Hogan still held the hand which he had first pressed, when he saw her; he still sat beneath the old ash tree in Switzer's paddock, and still looked in the face of the smiling maiden, when their conversation was abruptly put an end to, by hearing a distant and joyous shout, which was echoed by a loud and fierce yell from the village street.

Evening was beginning to darken into night, when the agile Hogan ran forward to apprise the Orangemen of their danger in attempting to enter the village without the protection of the police. He saw, upon

meeting them, that they were neither able to fight nor to run away. The drummers had ceased to beat; the fifeers were mute, and the trumpeters had not a puff in them; and, while some of the most sober were trying to support themselves by holding a fast grip of each other's arms, the majority were reeling from one side of the road to the other, and describing all sorts of problems on the highway, as they wheeled, and turned, and stumbled forward. Hogan saw that it would be vain to speak to men in the state in which all the followers of Hall were, with the exception of old Switzer; him he apprized of the hostile force prepared to encounter him, should he approach the town, and advised him not to make the attempt. Switzer had sufficient reason to understand there was danger before him; but, with the true feeling of a drunken man, determined not to avoid it. Instead of taking the advice of Hogan as kindly as it was meant, the fumes of the last glass of potheen he had swallowed urged him to regard the friendly suggestion as an imputation upon his courage—a slight upon his creed, and a degradation to those who professed it. He accordingly told to Hall the situation in which they were placed, and called upon him, by all his love of military glory, to meet the intended assault. The mention of a coming strife was sufficient to rouse up all the energies of the old Irish soldier—he loaded his gun with five or six balls—wheeled round, and called out, "The papists of '98 are alive again, boys! will we be at them!"—"To be sure we will, and welcome," was the ready response of the Orangemen.

Hall, drunk as he was, said that his men were not able to stand, and he desired them, therefore, to lean against the hedges, and fire on the papists as they marched by them. Having made this military arrangement, and disposed his forces, Hall marched forward with Switzer, to reconnoitre the disposition of the enemy. They had not proceeded more than thirty paces, when they were encountered by Corney O'Kelly and two or three of the most violent papists of Ballyporeen. Corney demanded, in the declamatory tones of a village pedagogue, if they were "the bloody Orangemen?"—"We are nobody else, you blackguards," said Hall.

"Then here's something for you," cried Corney, levelling his gun at the Corporal.

"And here's the same for you," said Hall, bringing his musket to bear upon the schoolmaster, "and if you're a man, don't fire till I bid you."

"To be sure," cried Corney, "an' won't wink an eyelid neither."

The two champions advanced so close, that the muzzles of their guns touched each other's breasts. "Now Corney," said Hall, "I can take aim with some comfort at you—when I cry fire, let us fire together."

"Never say it twice," exclaimed the schoolmaster; "I won't shoot you till you bid me."

"Are you ready, Corney?"

"I am, Corporal Hall."

"Then FIRE."

The musket locks snapped at the moment. Hall had forgotten to prime his piece; but unfortunately for Corney he had done so with his own, and in the attempt to discharge it, the old firelock burst, breaking the hand and arm of the holder, and shattering the body of the sturdy Corporal.

"I am done for," sighed forth Corney, in a feeble tone;—"are you dead too, Corporal Hall?"

"By the powers! I am, Corney, murdered clean entirely. What an infernal gun that is o' mine, it never missed fire before."

"Always mind your flints, Corporal."

"And do you mind your barrel; that gallows old gun has killed us both, as clean as a whistle. Give us the fist, Corney, you're a brave man; what a pity you're a papist."

"And give us yours too, Corporal; I never thought the Orangemen had the spirit to stand fire that way before."

While the two combatants thus lay upon the ground, the space which they had occupied was filled by other individuals. The instant that the schoolmaster was seen falling, a body of his followers rushed forward to demolish Hall, and not finding him, they immediately attacked old Switzer, and felled him to the ground. Hogan, who had hitherto been inactive, bounded into the road, and in a few moments cleared with his short alpen the assailants from the body of the fallen Palatine. Hundreds called out to him to retire, or he should be "exterminated like one of the Orangemen." Hogan refused to obey the command, and a rush was about being made upon him, when a tramp of feet was heard, and in a few seconds afterwards, twenty policemen drew up in a line across the road. Orders to prime and load were given, and at once obeyed. "The first man who attempts to push forward on either side," called out the young commander, "is my prisoner, and those who remain here for five minutes will be fired upon." The adherents of O'Kelly, seeing that they would have to encounter such a body of armed police, aided by the Orangemen, immediately retreated into the village, carrying with them the body of their leader. The poor Corporal was in the meanwhile borne off by the police, and his drunken companions escorted to their different homes.

In a few days subsequent to the encounter, the Corporal had ceased to breathe—he and his antagonist were interred in the same churchyard. Hogan soon had conferred upon him by the magistrates, the pen, the ink-horn, the printed Summonses, and the awful Decrees, with the other insignia of his office. Thus ended the Election of Ballyporeen—while old Switzer in gratitude for the service rendered him on the 12th July, bestowed upon the fortunate candidate the hand of the lovely maiden, the announcement of whose marriage excited a curiosity, which I have thus attempted to gratify.

SECRET POISON.

THE art of poisoning never excited more attention in France than about the year 1670. Mary Margaret d'Aubray, daughter of the Lieutenant-civil Dreux d'Aubray, was, in the year 1651, married to the Marquis de Brinvillier, son of Gobelin, president of the Chamber of accounts, who had a yearly income of thirty thousand livres, and to whom she brought a portion of two hundred thousand. He was *Mestre de Camp* of the regiment of Normandy, and during the course of his campaigns became acquainted with *Gozin de St. Croix*, a young man of distinguished family, who served as a Captain of cavalry in the regiment of *Tressy*. This young officer, who was then a needy adventurer, became a constant visiter of the Marquis, and in a short time paid his addresses to the marchioness; who lost her husband after she had helped to dissipate his large fortune, and was thus enabled to lead a life of infamy in greater freedom. Her indecent conduct gave so much uneasiness to her father, that he procured a *Lettre de Cachet*; had St. Croix arrested while in a carriage by her side, and thrown into the Bastille. St. Croix there, got acquainted with an Italian named Exili, who understood the art of preparing poison, and from whom he learned it. As they were both set at liberty after a year's imprisonment, St. Croix kept Exili with him until he became perfectly master of the art, in which he instructed the marchioness, in order that she might employ it in bettering the circumstances of both. When she had acquired the principles of the art, she assumed the appearance of a nun; distributed food to the poor; nursed the sick in the Hotel Dieu; and gave them medicines, but only for the purpose of trying the strength of her

poison, undetected, on these helpless wretches. It was said in Paris, by way of satire, that no young physician, in introducing himself to practice, had ever so speedily filled a church-yard as Brinvillier. By the force of money, she prevailed upon St. Croix's servant, called *La Chaussee*, to administer poison to her father, into whose service she got him introduced, and also to her brother, who was a counsellor of the parliament, and resided at his father's house.

To the father, the poison was given *ten times* before he died; the son died sooner; but the daughter, *Mademoiselle d'Aubray*, the marchioness could not poison, because, perhaps, she was too much on her guard; but a suspicion soon arose that the father and son had been poisoned, and the bodies were opened. The marchioness, however, would have escaped, had not Providence brought to light the villany. St. Croix, when preparing the poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but as this once happened to drop off by accident, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory. Government caused the effects of this man, who had no family, to be examined, and a list of them made out. On searching them, there was found a small box, to which St. Croix had affixed a written request that after his death it might be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or in case she should not be living, that it might be burned. Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened, than this singular petition; and that being done, there was found in it a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels on, with their effects, proved by experiments made on animals, were marked.

When the marchioness heard of St. Croix's death, she was desirous to have the casket, and endeavoured to gain possession of it, by bribing the officers of justice; but as she failed in this, she quitted the kingdom. *La Chaussee*, however, continued at Paris, laid claim to the property of St. Croix, was seized and imprisoned; confessed more acts of villany than were suspected, and was, in consequence broke alive on the wheel in 1673.

A very active officer of justice, named *Degrais*, was despatched in search of the Marchioness de Brinvillier, who was found in a convent at Liege, to which she had fled from England. To entice her from the convent, *Degrais* assumed the dress of an Abbe, found means to get acquainted with her; acted the part of a lover; and having engaged her to go out on an excursion of pleasure arrested her. Among her effects at the convent, there was found a confession, written by her own hand, which contained a complete catalogue of her crimes.

She there acknowledged that she had set fire to houses, that she had occasioned the death of more persons than any one suspected.

Notwithstanding all the craft she employed to escape, she was conveyed to Paris, where she at first denied everything; and, when in prison, she played piquet to pass away the time. She was, however, convicted; brought to a confession of her enormities; became a convert, as her confessor termed it; and went with much firmness to the place of execution, on the 16th of July, 1675, where, when she beheld the multitude of spectators, she exclaimed in a contemptuous manner, "You have come to see a fine spectacle!" She was beheaded, and afterwards burned; a punishment too mild for such an offender.

As she had been amused with some hopes of a pardon, on account of her relations; when she mounted the scaffold, she cried out, "*C'est donc tout de bon!*"

The following description of Brinvillier may perhaps be of use to physiognomists. Her features were exceedingly regular, and the form of her face, which was round, was very graceful. Nothing proves more, that *Metoposcopy*, or the science of Physiognomy is false, for this lady had that serene and tranquil air which announces virtue.

THE DEATH.

On the evening of the first of March, 1816, one of his Majesty's vessels employed in the British channel, for the suppression of smuggling, and of which I was then first lieutenant, was lying safely moored in the snug and beautiful harbour of Dartmouth. We had just put in from a short cruise; and the work of the day being finished—the ropes coiled up, the decks swept, and every thing ready for going through the usual operation of "*holy stoning*" the following morning,—a proportion of the officers and men were preparing for a cruise on shore, while the "shipkeepers" were equally intent on having a *skylark* on board. At this time, when fun and frolic were the order of the day with all, I received a letter from the captain, informing me that a smuggling vessel was expected on the coast, and directing me to send the second lieutenant with the galley armed, to look out between Torbay and Dartmouth during the night. The order was, of course, a "*dampier*" to the good humour of many; and on no one did it appear to have a greater effect than on my brother officer, who was that evening engaged to a tea party, where he expected to meet a young west-country beauty, whose sparkling eyes had brought him to. Sympathising, therefore, in my messmate's disappointment, and not being that night very deeply in love myself, I volunteered to undertake his duty on the occasion; which offer, with very little pressing on my part, and *lots* of thanks on his, being accepted,—the necessary orders were given, and we each retired to our respective cabins to prepare for our different occupations, and in a short time, both re-appeared in the gun-room—he, as complete and as sweet a nautical Adonis as a new swab, a new gang of rigging, and a pint bottle of lavender water could make him; and myself, with the assistance of a suit of "Flushing" over my usual dress of a round jacket and trowsers—no bad representative of the celebrated "Dirk Hatteraik."

The galley was shortly after hauled up along side, and the arms, binnacle, and other necessary articles being deposited in her, six seamen, one marine, and myself, took our seats; the painter was cast off—and with muffled oars we commenced paddling her out of the harbour, so silently, that not even a ripple was heard to interrupt the mournful "All's well!" of the sentry, as it swept along the glassy surface of the Dart. As the boat slowly increased her distance from the latter vessel, that lay like a seamew on the water—her rigging, that resembled a spider's web spread between us and heaven,—gradually disappeared: the lights of the near and overhanging houses, for a few short minutes, shone brilliantly between her masts and yards, like winter stars through a leafless tree; but long before the battlements of the romantically situated church of Saint Petrox were distinguishable a-head, naught remained in view a-stern, save the lofty black land, and glittering lights of the elevated town; for the poor little "barkey" had vanished from our sight, never, alas! to be again beheld by the greater part of my ill-fated crew.

Pursuing our course down the harbour, we soon gained the "narrows," and passing almost within our length of the rocky point on which stands the hostile looking church of "Saint Petrox," and the adjoining fortifications, we left the opposite shore, together with the remains of the humble tower, known by the imposing name of "Kingsware Castle," on our larboard side, and shortly after reached the wild anchorage called "Dartmouth Range." From thence we passed through the sound that separates the stupendous rock named the "Dartmouth Mewstone" from the Main, and rowing easily along shore to the eastward, round-

ed the "Berry Head," and entered the beautiful and spacious roadstead called "Torbay." On arriving off Brixham, (the spot I considered most likely for the smuggler to attempt,) four of the oars were run across; and, while the major part of the crew dozed on their thwarts, the galley was kept in her position by the two remaining oars; the helmsman and rowers looking out brightly in every direction, and occasionally "laying on their oars" altogether, in order to catch the sound either of the flapping canvass, or of the rippling of the water under the bows of the expected vessel, as the darkness of the night rendered it probable our ears might serve us better than our eyes on the occasion.

In this manner we continued some time; and in addition to the coldness of the night, suffered much from passing showers; but as smugglers generally choose dirty weather for their operations, this only increased the probability of a landing being attempted. The hopes, therefore, of making a seizure, kept us in good humour, and enabled us to "*grin and bear*" the inclemency of the weather tolerably well. And after the lapse of some hours, these hopes were for a few seconds elevated to the highest pitch. About midnight, as we lay benumbed with the cold, and half-drenched with rain, the faint splash of water was heard on the larboard bow; all eyes were in an instant turned in that direction,—and through the obscurity of the night we thought we observed an object on the water. Shortly, the splashes were distinctly heard! The sound appeared to impart heat to our bodies, and the cold embrace of our wet garments was no longer felt. The order, "Give way, lads, off all," was given in a whisper, and obeyed with alacrity in silence: the galley sprung under her oars, and, darting like a falcon on its prey, we in a few seconds found ourselves "*head and stern*" along side of a galley belonging to H. M. R. C.— Our disappointment was great, and I may add, useless. We therefore had a *dry* laugh at each other's expense; and after a quarter of an hour's whispering together, we parted company, with the friendly wish on both sides of—"If we don't fall in with her, I hope you will." More courteous landmen would, in all probability, have expressed the wish without the proviso. "Jack," however, confines himself to saying what he means.

The ———'s galley, on parting, pulled deeper into the bay, and we, in order to double the chance of falling in with the expected smuggler, pulled farther out; where, after lying some time, and having neither observed nor heard any thing to excite suspicion, I determined on shaping my course homewards, intending to paddle quietly along shore, and in the event of reaching "Dartmouth Range" before daylight, to remain there on the look-out during the remainder of the night: for, as my information did not specify the exact "*spot*" of the smuggler, my chance, for what I knew to the contrary, was as good at one place as the other. The weather, moreover, looked threatening, and I wished, in case it freshened, to be sufficiently near my vessel to insure my getting on board shortly after daylight. The galley was accordingly pulled towards "Berry Head;" on reaching which, my fears of a change of weather appeared about to be realized; for, although there was no wind to speak of at the time, yet a very heavy ground-swell seemed to announce that a gale was not far distant.

We had some difficulty in rounding the pitch of the "Berry;" for (as is almost always the case with headlands) there was rather a heavy sea off it, occasioned by the tide; and we slipped several green seas over the stem head, before we unfortunately accomplished our purpose. On our clearing it, the sea ran fairer,

and the breeze, that had blown in puffs round the head, as if in pity to warn us not to proceed, died away, and left us to our fate. Our situation was, however, melancholy in the extreme, for all was silent around, save the roar of the breakers inside of us. A solitary star only occasionally gleamed between the heavy clouds that sailed past it. The galley rose slowly and mournfully over the mountain swell, under her muffled oars; and wet, cold, and weary as I was, it required but little stretch of the imagination to metamorphose the black profile of the flat-topped, elevated, and remarkably formed "Berry,"—edged beneath with a broad belt of foam,—into the white-bordered, sable pall of a gigantic coffin. Indeed, I know not now exactly whether the melancholy catastrophe that shortly after took place, gave birth to the idea or not, but it has ever since appeared to me that there was something particularly marked and ominous in rounding the head. Would to God, for the sake of the unfortunate men then under my command, the warning had been taken!

Following the "lay" of the coast, we continued pulling to the westward, with "death," as Jack would say, "on one side, and no mercy on the other;" for on our larboard side we saw nothing but a dirty horizon, and in the opposite direction, naught presented itself save breakers and an "iron bound" shore; and even these were occasionally lost sight of, as the boat slowly sank in the deep hollow of the swell that rolled from the south-west.

At about half-past one—for my watch had stopped at that time,—we reached the entrance of the sound that separates the "Mewstone" from the Main; and as I had never observed any danger from the vessel in our frequent visits to the harbour, nor had seen any thing particularly dangerous in the passage a few hours before, I steered directly through it; taking the precaution to keep as nearly in midchannel as possible, giving directions to the bowman to keep a good look out, and, of course, keeping my own eyes about me in all directions. In this manner we half-threaded the passage; and the "Ay, ay, sir!" of the bowman, to my oft-repeated order of "Keep a good look out forward!" was still sounding in my ears, when, to my great surprise, the boat struck on something forward, and the bowman at the same moment hastily called out, "There's a rock under the bows, sir!" "Back off all!" "Jump out, bowman, and shove the boat astern!"—were the orders instantly given. Neither, however, could be obeyed; for the descending swell immediately left the boat suspended by the gripe; and she being of that class appropriately called "DEATHS!" instantly fell on her broadside. The next sea, instead of bearing her up, which would in all probability have been the case had she had any bearings, rushed over the starboard quarter, and with the last words of the order—"throw the ballast-bags overboard!" on my lips, she sank under me; while, for a second or two, the men forwards appeared high and dry out of water. It was but for a second or two! She slipped off from the rock, sank, and not a splinter of her was ever again seen, that I know of.

On first feeling the boat sink under me, I of course knew our case was a desperate one; and that (to make use of a sailor's expression) "it was every man for himself, and God for us all." Swim I could—much better, indeed, than the generality of people; and I had, moreover, that confidence in the water that very few have; but, benumbed as I was with cold, at such a distance from the land, on such a coast, and with such a sea on the shore,—it appeared that little short of a miracle could save me; and all thoughts of endeavouring to assist others were entirely out of the question. My first object was to avoid the grasp of my drowning crew; (more particularly that of the unfortunate marine, whom, but a few seconds before, I

had observed comfortably nestled, and apparently fast asleep behind me; therefore, whilst the poor fellows sprang and clung, instinctively, to that part of the boat that was still above water, probably with an idea of finding footing on the rock,) I seized the strokesman's oar that lay on the water near me, and giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of, I struck out over the starboard quarter of the boat, in quite the opposite direction. After a few hasty strokes, I ventured to look behind me to see whether the poor dreaded marine was near me, when a scene presented itself, that may have been the unfortunate lot of many to behold, but few have lived to describe. The "Death" was gone! The treacherous cause of our misfortune had never shown itself above the water! But as I rode on the crest of a long unbroken wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me, and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow, but too plainly pointed out the fatal spot, and announced that the poor fellows were sinking in each other's convulsive embrace. For a few seconds a sea rose between us, and hid the spot from my view; but, on my again getting a glimpse of it, the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernible, and a faint murmur only crept along the surface of the leaden wave. Another sea followed! As it rose between me and heaven, I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it,—a faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by,—and all was dark and silent around me!

I had just beheld within a few yards of me the dying struggle of—as I then thought—my whole crew; and every thing seemed to announce that my own life was prolonged for only a few short minutes; for, allowing I succeeded in reaching the shore, the surf threatened my destruction on the rocks. And, should a miracle enable me to weather that danger, the precipitous coast promised only a more lingering death at a cliff's foot. Notwithstanding all this, however,—thanks to the Almighty!—my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me. I felt grateful for my escape from the death-grapple of the poor marine, which appeared a presage of my further escape: a ray of hope flashed across my mind, in spite of the apparent hopelessness of my situation; and I as calmly weighed all the chances against my reaching the shore, and prepared for the attempt, as if I had been a looker on instead of an actor in the dreadful scene.

I have already stated, that at my leaving the vessel I had a suit of "Flushing" over my ordinary dress of a jacket and trowsers, in addition to which, at the time the boat struck, I was enveloped in a large boat-cloak; the latter I had thrown off my shoulders the instant the danger was apparent; and now that I no longer feared being grappled, my first object was to get rid of the former. I accordingly, with the assistance of the oar, (that supported me while doing so,) stripped off my two jackets and waistcoat; and my two pair of trowsers would have followed also, had I not dreaded the probability of the heavy "Flushing" getting entangled round my ankles in the first place—and in the second, considered that both them and my shoes would preserve me from being cut by the rocks, should I succeed in reaching them. Thus lightened, and with the oar held fore-and-aft-wise under my left arm, I struck out boldly for the shore; and after remaining—God only knows how long, in the water, for to me it appeared an age,—I got into the wash of the breakers; and after receiving several heavy blows, and experiencing the good effects of my "Flushing fenders," I eventually secured a footing, and scrambled up above the break of the waves.

As I lay on the rock panting, breathless, and nearly insensible, the words—"Save me, save me, I'm sinking!" appeared to rise with the spray that flew over me. At first, stupefied with exertion and fatigue as I was, I fancied that the wild shriek that had accompa-

nied the sinking "death" still rang in my ears; till the repeated cry, with the addition of my own name, aroused me from my state of insensibility, and on glancing my eyes towards the surf, I beheld a man struggling hard to gain the shore. Never shall I forget the sensation of that moment! I can compare it to nothing but the effects of the most dreadful nightmare. I would have run any risk to endeavour to save the unfortunate man; but, if the simple lifting of a finger could have gained me the Indies—the Indies would have been lost to me, so completely was I riveted to the spot. At this moment, the oar that had saved my life fortunately floated into the exhausted man's hands; and after a hard struggle he appeared to gain a footing,—he lost it! Again he grasped the rock! The next moment saw him floating at some distance in the foam!—Once more he approached, and clung to the shore! My anxiety was dreadful—till, rising slowly from the water, and scrambling towards me, the poor fellow's cold embrace informed me I was not the only survivor; while his faltering exclamation of—"The poor fellows are all drowned, sir!" too plainly assured me that we alone were saved!

"Misfortune," 'tis said, "makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows;" and just then, I had every reason to acknowledge the truth of the expression; for, whether my shivering comrade thought my commission had gone down with the boat, and, that having been so nearly brought to an equality, we had every right to continue on one,—or whether, which is more likely, he wished to subtract any little animal heat I might have had yet remaining in my body,—I know not; certain I am, however, that no miss in her teens ever got a closer, or a longer embrace; and expecting to profit by it, I must confess I was not at all coy on the occasion, although, in the state we were in, I believe neither of us derived any great advantage from the experiment. After a time, we recovered sufficiently to gain the use of our legs; and then, what with stamping on the rock, and flapping our arms across our chests, we contrived to knock a little warmth into ourselves; and that point gained, we commenced our attempt to scale the face of the cliff that hung lowering over our heads. By mutual assistance, and with some difficulty, we succeeded in mounting between twenty or thirty feet; and I had just begun to solace myself with the idea that the undertaking was not altogether so difficult as from appearances I had been led to suppose it was, when, on reaching out my arms to catch a fresh hold of the rock before me, I found my eyes had deceived me as to its distance, and falling forwards, I with great difficulty saved myself from pitching headlong into a chasm that yawned beneath me, and through which the sea was dashing violently. In fact, the high land had deceived us. *We had landed only on a rock!!!*

Whoever may take the trouble to read this narrative, can form but a very faint idea of the state of my feelings at that moment; for I can safely say that this unexpected discovery—made, too, at the very instant I had begun to entertain hopes of deliverance,—affected me more acutely than any thing that had yet taken place. Nature had formed me to wrestle with—not to "grin and bear"—my misfortunes; and now that I saw no alternative but to remain where I was till chance sent a boat to my relief, or death took that office on itself, my heart sank within me. For a few minutes I gazed eagerly around me, from the peak of the rock, in hopes of seeing some possible way of extricating myself; when observing nothing but a circle of foam, I descended to the nearest ledge, in the deepest despondency, and casting myself along side my now blubbery companion, sat in silent despair.

I remained in this miserable state only a short time, before I discovered that a six years' drilling between the tropics, (for I had only recently returned from

abroad,) had rendered me a very unfit person to remain drying on a rock half a winter's night, near the "Chops of the Channel;" for my shirt clung with icy coldness to my body, and notwithstanding we huddled together as close as possible, my shivering frame plainly told me I was rapidly losing the little warmth I had acquired through my late exertion,—in fact, I felt assured that, if I remained where I was, daylight would find me a corpse. What, therefore, was to be done? To remain, was certain death!—Death appeared equally certain, should I attempt to leave the rock! Still, however, by adopting the latter course, there was a chance in my favour; and drowning I knew from experience on one or two occasions (for when a man has lost his senses, I presume he has known the worst,) could not be worse than dying by inches where I was.

I therefore resolved to gain the main, or sink in the attempt; but on making my determination known to my fellow-sufferer, and on asking him whether he would accompany me, the poor fellow appeared so thunderstruck at the proposal, so earnestly pointed out the danger of the attempt and his own weakness, and, clinging to me, so pathetically entreated that I would remain where I was, that we might at least have the consolation of dying together, that I not only ceased from urging him, but appeared to give up the idea of leaving the rock myself. This, however, was only done to elude his grasp: for a few minutes after, under the pretence of looking for a more sheltered place, I left him, and descending the rock, reached the edge of the channel that separated me from the main.

There a scene presented itself that plainly pointed out the desperation of the undertaking. The distance across, indeed, was not very great; but the whole channel was one sheet of yeasty foam, along the edges of which appeared the long black tangle that adhered to the rocks, except when a heavy black sea, rolling through the passage, drove the one before it, and flowed over the other; an apparently perpendicular cliff hung lowering over the whole. It was an awful sight! For a moment my heart failed me. There was, however, no alternative; for my own fate, and the fate of the poor man above me, depended on my reaching the opposite side; so, watching a "smooth," and commending my spirit to the Almighty, should it part company with my body on the passage, I sprang forward, and found myself nearly in the middle of the channel. A few strokes brought me to the cliff's foot; but neither holding nor footing could I gain, except what the tangle afforded. Again, and again, did I seize the pendant slippery weeds, and as often did the drawback of the sea and my own weight drag me with a giant's force from my hold, and rolling down the face of the rock, I sank several feet under water.

Bruised, battered, and nearly exhausted, with the sea whizzing in my ears and rattling in my throat, I thought my last moment had at length arrived. Once more I rose to the surface, and digging my nails into the rock, I seized the seaweed with my teeth, and clung in the agonies of death. The sea left me, and my death-grasp kept me suspended above it. Another sea arose, it was a tremendous one, and as it violently rushed over me, I was forced to quit my hold, and I rose on its surface along the face of the rock. It reached its greatest height; and in the act of descending, I caught a projecting point above the weeds, and at the same instant my left leg was thrown over another. The sea again left me, and gasping for life, I now hung over the sparkling abyss once more. Successive seas followed, but only lashed the rock beneath me, as if enraged at having lost their prey. I once more breathed free; hope revived; the dread of being again torn away, stimulated me to make an almost superhuman effort. I gained a footing;

and, climbing upwards, in a short time even the spray fell short of me. God be praised! I was safe.

Having ascended about thirty or forty feet—(for then only, and indeed hardly then, did I consider myself beyond the reach of the waves, so dreadful was the impression of what I had just undergone in my mind,) I ventured to stop and rest. There I remained a short time, and between the roar of the breakers, occasionally distinctly heard the shrill shrieks of the poor isolated wretch beneath me; and the frantic and oft-repeated exclamation of, "Mr. ———, for the love of God, don't leave me!" I endeavoured to console him, by telling him, that if I succeeded in getting up the cliff, I would procure him immediate assistance; but, as the cries soon continued as shrill and frantic as before, I presume I was neither seen nor heard, and again commenced my ascent. Panting, and almost breathless—sometimes with tolerable ease, and at others clinging to the perpendicular face of the cliff, and hanging over the pitch-black and apparently fire-bound ocean, I continued ascending, till not only the cries of the man were lost, but even the roar of the sea was only faintly heard, and at length reached the summit of the cliff. At that critical moment exhausted nature sank under the fatigues of the night! On suddenly seeing the heavens all around me, I appeared for an instant air-borne—my heart sickened, my brain whirled, and my eyesight failed me. The idea of my dreadful elevation flashed across my mind, and I made a convulsive effort to throw myself forwards. My legs sank under me, and I fell rapidly, head foremost. I know not where!—I believe I shrieked.—My senses left me!!

How long I lay insensible, I, of course, know not; suffice it to say, that on opening my eyes, I was agreeably surprized to find myself in the centre of a furze-bush; and, at the same time, so overcome with sleep, that, on being assured of my situation, I immediately closed them again, with the intention of taking a nap. Fortunately, however, I had but very recently read an account of the Russian campaign, written by a French officer; and to that beautiful work I may say I am indebted for my life; for his description of the drowsiness that seized the soldiers, and which, if indulged, was always followed by death, immediately recurred to me; and I saw, as if in a dream, poor Napoleon's pride lying frozen around me; and, at the same time, if I ever heard any thing in my life, a small silvery sounding voice whispered in my ear, "*If you sleep, you wake no more!*" This aroused me from my lethargy, and awoke me to a sense of my real situation: but the spirit alone was awake—my body was almost as lifeless as if in the grave! No person but he who may have experienced the effects of the nightmare,—to which I have already alluded,—can form any idea of my feelings at that moment. I wished to rise—indeed, my very existence depended on my doing so; but I felt as if an iceberg lay on my bosom, and my limbs appeared like blocks of marble of such gigantic dimensions, that on my first getting my hands together, every finger seemed of the size of a "*setting fid!*" The ground beneath me fortunately had a rapid descent from the sea, (which had occasioned my heavy fall, and led me to believe I was falling down the cliff,) and with some struggling, I worked myself out of the furze-bush, and rolled downwards some distance. This, in some degree, broke the spell that appeared to bind me to the spot—and taking the precaution to keep my head in shore, I kept tumbling about till the blood began to circulate, and shortly after, I began to feel that acute pain that none but persons who have been frost-bitten can form any idea of. At length, I also felt the prickles of the furze-bush, with which I was covered all over like a porcupine; and, I can with truth say, that that moment was about one of the happiest of my life!

Having gained some little command over my benumbed limbs, I stripped off my "*Flushings,*" and left them and sorrow hanging on a furze bush together; and thus mentally and physically lightened, and directing my course inland, I went staggering along like a drunken man, till I got into a ploughed field, which, after a little consideration, as I could see no sign of a house, I proceeded to skirt, expecting to find a path-way on one side of it; and I had not gone very far, before the marks of cart-wheels assured me I had hit on the very best way for falling in with a habitation. Resolved to follow the wheel-ruts, lead where they would, I went, sometimes on my feet, and sometimes on my knees, through two or three fields, and got as many falls over the gates that separated them. At length, I caught sight of a barn before me, and shortly after found myself close to a good warm dunghill, while the smell of cows assured me a cow-house was not far distant. The sight of a gallooner could not have given me greater pleasure; and the warmth and the warm smell were delightful! For a moment I stood doubtful which of the two snug berths I should occupy; but the thoughts of the unfortunate fellow behind me again spurred me forward, and I shortly found myself at the foot of a wall in the rear of a house. There I called lustily some short time, but getting no answer I scrambled round to the front, where I found a high wooden gate, railed on the upper part, which separated me from a very respectable looking house a few yards distant, and finding the gate secured, I clung to the rails, and again commenced calling for assistance as loud as I was able. "My stars!" thought I, "*how people on shore do sleep!*"

I called till I could hardly call any longer; and I was just thinking of taking a berth till daylight on the dunghill, or in the cow-house if I could get into it, when one of the upper lattices slowly opened, and I heard the gruff interrogatories—"Who the devil's that!—what the devil do you want?" Aware that the duty I had been employed on was not very popular along shore, and not knowing my man, I thought it might not be exactly prudent to answer the first of the two, so merely said in reply, in as doleful a strain as possible, (and, indeed there was little occasion to sham,) "That I was a poor cast-away seaman, and wanted shelter for the night." "Cast away, eh! where were you wrecked?" said he, in a milder tone. "Under the cliffs, in the direction of the barn." "Did you get up there?"—"Yes." "Ha, ha, young fellow, that story won't do: a cat could not get up there! Get out of that, or I'll soon settle you;"—and here my interpreter chuckled at the ingenious manner in which he thought he had caught me tripping. In short, to top all my misfortunes, I was now taken for a thief!!

Thrown flat aback by the suspicions of the good gentleman at the casement, and consoling myself with the idea that they would never have entered his head could he but have seen my pretty, honest countenance, I remained for some time, anxiously expecting to be warmed with a dose of small shot; till the lattice, that appeared hinged on my heart, grated on its hinges in the act of being closed; when, with chattering teeth, I again struck up on a mighty low key—"I assure you, sir, I am not a thief; indeed, indeed, I'm not a thief! but if you won't let me in, will you have the goodness to tell me where I can procure shelter?"—"Go to Kingsware." "How far off is it?" "A mile and a half."—He might as well have said, go to New South Wales! "I cannot walk twenty yards further; so if you won't give me shelter, you will find my corpse at your gate in the morning!" This pathetic wind up had no sooner escaped my lips, than I heard a feminine voice say—"My dear, do go down and see who it is!" Never, before or since, did lovely woman's voice sound sweeter to my ears!

[He was at length admitted.]

Having effected a "lodgment," (as I believe our friends in the army call it,) my first thoughts were about the poor fellow on the rock. I accordingly immediately made known who I was, and related every thing that had taken place, and requested that men might be sent to remain on the cliffs with lights, during the remainder of the night; for, although I was well aware that they could render him no assistance, yet I thought the bare sight of the lights, and the noise of their shouts would cheer up his spirits, and enable him to hold out till daylight. My request was instantly complied with, and from the kind attention of all around me, I found I had lost nothing by the communication, for every thing the house afforded was eagerly pressed on me, and could I have eaten gold, I feel assured I should have been treated with a dish of seven-shilling pieces at least, notwithstanding the bad state of the markets.

The good lady, who I may say was the first cause of my admittance, immediately proceeded to brew her hyson and gunpowder, while the plump, kind-hearted maid piled such a heap of faggots on the fire, that in a few minutes the house was in a blaze, and a looker-on would have been led to believe it was insured above its value, and that she wished to make a bonfire of it for the amusement of the underwriters. The kind owner of the mansion was as busy as the rest, for he shortly appeared with dry clothes and the brandy bottle; the latter received strong proofs of affection, and I also shipped a dry shirt and a shooting jacket, after I had disposed to my satisfaction of some of the bristles with which I had been accommodated by the furze-bush; but, as my worthy friend had nothing but *inexpressibles*, an article of rigging which I had never sported in my life, and which I feared would disable me from reaching the vessel after daylight, I preferred drying my trowsers by the fire, before which I consequently sat, smoking like a lime-kiln.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered the use of my fingers to enable me to write, I despatched a note to the commanding officer of the vessel, acquainting

him with the accident, and directing him to hoist the cutter out, and send her along side for the relief of the man; and having done all in my power, I then, and not till then, (barring the brandy, however,) quietly enjoyed all the good things before me, to the infinite delight of my kind host and hostess. May they meet their reward, and be living to read this!

The people sent to the cliffs continued shouting and showing lights during the remainder of the night; but owing to the height and steepness of the land, they were neither seen nor heard, as we afterwards discovered. At daylight, however, they saw a boat pulling to the westward, which, on being waved into an adjoining cove, proved to be the same one we had spoken in Torbay during the night. The crew being informed of what had taken place, continued pulling as close to the land as prudence would admit, and at the same time narrowly watched the foot of the cliff; but had not proceeded far before they discovered something on a rock that looked like a bundle, and which on nearing, they found to be my unfortunate late companion. He was almost lifeless, and the sea was too heavy to allow of their landing. They had no alternative, therefore, but to throw him a rope, with a long bow-line knot at the end of it, which he had barely sufficient strength to put under his arms, and he was then hauled into the sea, and afterwards into the boat. On being taken on board he was confined to his hammock many days, and it was three weeks before he resumed duty. Had I remained with him, neither of us, in all human probability, would have been found alive.

I have already said that not a splinter of the boat was ever picked up that I know of; some of the gear however was, for a day or two after, the crew of a Torbay boat was rather surprised at seeing a spar floating *an end* in the water near them. On sending their punt to pick it up, it was discovered to be a boat's mast, with a corpse hanging to the end of it by one hand firmly clrenched round the tie! The body was buried in Brixham.

LE TEMPS VIENDRA.

Suggested by a Canzo with the above motto, representing a Greek girl with her hand clasped to her lover's bosom, while both are mutually gazing on the skies.

No troth is pledged—no vow is past,
No words of love are spoken;
But round their hearts a chain is cast
Which cannot e'er be broken:

Its links were there for ever set,
The moment that their pulses met,
And welded in one burning grasp
A bond no mortal can unclasp.

For if a watch be kept above
O'er manhood's faith and woman's trust,
If Heaven wills that human love
Be ever traced in more than dust,—

'Tis thus, when like two streams that mingle,
Two souls are in one moment single;
'Tis thus, when rapt like these from earth,
In heaven their union has its birth.

And they may never meet again,
Or only here like strangers meet—
May mingle with the cold and vain—
Like them, too, may each other greet:
But in their hearts will live the power,
The deep remembrance of that hour,
Till time shall teach—perhaps too late,
How closely woven is their fate.

MEDORA.

MY EARLY DAYS.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE TAKEN IN CHILDHOOD.

My early days, my early days,
Ye morning stars that linger yet;
And beam as dear departing rays,
When every other star has set:

Spray of the ocean of my life,
Blossom of fruit all faded now;
Ye golden sands in old Time's glass,
Ye green leaves on a wither'd bough;

Oh! where are ye, and where am I?
Where is that happy sinless child
That chas'd the gaudy butterfly,
As gay as that, and far more wild.

Am I that bold and fearless boy
That stemm'd the flood and climb'd the height?
All health and truth, all life and joy,
First in the frolic or the fight.

Ah! no—where once the sunlight shone;
I wander now amid the shade;
The hopes that led my boyhood on,
Are wither'd all, or all betray'd.

I cannot bear to gaze again
On visions that could fade so fast;
Nor, 'mid a present scene of pain,
Cast back a thought on blisses past.

JACQUELINE.

BY MRS. LEE, (FORMERLY MRS. BOWDITCH.)

By the side of the road leading from Paris to the village of N——, stood a low square cottage, which served as a lodge to the chateau de L——. Unlike our English lodges, where neatness and taste pervade the inside and the out, the single room which composed it was floored with coarse red tiles, and the smoke of the fire had blackened the walls. The bed, according to the custom of the country, stood in one corner, and was remarkable for the white counterpane which covered it, and the fringed white curtains across the window, and the wedding bunch of orange flowers under a glass case, formed a singular contrast to the littered state of the apartment: a large old cat, a crooked-legged old dog, prevented the poultry from coming over the threshold, but disputed possession of the floor and chairs, with remnants of vegetables, broken sticks, and worn out broom. On a glorious day in July, Madame la Pierre, the sole inhabitant of this little dwelling, was seen to issue frequently from her door, and, mounting a hillock on the side of the road, and shading her eyes with both hands, to look impatiently towards N——. At length a red and white object was seen slowly approaching, and Madame la Pierre, exclaiming, "There she is," hastily returned to the cottage to make preparations for a guest. Two chairs and a table were placed under the trees, the latter was covered with a clean white cloth, and the spoons and plates were quickly arranged. Scarcely was all ready, when a very beautiful young woman greeted the bustling old portress, who, returning the salutation on both cheeks, said, "here you are, then, Mademoiselle Jacqueline, you are late to-day, and I began to fear there was something the matter." "No, good mother," was the reply, "it was only the heat which made my two leagues appear unusually long." The health of Jacqueline's mother was inquired into, the cat and dog, the most important personages of Madame La Pierre's family, were caressed, and the two females were soon seated under the trees. Jacqueline drew from her basket a standing veal pie, and a bottle of vin ordinaire, and Madame la Pierre supplied bread from a loaf a yard long, water from a neighbouring well, and pease grown in her little wild garden. The principal events of their lives during the last three months were related, and Jacqueline, after looking at a small gold watch, suspended from a fine chain of the same metal, round her neck, said she must now resume her journey; when the unusual sound of "Gate, gate," startled them both, and turning round, they saw a heavy looking carriage, drawn by two long-tailed black horses, and driven by a fat old coachman, waiting for admittance. "Heaven," cried Madame la Pierre, "here is Monsieur; what can he come in at this gate for; never, never does he come this way; I cannot open the gate; help, help, Mademoiselle Jacqueline." The bustle of the old woman, the yelping of the dog, the screaming of the cocks and hens, and the creaking of the heavy iron gate, as it rolled back upon its rusty hinges, caused the owner of the equipage to look out. "*Bon jour*, Madame la Pierre," he said, "is that your daughter?" "No, Monsieur, it is Mademoiselle Jacqueline," was the luminous reply. Jacqueline dropped a little graceful curtsy, Monsieur gazed, the carriage rolled on through the avenue, the gates were shut with many an exclamation by the portress; the remnants of the veal pie and wine were put into the cupboard; Jacqueline, refreshed, received a kiss of blessing on the forehead,

from her hostess, and tying her little snowy quilled cap under her chin, and stroking down her white little apron, resumed her way to Paris. The evening arrived, and Madame la Pierre was folding up her knitting in order to go to bed before it was necessary to light a candle, when she saw something glide between the trees of the dark avenue. "Holy Virgin," exclaimed the good woman, "there is a robber." Another look, and it was only Monsieur. "Do not be alarmed," said the Baron, "I am only come to tell you that I mean to have this entrance made easier of access, for during this hot weather, the shade of the road makes up for the increase of distance, and I shall often come this way." Madame la Pierre assented to all that was suggested, and was in the act of making her last curtsy, when the Baron, as if suddenly recollecting himself, asked, "Who was that young woman with you to-day?" With sundry interpolations, and inexplicable explanations, Madame la Pierre related, that soon after the building of the lodge, a young girl knocked at the door, and asked leave to sit down and rest herself; her father, who had been a notary, was dead; her mother, old and infirm, was supported entirely by herself; that she embroidered for the Paris shops, and four times every year walked from N—— to that city to receive payment for her work; that she had been accustomed to rest there, and eat her dinner under the trees, and she hoped she might be still allowed the same accommodation. "So, Monsieur," added Madame la Pierre, "I have seen her regularly every three months, she brings her dinner in her basket, she remains in Paris one day, and the day after she rests here again, on her way back to N——. She is a very good girl, Monsieur, and very steady, and is sure always to bring me something from Paris; the *fichu* I have now on my shoulders, she gave me last year, and I have worn it, Monsieur, you"—but Monsieur had no inclination to discuss the merits of the *fichu*, and stopping Madame la Pierre's tongue by slipping a five-franc piece into her hand, wished her good evening, and resumed his walk.

All that had passed was related to Jacqueline on her return, with Madame la Pierre's own reflections on the subject; but Jacqueline, who was no coquette, thought it very natural that M. le Baron should wish to know who had been at the lodge, and that he should make a present to his portress. She did not, however, think it quite so natural, that the Baron should open a little wooden gate at the end of the park, just as she was passing it on her road home, and that he should propose walking a little way with her. At first she was troubled to think what he could mean by such condescension; but when, after inquiring her age, which was eighteen, asking the address of her mother, and ascertaining various particulars concerning her position in life, he put a Napoleon into her hand for that mother, the simple-hearted creature thought that heaven had sent her a benefactor.

A week after this period, Jacqueline laid aside her work, and calling in an old neighbour to sit with her mother, went to join the dancers in the village. When she returned, her mother observed she was later than usual. "Yes," replied Jacqueline, "I went with Auguste to see his mother." "You are always with Auguste, child," said the old woman, pettishly. "What is the matter with you, mother?" asked Jacqueline, taking her hand. "Matter!" was the answer: "why you ought to look for better things than a marriage

with Auguste." What can have happened, thought Jacqueline; but accustomed to the caprices of the invalid, she assisted her to bed, and then retiring to her own humble couch, fell asleep in a few minutes. At four o'clock the next morning she rose to her work, and opening the casement, sat down beside it to enjoy the freshness of the morning. Presently, a rustling noise in the low fence of the little garden, startled her, she turned her head, and Auguste was by her side. "You were not very tired with dancing last night," said he, "if you can be up so early this morning." "Nor you," returned Jacqueline. "Ah! it was want of sleep drove me from my bed." "For what reason could you not sleep?" "Can you ask that question?" "Why not?" "Has not your mother told you, then?" "No, she was very cross last night, and I supposed I had affronted her by going with you to your mother's." "Why the Baron L—— came to the village yesterday evening, and called at your house." "Well, and what did he say, the good old man?" "Why he asked leave to—marry you, if I must say it." "To marry me!" said Jacqueline, in unfeigned astonishment, "who told you that?" "Why old Susetta was with your mother, and heard it all, and of course she could not go to sleep till she had told it through the whole village." "But it cannot be true, Auguste; how should such a great man want to marry a poor girl like me?" "Why not? He sees you are very pretty—and there I must agree with him—and you know he is not one of the great lords; he was once poor himself, but made a great deal of money by trade, with which he bought that fine chateau, and his title." "But what did my mother say, Auguste?" "She said she would talk to you, and cried for joy after he was gone," replied Auguste sulkily.

It was indeed as Auguste had represented. Struck with the beauty of Jacqueline; fancying that he should secure gratitude at least, by raising her from poverty to affluence; weary of the solitude in which he had placed himself by stepping from his own sphere; and hoping to attract society by means of an engaging young wife, the Baron had made proposals of marriage. The disgust of Jacqueline, and the despair of Auguste, were at first violent; but the Baron was favoured by the mother; his presents were so bountiful, and he became so much more enamoured as the obstacles increased, that poor Jacqueline was torn by conflicting feelings. The mother wept and entreated; represented that her remaining days might be spent in ease and comfort; she called her neighbours in to plead with her, and no argument was left untried to induce Jacqueline to consent. At one time her companions represented to her all the pleasures which awaited her with rank and wealth; at others they laughed at her for not eagerly accepting such brilliant offers. At length the seeds of vanity were awakened, and she wavered. The Baron bribed high, and a letter one morning from Auguste, hastened her determination. It was as follows: "I go, Jacqueline, and will no longer be an obstacle to your prosperity; every body scorns me for what they call my selfishness; even you hesitate, and M. le Cure tells me that I oppose the decrees of heaven. The army is always a resource for those who fear not to die. Take care of my mother as well as yours, and God bless you."

Had Auguste immediately followed his letter to take a personal farewell, Jacqueline, overcome with grief, would have dropped her hand into his, and said, "Yours for ever!" but the hours rolled on, M. le Cure gave his opinion, the mother prayed and groaned, the Baron came most opportunely in the evening, and when Auguste stole back at night to take one last look, the whole village was ringing with the acceptance of his rival.

We have now to follow Jacqueline in a far different career to that in which (till she forgot Auguste)

she had so ably performed her duties. She became the Baroness L——, and one of her first cares was to settle her mother, with proper attendance, in the chateau. She also would have provided for an increase of comfort to the mother of Auguste, but the heart-broken old woman would not receive it from her hands. Madama la Pierre was not forgotten; and, these arrangements completed, the beautiful bride went to Paris, where masters of all kinds were procured for her. Gifted with extreme aptitude, and sensible of her deficiencies, she applied with unremitting zeal, and soon became versed in the most fashionable accomplishments. She was introduced to the wealthy associates of her husband, and intoxicated by the admiration she received, the past was entirely forgotten. At first, her respect and gratitude towards her husband checked her from partaking in those amusements which he could not share; but dissipation falls like a blight upon the natural impulses of the heart, and she soon mingled with the throng which surrounded her, deaf to all but the adulation which was continually poured into her ear. Pleased at the facility with which she had gained her accomplishments, fascinated by the extreme grace which marked her whole demeanour, and proud of her brilliant appearance, the Baron at first encouraged her pleasures, and was perhaps partly to blame for the avidity with which she followed them; but, as he soon became tired himself, he hoped she would prefer him to the world, and looked to her for the solace and comfort of his now declining years. He, however, soon discovered that she lived but for the scenes into which he had brought her, and he found, too late, that something besides mere accomplishment should be provided for an education. Mortified and disappointed, and as ill-judged in this as in many other things, he left her to her follies, and, secluding himself in his apartments, soon sunk into a state bordering on misanthropy.

Ten years passed in this manner; the mother was dead, the Baron was more confirmed than ever in his habits of seclusion, and Jacqueline, satiated with pleasure, was a prey to *ennui*. Had she then found a sensible and kind adviser, she might perhaps have been reclaimed. But her circle was destitute of such beings, and one of a totally different stamp was presented to her notice. Newly arrived from Italy, where he had been travelling, Alphonse appeared as a candidate for fashionable celebrity, and his personal attractions, his manners, and a reputation for gallantry, made him courted as an ornament to the salons of Paris.

Restless and dispirited, weary with every body and every thing, an air of languor had stolen over the features of Jacqueline, and though it robbed her of her brilliancy, many thought her more attractive than ever. "There goes the Baroness L——," said a friend to Alphonse; and relating her history, he added, "If you look at her, you will think her capable of deep and ardent feeling; you will, however, be mistaken; she lives but for pleasure, and is alike incapable of love or friendship."

To make the conquest of such a person, and awaken her from her apathy, excited the vanity of Alphonse; and reckless of the consequences, provided he obtained the *éclat*, he applied himself seriously to the attainment of his object. Strong in her indifference, she at first tolerated the attentions of her new votary; his passion, which soon became as real as such a being is capable of feeling, then amused her; the excitement which it caused was heaven to the *ennui* she had lately felt, and by degrees she fell into the snare.

A remnant of gratitude, not quite stifled by her past career; a glimpse of better days, led her for some time to respect herself and the ties which bound her to another; but who can oppose a barrier to a devouring passion, whose mind is not fortified by great moral and religious truths? The resistance of Jacqueline became

weaker every day, and although she frequently tried to avoid Alphonse, he continually contrived to frustrate all her schemes. Fluctuating between her inclination and one remaining atom of virtue, she made one desperate effort to save herself. In reply to the earnest and reiterated entreaties of her lover to leave Paris with him, she replied, "I begin to think that it is my fate; but to-morrow I will make one last trial. I shall go to mass, and there pray that I may know how to act. If I leave my missal upon the chair, presume not to follow me, for I shall then have determined to see you no more; if I take it away, I shall not have been able to resist." The morning arrived; Jaqueline attended mass in the church of St. S——, and not daring to look around her, placed her missal on the chair, and was about to leave the edifice with a tottering step. Before she reached the door, an old woman ran after her, crying, "Madame, Madame, here is your book," and put it into her hands. "C'est mon sort done!"* exclaimed Jaqueline; the book fell from her hand—her sight failed her—an arm supported her to her carriage, and she returned no more to her home.

A few short months, and the dream was over. Alphonse, who had brought Jaqueline to London, received a letter from his father, offering him a diplomatic situation, provided he would leave the woman he had betrayed. The heartless wretch consented, and left his victim no further explanation than a copy of his father's letter. "Auguste, you are avenged!" was the sole exclamation of the unhappy Jaqueline, when she contemplated the destitution of her future life. Dreadful were her sufferings, and hardly earned was the pittance with which she supported herself: and yet Jaqueline was now more worthy of respect than she had been since the days when she rested at the good Madame la Pierre's, for she bore her privations in meek repentance. She was, however, to be tried yet further; a low fever wasted her, and checked the exertions by which she procured her living. A day passed nearly without food, and her endeavours to finish the allotted task were too much for her strength, and her landlady found her stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility. The cries of the kind-hearted woman alarmed the lodgers below, a foreigner flew to her assistance, and Jaqueline, opening her eyes, fixed them on the well-known features of Auguste. A fearful shriek burst from her lips, a violent fever ensued, and she for many days hovered between life and death. At last, her natural strength prevailed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Often as she recovered, did she ask who had ministered to her sufferings, but she was invariably answered, that she would know all in good time. She one day murmured, "I fancied I saw Auguste, but thank God it was only fancy." A sweet voice answered her in her native tongue, that she had indeed seen him; and a young lady, who made her appearance from behind the curtain, said, if she would be calm, she would tell her all. By degrees the truth was revealed, and Jaqueline learned that Auguste had risen rapidly, having attained the rank of colonel, and that he and the lady (his wife) were then on a tour of pleasure and relaxation, for the hard service in which Auguste had been engaged had injured his health. "A kind Providence," continued she, "directed us to this lodging, and we have been but too happy to be useful to a country-woman." The unhappy Jaqueline groaned aloud, and exclaimed—"Alas! when you know all, and how worthless a being you have assisted, you will be sorry for your humanity." "Hush!" said her benefactress, "we have been to Paris, and know all." * * * *

Jaqueline's friends departed, and the first care of Auguste on his arrival in Paris, was to seek the Baron, who still lived at the chateau. The story was soon

told, and Auguste, acting the good Christian, not only had pardoned himself, but by his example and entreaties, obtained the pardon of Jacqueline's husband. Sending for a notary, the Baron, in a few hours, placed a deed in the hands of Auguste, which secured subsistence to his unfortunate wife for the remainder of her existence. Fallen from the pinnacle of beauty, wealth, and admiration; reduced to accept the very bread she ate from the hands of those she had most injured, Jaqueline yet lived to thank God that time had been given her for repentance; and when she closed her mortal career, she ventured to hope for happiness hereafter in the Saviour who had died for her and all other sinners.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

ANNE of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., was very unhappy during the lifetime of the king. She experienced the most cruel persecutions. The visit which the chancellor paid her at Val-de-Grace, is, perhaps, unexampled in history, on account of the circumstances which accompanied it. Her presses were all forced, her pockets ransacked; and impudence was carried to such a height, as to invade even the neck handkerchief which covered her. Her most faithful servants were torn from her, and cast into jail. The king hardly deigned to speak to her, or visit her. If we are to believe the annals of those times, these strange proceedings towards a queen possessed of superlative beauty and the most winning graces, had their origin in *love!* Cardinal de Richelieu—that minister so absolute, and who really reigned under Louis's name, looked with eyes of love upon the queen, by whom his passion was treated with contempt. It was therefore to avenge himself for her coldness, and to convince her how foolish she was to reject his love, that he thus caused her to be persecuted.

To the same sentiment is to be ascribed the divisions which arose at that period between France and England, and which occasioned so much bloodshed. The Duke of Buckingham, who ruled England as absolutely as the Cardinal did France, visited France on the occasion of his master's marriage. The Duke was no less bold than the Cardinal: he loved the queen, and told her so in a conversation he cunningly contrived to have with her.

The Cardinal, who was soon informed of this conversation, became exceedingly jealous; and did not let much time elapse before he made his rival sensible of it. The Duke having shortly after got himself named to a second embassy to France, merely to have an opportunity of seeing the queen, was forbidden to set his foot within the kingdom.

Mr. Hume hesitates not to ascribe the rupture between England and France, to the rivalry of the two ministers. The Cardinal's jealousy was the stronger, inasmuch as he knew that the Duke had been seen by the queen with favourable eyes; for the historian asserts, that the Duke's merits had impressed the queen with kind sentiments towards him. However, the Duke having sworn that he would see the queen, in spite of all the power in France, he excited a war, the consequences of which did not turn out much to his honour. Beaten in the Isle of Rhe, and having lost part of his troops, he was under the necessity of returning to England dishonoured, and a little more hated than before.

If we are to place implicit faith in the anecdotes of that period, Anne was not always so severe as Richelieu found her, for she has been accused of having more than sentiments of good nature for Cardinal Mazarine. Certain it is, that her attachment to him was extreme. To that passion is to be ascribed the misfortunes of France, during the minority of Louis XIV.; and especially the civil wars of the Fronde.

*. It is then my fate."

DICK DOLEFUL.

It was to the late Captain Chronic, R. N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being but very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absences on service, acted as his agent and factotum: receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and I incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son—his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visitor at his house. Dick's "good friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "best friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more: hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow.—Now, as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or barked a female—young, beautiful, and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean (and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste,) I mean only that he is a bore.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncurred and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three visits a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from *that*, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it. Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered, "Our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but, being acquainted with Mr. Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see you—it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful!—Here he comes, sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I hadn't nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well how d'ye do now, Captain?' with *such* a look, and in *such* a tone!—it always sounds to my ears. 'What! aren't you dead yet, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear;—his dismal undertaker-counte-

nance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but"—and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer: "I'm not a nervous man; but d—n me if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "I know I shall."

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physician; whilst, on the contrary, the"—

"Ay, ay; the bore of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to his grave. And, then, that face of his! I couldn't help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, *La Larmoyeuse*, I should have liked to have had his to stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you." Why, then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but bores have no feeling. Besides, I can't altogether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of the window, do you think I could? Eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr. Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Ay, and so he tells every body, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and *that's* the bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this King of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation, I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that, if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n me, but I will toss him out of the window."

After a momentary pause, the Captain resumed:—

"Then, there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it: it isn't that we like it, you know; nobody does, that I ever heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his, and he will stand by when I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. Ipecacuanha and Dick Doleful! Faugh! two does at once! Will you believe it, my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind, that I never see physic without thinking of Dick Doleful, nor Dick Doleful, without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive. But, as I said before, bores have no feeling; they have no perceptions; they have no one faculty in nature, but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Ay; there's Mr. Dick, again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man, eh? Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits? There's 'Reflections on Death'—Dod's 'Prison Thoughts'—the 'Deathbed Companion'—'Hell a Vision.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid, and at the street door, met Mr. Druggem, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Slashley Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of Doleful; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint, sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case: I am for administering a powerful cathartic:—this Mr. Doleful must be carried off at once—*forbid the house, sir.*"

"I am quite of Dr. Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashley; "the Captain must instantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate amputation of that Mr. Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr. Doleful favoured *me* with a visit.

"I call," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of our poor dear friend," and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend" was no worse than the day before, I interrupted his pathos, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood: and, rather unceremoniously added, that it was the opinion of his medical advisers; that the state of "our poor dear friend" might be considerably improved, if he, Mr. Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well! Bless my soul! this is unexpected—very unexpected. *I—me—the son of his friend—his best friend!* Why, though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[and here he burst into another tear.] I say, had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been—Well; no matter—but *me!*—how very odd! I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him, as he must perceive: he *must* observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he *must* notice how much I feel for him. Why, dear me, what interest can I have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven, I AM NOT A LEGACY-HUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalled-for abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr. Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain, to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived on for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, except the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then had occupied a sofa, took to his bed; and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for, and that *they alone* should attend him to the last. Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing his "poor dear friend," that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bed-room. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bedside as usual, on tip-toe, as usual, he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear: and with the usual undertaker look, and in the usual diabolical tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do now, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick, Dick,

you've done it at last!" fell back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black, and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"Is it all over with the poor Captain, Mr. Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank Heaven, I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth!—so good, so kind, so honourable, so everything a man ought to be. Thank Heaven, I did my duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be the death of me. I haven't the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading. Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock, Mr. Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the ensign of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for several minutes, and then burst into a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear sir," said I; "recollect your grief is unavailing; it will not recall to life the dear departed."

"The departed be d—d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank Heaven, I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I *did* expect—You know what I did for the old scoundrel, you know what time I sacrificed to him, you know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet!—I repeat it, I am not a legacy hunter; but I put it to you, sir, as a man of sense, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a *perfect* right to expect—What should you have thought, sir? I merely ask, how much should you have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course, to be sure, I am any thing but an interested man; and had he left me *that*, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, has he left you?"

"Guess—I only say do you guess."

"Well; five hundred?"

"Why, even that would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it: or had he left me fifty pounds for mourning, why even *that*—or five pounds for a ring, even *that* would have been better than—But, sir, you won't believe it—you *can't* believe it: the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But I am not disappointed, for I always know the man. So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel!—If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it, he was one. But he's gone where he will get his deserts." And, so saying, *exit* Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq. in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pounds." By a codicil of later date, this bequest was reduced to eight hundred; by a third, to five hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to—nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who, it is notorious, mistook a philosopher for a highwayman.

Original.

STANZAS TO AUTUMN.

Oh! for the Autumn's
Contemplative hour,
When the twilight-dews weep
O'er the withering flower;
When the leaves of the forest,
But hang on the trees
To tremble or fall
At the voice of the breeze!

No longer the trill
Of the song-bird awakes;
Nor the white sail is seen
In the mirror of lakes;
The stream is untouch'd
By the kisses of love,
With which amorous roses
Once bent from above.

The moon rises up
As when summer was there;
But she looks not as warm
Tho' she still is as fair:
As some fickle one's heart
Is too frequently found;
Still changing to thee
With the changes around.

In masses the clouds
Thro' the firmament fly;
Like gathering hosts
When the battle is nigh.
And the snatches of azure
That pass o'er the sight,
Are like banners that fall
In the struggle of fight.

In winter there's majesty;
Stirless and stern,
Where beauty and manhood
And wisdom may learn.
'Tis Eternity's herald,
By hurricanes led!
And the voice from its lips
Is the voice of the dead!

There is beauty in spring
When she comes like a bride;
And Nature leaps up
In her gladness and pride.
When the young blossoms dance
To the breezes sweet song,
And like youth-hood, the season
Goes laughing along.

In summer there's joy
When the mild zenith moon,
In bright beauty sleeps
On the bosom of June.
Or smiles upon lovers
When sailing along,
While the dipping oar answers
The voice of their song.

Oh! yes, when the summer
Its brilliancy spreads,
All under our feet
And all over our heads;
Oh! who would not then
Other pleasures forsake,
For music and love
On a midsummer lake!

But for me, who have known
The summer-tide's time:
In the grief of its fall,
And the laugh of its prime—

For me be the night
Of the withering leaf,
When nature seems touch'd
With a share of our grief!

In Autumn, a wordless
Magnificence dwells,
From its loftiest hills
To its gloomiest dells:
'Tis the spot whence we look
On the days that are past,
And think upon those
That are following fast.

In that holiest time
Can the meek Christian trace,
A glorious type
Of omnipotent grace:
Can feel all the woes
Of a life such as this,
And behold the far gleam
Of Eternity's bliss.

ALPHA.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

BY MRS. NORTON.

THEY mourn the minstrel of the North
In many a hall and many a bower—
They mourn the soul of sterling worth,
They mourn the pen of magic power.
For him does Scotland's hardy son
Tread with slow step the birchen shade,
While proud, yet grieved, his gallant heart
Swells high beneath the folded plaid.
There, gazing on the purple hill—
The sheeted lake—the torrent's fall—
He weeps the vanish'd muse, whose power,
Rich in wild words, could paint them all!
For him the merry stranger's eye
(Who read in a translated tongue,
With half its wit obscured and hid,
The song through many a nation sung)
Droops o'er the page—and seeks in vain
Amid the names of lesser note—
One that may fill his vacant place,
And write as he, the mighty, wrote.
For him the patriot inly sighs—
For him the gentle maiden grieves—
With him the impetuous youth regrets
The wild romance no other weaves—
The wild romance, which many a night
Hath wrapt his soul in spell so strong,
That he hath almost deemed himself
The hero of the minstrel's song:
The cheek of childhood at the sound,
With momentary tears is wet—
And startled nations pause to mourn—
But he hath glory greater yet.
In his own home, salt tears are wept—
In his own home, fond eyes are dim—
Round his own hearth-stone grieving hearts
And quivering lips remember *him!*
Through many a land, with mournful note
Let proud tradition praise his name—
Let marble monuments arise,
And all that genius gave proclaim—
Still, in that quiet spot, his *home*,
A monument more proud shall be;
And dying men shall paint his worth,
Upon their children's memory,
And mingle with the great man's life
The story of the good man's end;
And while they mourn th' inspired soul,
Weep for the father and the friend!

THE SAND-BANK.

He who's born to be hang'd, can never be drown'd.

Old Ballad.

The boat was now ready, and brought to a narrow causeway constructed for the convenience of landing and embarking at the fall of the tide. The party entered and seated themselves. It was manned by a single rower, clad in the costume of his vocation, which was that of a fisherman. He had for this day abandoned his usual occupation, in hopes of a richer reward from the liberality of the gentry at the Hall, than he was likely to obtain from the capricious ocean. The laugh was loud, while the merry jest passed from mouth to mouth. Stanley was alone unhappy. His mirth was constrained, his thoughts abstracted. Restless and impatient, in a tone of fretful displeasure, he ordered the boatman to push from the shore. The order was instantly obeyed, and in a few moments the boat danced merrily upon the bounding waters. Her keel cut rapidly through the billows, leaving a trail of foam behind it, which at once indicated her track and the rapidity of her progress.

Every now and then the half-suppressed exclamation was heard from the more timid among her passengers, as she occasionally lurched from the force of the swell, the water being almost on a level with her gunwale. With suspended breath, accompanied by a half-stifled scream, the terrified Julia, his affianced bride, seized Stanley's arm with a tenacious grasp; and this she repeated every time the boat rose upon the swell, or sunk into the hollows caused by the agitation of a gentle breeze, which aided her progress through the sparkling element.

After a few minutes' rowing, the boat reached her destination, and her passengers landed with great glee upon a large bank of sand, within half a mile of the beach. Pots, kettles, and all the gastronomical appendages of a pic-nic, were displayed upon the sloping shore. A smile was on every cheek, and delight beamed from every eye at the prospect of enjoyment, new to many and delightful to all. Stanley alone was grave and silent. Not another brow was clouded. Every heart but his was light and unsaddened.

The day was beautiful. Not a vapour interrupted the clear azure of the heavens; while the sun, bright as in his summer meridian, but his fervour cooled by the temperate breezes of autumn, had lost none of his splendour, though abridged of his power.

Upon the highest part of the mound were some long piles, which had been driven into the sand as a mark at high tide to point out the shallow. Against these a rude shed had been constructed for the convenience of the cocklers, which, though considerably dilapidated by the constant flow and repercussion of the waters, afforded no contemptible refectory upon a spot which had evidently never been designed by nature to administer to the caprices of pleasure.

After tea had been prepared, during which there was no lack of noisy hilarity, some of the party related their common-place adventures with as much satisfaction, and the assumption of as much importance, as if they had gathered blackberries at the poles, shot white bears within the tropics, or been entrusted with the ashes of the Phoenix. Stanley was not disposed to be so communicative as his more innocent but more silly companions; on the contrary, he listened with an air of dogged impatience, and not without an indignant, though unuttered feeling of contempt at such vexatious trifling. They bantered him upon his gravity, but this only served to render him the more un-

courteous and sullen. Julia simpered, yet was evidently discomposed; this, however, was no serious interruption to the general harmony.

After some time had been harmlessly whiled away over their tea, toast, and cockles, the latter of which were supplied in abundance from the bank upon which they were regaling themselves, the party separated into sundry groups, and severally rambled over the extensive strand, in order to have a more varied enjoyment of the scene around them. The vast expanse of water undulating onward, until it softened into the distant line of the horizon; the gentle curling of the crisp blue waves, as they were agitated by the passing breeze; the hoarse scream of the seamew, as it blended with the lulling cadence of the billows; the occasional dash of distant oars, as the pleasure boat or fishing smack glided gaily past upon the glassy surface before them; the cheerful note of the rower, as he timed the stroke of his oar to the rough measure of his song; the distant shouts of *yo leave ho* from the small trading vessels, as they were unloading or taking in their cargoes on the opposite shore,—all imparted a variety and picturesque harmony to the scene, producing those lively emotions, which make us forget for a while the progress of time, when the objects that surround us are such as to entrance our attention and to elate our feelings.

To a stranger's eye, the scene above described was of no common interest; and even those to whom it was familiar, could not but enjoy a secondary, added to their primary pleasure, in witnessing the delight which objects so interesting produced upon the feelings of many to whom they were altogether new. The whole party, always excepting Stanley, who appeared determined not to be gratified, expressed their satisfaction in terms of unmeasured enthusiasm.

The sand island was of considerable extent, doubling a long promontory in the form of a deep crescent, the horns of which extended so far towards the land as to form nearly half a circle. The headland jutted a considerable distance into the water, reaching to within a hundred yards from the centre of this vast segment, when the tide was out. The extremities of the sand-bank rounded the cape so far on each side, that they who were on the one could not be seen by those on the other. The extreme length of the strand at the ebb of the tide was about half a mile.

I have said that the visitors to this interesting spot had separated in order to amuse themselves as they might severally feel disposed. They had divided into trios, pairs, and single stragglers. Stanley, having left his fair charge to the care of her cousin, had wandered alone to one of the extreme points of the island, whence his companions were concealed from his view by the intervening cape. He had occupied himself some time in reflecting upon past occurrences, until his thoughts, taking their tone from the perturbations with which some very unwelcome recollections were accompanied, cast an additional gloom over his spirit, which had been rather aggravated than subdued by the thoughtless hilarity of his companions. He really loved Agnes, a beautiful girl whom he had heartlessly betrayed under the most solemn promises of marriage—if that can be called love, of which mere appetency is the only element—and the paramount wish of his heart now was to renew that intercourse, which had already degraded her and dishonoured him. As to a

nearer tie, his base spirit revolted from the very thought, but how otherwise to accomplish his purpose was a difficulty which sadly perplexed him. He felt confident that she would not listen for an instant to any proposal that would continue her in her degradation, and yet he could not consent to abandon an object, who had already yielded up to him her affection and her virtue, and whom he was still anxious to retain upon any terms short of those by which alone he could repair the wrong he had done her. His approaching marriage he contemplated with complacency, as it would place large funds at his disposal, a power of which he was extremely anxious to avail himself. As to what opinion the deluded being whom he was about to make his wife, might eventually entertain of him, he did not consider it to be an object worth his attention, deeming her sufficiently repaid for the transfer of her affections and fortune to him, by the honour of an alliance which would make her, whose pedigree was any thing but remote, a member of an old and distinguished family.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, he gazed, scarcely conscious of the objects before him, at the gradual advance of the tide, seeing, indeed, but not observing, the crested surges as they curled and rippled at his feet, and gathering every now and then, with a half vacant look of indifference, the variegated shells with which the strand abounded. He became at length so deeply absorbed in that maze of perplexing reflection, which sometimes distracts the thoughts when the known past and the unknown future mingle in our minds the certain with the doubtful, that he did not perceive the waves had considerably increased in volume, and were rapidly advancing over the sand. His eye had long apparently watched their progress, and yet he was really unconscious of their approach. His abstraction for the moment was so intense, that the external world seemed to have faded before him, until his attention was roused by a sudden cry of distress, to the reality of the scene before him. He raised his head and listened. Again it came, borne on the rising breeze, before he had time to determine whether it was real or imaginary. He no longer doubted, after hearing the second cry, as the shrill tone was too familiar to his ear to be easily mistaken. He knew not what to think. His first impression was, that his dear betrothed had rashly ventured upon a precipitous part of the bank, and been swept into the embrace of some ungentle billow. The golden harvest, which was so full and fair for the gathering in, was perhaps about to be swallowed up in the insatiable ocean. What a possibility! To lose so rich a prize in the lottery of life!—dreadful! What was to be done? Impelled by a sudden impulse of selfish heroism, he rushed forward to save the fair object of his anxiety, not doubting but that he was about to see his worst surmises realized.

Upon gaining the most elevated part of the sand-bank, he discovered to his dismay that the tide had risen so rapidly as to separate the portion upon which he stood from the main body, there being a considerable indentation on that side over which the water had imperceptibly flowed, so that all communication was cut off between him and his companions. He attempted to ford the channel, but when he found the water to be above his waist before he reached the middle of the passage, he was repelled by his fear from proceeding, and retreated disappointed and alarmed.

By this time the wind blew at intervals in sudden gusts, while the rack was beginning to gather and pass rapidly over the declining sun. The sand was occasionally raised in small vortices, and scattered profusely over him. The air was becoming chill, which the sudden sense of danger made more obvious, though Stanley had been hitherto too much absorbed

in his unquiet meditations to give it much heed. He was now sensible that his situation was extremely hazardous, and that nothing could save him from destruction if he were left to his own exertions for escape. He looked with an expression of dismay at the rapidly accumulating tide, and in proportion as the creek enlarged, which separated him from his friends, his apprehensions of peril increased. It was evident that the small insular mass upon which he stood would be soon covered, as no part of it was much elevated above the rising tide, which was visibly encroaching. He watched it with painful earnestness; it momentarily narrowed the limits of his little realm. The billows now rose into something like commotion, as their course was impeded by the uneven surface of the channel through which they passed, and their white, foaming crests indicated the approach of a fiercer conflict.

Stanley's alarm at finding himself so unexpectedly separated from his companions, was not a little aggravated at perceiving that the boat which had conveyed them to the island, had broken from her moorings and was tossing about at the mercy of the waves. She was drifting fast towards the land, and there was evidently no possibility of regaining her. This was indeed a new source of apprehension to the terrified Stanley. All hope of assistance seemed at once to vanish, as it was evident that his friends were as much in jeopardy as himself. This, however, could afford no consolation to him. He saw them running with an air of distraction along the margin of the rising sea, throwing up their arms as if supplicating assistance, and evidently making signals to the shore.

There happened to be no cottage on that part of the beach opposite to which he was standing. He could consequently encourage no hopes that any signal made by him would be observed, and his voice, however loudly he might shout, was still less likely to be heard. His only chance was to communicate his distress, if possible, to those who were in a similar state of peril with himself, so that if assistance reached them from the land, it might by their means be extended to him. He was satisfied they would not leave him to his fate, if they were released from theirs. He felt assured that Julia's affections were too deeply rooted not to urge her to put every thing to the hazard for his safety. He was, however, for once deceived, since the only being upon earth whom she sincerely and exclusively loved was herself. He nevertheless derived a momentary consolation from the reflection that relief would quickly reach them from the land, and that they would immediately hasten to his rescue; but he was soon doomed to witness the disappointment of his most anxious expectations.

While he was waving his handkerchief as a signal of distress, he perceived a boat approach his companions in peril. In their deliverance he anxiously anticipated his own. His suspense had a speedy but fearful termination. He raised his voice to its extreme pitch, shouting with all that impatient eagerness which a consciousness of danger naturally induces; he was, however, unheeded: in fact, he was not heard. He fixed his eye with intense interest on the friends from whom he had been separated, until they had all entered the boat. It was very small, and by the time the whole party were safe on board, was so overloaded, that any delay in disembarking must have been attended with no small hazard. Stanley saw her direct her course towards the land. His heart sickened. He waved his handkerchief, and shouted again in vain. She altered not her course, and he was left to the agonies of an almost hopeless disappointment. He struck his forehead in agony. The tide in the meanwhile had rapidly risen, and his peril was proportionally increased. He bitterly lamented his folly, in having so thoughtlessly wandered from

the party merely to indulge a morose humour, for which, as it appeared, he was about to pay a most fearful penalty. His lamentations, however, reached no mortal ear but his own.

The sky now began to darken, and the rays of the declining sun were only occasionally seen to slant upon the frothy waters. The air was becoming opaque and heavy, while the distant line of the horizon was broken by gathering masses of deep purple cloud, which rose rapidly to the zenith, gradually over-spreading the whole circumference of the heavens. The gusts increased in frequency and force, swelling every now and then into a momentary howl, while the waves, lashed into commotion by their augmenting violence, rose, and gurgled around him, assuming a most angry aspect, and beginning to expand into fierce and formidable array. Their agreeable ripple had subsided, and was succeeded by a confused clashing, like the distant champing of the war-horse, ready and enger for the battle.

The clouds still thickened, and gathered with deeper expansion over the setting sun. In a short time the mass was so dense, that there no longer remained any indication of his presence above the horizon, except the golden tinge that hung upon the vapoury skirts of the clouds, as their huge fantastic forms were impelled through the murky firmament. The progress of the coming storm was quick, and fearfully menacing. Stanley gazed upon the spreading vapours which rolled in dusky volumes above, and the increasing agitation of the waters below, with the most vivid apprehensions. The clouds were at times so low, that it almost appeared as if he could dart his hand into them, and grasp the lightning which he imagined just ready to explode within their teeming bosoms. He felt a chill creeping through his frame which seemed nearly to paralyze him, while the pulses of his heart beat so violently as to be almost audible. His throat became dry. The perspiration started from his temples, and gathering into large drops, hung quivering upon his brows. He felt a suffocating sensation, which caused him to gasp as if suffering under strangulation. This sudden revulsion nearly distracted him. All these agonizing sensations became stronger in proportion as his hopes of deliverance grew weaker, until at length the excitement of his mind was all but maddening. His spirits sunk, his limbs tottered, he panted with terror. It was indeed an awful visitation, the more awful because so sudden and unexpected.

The shore had by this time almost melted into the darkness, so that he could no longer define objects so remote. He looked with an anxious eye towards that part of the beach where the boat, which had so lately rescued his companions, had directed her course. He could no longer distinguish her. She had faded into the twilight, or she might perhaps have given up her living freight to the merciless ocean, and he only might remain to be the last of many sufferers. What an agonizing thought! was there no rescue? He listened, but the rising conflict of the elements excluded all other sounds. He heard no dash of oars, he saw no boat approaching. What was to be done? Where were his chances of escape, and what could exertion avail him? Peril surrounded him, and the fear of death, for the first time, cast an icy chill upon his heart. Should he fling himself headlong into the sea, and put a period at once to his misery? The thought was but a momentary one. The horror of dying deterred him from adopting an alternative so frightful. He had not yet given up all hopes of rescue, though his fears that it might come too late, kept him on the very rack of suspense.

The storm rapidly increased. Short and quick flashes of lightning already began to gleam through the darkened heavens, while the thunder growled portentously in the distance. These explosions soon

became more frequent and more loud, the flashes that succeeded them quicker, and more piercing. The rain fell at first in big heavy drops, gradually augmenting until it descended at length in one general and unbroken shower. There was no retreat—the waters were around him, the tempest was above him, and he stood alone upon a mere spot of earth exposed to their pitiless fury. What an awful position for one who had never calculated upon the possibility of a visitation so sudden and appalling! Every instant added to his peril, and consequently to his terror. He paced with hurried and agitated steps the small circle of sand upon which he stood hemmed in by the flood that threatened speedily to overwhelm him. Was it possible, he thought, that his friends could willingly leave him to perish—that she more especially could desert him who on the morrow, had he been spared, was to have redeemed the pledge of her affection at God's altar? As the idea rushed upon his brain, he would, in the bitterness of his soul, have cursed the unfeeling Julia, but the dread of death awoke him to better feelings, and checked the rising execration. Alas! she might be, at the very moment he was about to curse her, a being only of the past; she might have gone to her account where he, as it appeared, was likely so shortly to follow her. He was calm for an instant, but the reaction of agony was only the more intense after the brief interval of repose. Were there no means of deliverance? He looked upon the waters. They boiled and chafed with a fierceness which made him shudder. "Great God!" he cried, "how the furious waters rage and swell around me! Am I to be engulfed in their briny bosom? Horrible!—I dare not—I cannot die! I who never before thought of death, must I meet it now under an aspect so frightful!—Must I be hurried into the presence of my Judge with a fresh blot of infamy upon my soul which a long life of penitence could scarcely expunge? Must I now prepare to rush into an eternity of unimaginable horrors!—No, no, no!" He staggered backward nearly exhausted by his emotions. The tide still rose, gradually diminishing the circumference within which he was standing. The spray began to dash over him, the waves retreating only to return with the greater impetuosity, lessening every instant his chance of escape. He did not, however, yet entirely resign himself to despair, though his hope was but a forlorn one. He was absolutely drenched to the skin with the sea and rain.

His boundary was now reduced to a few yards, still there was no assistance nigh. He cast his eyes around, piercing as far as he could into the misty atmosphere. It was in vain. He saw nothing that offered any prospect of relief. He summoned his energies, and prepared for the struggle of death. Determined not to yield whilst there was any possibility of delaying the fatal moment, he placed himself upon the highest part of the bank, to which he dragged a small anchor that lay imbedded in the sand. He forced it into the arenaceous mass, which readily yielded to the slightest pressure, and placing his foot within the ring at the end of the shank, determined, with the aid of a rope which was attached to the ring, to secure his footing against the assaulting flood so long as he should have strength to resist; since while there remained even the most distant possibility of rescue, he was resolved to relinquish no chance of preservation. It required no little mental energy to keep him firm in this resolution, for as the waves continued to approach, the apprehensions of destruction broke fiercer and fiercer upon his troubled spirit. They were already at his feet—those waves which were about to swallow him; while the wild roar above and around him only magnified his horror. Still there was a struggle of hope within him, and every now and then a faint gleam pierced through the darkness of his growing despair.

buoying up his bewildered soul amid those agonizing throes of dismay with which it was conflicting.

There is perhaps no situation, however perilous, in which hope deserts us altogether. So long as the excitement of terror or of dreadful apprehension does not overpower the mind and destroy the balance of reason, hope clings to the soul, like light to the sun, and never entirely quits it until quenched in the darkness of death. It is that mysterious agency which operates more or less upon all our actions, which is the incentive of every thing we do, and which lights us forward to that goal where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Stanley now felt its influence strongly. He stood upon the ring of the anchor, his foot firmly locked within the circle as upon the verge of eternity. The sea-gull flew by him as if in mockery of his misery, screaming his discordant song to the awakened tempest, and thus adding to the wild dissonance of the clashing elements. He put up his supplications to heaven for the first time since he had ceased to lisp his infant orisons upon a parent's knee, yet with an awful presentiment that they would not be heard. They were, however, now offered with a tremendous sincerity. They nevertheless fell upon his soul with a most astounding recoil, like the reverberation of terrible echoes upon the ear among the mountains of the wilderness. When he thought of his God, it was only in connexion with his own peril. It was not love that induced him to supplicate the divine forgiveness. It was that abject terror which arises from a consciousness of unexpiated guilt, and a consequent dread of punishment. He could find, therefore, no resource in prayer. His aspirations went not up with acceptance to the throne of mercy. Such was the stern announcement of his affrighted conscience. It told him, in that "still small voice," which is the more terrible because it reaches not the outward ear, but appears only to the impassive soul, that God had deserted him—that the King of Terrors, and the Lord of the Damned, were about to secure their victim. He felt no longer any surety. Every instant diminished his chance of deliverance. He ceased at length to cling even to the slender thread of possibility. He was becoming bewildered. His senses were fast lapsing into confusion, and he seemed as if scarcely conscious of his own identity. The crisis of his fate was at hand. He was in the very gorge of destruction. A violent peal of thunder for a moment recalled his energies, and re-awakened the dying spark of hope, which had ceased indeed to glow, but was nevertheless not utterly extinguished, as the living fire is within the coal when the surface is black and rayless.

The waters had gradually risen, and by this time reached his knees, booming around him and over him with a violence absolutely astounding. The wind raised the spray above his head, scattering the white foam through the dusky air, and flinging it high amid the storm. Stanley continued to keep his foot firmly fixed in the ring of the anchor, lest the billows should sweep him from his position, for he maintained his resolution, in spite of the feebleness of exhaustion, to struggle for life as long as any chance of escape remained. He clung with almost convulsive pertinacity to the cord which still enabled him to keep his footing. The surf was now nearly at his breast at every retreat of the wave, which at its return rolled completely over him. He stood against it, however, with the most persevering determination, although he was fully sensible that resistance would shortly be vain. He grew gradually weaker: his eyes became dim. He felt that a few brief moments must decide his doom. What a dreadful interval between time and eternity! To hang, as it were, between two worlds, about to drop from the present into the future! to plunge from all that is known and tangible into all that is intangible and unknown! To quit certainty for doubt, light

for darkness, hope for despair, heaven for hell! It was indeed a fearful moment, and Stanley felt it. He sighed in agony; but this deep-drawn echo of the heart's emotions was stifled by the remorseless waters. They lifted up their angry voices and flung in his ear the hoarse menace of death. The imagined gibbering of fiends rose upon his startled fancy, and seemed to mock him in his misery. The waves continued their assault, and he could now scarcely breathe between their rapid advance and retreat. "Mercy, mercy!" he cried; "O God! pity me! save me! I am lost—what will become of my soul? 'Tis too vile for heaven—horrible, horrible." His articulation was impeded by the surge. It retreated a moment from his lips—"to die thus—to stand upon the confines of perdition—Saviour!"

He gasped convulsively. The rolling flood again impeded his utterance. He was all but exhausted when his ear caught the dash of oars. His heart leaped—an instant more and it would be too late. His chest was already distended with the bitter draughts which he had for some minutes successively swallowed. He now withdrew his foot from the ring of the anchor, and sustaining himself by the cord, placed his toe upon the shank, which thus increased his elevation a few inches; but by this time the billows had become so large and impetuous, that when they first dashed over him, after he had changed his position, he lost his footing, and floated on the agitated surface, at the mercy of the waves. He still, however, retained his hold of the cord. The surf was already in his ears and in his mouth. He struggled in the agonies of suffocation. He began to sink—the flood gurgled in his throat—a confused sound was all he heard—he saw nothing—the frightful obscurity of death was fast closing in around him, when he felt a hand upon his head. It seized his hair, and raised him above the boiling surge. Consciousness returned as he felt himself hauled to the edge of a boat. He grasped the gunnel with frantic energy. At this moment a vivid flash of lightning broke over the convulsed ocean, and fell upon the countenance of his preserver. It was Agnes! What cannot woman do when excited to the fearless exercise of her energies! More than man in the very mightiness of his—Agnes was one who could dare do all that woman dared, and more. Nothing was above her resolution.

Stanley could not suppress a hoarse scream of emotion, as he beheld the animated but stern countenance of his preserver reflecting with greater intensity the fierce flash of the lightning. Her hair had escaped the fillet which confined it, and hung dripping upon her naked shoulders, from which the extreme violence of the gale had stripped their flimsy covering. The expression of her eyes was almost wild, yet a glance of such determined meaning broke from them when the pitchy clouds poured forth their vivid fires upon the terrible scene; at the same time, her whole demeanour was so undaunted and self-possessed, that the drowning man began to hesitate whether he was in the hands of a preserving or destroying angel. He clung to the boat with renewed vigour, weighing it down into the angry flood which rolled into it, foaming and spitting like the agitated surface of a boiling cauldron. Agnes was unmoved. The flashes of the lightning exhibited her at intervals standing erect in the rocking boat, and looking with an air of sublime indifference at the deadly strife of the elements, as they hurled above her head with perilous impetuosity. Stanley entreated her to drag him from his jeopardy. She looked upon him with an expression of calm determination.

"Swear, then, to repair the wrong you have done me, or I leave you to your merited doom."

"I swear." She fixed her eye keenly upon him. He turned his head from the scrutinizing glance.

"What dost thou swear?"

"To repair the wrong I have done thee."

Agnes looked doubtfully, while he still clung convulsively to the gunnel of the boat.

"How wilt thou repair that wrong? Remember, I am now the preserver of thy life."

"By marriage!"

A momentary flush past over her colourless cheek.

"Swear, then, by heaven."

"By heaven!" gasped forth the drowning man.

The word was scarcely articulate as the extorted abjuration was choked by the gushing billows. Agnes drew the now almost exhausted Stanley into the boat, and rowed him in silence to the beach. She had put off in a small skiff* when she heard of his danger, in spite of the menacing storm. He spoke not a word during their painful progress, neither did he attempt to assist her, as he was in such a state of exhaustion that he could scarcely stir. He lay almost motionless at the bottom of the boat. The danger, however, was now past, and he soon recovered his self-possession. He was as reckless in security as fearful in peril, and a few minutes, therefore, restored him to his usual callousness of purpose. He soon began to meditate upon what he had pledged himself to perform, with bitter remorse of spirit. He shivered as well from the drenching rain, which still fell in torrents, as from the distracting reflections which crowded upon his excited mind. Could he fulfil his oath? Impossible! Could he evade it? He must—he had no alternative. Better, he thought, that Agnes should continue dishonoured than that he should be undone. If a balance of disadvantages were made, his would be the largest, were he madly to redeem his pledge. Besides, he could not do impossibilities. He could not convert wrong into right; and extorted oaths, as the nicest casuists agreed, possessed no moral obligation. The sanctions of moral equity were at least in his favour, although the literal requisitions of civil justice might be against him. Better, he thought, break an improper oath than add a culpable performance of it to the sin of having made it. The means, where they are sinful, can never sanctify the end. "I was wrong to swear," said he mentally, "but I repent, and will stop in time, before I add to the wrong an additional sin." This selfish sophistry, which, though unuttered, passed rapidly through Stanley's thoughts, at once determined him; and before he reached the landing, his mind was perfectly made up to consider an extorted oath as not binding, and consequently to leave the injured Agnes to her degradation and her misery.

How soon are the greatest benefits forgotten—the greatest, perhaps, the soonest!

ROMAN WEALTH.

THE opulence of some individuals among the Romans was astonishing. An estimate of the wealth of Crassus may be formed, when we know what Pompey possessed; who was not supposed to be nearly so rich. In order to remove Sextus, the son of Cæsar Pompey, from Spain, M. Anthony and Lepidus agreed to a composition with him for the property which had been confiscated, and plundered from the father, after the battle of Pharsalia. They allowed him, after a reasonable valuation, to the amount of *five millions sterling*: his *beds, plate, and furniture*, not being included in the estimate.

Pliny thus speaks of the wealth of some of the Roman Ladies:—

"I myself have seen Lollia Paulina, (late wife,

* On the western coast, boats are managed by women with considerable dexterity

and after widow, to Caius Caligula, the Emperor,) when she was dressed, not in state, nor for any purpose of solemnity; but only when she was going to a wedding supper, and that not prepared by great persons; I have seen her, I say, so beset and bedecked, emeralds and pearls, disposed in rows, ranks, and with courses, one by another, round about the attire of her head, her cowl, her borders, her peruke of hair, bond-grace and chaplet; at her ears pendant; about her neck in a carcanet; upon her wrists in bracelets, and on her fingers in rings, that she glittered and shone like the sun as she went. The value of these ornaments, she esteemed and rated at four hundred thousand *Sestertii*, (*forty millions sterling*.) and offered openly to prove it by her books of account and reckoning. Yet were these jewels, not the gifts of her prodigal husband; but the goods and ornaments from her own house, fallen to her by way of inheritance from her grandfather,* which treasure he had gotten together by the robbing and spoiling of whole provinces.

"Two only pearls were there, together, the fairest and richest that ever have been known in the world; and those possessed at one time by Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt, which came into her hands by means of the great Kings of the East, and were left unto her by descent. This Princess, when M. Antonius had strained himself to do her all the pleasure he possibly could, and had feasted her most sumptuously, and had spared no cost; in the height of her pride, began to abase the expense and provision of Antony: and made no reckoning of his costly fire. When he, thereat demanded, how he could possibly go beyond this magnificence of his; she answered him, that she would spend on him at one supper an hundred thousand *Sestertii*, (*ten millions sterling*.) Antony, who would needs know how that might be, (for he thought it impossible,) laid a great wager with her about it; and she bound it again, and made it good. On the morrow, when this was to be tried, and the wager either to be won or lost, Cleopatra made Antony a supper which was sumptuous and royal enough; howbeit there was no service extraordinary seen upon the board: whereat Antony laughed her to scorn, and by way of mockery required to see a bill, with an account of the particulars. She again said that whatsoever had been served up already was but the overplus, above the rate and proportion in question; affirming still, that she would yet, in that supper, make up the full sum she had named. Yea, herself, alone, would eat above the sum named: and with that ordered the second service to be brought in.

"The servitors who waited at her trencher, (as they had in charge before,) set before her one cruet of sharp vinegar, the strength whereof is able to dissolve pearls. Now she had at her ears, hanging, these two most precious pearls; the singular and only jewels of the world, and even nature's wonder. As Antonius looked wistfully upon her, and expected what she would do, she took one of them from her ear, steeped it in the vinegar, and as soon as it liquified drank it off; and as she was about to do the same with the other, L. Plancius, the judge of the wager, laid his hand on it, and pronounced that Antonius had lost the wager. There was an end of one pearl; but, the fame of its fellow may go with it; for after this brave queen was taken prisoner, and deprived of her royal estate, that other pearl was cut in twain, that in memorial of that supper of theirs, it should remain unto posterity, hanging in the ears of Venus at Rome, in the Temple of Pantheon."

* M. Lollus.

JOURNAL OF A SCIENTIFIC LADY.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

Rothsay, April 1.

AH! my dearest Anna; you, who are still enjoying at the College the Lecture of the most elegant of all Professors; you, who thrice a week witness his ingenious experiments; you, who perhaps at this moment are inhaling the *gas of nitrous oxide*, or *gas of Paradise*; how do I envy your sensations and associations. Most joyfully do I sit down to perform my promise of noting an account of my journey to Rothsay; not to indulge in the frivolous tittle-tattle to which many of our sex are addicted, but to attempt a *scientific* journal worthy of our studies.

Nothing occurred on the road worthy of mentioning; the indications of the barometer, the mean temperature of the thermometer, and the contents of the pluviometer, will be found in the table we have engaged to interchange weekly. The day after our arrival, we dined with our friends the S——s, where we had the scapula of the oviv, or shoulder of mutton, with a sauce of macerated carp; two birds of the gallinaceous tribe, served with sysimbrium, or water cresses, and the customary vegetables, brassica, lactuca, and spinacia, through none of which the *aqueous fluid* had been sufficiently allowed to percolate. There was also soup, which retained so considerable a portion of *caloric* that it scalded my *palati epidermis*; and the *piper nigrum*, or black pepper, with which it was seasoned, occasioned an unpleasant titillation in the whole *oral region*. In the afternoon, the water in the kettle not having been raised to 212° Fahrenheit, or the point at which evaporation takes place, the *thea viridis*, or green tea, formed an imperfect solution, in which state I believe its diaphoretic qualities are injurious. Mrs. S—— declared she never drank any thing but the *simple element*, but I informed her, if she meant *water*, it was not a simple element, but composed of oxygen and hydrogen; and I availed myself of this opportunity to instruct her that the *atmospheric air* is also a mixture, containing about seventy-three parts of *azotic* and twenty-seven of *oxygen gas*; at which the ignorant creature only exclaimed, 'Well, I have myself seen a good many red *gashes* across the sky, particularly at sunset.' But my dearest Anna, I may confess to you, that I am more and more horrified at the sad blunders of mamma, who has not, like us, received the advantages of a *scientific education*; and yet she will every now and then catch a word which she fancies she understands, and betrays the most pitiable ignorance. When I was describing a *resinous matter*, obtained by *precipitation*, she shook her head and exclaimed, 'Impossible, child, nothing is ever gotten by precipitation; your poor father was ever telling you not to do things in such a hurry.' And once, when professor Jameson showed me a lump of *mineral earth*, I inquired whether it was friable; she ejaculated, 'Friable, you simpleton; no, nor boilable either: why it is not good to eat.' These are but a few specimens of her lamentable ignorance; in point of acute misapprehension, she exceeds Mrs. Malaprop herself; and you cannot conceive the painful humiliation I am continually subjected to by such exposures. As to experiments, I have not yet ventured on many; for, having occasioned a small solution of continuity in the skin of my forefinger by an accidental incision, I have been obliged to apply a styptic, secured by a ligature; by placing some butter, however, in a temperature of 96, I succeeded in reducing it to a state of deliquescence, and by the usual refrigerating process, I believe I should have converted it into gelatine, but that it refused to congregate, doubtless owing to some fault in the apparatus. You are aware that a phosphorescent light emanates from some species of fish, in an incipient state of putrefaction, to which has been attri-

buted the iridescent appearance of the sea at certain seasons. To illustrate this curious property, I hoarded a mackerel in a closet for several days; and it was already beginning to be most interestingly luminous, when mamma, who had for some days been complaining of a horrid stench in the house, discovered my hidden treasure, and ordered it to be thrown on the dunghill, observing, she expected, sooner or later, to be poisoned by my nasty nonsense; but mamma has no nose for experimental philosophy; no more have I, you will say, for yesterday, as I was walking with a *prism* before my eyes, comparing the different rays of the *spectrum* with the Newtonian theory, I came full hump against an open door, which drove the sharp edge of the glass against the cartilaginous projection of the nose, occasioning much sternutation and a considerable discharge of blood from the nasal emunctories. By nitrate of silver I have also formed some crystals of Diana, and I have been eminently successful in making detonating powder; although the last explosion happening to occur just as our neighbour James Heaviside was reading of the tremendous thunderbolt that fell in the gentleman's garden at Alloa, he took it for granted he was visited by a similar phenomenon, and in the apprehension shuffled down stairs on his nether extremity, (being prevented from walking by the gout,) ejaculating all the way, 'Lord have mercy upon us.' Upon learning the cause of his alarm, he declared the blue-stocking hussey (meaning me) ought to be sent to the tread-mill, and mamma says I shall be indicted as a nuisance. I have done nothing yet in botany; the extreme cold of the early season makes it impossible to find plants, having only picked up a few specimens of the bellis order, 'polygania superflua,' vulgo the daisy. And now, my dearest Anna, adieu. You will receive this by my cousin George, who goes to Edinburgh to-morrow; but as the youth is of the *bashful* species, I fear, in spite of my lecture, he will commit it to the penny post, not having the honour of your acquaintance. Once more adieu, and believe me ever yours most truly,

H. C.

Original:

CATHERINE THE SECOND, OF RUSSIA.

THE character of the Empress Catherine the Second, was none of those which we view with indecision and doubt. It had nothing little, nothing trifling in it: it was all grand—all decisive: the features of it were marked and manifest: the lines broad, and deeply indented. She had none of those qualities which fluctuate between vice and virtue. Her vices, and her virtues were all conspicuous. The magnificence of her enterprize must be admired: the commanding vigour with which she wielded the energies of her mighty empire; the liberal encouragement she afforded to the arts and sciences; and the attempt she made to polish the manners of her people. But our admiration is converted into detestation and dread, when we contemplate her on the theatre of her vices.

What an unbroken series of horror and havoc did her immeasurable ambition create!—an ambition restrained by no considerations:—limited by no laws human or divine: which pursued its purpose through blood and carnage; which seemed to be ever craving, and never satiated. What can be said of the methodical massacres committed at Ishmael, and at Warsaw? To the shocking oppression exercised upon Poland, and to the savage dismemberment of that insulted country! A dismemberment whose authors seemed to have rivalled the Huns in cruelty, and to have disputed the pre-eminence of guilt with Attila himself.

No sovereign was ever more systematic in ambition, or more persevering in every project than Catherine

POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.

THE last number of the *Lady's Book* contained some specimens of the mosaics with which the excavations at Pompeii have thus far rewarded the operators. The profusion with which this description of ornament was produced is very remarkable: the dwellings of an inferior town abounded with specimens valuable enough to be placed in the palaces of Naples, and considered as their most precious collections; while, now, the expense of such works is so great that it is but seldom they are found even in a palace; in excellence, however, those recently executed at the Vatican are fully equal to those of the best Italian artist. With the present number of the *Lady's Book* is presented an accurate representation of a splendid painting executed on the walls of the Pantheon. It will give some idea of the magnificence and luxury indulged in by the people of that day; and the highly ornamental character of the entrance will show that their architectural taste was at once perfect and dignified. This custom of decorating walls with paintings is of very remote antiquity. The Egyptians claim its discovery six thousand years before the Greeks; but however this be, it has been proved by recent discoveries, especially those of Belzoni, among the royal tombs, that the custom existed in that nation, many centuries before the birth of Christ. Nor was the art unknown to the Jews, as we may infer from the 23d chapter and 14th verse of Ezekiel.

The second grotesque specimen represents an artist of antiquity in his studio, with his pencil in his hand, and a subject sitting before him. The various apparatus of his art lies around him. Although it represents pigmies, it is still one of those pictures which are valuable as faithful representations of domestic and every-day business. The pigmy painter appears in a tunic remarkably scant in length behind, while the person who sits for him, although of the same bodily defection, seems from his costume to stand in relation to the painter, pretty much as the *Mecænales* of the present day to their artists; the awkward position in which the painter plies at his work, would lead us to infer that the performance was not likely to possess all the perfection for which a steady hand, as well as head, is necessary. The picture stands upon an easel which differs but little from that used at present; at the right side of the artist is his palette, which is a little table supported by four feet; and close by it is a pot to wash his pencils in. The latter would indicate that he was then engaged with gum or water-colours; while the presence of his colour-grinder on the right, satisfies us that his genius was not confined to this branch of the art. The grinder appears to be preparing colours mixed with wax and oil, in a vessel placed on hot coals. Two amateurs, who have just entered the studio, appear to be conversing with respect to the painting, and a student, who has been disturbed by their entrance, turns round on his distant seat to look at them. As to the bird, nothing very decisive can be ascertained. It is supposed to typify some singer or musician, such as might have been introduced for the pleasure of the visitors. The picture originally contained a second bird, and a child playing with a dog, but these had perished before *Mazois* could perfect his copy. From the entire character of this grotesque production, it would seem to have been intended as a burlesque upon the studio of some inferior artist. The appearance of the apartment, unfurnished with a solitary model for study, would favour this opinion as well as the *one* scholar who seems to consider a model unnecessary to the triumph of his ambition. On this subject, several opinions have been advanced; but they are all contradictory and insufficient. The one above offered is, probably, less likely to be of a similar character, although it is not more authentic.

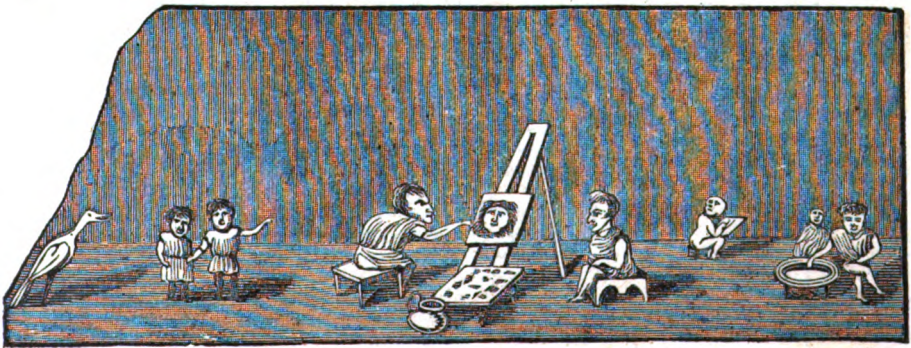
SPANISH THEATRE.

AT Madrid there was but one theatre for plays; no opera, and a most unsocial gloomy style of living seemed to characterise the whole body of nobles and grandees. I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, and ill-attended; yet, when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the title of the *Tiranna*, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage, then in Europe, could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the outcast race of gypsies; was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend, Count *Pietra Santa*, who was acquainted with her, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her, at the same time, that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country. In consequence of this intimation, she sent me word that I should have notice from her when she wished me to come to the theatre; till when, she desired, I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bills, for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons. I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I did not then know enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was one of the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead, lying on each side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description,) presented such a high wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy as placed her, in my judgment, at the very summit of her art: in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher; and such was the effect upon the audience, that whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed. A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by *Pietra Santa*, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids; her fine arms, bare to the shoulders; the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a *Sybil*; such an imaginary being; so awful, so impressive; that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask, but to claim my applause. She demanded of me, if I had ever seen any actress, that could be compared with her, in my own, or any other country.

"I was determined," she said, "to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason."—*Cumberland's Memoirs.*

POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.



DEER STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

How refreshing! thought I, as my britchka rolled over the last bit of London pavement, pointing due north, to be out of all this "double double toil and trouble," and to be allowed to breathe the fresh air. "*O rus, quando te aspiciam!*" had long been the wish of my heart. I looked forward to the bracing breeze playing over the wild mountains of Scotland, whither I was bound; and my reveries were of the unrivalled feats to be performed at the expense of sundry enormous deer and innumerable grouse. I was armed at all points. Two of Moore's double barrels, and a double-barrelled rifle of Purdey's, were only my principal weapons. Another pair of guns, together with fishing-rods (only for wet days,) boxes of wadding, boxes of cartridges, powder canisters, and all the varied implements of destruction, filled up every nook and cranny of my carriage. There was barely room for my own small person. Luckily I did not require much, being of "stature small, and slender frame." Thus equipped, what could resist me? I *felt* irresistible; and, conscious of my own powers, fancied myself a Ross or an Osbaldiston. Who has not been sanguine at such a moment? The future lay all before me. The past, with some few exceptions, on which I will be silent, was a dull and dreary reminiscence. I had been in every sense of the word (I confess it with shame) *bored*. I was sick of "the House," and the people in it—tired of the "*toujours perdrix*" of London society—had been to all the theatres "*usque ad nau-seam*;" the opera itself had become tiresome, and even Cinti had ceased to charm. My friendships had become stupid, my loves grown cold, and my banker was overdrawn—*que faire!* Then rose before me Scotland, with its witching scenes, its crags and burns; its rugged hills, and heathery knolls; its black game, grouse, and ptarmigan; but, above all, its *deer*. It was too much for me! I could not resist the impulse which made me order post-horses and cut the "village."

How refreshing! thought I, as the breezes of Hampstead and Highgate powdered me with dust, and nearly carried away my travelling cap; any thing was better than the dust of Rotten Row, or of Mackadamization, which is now so general a reform, that one is blinded by "*la poussiere aux yeux*." I was in capital humour; I found every thing agreeable; nature was gay, so was I; London was the monster I was running away from, and every milestone I passed in my flight was a new source of pleasure to me. I reached Edinburgh like a "*bossu*" relieved of his hump by some benevolent fairy, having left my hump, *ennui*, the other side of the Border.

My arrangements were all completed, and on a certain day I was to be at Glenfalloch. To let the reader into a secret, I was going to shoot—no, to try and shoot—deer. To shoot deer! What a world is there in those magic words. Every one loves the sport—longs for it—strives to obtain it—from the rich citizen, who hires the deer-forest, the patrimony of some impoverished descendant of kings, to the humble speculator who timidly but advisedly says he is going to Scotland to shoot, in hopes that the intimation may not fall in vain upon the dull ear of the Scotch magnate it is intended for. It is only in the wildest and most extensive tracts of mountain or forests (as they are called, where tree is none,) that the "monarch of the waste" finds renge and security; and the brink of the precipice or the deep ravine, the course of a torrent or a treacherous morass, sufficiently difficult of access to put a good walker on his mettle, are the strong-holds, in which, by secret ambush or by open storm, stalking or driving, you may hope to achieve

your triumph. It does not matter where Glenfalloch is, or how I got there, or who sanctioned the fleshing of my maiden rifle. Never schoolboy with his first gun was keener than I when I first mounted the hill.

Late at night I arrived. The inn of a small town was my quarter. I intended to sleep there! Sleep! independently of the thoughts of the morrow, and they were neither few nor of a drowsy nature, sleep was out of the question. Noises of all sorts—odours which baffle description—a loquacious multitude of ill-bred geese, which never "ceased from troubling"—a public room full of something not much better—bad whiskey, worse tobacco—predominating over the smaller smells: and the squalling chorus of some dozen brats in the street, who surely never slept, or, if they did, took it by turns, completely established a practical "sleep no more."

Never did I feel happier than at four the next morning, when I jumped on my pony, to ride to the forester. I had twelve miles of dreary moor to cross, over bogs and bogs, up the brae and across the burn. It can't be so difficult as they say to shoot these deer, thought I; and I remembered how I slew three tame rabbits and an old hen, at a hundred yards, after much practising, at Purdey's. Oh! any one can do it who can shoot at all; of course I can't miss them: and so I thought, and my little steed bore me merrily and gallantly along the road, taking always his own way, and not mine, in which he was always right, never making the slightest mistake. At last the hills began to close round me. Those I had thought little of at a distance, were now, with their scathed summits, towering in majesty above me. The waters pouring down here and there, through clefts in their rugged sides, served to mark their size and extent; and the apparently extreme smallness of the objects which more immediately surrounded me, made me more sensible of the grandeur of the huge outline which now closed in, at all points. Gradually I lost sight of the cattle and sheep which speckled the sides of the hills; then I knew that I had entered the forest; for the deer are not invaded in their territories, either by shepherd or flock. You hear no more the bark of the colley, or the lowing of the herd; the cry of the bird of prey, and the roar of the stream, are the only sounds, except the unallowed report of a gun, which break the stillness of these solitudes. Suddenly I came into a deep glen, at the end of which, a little cottage or bothy made me sensible that I was near my journey's end. Through the glen, a beautiful stream wound its course. The banks were covered with the most blooming heather, and, in some places, patches of the brightest green relieved the darker tints of its borders; but fragments of huge stones, and blocks of quartz and granite, lying *pile mele* near the side, and in the channel, told a tale of a different kind. The burn of autumn was a fierce and raging torrent in winter. A few short months, and the smiling landscape before me would be a dreary waste. Did I moralize? I believe I did, in spite of the deer.

I found Duncan McIntosh at his door. He was a small spare man, about forty. I should say his limbs, for activity and strength, were perfection. His arms were a little longer than exact symmetry would warrant; still it did not amount to a blemish. His features were hard and weather-worn; but I have never, before or since, seen such eyes; they were hardly veiled by the coarsest and shaggiest brow: they had no softness, nor did they flash with animation but they had the keen and piercing look which went through you—the gleam of polished steel. A large rough greyhound

was by his side, and looked at him with the closest attention, as he was cleaning his "prospect," as he called a telescope, which, as he told me afterwards, "had gotten a wee thick the morn, when I was searching for the teers." "Weel, ye're no that late, and ye should get a shot or twa, gin ye hae ony luck, and can shoot ony. Where's yere powther? Hae ye balls plenty? Wull ye tak a drap sweet milk and whiskey? Ye'll no want the powney on the hills?" Such were some of his interrogatories;—he was quite an original. I satisfied them all, as well as I could; and, after drinking my whiskey and milk, intimated a wish to be off. "Bide a wee; there's nae sic a hurry; ye'll hae enough on't, I'm thinking, afore the night." But, however, away he went, into a sort of byre, whence he produced two striplings scarce in their teens, to whom he delivered himself for some time, in very rapid Gaelic. They never asked or answered; but the orders once given, off ran Duncan junior, and his brother, like two roebucks. Duncan up the glen, and the younger at once faced a huge hill which was the back ground of the cottage. Up went the little one, never stopping to breathe, his foot firm as a rock when there seemed nothing to hold it. His hands were as good, for he clung by them when his legs could not assist him. He was half way up before old Duncan roused me by saying, "Can ye walk ony?" I had just been looking at what "walking ony" was; however I put on a bold face, and replied in the affirmative; besides I was sure I could walk—of course I could. "They bairns wull na be lang putting up ony teers that's feeding wast, so we mun mak a short wad on't. I began to be uneasy as he said this, for he suited the action to the word, and began to "walk ony." Our path lay straight up the opposite hill to that which the boy had climbed. The river divided them. It was not nearly so steep or so rugged, still it was a breather to me, whose movements are generally bounded by Westminster one way, and Cumberland gate on the other. On I went, however, working only upon pluck, and before I was half-way, I was dead blown. "Ye'd as weel rest yersel," said Duncan, "ye're no used to the walking." No, thought I, I can't walk—but if there is a thing I can do, it is shooting. When he sees me shoot! I had half a mind to say, "I'm not tired—no, not in the least," but I had not breath for it, so down I sat. While I was blowing like a piper, I saw Donald looking suspiciously to the weather quarter; "I'm thinking," said he, "we'll nae win up afore the mist catches us. This gave me wings—away we went again, but before we were two hundred yards further, Duncan's presage began to be verified. The warmth of the air was changed as if by magic; on came the mist thicker and darker; very soon both rock and glen were hidden, and the only object I could discern was Duncan's shadowy looking form about five yards before me.

"Do you think we shall get near them in this fog, Duncan?"—"There's nae telling. I'll no ken that afore we're farther east beyont yon flat, (as if I could see a flat!) 'twas by there I seed the teers the day, and gin they'll no hae shifted themselves, I'm thinking, tho' the mist's nae gude, we may get a boast yet."—Beast, thought I, what a name for a stag! On we went for some time. The ground now began to assume a different aspect. There were large beds or layers of stones heaped confusedly together, and where any division of these masses appeared, it was an intersection of peat and grayish moss. "These stones are bad for walking," said I. "Na, na, ye're no sae bad a walker."—"No, but Duncan, these confounded stones, I say, cut me infernally."—"Hout, aye—when ye hae walkit mair, forbye the running, ye'll no thunk sair of yere feet, and gin ye kill a beast."—"I believe so too, Duncan, but—"—"Whisht," was his answer, and down he dropped, keeping one hand behind him, and motion-

ing me to do likewise. A minute passed—I was breathless, my heart beating like a drum, and my knees shaking under me. He meantime noiselessly took out his "prospect," and minutely surveyed some broken ground before him. The mist was still so thick that I thought he must be at fault. He crept back—"I see the teers—we'll nae win near them and the wind in this air, we could try them, ony way, doon bye—can ye run ony?" (Alas! I had not forgotten the "walk ony.") Off we went at a long trot, down the track we had come up. I was not merely blown, but quite "told out." At last he stopped; if he had not I should. There was now a flat before us, I could just see it. The ground rough and broken. The wind direct in our teeth. Here we crept on, he not knowing exactly where the deer were on account of the mist, and I so regularly done up, as hardly to know where I was myself. Down he dropped a second time.

"D'ye no see them there," said he, in a voice like a child's—but close in my ear. "Not I; where?"—"D'ye no see? Yon's a great stag and twa hind—I see them just above yon black bog, they're no above fifty yards off." See! I could no more see than I could breathe, and so I told him. He was evidently provoked, but tried again to make me see; all was in vain. I had walked until I could not see, and if even I could, there was the mist into the bargain. "Weel," said he, "ye mun just wait, and try gin the fog does clear"—and we did wait! I was up to my knees in the peat hag, with one half of my body recumbent therein, and an elbow well placed in black mud, as my support. I was wet through with the fog, and at the same time, with the violence of running, the "big drops," to speak poetically, not vulgarly, stood on my brow. I hate extremes—*surtout quand cela se rencontre*. I was trembling in every limb, nervous to a degree, and yet I swear that I never thought I could miss. No one doubt of this nature ever crossed my mind. Blessed illusion! At last, slowly and sulkily, as it were, the mist rolled away—first we saw a patch of blue sky, then a segment of sun, cold and watery indeed, but still it was the sun. It became lighter and clearer. We now saw the mountains before us, and the vapour gradually ascending till the tops appeared distinctly upon the sky. "Come awa," said Duncan, "or we'll lose the shot." He lowered himself to the ground in a way perfectly miraculous—like a crab he went on, upon an elbow and a knee, while he disposed of the other leg as a sort of propelling machine, and the spare hand carried my rifle. This he took from me almost forcibly. I had a suspicion, that as I was to follow him, in his irregular movements, he thought it as well to obviate any chance of accidental death!

I toiled after him as well as I could through the peat hag, the bog, the stagnant water, and the rough stones, still I never dreamt that I should not kill a deer. Once he nearly sunk me in some soft ground by suddenly suiting the action to "keep yersel' doon;" another time, he warned me by a low growl that I had deviated from his track, and made me return to it; at last he sat down, and gave me the gun. "Noo tak yere breath and a lang ain—ye hae a bonnie chance at yon teers. D'ye no see them noo?" I did see them! A splendid stag with antlers like a large oak branch was within thirty yards of me, his whole forehead open to my shot. I looked him over and over again—thought of him as my own—had already disposed of him. Up went the rifle, I took a "long aim," fired, missed him clean; I jumped up—an immense herd which I had not seen burst like a body of cavalry from behind the bags. I sent my second barrel into the middle of them. Away they bounded untouched. I turned to Duncan. "Weel! Ye'll surely hae load again."

WHY DOTH THE BULBUL TO THE ROSE;

A SONG.

COMPOSED BY W. C. PETERS.

PIANO FORTE-VOCE.

Alia polacca.

ff

8va.

Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - pent his nightly lay, Yet

cease at morn, because he knows, Thou'dst shame his me - lo - dy? Why do those bright Se-

ra - phic eyes, That round us nightly shine, Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Be-

cause they yield to thine— Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Be - cause they yield to

thine. Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - peat his nightly lay, Yet

cease at dawn, because he knows Thou'd'st shame his me - lo - dy, his me - lo - dy, Thou'd'st

shame his mel - - - - - o - dy.

Sva.

II.

I twin'd a wreath at Matin hour,
And bound it in thy hair,
The dew was dripping from the flow'r,
That blush'd in beauty there;

But look, e'en now, ere close of day,
How pale the wreath I wove,
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love—
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love!

MARIUS,

AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.—Shakespeare.

I.

THE sloping rays of the declining sun
Glean'd o'er the wreck of Carthage; where the ashes,
Heap'd from his borrow'd fires, in masses dun
And blacken'd, lay around. Pale Ruin there
Had done her worst. The angry storm, which
lashes

The earth-girt rock, and lays its summit bare,
Had been a kindlier foe.—There, palaces
Which erst, in her prosperity, did rise
Like everlasting temples to the skies—
Their costly hangings, stiff with wreathed gold,
Their goblets carv'd and golden chalices,
The massive relics of achievement bold:—
There, of remoter times the proud remains
Vast, tow'ring columns propping loftier fanes,
With all their gorgeous tracery, and all
The sumptuous ornaments of festal hall—
The "pomp and circumstance" of princely state—
All that makes man, amidst his nothing, great;
Had added to the wreck.—The pillar'd pile,
The spire that laugh'd amid the thunder-cloud,
The temple with its idol—curs'd guile!
The trick of priest-craft to delude the crowd—
Deck'd like a corpse within a gilded shroud,
As foul, as senseless, and as mute a thing—
Were all—all levell'd with the dust; o'er all,
The slug and fouler earth-worm vilely crawl,
Or, 'neath the wreck of temples harbouring,
Leave their thick slime, where once the marble shone
Like an eternal mirror in the sun.

II.

Carthage! where now thy beauty! where, alas!
Thy pride of pageantry, thy pomp; and where
Those mighty navies which had aw'd the world?
Their flaunting sails are now for ever furl'd!
Thy halls are desolate; the wiry grass
And weeds—the rankest—choke thy pathways:—
there,
Sits moody Silence, pointing to the skies,
With palsied tongue, with fix'd and rayless eyes;
Where, by the hand of everlasting fame
Is traced, in living light, immortal Scipio's name.

III.

Carthage! within thy walls the lizard dwells
Where erst the cricket chirp'd; and the foul cells
Of squalid reptiles are discovered, where
The sleek mouse had her dwelling. The meek hare
Sits unaffrighted 'mid thy shatter'd domes,
Where heroes once had fix'd their noblest homes.
Amid thy ruins, vast and desolate,
No human creature wanders; or but one
A lone—a stern and solitary man,
Stern as the blacken'd rock he sits upon,
Harsher his spirit, and as dark his fate.
There, on the fragment of a mussy stone
That, ere the fiercely-crackling flames had riv'n
Its giant bulk, look'd up and laugh'd at heav'n,
Perch'd like a vulture, ominous and grim,
The very reptiles all avoiding him;
He sits, his moody reverie began
Which stir'd his heart to slaughter.—There, alone,
Houseless he sits, upon that rocky throne,
His own appropriate emblem;—for the flint
Could not more sternly brave the thunder's dint
Than his hard heart compassion's soft appeal.
Amid the scene his dizzy senses reel
With thoughts too dire to utter.

IV.

These *As sits,*

By whom the mighty Cimbræ were chastis'd,
As if his very soul were paraliz'd.
And yet his stern eye glares in moody fits
O'er the surrounding waste, as if he view'd
His own state pictur'd in its solitude.
Dark and as still as night he sits alone,
Like a doom'd spirit on that riven stone;
And, in his murkiness of mind, broods o'er
Real or imagin'd wrongs; while o'er his heart—
Thro' which the black blood bounds, with fever'd start
A thirst of vengeance steals, and at the core
Parches and burns it up.—He looks to'ards Rome,
The city of his pride, the warrior's home;—
How diff'rent to the ruins round him lying!
That city's rival once, which now no more,
Sends forth her barks to earth's remotest shore.
He looks to'ards Rome—imperial Rome—defying
The wide world round her. Rome! he looks towards
thee,
While his heart throbs with inward agony,
And from his eye Revenge's hot-streams pour.

V.

Soon the bark bears him o'er the waters—soon
Joy, in the flood of woe, shall quench her beams,
And her faint voice be drown'd in the shrill screams
Of sanguinary slaughter.—Ere the moon
Again shall fill her silver horns with light,
The sun of happiness shall set in night.
Marius is nigh thee, Rome!—a heartless son,
That, like the adder, loves to prey upon
The bowels of its parent.—Ah! beware!
The voice of carnage soon shall rend the air—
Rome hears it now—she hears, with mad surprise,
And, glutted with her blood, the ruthless savage dies

THE COTTAGE PICTURE.

THERE is a stately beauty in thy brow—
There is a quiet pride in that dark eye:
No daughter of a peasant race wert thou,
No rose, in hamlet reared, unseen to die;
And on thy lip there sits a shade of scorn,
As at this mean abode—thou fair and gentle born!

Wert thou not cradled in some ancient hall,
Where dark escutcheons roof and arch emboss,
And faded banners shiver on the wall,
And the grim pictured champions of the Cross
Looked down austere on thy childish play,
Nor deemed their haughty name could with thy smile
decay!

What wonder then, so closely circled round
With fair memorials of a noble line,
That pride its chain within thy bosom wound,
And stamped its signet on those lips of thine:
How might they speak a lesson sad and strange,
And tell the young and fair how pomp and glory change

Thine eye shone bright amid the festive throng,
When lutes were tuned to mirth, and hearts to joy.
When swan-like beauty swept the dance along
Nor dreamed that time her lustre could destroy.
Thine was a mother's smile—a lover's vow—
Flattered—cressed—beloved—how changed thy fu-
tures now!

Yes, here amid a homely, simple race,
Who never learned to prize the painter's skill,
Mournful it is to meet thy speaking face,
Made by the flashing firelight brighter still;
Mournful—and food for many thoughtful tears,
To see thy haughty smile—and think of former years!

THE UNLUCKY GIFT.

PATRICK MULLALY was a fine old man, who had for some political reason or another, emigrated from the county of Tipperary in the days of his youth, and in the evening of his age was to be found working as a hedger in the neighbourhood of Leixlip. Patrick was a very clever hand at a story, and whenever "a wake" was going, he was not only sure of being invited, but also certain of getting the hottest and strongest glass of punch that was handed round to the mourners. It was at the early hour of two in the morning, upon one of these melancholy and merry occasions, when the girls were tired of "forfeits," and the boys of redeeming them with kisses, that "ould Pat" was called upon for a story, and a noggin of whiskey, made into the sweetest punch, was promised him, if he would tell the company something, which not one amongst them had ever heard before.

This was a request which puzzled Paddy for some time; but after taking off his old flax wig, rubbing his polished pate two or three times with a blazing scarlet cotton handkerchief, he called for a sup by way of "earnest," and then commenced his story in the following manner:—

"Boys and girls, I wish your very good healths, entirely, entirely—I wish you good health all round, from wall to wall, and an inch in the wall besides, for fear I'd have any of you out. I will now tell you a story, which I never told you before, and the reason I didn't mention it to you is, that it never occurred to myself, and I therefore couldn't answer for the truth of it; but it happened to an old grand-uncle of mine, one Dennis Mullaly, who I heard tell it at a bonfire in Thurles, that was had one night, by reason of some decent body being married, a parson put out of the way, a magistrate houghed, a proctor shot, or some other reasonable cause of rejoicing. My grand-uncle was a little paralytic in the right hand, you see, and he was not what you would call right in his head; but for all that, he'd know a bad shilling from a silver tester, as well as the best of us. Somebody or another at the bonfire, asked the ould man how he lost the use of his right hand, and this is what he told us:—

"I was," says he, "as foolish in my day as the best of you, and amongst my other fooleries, I fell in love with one Judy M'Dermott, who lived within four fields of my cabin. Judy was a dacent, comely, handsome, mighty well-looking girl, but as poor as a church-mouse, and, to make the matter worse, I was a great deal poorer. I was up to my head and ears in love wid her; and I'd have given all the world to be able to marry her.

"At that present time, when I was in love, I was sitting one day on the Fairy Fort, outside of the town, and thinking to myself, Oh! then, if one of the good people that goes hopping about this fort, when the moon shines, were to see my dissolute condition, and that one animal amongst them had in his bit of a body a heart as big itself as a blackberry, I think he would be after lending me, for two or three hours, one of them purses that is as full of yellow gold as a beehive is of sweet honey. I thought this, and not a word in the world had I said, when I heard a hammer rapping at the sole of my shoe, as loud and as hard as Lady Caher's coachman knocks at the doctor's door. "What in the world is this," says I, "that would be troubling my foot?"

"It's I," says a voice as large as a giant's, coming from under my shoe, "and if you don't be after taking your nasty spawdogue of a foot off the ant-hole I am trying to get out of, may be, it would be worse for you."—"I beg your honour's pardon," answered I,

removing my foot to another part of the field, and taking my hat off my head at the same time.

"What do you think I should see, coming out of a hole in the grass, that you could hardly run your finger into, but a little, weeny, deeny, dawney, bit of a creature of an atomy, of an idea, of a small taste of a gentleman, about the thickness and length of a middle-sized radish, and having a three-cocked hat, a red coat, and gold epaulets on him, like an officer; red breeches, and a pair of red boots like a jackdaw! I had my spade sticking fast upright in the ground before me, and the moment the little chap got out of the hole, he climbed up the spade, as nimble as a sailor, and when he got to the handle, he sat down straddle legs on it, as if it were a horse, and taking a little pipe out of his little pocket, he put it to his button-hole of a mouth, and began smoking away; and you would think that every blast that came from him was a big hay-rick on fire. After taking two or three whiffs, and nearly blinding me with the smoke, he said, as he fixed his fiery little eyes on me, "Good morrow, and better luck to you Dennis Mullaly."—"Good morrow, and God save you kindly," I answered.—"If you be after saying such a word to me again, you ill-looking thief," he roared out, and jumping up on the spade-handle in a rage, "if you say that word again to me, I'll knock you into nonsense, shiver you into shavings, and smash you into smithereens."—"Why then I won't," says I, "if it pleases your reverence."

"The creature of an atomy sat down again on the spade handle, from which his taste of legs were hanging down like two little threads; and, after taking two or three whiffs more, he again fixed on me his two little eyes, which were sparkling like the spot of burning tobacco in his pipe. "You were wishing for something, Dennis," said he.—"It's I that was, your reverence, and if it's not displeasing to you, I was wishing for the loan of a fairy's purse for a few hours," I answered.—"Bad luck to your impudence!" he replied, "will nothing less than a fairy's purse answer such a spalpeen? And supposing now Dennis I was to lend it, what would you give me in return for it?"—"Then to tell you honour the truth," I said, "I would give you my hand and word, I would return it to you."—"I don't care a thravneen," says he, "for your dirty word; but will you give me your hand?"—"I will, Sir," I exclaimed, "I will give you my hand, that I will return the purse to you."—"Why then may be," said the 'cute little villain, "you'd never be able to return it to me; but will you give me your hand on it?"

"I never saw what the viper was driving at, and without at all thinking of what I was doing, I bawled out, "By this and by that, if you lend me the purse for three hours, I do give you my hand."

"The bit of a thief's eyes glimmered and glistened like two stars in a frosty night—he jumped up—put his pipe in his pocket, and clapped his hands to his ribs, which were no bigger than the ribs of a small gudgeon, gave a "ho! ho! ho!" of a laugh, so loud, and so long, that I thought he would split up like a straw, that you touch with your nail. His laughing continued so long, that he at last fell off the handle of the spade. I was sure his neck was cracked, and was going to pick up his trifle of a carcass, when I saw him float to the ground, as soft, as easy, as quiet, and as gentle as a thistle down, which now soars, and then sinks to the earth with the seed it has to plant there.

"You have given me your hand," says he, "and

here is the purse for you; it's little, I think, you'll have to brag about it."

"Where is the purse, Sir," said I.

"Here," he answered, "here, you *owat*, pull the red boot off my right leg, that's the purse for you."

"By dad, your reverence," I replied, "I've often heard of making a purse of a sow's ears; but never before was I told of a purse manufactured out of a leprechaun's leg."

"None of your impudence, you born natural," he cried out in a fury—"none of your impudence; but pull away at my leg, as if the dickens was standing in you."

"I got one hold of the little chap's leg, and, may be, I didn't make him screech murder.—I pulled, and pulled, until I lifted him clean off the ground, and, at last, I raised him so high, that I shook him out of his boot, as clean as you would shake shot out of a bottle.—I looked to see if he was hurt; but the instant the very end of his toe was out of the boot, you might as well expect to see a grass-hopper in snow, as to see the little gentleman in the field. There I had the purse, however, and a mighty small one it was; so to see if there was any good in it, I put down my finger into it, and I found in the bottom a neat, beautiful, sparkling, glistening gold half-guinea. I took that out, and put it into my waistcoat pocket. "That's good," says I to myself. I put down my finger again, and I forked up another half-guinea, and I put that also into my waistcoat. I put down my hand again, and there was a third: and I never stopped putting my hand into the purse, and taking out gold half-guineas, until my waistcoat pocket was as full of gold as a fresh female herring is full of pea. "Oh! Judy, Judy," says I, "in three hours we'll be as rich as the Archbishop of Cashel, and to be sure we won't have lashings and leavings at our wedding. I'll just go this minute into Tim Cassidy's, and buy my wedding suit."

"That very instant I left my work, and hurried into the town of Thurles, to Tim Cassidy's shop. Tim was behind the counter, and I ordered him to fit me out with ten suits of clothes, and send home to Judy's, the making of twenty cloaks, besides gowns, petticoats, stockings, and shoes galore. "Ah! then, where is the money to come from?" says Tim, who was a hard, dry, crooked-nosed old codger, that would skin a flint, if it were possible.

"Where," said I, "sure here it is, and more when I want it"—and upon that I pulled out a fist-full of half-guineas, and spread them out on the counter before him, thinking he would be wanting me to take all that was in his shop; but instead of that, he looked as sharp as a needle at the gold, and then asked me if I was gone crazy. "Not a bit," answered I, "nor conceited either, with my riches; and I can tell you, that

where I got that gold, there is plenty more of it to be found."—"I don't doubt it," he drawled out, and grinning from ear to ear like a monkey, "but mind me, Dennis Mullaly, you'll get none of my goods for such golden half-guineas as them."—"Oh! Master Tim," said I, picking up the gold, and putting it back into my waistcoat pocket, "if you don't like to make your fortune, I can't help you, but if you were very civil now, and I did not expect it, to tell you the truth, I intended to give you twenty guineas to hurry with the clothes, for now that I am so rich, I am going to be married."

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared out Tim; and I thought his voice was the very echo of the small fellow that gave me his boot for a purse. I hurried off to the next shop, and the man was going to kick me out, when I showed him my golden half-guineas. A third told me, if ever I went into his place to humbug him again, he would set the dogs after me—a fourth said I was mad—a fifth swore I was a robber, watching to see what I could steal, and, in short, there was no one in the entire town, who would have any dealings with me at all, at all. I lost, I'm sure, a good hour and a half, trying to get the Thurles' shopkeepers to traffic with me; but not one of them would have any thing to say to me. "Faith," thought I, "if they won't take my gold from me, I'm no richer than I was before I got the fairy's purse—so I'll go back, get all the half-guineas I can out of the chap's little boot, tie them up in a sack, and carry it off to Clonmel, or some other decent place where the people are used to the gold coin, and get all I want for it." I ran back to the field, and began pulling out half-guinea after half-guinea until my arm got tired; and, at last, I had a heap of gold beside me, that was as neat, and as smiling looking, as a small cock of fresh hay. While I was gazing at it with as much pride and delight as a goose-stares on his new frieze coat, I felt a desperate pain in my arm, and that instant the purse was snapped out of my hand by the diminutive red spalpeen that had given it to me three hours before; and the imp said, "You gave me your hand, and you got my purse; Dennis Mullaly, we are now even, and take my word for it, you are the biggest fool from this to yourself. With that he gave me a kick in the thumb of my right hand, the very pain of which knocked me into a trance. When I wakened, I found beside me, where I had left the half-guineas, a heap of jackstones, the tops of daisies, and a parcel of dock-weeds! I tried with my right hand to raise the heap of stones; but I found the arm lie as useless by my side as if it did not belong to me. To add to my misfortune, Judy was married a month afterwards. I never could handle a spade since. Boys, jewel, I was *fairy-struck!*"

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

How soon behind my skiff's calm way,
The willing waters close again!
It leaves no line of broken spray
Along the scarcely ruffled plain.
So let me glide through peaceful life,
Bequeathing not one sad regret
To aught I've loved, nor thought of strife,
For, in forgiving, I forget!

Yet would I not 'twere worth to note,
What I have done, or hope to do:
No more than hid I'd wish the spot
I've left, or yon I'm steering to.
Behind, the east is dark; but lo!
The west is blushing red with light;
ail to the omen! may it show
At least my setting will be bright!

THE GENIUS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It parted the sable waves that sweep
Across oblivion's sea,
And brought up to light from that fearful deep,
The things that for ages it had to keep,
In their primal identity.

It broke the seal of the silent tomb!—
It opened the graves of men,
It made their ashes their fire resume,
And touched them with beauty, and life, and bloom,
Till they breathed and moved again!

Time! what hast thou to do with one,
Who knew not a wasted hour—
Whose pen with the sands of thy glass could run,
And show at each turning a miracle done,
A work that defies thy power!

KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY! all hail to thee, land of the mountain,
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill tops,
Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds, from his throne on the
rock,
Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream
afar;

Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shock,
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

Oh, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake?
And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which
wake
At a scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,
Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my sight,
Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide spreading woods—yonder mountain's green
pall,

The mellow-toned bugle, the dip of the oar,
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,
And wake me to gladness and music once more.

Original.

THEY MET AND THEY PARTED.

THEY met and they parted,
In sorrow and mirth,
And the smile that was started,
Was nipp'd in its birth.
Each bliss was a treasure,
Each bosom beat high;
But the dream of their pleasure
Was burst by a sigh.

They met and they parted,
In sadness and tears;
And in weeping and sorrow,
They sever'd for years.
High hopes were in keeping,
But gloomy was he,
Who roamed far away
On the wide billowed sea.

They met and they parted!
Years lingered apace;
And oft did his fancy
Her loveliness trace.
Years, hours, and minutes,
Even now, roll away;
And, as first when they parted,
Still parted are they.

B.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

FAULTS of the head are punished in this world—
those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices
are compound, so also is their punishment.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of
virtue: nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate
for vice than poverty.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can
hasten and delay time. Locke is of opinion, that a
man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as
to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a
minute.

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men
to give you nothing, and both will be sure to grant all
you ask of them.

Give something wherever you go, and you will be
sure of a good reception.

All persons who can defer their laughter until a
convenient time, should be taken to the Humane So-
ciety, as extraordinary cases of "suspended animation."

Human prudence, daily experience, self-love, all
teach us to distrust others, but all motives combined,
do not teach us to distrust ourselves; we confide un-
reservedly in our own heart, though as a guide it
misleads, as a counsellor it betrays. It is both party
and judge. As the one it blinds through ignorance,
as the other it acquits through partiality.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to
virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling into
the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw her-
self from every thing that has danger in it. It is such

an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first
appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

By care lay heavy Sleep the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone:
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath,
Small keep took he whom Fortune frown'd on,
Or whom she lifted up into a throne
Of high renown; but as a living death
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

Aristotle, seeing a youth very conceited, and withal
ignorant; "Young man," saith he, "I wish I were
what you think yourself, and my enemies what you
are."

The commentary of a severe friend is better than
the embellishments of a sweetlipped flatterer.

No man is content with his own condition though
it be best; nor dissatisfied with his wit though it be
the worst.

Women, in the course of action, describe a smaller
circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists
not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may
be here and there a soaring female, who looks down with
d disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck called
earth," who despises order and regularity, as indica-
tions of a grovelling spirit. But a sound mind judges
directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider
is the sweep it takes in. A sensible woman loves to
imitate that order which is stamped on the whole
creation of God. All the operations of nature are uni-
form, even in their changes, and regular in their in-
finite variety.

Sannazarius was the author of the following epigram, which has been indifferently translated from the original Latin:

"Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand,
Firm as a rock, and did the sea command.
'Think'st thou, O Jove,' said he, 'Rome's walls excel?
Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tiber best, view both, and you will say,
That men did those, gods these foundations lay.'"

The people of Venice presented Sannazarius with six thousand golden crowns for this composition. This beats Sir Walter Scott and the London booksellers.

The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue;
When inconsistent with the greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

He who is accustomed to commune with himself in retirement will, sometimes, at least, be impressed with the truths which the multitude will not tell him.

When Cato is encouraging his little Senate to hold out against Cæsar to the last, he says, "Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?"

He who imagines that he can do without the world is much deceived: but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him, is still more deceived.

When thou speakest to any, especially of quality, look them full in the face; other gestures betraying either want of breeding, confidence, or honesty. Dejected eyes confess to most judgments guilt, or low spirits, or folly.

One boasting to Aristotle of the greatness of his country—"That," saith Aristotle, "is not to be considered, but whether you deserve to be of that great country."

War the mistress of enormity,
Mother of mischief, monster of deformity;
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chases,
Blood, tears, bowers, towers, she spills, smites, burns,
and rases;

Her brazen teeth shake all the earth asunder;
Her mouth a fire-brand, her voice is thunder;
Her looks are lightning, every glance a flash,
Her fingers guns, that all to powder plash,
Fear and despair, flight and disorder, coast
With hasty march before her murderous host,
As burning, rape, waste, wrong, impiety,
Rage, ruin, discord, horror, cruelty,
Sack, sacrilege, impurity, pride,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side;
And poverty, sorrow, and desolation,
Follow her army's bloody transmigration.

Beauty without virtue is like a painted sepulchre, fair without, but within full of corruption,

Painting in oil, distemper, or water, is when the colours are mixed with oil-size or water; Fresco is on a newly plastered wall. Encaustic is with wax; and enamel, with mineral colours on metal.

Three-fourths of the books printed do not pay their expenses; and not one in ten realize a profit.

Albert Durer etched some of his engravings on steel. A soft steel plate will take 50,000 good impressions, and a hard steel plate a million.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar.

RECIPES.

FOR CLEANING COPPER OR BRASS UTENSILS USED FOR DYEING.

After you have been dyeing any colour in your copper or brass boiler, it is frequently tinged with the dye used; it is therefore customary to clean these utensils out with a small quantity of oil of vitriol and water, a little fine sand, or ashes, and a coarse flannel cloth; it must afterwards be rubbed quite dry.

HOW TO TAKE THE STAIN OF THE DYE FROM THE HANDS.

Take a small quantity of oil of vitriol and pour it into some cold water, in a wash-hand basin, and wash your hands in it without soap; the dye will then come off. You may afterwards cleanse them completely in hot soap and water, taking care that all the acid is washed away before the soap is applied.

TO TAKE OFF THE STAINS OF LIGHT COLOURS, REDS, GREENS, BLUES, &c. FROM THE HANDS.

Wash your hands in soap and water, in which some pearl-ash is dissolved.

N. B. If the vitriol water is not made very strong, it will not injure the most delicate hand, nor leave any red or coarse appearance.

LOBSTER SAUCE.

The lobster being boiled, extract the meat from the shell, and beat it in a mortar. Rub it through a cullender or sieve, and put it into a sauce-pan with a spoonful of veloute (or velvet essence) if you have it, and one of broth. Mix it well, and add a piece of butter, some salt, and some Cayenne pepper. Stew it ten minutes, and serve it up, to eat with boiled fresh fish.

SPINACH FOR COLOURING GREEN.

Take three handfuls of spinach, and pound it in a mortar to extract the juice. Then put it into a sauce-pan and set it over a slow fire. When it is just ready to boil, take it off and strain it. By stirring in a small quantity of spinach-juice, you may give any sauce a green colour.

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF THE FINGER.

Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

	PAGE		PAGE
Ancient Norwegian War Song, by Mrs. Hemans,	33	I Love my Love, &c.	112
A Favourite Greek Air, set to Music,	41	Invocation of Earth to Morning,	126
Archery,	61	Invocation,	139
Appearances, by E. Lancaster,	87	Imitation of Nature,	144
A Sketch of Fashionable Life, an Original Tale,	97	Inez De Castro,	185
A Beautiful Specimen of Embroidery, an Engraving,	120	I'll Follow Thee,	215
A Wish,	143	Just Fifteen,	255
A Lady Patroness,	187	Iron Houses,	274
Apotheoses of the Roman Emperors,	204	Jacqueline,	288
All around must Perish, Original,	214	Journal of a Scientific Lady,	299
Amiability,	226	Kate Bouverie,	17
A Few Words on Court Fools,	249	Killarney,	309
A Song,	263	Leeds Castle with an Engraving,	25
Autumn Rose, Original,	118	Love at Colin Maillard,	27
Anne of Austria,	290	Legend of Knock a Thample,	31
An Evening Thought,	308	Lady Poets,	40
Ballad Romance,	50	Louis Philippe, King of the French, with an Engraving,	49
Beauty and Fashion, Original,	94	Liberty,	53
Biographical Memoir of Lord Byron, with a spirited Steel Engraved Likeness of the Poet,	121	Lilian May,	53
Bashful Wooer,	127	Late Hours,	95
Balsam of Mecca,	154	Lines, by Z. B. S., Original,	109
Bride's Farewell, set to Music,	256	Lines on passing the Lake Thrasimene,	109
Bower of Roses, set to Music,	164	Lines written on Visiting the Hall of Independence, Original,	118
Cousin Mary,	22	Largest Tree in the World,	133
Corrilla Improvisatrice, Original,	25	Lost Gems,	136
Chaplet of Pearls,	51	Lopez de Vega, Original,	166
Characteristics of Women,	137	Loves of Habakkuk Bullwinkle, Illustrated,	181
Charity,	163	Liverpool, Illustrated,	204
Castle of Vincennes,	196	Last of His Race,	236
Charles Edward, after the Battle of Culloden,	227	Love me,	266
Countess Potozka,	225	Le Temps Viendra,	287
Cornet Wellwood,	258	Music, . . . 41, 62, 116, 164, 208, 256,	304
Catherine the Second, of Russia, Original,	299	Mrs. Norton, with an Engraving,	96
Cottage Picture,	306	Musical Composers,	156
Dining,	38	Man is Born for Society,	156
Death,	203	Maniac's Story, Original,	157
Dick Doleful,	291	My Sweet White Rose,	180
Deer Stalking in the Highlands,	307	My Head is like to Rend, Willie,	197
Evening Star,	271	My Wedding Day,	205
Farewell to the Dee,	190	Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night,	210
Funeral of Alexander the Great,	207	Milton,	228
Fairies,	261	Miseries of being an Agreeable Fellow,	242
First Translator of Homer,	252	Mosaic Relics, Illustrated,	252
Grotto of Samoun,	68	My Pretty Kate,	261
Gatherer, . . . 71, 119, 167, 215, 263,	309	Mahomedan Sermon,	277
Guide to Dress,	169	My Early Days,	287
Gustavus Adolphus,	222	Marius,	306
Genius of Sir Walter Scott,	308	Naples,	56
Hope,	11	No more of Grief,	94
Henrietta of France,	55	Nelson's Pillar, with an Engraving,	133
Hindoo Pastimes,	68	New England Wars, by J. R. Chandler, Esq.	145
Haviland Hall,	78	Night on the Ganges,	255
Happiness,	85	Origin of the Red Rose,	30
Home,	143	Ophelia,	70
Hazlitt's Death Bed,	144	Our Rector, by Miss Mitford,	161
Hannah More, Original,	166	Oath against Liquor,	198
Hearing to the Blind,	275	One Peep was Enough, with an Engraving,	266
I Think of Thee,	16	On the Death of Sir Walter Scott,	293
Infancy,	71	Philadelphia Fashions, splendidly Coloured,	1, 169
Jeannie Morrison,	77	Prayer of the Lonely Student,	64
Irene, an Original Tale,	110	Paganini, with an Engraving,	96
		Perran Path,	140
		Philadelphia Alms House, Embellished,	156

GENERAL INDEX.

	Page		Page
Popping the Question, by an Old Bachelor,	191	The First Romance,	69
Points in Composition,	192	The Recall, by Mrs. Hemans,	70
Phantom Kings,	197	The Forsaken,	71
Poor Abergavenny, a Clerical Memoir,	218	The Planter, a West India Story,	82
Poor Rosalie,	229	The Violet,	112
Persepolis, a Fragment,	262	The Young Heir's Death Bed,	114
Prince de Nemours, with an Engraving,	228	The Broken Flower, written by Mrs. Hemans, set to Music,	116
Parisian Sketch,	275	The Sacrifice, Original,	126
Pompeian Paintings, with an Engraving,	300	To Mary, in Italy,	139
Recipes, 72, 168, 216, 264,	310	The Brigand,	155
Rousseau,	132	To a Flower,	160
Reminiscences of a Juris-Consult, Original,	134	The Arctic Lover to his Mistress,	160
Roman Wealth,	298	To a Bird, Original,	167
Recorder of Ballyporeen,	278	The Love Letter,	167
Spring,	21	They Come, &c.	186
Song,	33	The Husband's First Error, Original,	190
Scraps from a Common Place Book,	48	The Dead Alive,	193
Sexton of Cologne,	54	To Beau and Belle, I Fortunes Tell, set to Music,	208
Stanzas, 'Tis for Thee My Love, &c.	86	To Nature,	210
Storm at Sea,	86	The Prophecy,	211
St. Sophia, with an excellent Engraving,	113	The Soul,	214
Sword of Napoleon, Original,	115	The Wind in the Woods,	215
Signal Gun,	135	The Bridemaid, with an Engraving,	217
Summer and Winter Evenings,	136	The Silent Multitude,	236
Sir Roger De Calverley's Ghost,	170	The Traitor, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton,	244
Song for Music,	180	The Miniature,	245
Spirit of the Hurricane,	200	The Executioner of Paris,	254
Sir Thomas More,	223	To Mary,	257
Story of an Heiress,	237	They Tell me Life, &c.	257
Song of the Gascon Peasant,	263	The Parting,	266
Stephen Girard,	276	The Widow's Bridge,	271
Secret Poison,	282	The Night Attack,	272
Spanish Theatre,	300	The Death,	283
The Snow Feather, Original,	1	The Sand Bank,	294
The Orange Flower,	11	They Met and They Parted, Original,	309
The Renegade Rover,	12	Use of Perfumes,	20
The Kiss,	16	Unlooked for Return, with an Engraving,	73
The Poet's Dying Hymn,	21	Unlucky Gift,	307
The Cid, Original,	23	Visit to the Capoudan Pacha,	58
The Burial of the Mighty, by Mrs. Hemans,	24	Voice of the Times,	77
To Juliet,	24	Village Grave Yard,	95
The Captive Scheik,	26	Verses by C. D. Sillery,	115
The Shipwreck,	26	Virginia Water, the Residence of George IV., Embellished,	156
To Julia, Original,	30	When Rosy Morn,	50
The Vacant Chair,	34	Woman's Affection,	64
The Temptation and Expulsion, Original,	42	What is Death, Original,	186
The Veiled Picture,	43	Widow's Summer Evening,	227
The Anonymous Letter,	47	Woman's Rights, Original,	267
The Olden Time,	56	Why doth the Bulbul to the Rose, set to Music,	304
The Jilted,	57		
The Smile so Sweet, set to Music,	62		

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	Page		Page
ENGRAVINGS.		Philadelphia Alms House, west side of the Schuyl-kill River,	156
Philadelphia Fashions,	1, 169	The Loves of Habakkuk Bullwinkle, gentleman,	181
Lord Byron, a Steel Engraving,	121	View of Liverpool,	204
The Unlooked for Return,	217	Prince de Nemours,	223
One Peep was enough,	265	Mosaic Relics,	252
WOOD CUTS.		Portrait of Stephen Girard,	276
Leeds Castle,	15	Pompeian Paintings,	300
Louis Philip,	49	MUSIC.	
A Likeness of Paganini,	96	A Favourite Greek Air,	41
A Likeness of Mrs. Norton,	96	The Smile so Sweet,	62
St. Sophia,	113	The Broken Flower,	116
Patterns of Embroidery,	119	The Bower of Roses,	163
Nelson's Pillar, Sackville Street, Dublin,	133	To Beau and Belle, I Fortunes Tell,	205
Virginia Water, the Favourite Residence of the late George IV.	156	The Bride's Farewell,	256
		Why doth the Bulbul to the Rose,	304